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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

∴
1918



SATURDAY,

OCTOBER 7, 1843.

P 276.4

THE NEW MIRROR;

SATURDAY PAPER

OF

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY

G. P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

EACH NUMBER WILL CONTAIN A CHOICE STEEL ENGRAVING

**TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
SINGLE NUMBERS, SIX CENTS.**

NEW-YORK:

FULLER & CO., PUBLISHERS,

ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

1843.

NEW SERIES.

NUMBER ONE.

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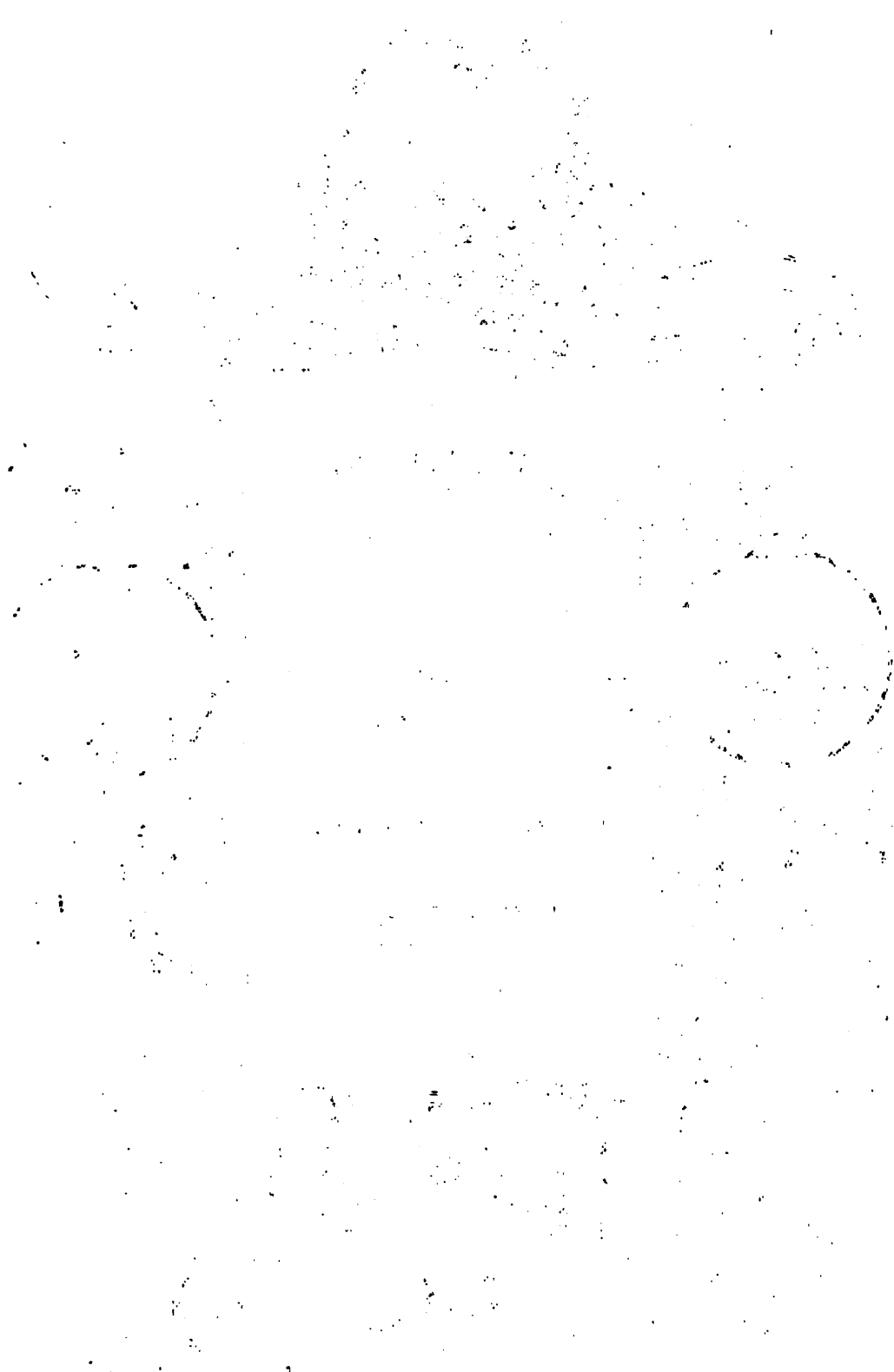
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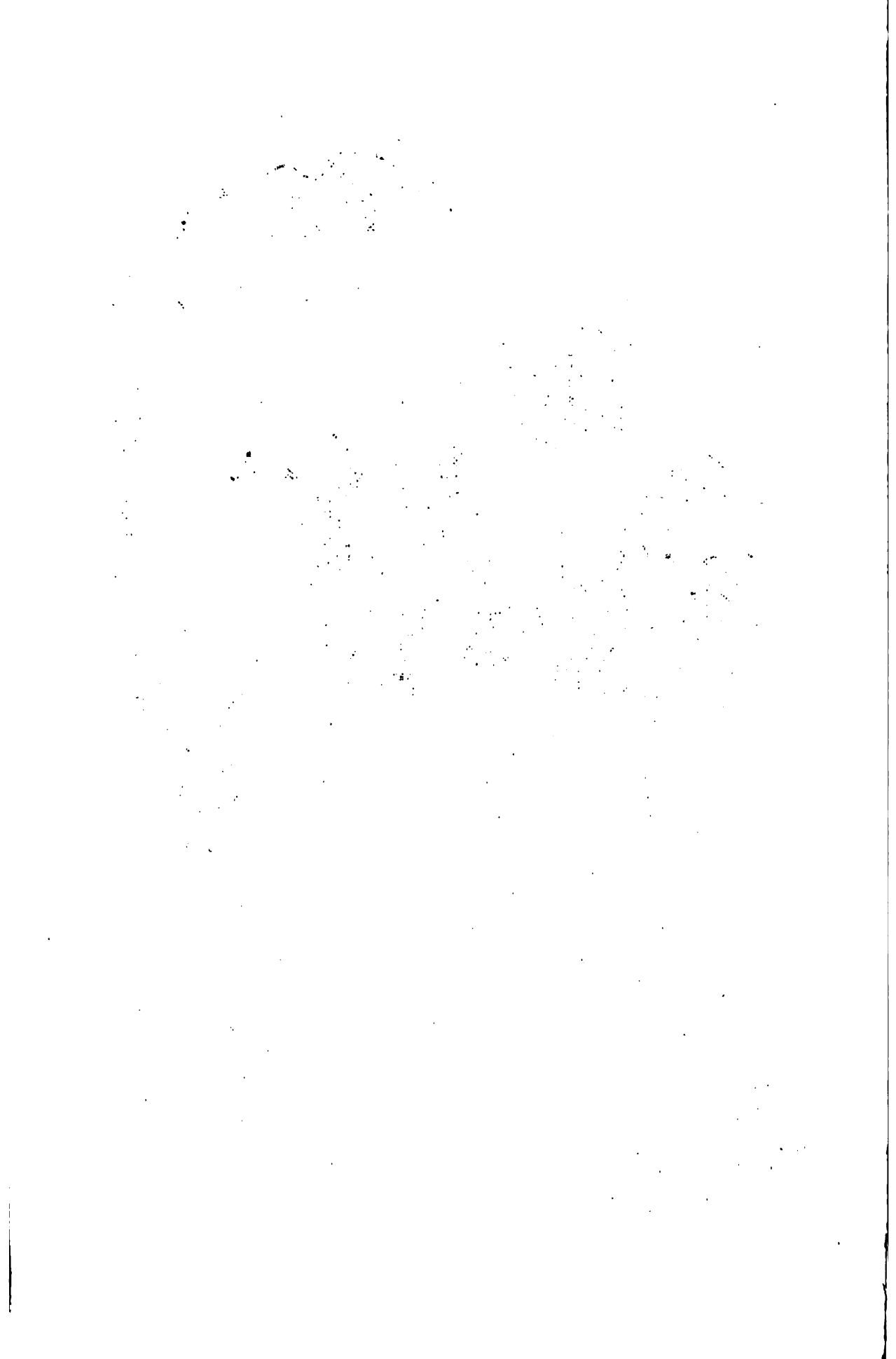


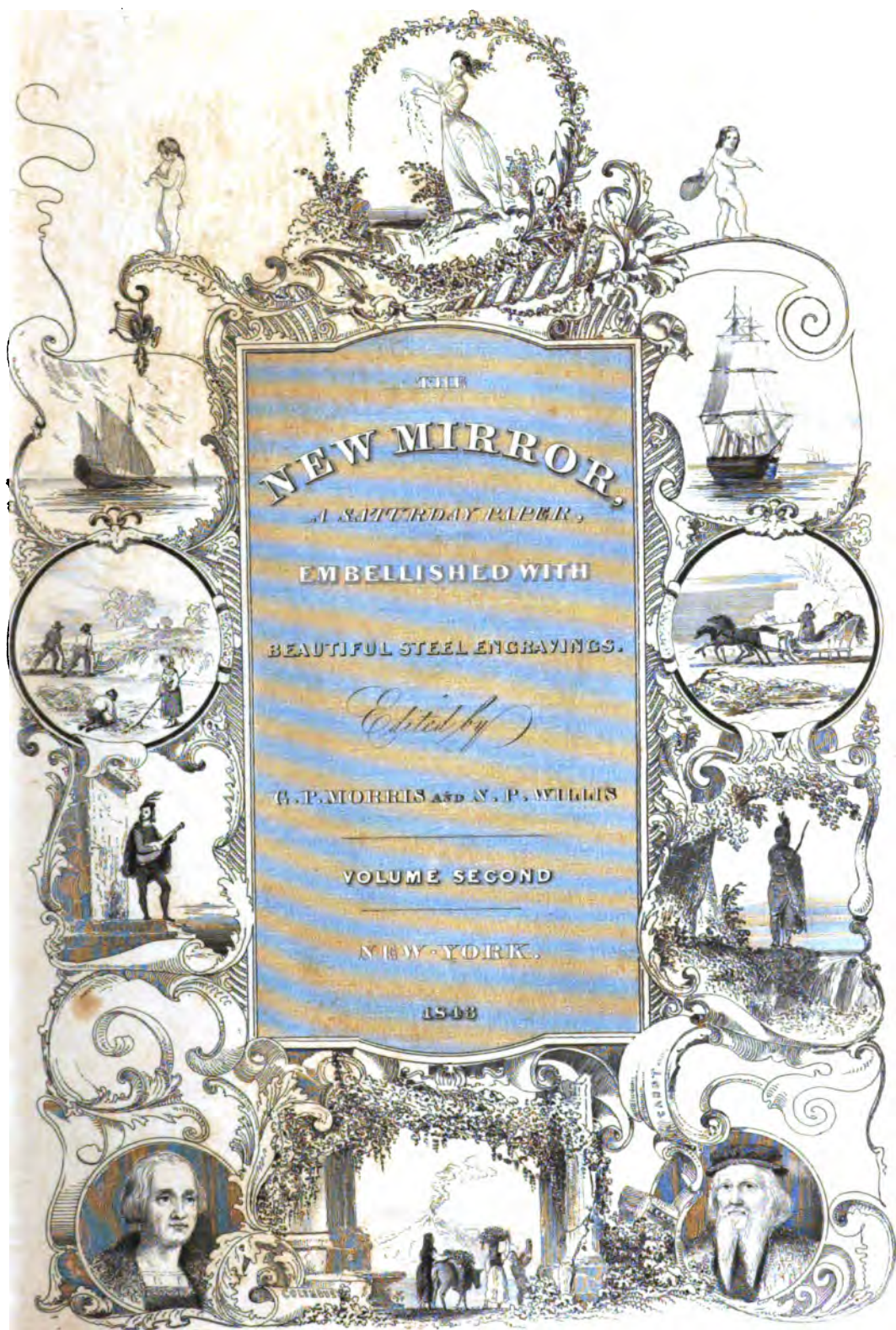
WESTWARD HO!

DROOP NOT, BROTHERS!
 AS WE GO,
 O'ER THE MOUNTAINS,
 WESTWARD HO!
 UNDER BOUGHS OF MISTLETOE,
 LOG-HUTS WE'LL REAR,
 WHILE HERDS OF DEER AND BUFFALO,
 FURNISH THE CHEER.
 FILE O'ER THE MOUNTAINS—STEADY, BOYS!
 FOR GAME AFAR
 WE HAVE OUR RIFLES READY, BOYS!
 AHA!
 THROW CARE TO THE WINDS,
 LIKE CHAFF, BOYS!—HA!
 AND JOIN IN THE LAUGH, BOYS—
 HAH—HAH—HAH!

CHEER UP, BROTHERS!
 AS WE GO,
 O'ER THE MOUNTAINS,
 WESTWARD HO!
 WHEN WE'VE WOOD AND PRAIRIE-LAND,
 WON BY OUR TOIL,
 WE'LL REIGN LIKE KINGS IN FAIRY LAND,
 LORDS OF THE SOIL!
 THEN WESTWARD HO! IN LEGIONS, BOYS!
 FAIR FREEDOM'S STAR
 POINTS TO HER SUN-SET REGIONS, BOYS!
 AHA!
 THROW CARE TO THE WINDS,
 LIKE CHAFF, BOYS!—HA!
 AND JOIN IN THE LAUGH, BOYS—
 HAH—HAH—HAH!







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1914

THE NEW MIRROR.

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THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1843.

NUMBER 1.

THE TITLE AND WESTWARD, HO!
TWO BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS,
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED FOR THIS WORK.

THE old ballad says,

"Sing a song of sixpence,"

but here is more than was ever "sold for a song"—or a sixpence. Inspect your "fip"'s-worth, dear reader. Is not that *TITLE-PAGE*, for your bound volume, quite delicious? Please us by studying out its many sweet and exquisitely-drawn devices. The other picture—"Westward, ho!"—as an illustration of a song, (selected for illustration by the artist himself,) was surely never equalled out of the imaginative land of Retzsch, and as a mere picture, it is a thing we offer you with pride and delight. Altogether we dovetail our hands at this number and sit with them crossed on our waistcoat, in complacent satisfaction.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW MIRROR FROM THE FRENCH OF BERNARD
A NOVEL IN FOUR PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

SOME years since, on a fine morning in spring, a young man of good mien and elegant *tournure*, alighted from the Paris diligence about two leagues from Provins. The place was neither a village, nor an inhabited plain. On the right and left of the route were scattered several country-houses, surrounded by parks or gardens, according to the fortune of the proprietors. After considering for a few moments, the traveller called to a young peasant who was walking behind the vehicle, put some money into his hand, lifted his small leathern trunk on his shoulder, and proceeded towards one of the rural residences, whose flat Italian roof displayed in the sun four statues representing the seasons, placed at the four angles of the building, in an order that Benardin de Saint Pierre would have pronounced full of harmony; that is—spring at the east, autumn towards the west, summer at the south, and winter at the north. Guided by this sculptured allegory, the young man readily found his way through the intricate paths, and five minutes afterwards arrived at a door guarded by two bronze lions. Certain, then, of being right, he brushed the dust from his boots on the grass which bordered the wall, re-tied his cravat, passed his hands through his hair to repair the disorder caused by a night in the diligence—in a word, made the summary toilet allowed a regiment at the entrance of a city where they are to be garrisoned—and then rang the bell.

"Is this the house of M. Simart?" demanded he of a kind of country valet in his Sunday clothes, who opened the door.

"Our Monsieur has gone out," replied the rustic, holding back by the collar a large black dog of less pacific aspect than his neighbours, the lions, and who shamelessly drowned, by his barn-yard voice, every word of the speaker.

Impatient of his noise, the traveller lifted his cane and applied it rudely to the muzzle of the barker. At this unexpected correction, he sprang backward and flung the valet against the door, and regarded the aggressor an instant as if he were disposed to devour him; but at the sight of the cane, which was lifted a second time, he suddenly ran away and retreated to a niche, his ears hanging down and his tail between his legs.

"What has our Soliman done to you that you should strike him?" demanded the rustic keeper, in a tone more brutal than courageous.

Instead of replying, the young man took the trunk under which the little commissioner was bending, and with one turn of his hand, flung it into the arms of the stupefied peasant.

"If M. Simart has gone out, M. Teissier is in the house. Conduct me to his room, and go and find him."

Submitting to the ascendancy which imperious language, sustained with physical force, exercises over common people, the porter obeyed, although with sullenness. To give vent to his ill-humour, in passing before the niche where Soliman was crouched, he gave him an angry kick; but the dog, insulted in his retreat, sprang furiously upon him, and with one grasp instantly changed the appearance of the clothes of the provoker.

"Thunder!" cried the peasant, seeing the misfortune that had befallen his Sunday costume. "This is too bad, that Mademoiselle Celestine will protect this brigand dog, and one must let himself be devoured by him or else lose his place! I wish your cane had broken his jaws."

"Ah! does Mademoiselle Celestine love dogs?" said the traveller in an under tone. "How has she managed it, then, with Teissier, who cannot endure them? Bah! love works miracles."

After having crossed the court and a vestibule, ornamented with boxes of orange-trees, the young man ascended a handsome staircase; then, at the end of a corridor which served for the communication of the rooms of the first floor, he arrived at a door which he opened without ceremony, as soon his guide said:

"This is it."

The first object he perceived was a man seated at a secretary, his elbows resting on the desk, his hands pressed to his forehead, and a pen stuck behind his ear like a clerk in an office. He seemed reflecting profoundly over some letter-paper, scribbled from top to bottom in fantastic Arabic characters.

"Ah! is it you?" said the pensive personage; "I expected you. Nicholas, put down the trunk in the corner and leave us."

"It is myself," replied the traveller, as soon as the servant left. "I have come at your call, and here I am, ready to hold the matrimonial pall over your head. When is the wedding to take place?"

"I believe the contract is to be signed to-morrow," said Teissier, with a mournful air.

"You believe! you are not sure then? However, it does not surprise me. With your irresolute character, do you ever know what you are going to do the next day?"

"My dear Dramond," sighed the aspirant to the delights of matrimony, "sit down and let us talk. You see me in the most perplexing position in which a man could find himself. When I announced to you that I was going to marry Mademoiselle Simart, I was in a fit of enthusiasm. I saw the future through one of those dazzling prisms which casts the rose's tints over dull reality."

"And you would tell me in prose that you are now looking on the opposite side of the picture. What do you see there?"

"The devil!" exclaimed Teissier, biting convulsively the pen he had taken from behind his ear.

"Are you speaking of your intended?" asked Dramond, laughing.

"Lower: these walls may have ears."

"The dence! are we in Nero's palace? Come, here we are in our chairs. Listen to me. I believe I know what confession you have to make. You have found a deficiency in the dowry?"

"On the contrary, Mademoiselle Celestine has a cash income of six thousand pounds. Her father has assured me of this, and I had calculated only on nine or ten thousand pounds in all."

"Perhaps you have discovered some doubtful things in her family—an idiot—a person has been hanged—perhaps a poor fellow has been obliged to go to the king of France to be healed?"

"No, no; the families of Simart and Valonne are the two most honest, wise, and pure of the whole province."

"Then you must have found out that Celestine's mantua-maker is obliged to call in the aid of her art, to remedy some deviations from orthodoxy?"

"What profanation! Look at this young poplar in the garden, moving in the wind! It is not more graceful than Celestine."

"Then you must have learned that some darling cousin has been beforehand with you in her heart?"

"She has no more cousins than the lamb in the fable had brothers, and I am positively sure she has never loved any one."

"Except Soliman."

"Do you know Soliman?" exclaimed Teissier, jumping up; "has he bitten you?"

"On the contrary; I gave him a good beating."

"Heaven recompense you for it! This time you have placed your finger on the wound. It is this cursed animal who is the chief cause of my perplexity."

"How is that?"

"You know that I detest animals in general, and dogs in particular. This one has, without doubt, found it out from my manners; for, since my arrival, he shows a mortal hatred towards me, and never loses an opportunity to snap at my legs. The first time, I smiled; the second, I frowned; and the third, I requested to have Soliman fastened in his niche. M. Simart would willingly have acceded to my wish; but Mademoiselle Celestine took Soliman's part, reproached me for wishing to deprive him unjustly of his liberty, treated me coolly, looked upon me as a man destitute of civility and wanting in sensibility, and this foolish quarrel has lasted a whole week. Every day she renews it, and brings in a thousand little discussions which I in vain seek to avoid. In a word, this infernal Soliman has become a real stumbling-block to my marriage. If he only barked, it would not be so bad, but he bites!"

"You are a fool," replied Dramond, shrugging his shoulders, "to quarrel with your intended about a dog. In this case, you have only to use a little management; give cakes to your Cerberus till the day of your marriage, and the next day give him a bullet that will send him howling to another world."

"I have already thought of that, and so far, that evil does not seem irreparable; but what plunges me into an ocean of uncertainty and apprehension, is Mademoiselle Celestine's conduct in this instance. You know that character reveals itself in little things. Vivacity, the spirit of contradiction, irritability of temper, and passion—of which she has not spared proofs for several days past—causes me, I

confess, many alarming thoughts about my future happiness. If she shows herself thus before the honey-moon, what will she be after it?"

"Do you believe her wicked?"

"Wicked! No; but capricious, headstrong, unreasonable as a spoiled child can make her. But you will see her, and will then tell me if I exaggerate, for she does not seek to hide her faults, and I am sure, before this evening has gone by, she will give you an opportunity of judging for yourself. You, Francis, who do not think of getting married, are spared a great deal of *ennui*."

"I marry!" cried Dramond, who, during this dialogue, had opened his trunk to change his toilette. "I marry! sic, fie! Hymen is a port, and I love the sea. But you do well to get married; you are growing stout, your hair is getting thin, warning you that your conjugal hour has struck, while I am blooming."

"What a beautiful rose!" observed Teissier, chuckling.

At this moment Dramond, having taken out a coat from his valise a withered, yellow rose fell out of the pocket on the floor. The young man picked it up and looked at it an instant with an air of surprise.

"Speaking of roses," said he, "here is one that I did not know was here, and which seems, I have found expressly, to tell me how unworthy I still am of the marriage sacrament. You must know, my dear Aristide, that heedless as I may appear, I have, notwithstanding, a good deal of reason about me. Once married, I would resolve to love my wife, to be faithful to her, and to make her happy. But to hazard such a trial of strength, I wish to be sure of myself. It appears to me necessary, first of all, to empty the cup of youth, to avoid the temptation of returning to drink of it a second time; and I would not be sorry to taste even some of its dregs, since it would give a zest to conjugal nectar."

"What has all this nonsense to do with this miserable yellow flower, which, without doubt, you have stolen from the hat of some woman of sixty?"

"Miserable flower!" repeated Francis, carefully smelling his rose. "It has had, like those of which Malherbe speaks, its morning of life and its beauty. To-day, it is withered and discoloured; but for want of perfume, it has, for me, what I may call a philosophical odour. It recalls a feeling of my weakness. I draw, from contemplating it, a lesson full of wisdom and morality. Do you know what it says to me?"

"Do you take me for a Persian?" asked Teissier, peevishly.

"It tells me, my dear Aristide, not to marry yet. But it would be a long story to recite to you, so I will not derange our parts. I have come here to be your witness, your confidant, your faithful Pylades. The privilege of talking, recounting, descriptions, amplifications and other love digressions, belongs to you. Come, I have armed myself with the patience of Job, so no false shame. You have not yet told me whether Mademoiselle Celestine's eyes were blue or black."

"No, no; tell me your story, perhaps it will drive away my sad reflections. M. Simart has not come in yet; Celestine is walking, I know not where, with her cousin; so you will have time to tell it before dinner."

"Well, then," replied Dramond, continuing to change his travelling costume for a more elegant toilette, "about two months since, Beyraud, whom you know, Merville, and some other amiable youths with myself, formed the project of amusing ourselves at the ball of the opera. Take notice; to amuse ourselves at the opera ball! For such an inten-

tion, it was necessary to get oblivious, and we were so. I am forced to render this homage to truth. When I say oblivious, don't mistake me; I do not mean the drunkenness of the Courtille, the ignoble orgies of the populace, but that state of joyous exaltation, of turbulent beatitude, into which an excellent dinner of Very, washed down with iced Champagne, can plunge half a dozen young men of perfect physical and moral health. In this gay, martial disposition, we entered the opera; heads high, eyes brilliant, cheeks coloured, elbowing the men, bestowing on the women carnival gallantries, and, like the wolf in the fable, seeking adventures, but less excusable than he, for he was fasting. You must know that, contrary to the regulations of the place, many of us took it into our heads to make ourselves moustaches of burnt cork; and, improving upon the gracious idea, Merville and I disguised ourselves further, by the addition of false noses. I suppose we were taken for tailors in a merry humour, as no one seemed to care to quarrel with us, and so we gave full vent to our impertinent gayety. I soon grew weary of this pleasure, and quite as much ashamed of my nose as that prince in the fairy tale, who was obliged to roll his on a wheelbarrow; but being afraid to take it off, for fear of being recognized, I quitted the saloon and went up into the corridors, where I commenced the role of observer, showing my face successively at each *cils-de-boeuf*. I went on from story to story in this silly manner, and ended by stopping at the door of a box in the third. Two women were seated in it, clothed alike in black dominoes. Both were small, as far as I could judge, and looked so much alike at first sight, that to distinguish one from the other, it was necessary to examine a sign which they had adopted, probably with some intention of intrigue. One wore outside her glove an emerald ring—the other held in her hand a yellow rose."

"That rose!" interrupted Teissier. "I guess the rest."

"You guess nothing! Two women together are not very imposing, and, above all, at a masquerade. I was weary of strolling about, and this appeared to me an excellent opportunity to take a seat; besides, the door was open, and seemed to say, Come in! At the noise I made in pulling it, the black dominoes turned their heads, and one of them uttered a faint cry, which seemed to me a provocation. I, therefore, resolutely seated myself, and, commencing a conversation, I tried to display Shrove Tuesday amiability, the success of which was not long uncertain. At first silent, and apparently frightened, they by degrees became reassured. After whispering together, and laughing to themselves at the fine things I said to them, they at length replied to me, and the conversation was established. The yellow-rose domino took part in it with a vivacity which would have appeared to me *naïve* anywhere else but at the ball of the opera. More reserved, perhaps, because she was older, her companion whispered her from time to time to moderate her gayety; and then both leaned over the box as if to put an end to the conversation, and with a sort of inquietude seemed to be looking for some one. Between two masks, the choice is difficult; nevertheless, mine was already made, that is, supposing this adventure should have a *dénouement*. The one who had taken a flower for her emblem, exhaled the fresh perfume of youth. Her laugh was so free, her voice so sweetly satirical, her gestures so lively, her thoughts so unstudied, that she appeared to me all that was charming. Without more ample information, I gave her my heart for the rest of the evening, and consequently began to detest her companion, who, notwithstanding her elegant *tournure*, produced on me the effect of an old duenna. The gods are free to love odd numbers,

but lovers have reason to hate them. For myself, at this moment being nearer love than divinity, I inwardly cursed the impertinent third, whom I did not know how to get rid of, when a blow of the fist nearly took down the door of the box. It set my neighbours trembling on their seats, at the same moment a voice, like the mewing of a cat, called out: 'Ohé! room for me too.' I turned, and saw the red face of my friend Merville, whose frightful false nose threatened an invasion through the glass. 'Don't open the door,' entreated both ladies. I paid no attention to their request, but opened the door, as I thought, to an ally; but I soon had reason to deplore my foolishness, for, since I had left the tiring-room, the unfortunate Merville had completed his intoxication, and was unable to hear or pronounce a single reasonable word. Knowing his brutality in such a state, I foresaw a disagreeable scene; but it was too late to avoid it. Without paying the least attention to the signs I made him, he let himself fall into the first vacant seat, laughed for a moment half insolently, half stupidly, respired noisily, as if to take in all his breath, and then began talking in such a high tone that the two dominoes rose immediately. 'Open the door for us, Monsieur,' said both at once, in voices blended with fear and anger. I hastened to obey them. 'Are you drunk?' cried Merville, in an accent seasoned with wine. 'From what convent are these two princesses? If they are ugly, I wish them a pleasant journey. If they are pretty, they will not refuse to breakfast with us. I am dying with hunger and thirst; so, my angels, off with your masks.' He threatened 'to suit the action to the word,' when, with one hand, I held him to his seat, and, with the other, opened the door, towards which the two women hastened like frightened deer. Furious at such a *dénouement*, the drunkard made a desperate effort, and stretched out his arms to arrest the fugitives. Whether from hazard or premeditation, his hand caught the mask of one of them and tore it off, in defiance of the courteous maxims laid down in this matter in *Lucrece Borgia*. The yellow-rose domino, for it was she who was insulted, turned instantly. I stood motionless, dazzled by her countenance, radiant with beauty, youth and anger. Her eyes, black as the hood which still sought to hide them, seemed like fixed lightning. My contemplation was short. To snatch the mask from Merville's hands, to give a blow to his insolent cheek—which Marphise or Clorinde could not have done with a better grace—to spring with one bound out of the box, and shut the door violently, was, for the angry belle, the work of a second only. 'Thirty-six thousand candles! A blow!—My best friend!—Duel!—Death!—A blow!' stammered Merville, falling back on his seat in spite of himself. Without listening to the incoherent exclamations of my companion, whose merited correction had completely confounded his ideas, I sprang out upon the corridor. The beautiful unmasked had disappeared, as well as her companion. This rose, which I saw on the stairs, and which I caught up in my hurry, at first put me upon their track; but the crowd of uniform dominoes which barred my way to the entrance of the tiring-room, rendered my pursuit of no avail. After two hours of fruitless searching, I left the ball, without thinking of my friends, and went home, as much pre-occupied with the bewitching face of which I had only caught a glimpse, as if it had been my first adventure at a masquerade. In the afternoon, Beyraud entered my room. 'Are you in a state to understand me?' said he, gravely. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Have you forgotten what happened last night?' 'No; for I was thinking, when you came in, of a little creature, with the most magnificent black eyes I ever saw in my life.' 'It

has nothing to do with that, but it is a blow you gave Merville?" I burst into laughter. "I do not see anything to laugh at. A blow is a blow, even when one has wine to excuse it. You know very well that Merville, notwithstanding his friendship for you, is not a man to put up with the one you gave him last night. He regards a duel as indispensable, and I come here in his name. It is with regret I acquit myself of such a message, and, under the circumstances, you would have seen me take the part of a conciliator. You ought, however, to understand that any accommodation is impossible. What phrenzy possessed you? Poor Leon has his cheek all swollen." I laughed anew; then I related the adventure just as it happened, contradicting the strange fancy that had taken possession of his brain. Beyraud participated in my gayety, and both proceeded to find Merville, expecting to make him a third in this joyous humour, and reconcile him to his mishap. We found him seated in a large *fauteuil* at his fireside, poking the logs on the hearth furiously, as if he was trying some secret thrusts. A case of pistols stood on his bureau, accompanied by two swords, announcing his exterminating intentions,—which were sufficiently manifested, also, by the ferocious look with which he received me. "Why have you not brought your seconds?" asked he, sharply. I began to explain his mistake. He refused to listen. Beyraud tried next, and in his turn was reduced to silence. "Do you wish to make me believe I have been dreaming?" cried the obstinate fellow, with the asperity of a roaring lion. "Do you take me for a child? That there were two women in the box, it is true, and that I pulled off one of their masks is also certain. You see I have a clear memory. But as to the blow I received, I owe it to Dramond, and it is he who must give me satisfaction for it, although he now wishes to place it to the account of the little domino. What a charge! I know what a woman's blow is. It makes a noise, but it does no harm; and this has nearly deprived me of my left eye. A man's hand, only, is capable of striking such a blow as that. Now, there was only Dramond in the box in the shape of a man; therefore, he gave me the blow. Isn't it clear? Now you say we had made a good dinner, that he was drunk, that we are friends? So much the worse; there is neither friendship nor intoxication to excuse such an insult. Blood is necessary to wash this stain from my cheek and my honour. So no more talking. Here are arms. Come, take Beauregar or Percy, whip and coachman, and to the woods of Boulogne." After trying for half an hour to make the infatuated creature listen to reason, my patience was exhausted. "Well, then, to the woods of Boulogne, since it must be so," I exclaimed in my turn. "Last night your insolence was corrected; I will take it upon me to cure you of your folly. You wish to make me the responsible author of the blow you received; I accept the obligation, for you got only what you merited." This fine discussion was terminated by a duel, which took place the same day, and the result of which you are acquainted with. Merville still carries his right arm in a sling, and his wound has brought back his reason. He is now convinced, that if the blow of my sword that he put me in the necessity of giving him was masculine, in return, the blow on his cheek was authentically feminine; so that we remain friends, but he has sworn never to go with me again as long as he lives to a masked ball."

"And the yellow-rose domino?" asked Teissier, forcing himself to take an interest in the story, to divest his thoughts from his matrimonial pre-occupations.

"I have not seen her since," replied the narrator,

"although, for at least three months, I have frequented all the public places in the hope of meeting her again."

"Then you are in love with her?"

"In love! Yes, as much as man can be with woman, whose first acquaintance is made at a masked ball."

"So you do not know who she is?"

"A *danseuse*, or an actress, I should have supposed, if her extreme youth and her dazzling purity had not rendered such a supposition impossible. Rouge has never sullied this rose, I am certain."

"She is an angel then?" said Aristide, in a bantering tone.

"A little fallen, according to all appearances. Two women alone at an opera ball, is enough to render them subjects of legitimate suspicion. I fear much that this angel might, in reality, prove to be only one of those charming beings whose whole fortune is their beauty, and who invest that capital in the great book of public corruption. It would be a great pity, for she is so young, so beautiful! But Paris is a foul gulf. However it may be, whether she is a married woman playing the truant, or a woman of gallantry deceiving her protector, it is impossible to imagine a more charming creature. I have constantly before my eyes the expression of her countenance, when she found herself unmasked. If I knew how to paint! But imagine a model of the purest Italian beauty,—illuminated with anger—splendid as a picture, on which the sun falls perpendicularly—the hair of a creole—the forehead of the virgin—nostrils, flexible and passionate as those of Apollo Belvidere—the mouth of an infant, disclosing a row of living pearls that seemed wishing to grind themselves—on her cheeks, all the flowers of spring—in her eyes the rage of the lioness!"

"There is no mistake," observed Teissier; "you have just drawn the portrait of Celestine."

"If that's the case, receive my compliments. Your intended must be adorable; but I hope the resemblance stops at the physical."

"Perhaps you calumniate your unknown. After all, she may be a virtuous woman. The manner in which she treated Merville seems to indicate it."

"Innocent!" said Francis, laughing. "What does a blow prove in respect to virtue?"

The dinner-bell rang. M. Simart dined at one o'clock. The conversation of the two friends was interrupted; and they went down together to the dining-room, where they found the master of the house, to whom Dramond was presented in his office, as witness of the approaching marriage. The future father-in-law of Aristide Teissier, was a ponderous, fat, good-natured-looking man, whose red face and perfect health was in no wise injured by devotion to the bottle. He offered to his guests the simple appearance of a country proprietor, long since unused to Parisian etiquette. A great-coat, whose colour and stuff was equally doubtful, composed the principal part of his costume, completed by nankeen pantaloons, and one of those agricultural caps that seemed to have been modeled on a Strasbourg pate. M. Simart was a retired fur-merchant, and he possessed the qualities and defects peculiar to this estimable class. Like all persons whose social importance may be contested, he was very tenacious of his civil rights; as elector, he voted after the word of order of the *National*, his political director; as a jurymen, he lied philanthropically to his conscience when the condemnation of death was discussed; so that the public minister ordinarily challenged him in capital affairs. As a national guard, he was elevated to the office of under-lieutenant, after passing through that

of corporal. In digging up the border of his garden, he mentally compared himself to Cincinnatus; and at the sight of the riband of the Legion of Honour, he smiled equivocally, for the labours of his industrious life, and his services in the national guard, he considered as sufficient to entitle him to wear it, but he was determined not to solicit it. "A childish trinket, after all," said he; "now that the cross is given to everybody, it is a distinction not to have it." To finish, in few words, this sketch of his character, M. Simart went to bed early and arose late, like the king of Ivetot. He detested marquises—cursed the priests—never went to mass—related frightful stories about the dungeons of the Bastille, and the boudoirs of the Parc-aux-Cerfs—was affected at the remembrances of Lafayette—wept over Poland—anathematized the emperor Nicholas, whom he pronounced a ferocious autocrat, and read the romances of Paul de Kock. While being the best man in the world, the ex-fur-merchant had passed a part of his life in obeying his wife. Since his widowhood, he had handed over the reins of the domestic empire to Celestine, whom he slavishly obeyed, in spite of some rare attempts at insubordination, that generally ended with still greater submission to the caprices of the young girl.

"What do you think of the father-in-law?" asked Teissier of his friend, while M. Simart was speaking to another guest, a big man about forty, dry and half bald.

"He has an excellent bowl," replied Dramond, employing the cant language of the trade; "I am sure he plays loto."

"No he doesn't; but he fishes."

"What I mean to say, no one could wish a better father-in-law."

The door opened at this moment, and three ladies entered the room. The eye of Francis glided over the first, who was old, rested a moment on the second, a pretty blonde of twenty-five; but was almost instantly fixed on the last, who would have merited this exclusive attention even if it had not been easy to recognize in her the future spouse. She was a young girl so fresh, so slender, so graceful, so child-like, that on seeing her, one was tempted to ask her the news from heaven. Her figure was, at the same time, proportioned and delicate, and united the ardent purity of the Roman type with the coquettish accentuation of the graceful models in the statues of Coustou and Coysevox. The beauty of her eyes, so to speak, was double. Their large dark orbs contained a perpetual tempest, from which, at times, the lightning gleamed forth, without ever altering the transparency of their globes, limpid as those of the cradled infant. This blending of intelligent emotion and naive serenity—this hearth of passion, surrounded by an aureole of innocence—gave to Celestine's look a radiant expression, whose lustre few men would have been able to support. Clad in a rose-coloured robe, that seemed to reflect the carnation of her cheeks—quick, supple, graceful in all her movements, as small women sometimes are—she advanced, and skimmed over the carpet almost as rapidly as if she had been dancing a gallopade. She replied to the salutations of the gentlemen by a slight inclination of the head, which had to suffice for every one; and, without looking at her betrothed, or the stranger who was bowing to her, she seated herself at table with as much confidence as the mistress of a house whose lord has retired from service to enjoy the honours due his merit. With her small, white, beautiful hand, she removed the cover from the soup-dish, from which escaped an odorous cloud—with the other, she shook energetically a little silver bell, whose sound immediately called to the door of the dining-room the waiter Nicolas, who, like

Master Jacques, filled two or three stations in the house of M. Simart.

All the guests were seated, except Dramond, who stood motionless, with fixed eyes and half-opened mouth.

"Monsieur, will you take a seat next my daughter?" asked the master of the house, a second time.

The young man bowed mechanically, without moving.

"Even if you have dined," continued the ex-fur-merchant, who was a little deaf, with hospitable persecution, "in the country, one can easily dine twice."

Francis smiled with an abstracted air, as if about to accede to the proposition; yet he neither moved, nor uttered a word. One would have thought his lips were glued to his teeth, and his boots to the carpet. All eyes were directed towards him; and Anastasia, who was serving the soup, stopped to contemplate the man whom her view had thus petrified. But the countenance of Mademoiselle Simart expressed only that gay, bantering curiosity, peculiar to young girls.

"Really, this gentleman does not wish me for a neighbour," said she, in an under tone, as she inclined towards the young wife nearly opposite.

"What ails you, Francis?" said Teissier, who attributed to some sudden uneasiness the inexplicable appearance of his friend.

"I ask a thousand pardons," said the latter, arousing himself from his stupor; "I am sometimes so ridiculously absent-minded——"

"Perhaps some souvenirs;" interrupted the pretty blonde of twenty-five, with that compassionate raillery women ordinarily feel at the sight of a handsome, absent-minded young man.

Dramond at length seated himself, and cast his eyes on the amiable banterer, who, at that moment, was just lifting her glass to her lips. In so doing, she displayed the sparkling emerald on her finger. At the sight of the ring, M. Simart's new guest started so abruptly, that he overthrew on the table a part of the liquid contained in his plate. To avoid the aspersion, Celestine moved back her chair with a bound as light as the leap of a gazelle—threw an anxious look over her rose-coloured robe; when, being reassured with regard to her toilette, she went off in a burst of laughter she did not seek to repress.

Francis regarded his neighbour with a serious and scrutinizing air; then, turning himself towards the blonde dame, he fixed his dark eyes on her, as if he would dart to the bottom of her soul the magnetic influence of their fascination.

"Souvenirs, Madame?" said he, gravely; "perhaps."

The young wife remained a moment confounded, as if one had addressed her in Greek or Arabic.

"I do not understand you," said she at last, smiling, but without manifesting any emotion.

"And you, Mademoiselle—do you comprehend me?" asked Teissier's friend, addressing himself to his neighbour, with an inflection of voice almost satirical.

Celestine opened her sparkling eyes to their full extent. "If it is a charade, address yourself to papa—he can guess it much better than I," she replied, fully persuaded that the friend chosen by her betrothed was somewhat deranged in his intellects.

"A charade!—let us have the charade;" cried M. Simart, pricking up his ears like a horse at the sound of the trumpet.

"After dinner, if you will allow me;" replied Dramond, his countenance still wearing the expression of incomprehensible irony.

"On my honour, he is in drink!" thought Teiseier, bending his nose over his plate, so much was he ashamed of the strange behaviour of his friend, and giving him a kick under the table, to prescribe to him conduct more suitable.

Francis smiled stoically.

"Simpleton!" said he, mentally, "you strike your good genius! They do not recognize me, but I recognize them; and this time I will pull off their masks. My pasteboard nose, I bless thee; for thou givest me over these two sirens the power of a magician's talisman! *Age quod agis*. We are at table, let us eat—but I will take good care at the dessert to have a scene more dramatic than a charade; for in conscience I cannot suffer this poor Aristide to marry an *habitué* of opera-balls."

E. F.

RANDOLPH IN LONDON.

VERY shortly after Mr. Randolph's arrival in London, a splendid ball was given, under the immediate patronage of George the Fourth and the principal nobility, for the benefit of the poor Irish peasantry of Munster and Connaught, who were suffering from the effects of famine, attended as usual by disease. It was a magnificent affair, and, under the potent spell of royalty, every person of rank and note in and near the metropolis attended. Upwards of three thousand guineas were paid over to the charity fund, as the net profit of the fashionable exhibition of philanthropy. Randolph attended, glad of the opportunity to give his mite, and to behold, at the same time, the congregated aristocracy of Great Britain.

"It was cheap, sir, very cheap," said he to me; "actors and actresses innumerable, and all dressed out most gorgeously. There were jewels enough, sir, there, to make new crowns for all the monarchs of Europe! And I, too, republican though I am, must needs go in a court dress! Well, sir, don't imagine that I was so foolish as to purchase a new suit, at a cost of twenty-five or thirty guineas. Oh, no! I have not studied London life for nothing. I had been told, sir, that many a noble lady would appear at the ball that night with jewels *hired* for the occasion; and I took the hint, sir, and *hired* a full court-dress for five guineas. When I beheld myself in the glass, I laughed at the oddity of my appearance, and congratulated myself that I was three thousand miles from the Charlotte Court-House. Had I played the harlequin *there*, sir, I think my next election would be doubtful. I stole into the room, with rather a nervous walk, and was about selecting a very quiet position in a corner, when your countryman, Lord Castlereagh, seeing my embarrassment, came forward, and with an air of the most finished politeness, insisted upon being my chaperon. For one hour, sir, he devoted himself to me, and pointed out all persons of notoriety in the crowd as they passed us in review. Such was the fascination of his manners, I forgot, for the moment, that I was speaking to the man who had sold his country's independence *and his own*; who had lent his aid to a licentious monarch to destroy his queen, who, if guilty, might point to her husband's conduct as the cause of her fall. But, sir, I was spell-bound for that hour, for never did I meet a more accomplished gentleman; and yet he is a deceitful politician, whose character none can admire. An *Irish* tory, sir, I never could abide."

Randolph and myself little thought, whilst we were discussing the noble lord's character, that in one short month from that time he would, unbidden, rush into the presence of his Creator, with all his sins and frailties on his head! I remember well the horror I felt when I heard of his awful death; and I reverted at once to his calm and digni-

fied appearance and noble bearing, as I had seen him so recently in the House of Commons. If his political sins were great, most fearful was the retribution.

Miss Edgeworth and Randolph met together for the first time at the breakfast-table of a very distinguished Irish member of Parliament, (now a peer of the realm.) It occurred the week before my arrival in London, and I lost that literary treat. The gentleman to whom I refer, told me that it was an intellectual feast, such as he had rarely enjoyed before. To use his own words:

"Spark produced spark, and for three hours they kept up the fire, until it ended in a perfect blaze of wit, humour and repartee. It appeared to me that Mr. Randolph was more intimately acquainted with Miss Edgeworth's works than she was herself. He frequently quoted passages where her memory was at fault; and he brought forward every character of any note in all her productions; but, what most astonished us, was his intimate knowledge of Ireland. Lady T. and myself did nothing but listen, and I was really vexed when some public business called me away."

One morning I was sitting with Randolph, when he showed me a most friendly note he had received from Miss Edgeworth just before she left town, inviting him to pay her a visit in Ireland. After I had read it I said to him:

"I think, Mr. Randolph, as you have enjoyed so much of her society, and as I have been so unfortunate as to have missed her, you might give me that note as a keepsake."

"Give you *that* note, sir!" exclaimed he, with great emphasis; "I would not part with it for half my estate."

We were going into the city one day in a carriage, to make some calls, and just as we entered one of the most crowded parts of Fleet-street, Randolph suddenly called to the driver to stop, and turning to me said:

"There goes a great philanthropist, sir, to whom I positively must introduce you; he is one of the best men in the world, and is about to reform all mankind by the aid of *parallelograms*, and by a knowledge of '*circumstances*.'"

We descended from the carriage, and in two minutes' time I became well acquainted with that most communicative of human beings, the celebrated Robert Owen, of New-Lanark. In the course of our short street-conversation, he asked me where I resided. I replied in New-York. He took a memorandum of it, which did not excite any special observation; but, judge of my surprise next morning, upon poring over the "Times" at the breakfast-table, to see my name and residence at full-length in Mr. Owen's advertisement, as one of the *managers* of his new "*Society for the Reformation of mankind*!" I showed it to Randolph, who laughed heartily, and told me that he had served him in the same way.

In the course of the morning Mr. Owen paid us a visit, and I immediately objected to being placed in so prominent a position, and the more especially as I was then entirely ignorant of his system. With perfect self-possession and good-humour he replied:

"My dear sir, we are all the children of *circumstances*; and I knew, from the first glance I had of you, that you were fond of good company. Look at my advertisement, sir. Does it not contain the names of the greatest and best men in the country, and surely *your* character will not suffer by coming into close contact with such men?"

I ascertained afterwards that several of my distinguished fellow-managers had been introduced into the advertisement in a similar way; but Mr. Owen was so exceedingly good-natured and kind in his manners that it was impossible to get angry with him. We, therefore, laughed at our accidental notoriety, and the more as we were never called

upon, whilst in London, either to attend a meeting, or, what is more remarkable, to *pay any money*!

At this time Mr. Owen had not openly avowed his infidel opinions, and, as his motives appeared to be purely philanthropic, he had the countenance of many good and pious men. My father invited him to pay a visit to Ireland, supposing that some of his practical views might be advantageously adopted amongst the peasantry in the agricultural districts. He accepted the invitation and came to Limerick before my departure for America. A very pious lady in the county Clare, distinguished for her benevolence, in the course of conversation with Mr. Owen, discovered his heterodoxy on religious subjects, and on his departure from her house she presented him with a Bible, telling him, at the same time, that before his plans could receive her sanction he must first study this book, and acknowledge the truth of its contents. A few days afterwards, at a public meeting in Limerick, called, at his request, for the purpose of developing his doctrine of "*circumstances*," a Roman Catholic priest questioned him very closely, and finally forced him to admit that he entirely discarded the Bible as a part of his system. This gave the death-blow to his labours in Ireland, and the religious world thenceforth were cautious how they gave countenance to any of his schemes.

He came to America, as is well known, and I saw a good deal of him whenever he visited New-York. Some of my readers will probably recollect his first public meeting at the City-Hotel, where he told the audience (a highly-respectable and intellectual one) that "a belief in the doctrine of rewards and punishments was the cause of all the misery at present in the world, and that no reformation could take place until we became convinced that man was *altogether* the creature of '*circumstances*.'" He predicted that, in two years from that time, the city of New-York would be deserted; that grass would be growing in the streets; that the people would flock into his *communities*, where all things were to be held in common!" The audience were amused at his absurdities, which they very good-naturedly applauded and laughed at by turns.

Next day he told me he had never experienced so warm a reception, that his principles had received the sanction of this most enlightened assembly, and he was determined to embark at once into the cause of *American regeneration*! I told him he was deceived, that the people were laughing at him behind his back, and I begged of him not to throw away his money on so futile a scheme. When he went to Washington, Mr. Randolph gave him the same advice, but it was all thrown away.

"He is mad, sir," said Randolph to me afterwards, "his Scotch wits have left him. I tried to save him, but 'wilful man must have his own way.' The western Yankees will soon bring him to his senses, *through his pocket, sir*; and until he gets rid of his surplus wealth, it is folly for you to attempt to alter his '*circumstances*.'"

This prediction came true to the letter; and when Robert Owen returned to New-York, a few years afterwards, I could not help pitying him; yet, whilst I pitied him, I told him I rejoiced at the total failure of a plan which denied religion and disavowed a God.

I never had any reason to call in question his *sincerity*, and, therefore, I pitied his mental delusion; if I had thought him a *hypocrite*, I would have discarded him at once.

A short time before he returned to England, a gentleman in New-York gave him a farewell dinner, and invited a number of persons to meet him, of which I was one. I rode out in the same carriage with him, and said, in a pleasant way:—"I wish to give you fair notice, Mr. Owen, that,

after dinner to-day, I mean to put some very plain questions to you, if you have no objection."

"None in the world, my dear friend," replied he, with his blindest smile. "You know I have no secrets; I avow all that I feel."

"Very well," said I; "remember, you must not be offended with me."

After the cloth was removed, I turned to him and said: "I have never until lately heard it asserted that you are an atheist. I knew that you were not a believer in Christianity, but I was not aware of the extent of your infidelity. Now, tell us candidly, do you or do you not believe in the existence of the *soul*, to begin with *that* question?"

"My dear sir," replied he, "pray what is the *soul*?"

"Do not," said I, "let us waste time about words. You understand me to mean the immortal spirit, which is to live through all eternity. You may call it what you like."

"Well, then," said he, "I confess I *do* know what you mean, and I will reply. Look at the flame of that candle; with a breath I blow it out—it is utterly extinguished. So I believe of what you call the soul."

"Fairly answered and to the point," said I. "I now know your sentiments on *that* point, and I need scarcely ask whether you believe in a God and a hereafter?"

"Old women's fables, sir," replied he, "fancifully taught in the book you call the Bible, but unworthy the attention of the present enlightened age. You will tell me now, I suppose, of the advantages of *faith*, and of the great support it affords to the believer; but, sir, here am I, now over fifty years of age, ready to die at any moment, without a thought, without a fear of the future, having devoted my time and my money to promote the happiness of my fellow-creatures, without fee or reward. If I had my life to live over again, I would live exactly as I have done; therefore, what more can faith do for *me*; and," continued he, with more of a sneer than I had ever seen in him before, "even if there were such a place as your fanciful heaven, have I not a better chance of getting there than many of your high professing Christians, who have no *good works* to back them?"

"Oh," said I, quickly, "so, after all, there *is* a lingering idea in your mind that there *may* be a God, and you think His *mercy* will overlook your unbelief hereafter, and that your *good works* will save you?"

"Not so fast," replied he, "I only spoke comparatively; but, to use a mercantile phrase, I would not give a quarter per cent to insure it."

"Would you give an *eighth*, a *sixteenth*, a *thirty-second* part of one cent? I only want to fix the *doubt* upon you, and I think I have done so; but, if you still say no, I propose the following test. I shall believe in your assertion, provided you will subscribe to the following declaration:—'I, Robert Owen, in the presence of God, if there be a God, and of this company, do hereby voluntarily renounce all claim whatever to any place in heaven, if there be a heaven, and request that my soul may be sent to hell, if there be a hell, without any pardon for my infidelity.'"

"Oh," said he, "this is child's play, gotten up to laugh at me, and I will not agree to it."

"It is *not* play," replied I, "but a serious trial of your *faith in your own system*; and, unless you subscribe to this declaration, I shall *not* believe in your own convictions, no matter how positively you may assert them."

But he positively refused to do so, and changed the subject immediately. The inference drawn by us was, that, with all his *professed* atheism, he had still a lingering *doubt* that he *might* be in error.

MARS.*

"I give the first watch of the night,
To the red planet Mars."—*Longfellow.*

The moon her silver banner holds,
High 'mid the army of the stars,
And proudly 'neath its shining folds,
Steps forth the warrior planet, Mars.

With crimson plume and armour bright,
I see him o'er the sky advance;
But in the tilting field of night,
None dare with him to break a lance.

None, save the star of love, whose rays
Now fill with light the mellow west,—
She, only, of the starry maze,
Will ever crush the crimson crest.

With step of pride he moves along,
And strikes with fear the common stars;
But Venus joins the glorious throng—
Down sinks the haughty crest of Mars!

His glittering helm, his corselet mail'd,
His massive sword and pond'rous shield,
His heart, that ne'er before has quail'd—
All, all to love and beauty yield.

On earth, as well as far above,
There are a thousand wingéd darts,
Hidden amid the charms of love,
Aiming at all unguarded hearts.

And ever through the walks of life,
All hearts, though arm'd with mail and shield,
Though mighty in all other strife,
Are powerless in love's battle-field.

They are the happiest sons of light,
Who yield at once to such defeat;
And Mars, the happiest star of night,
To die a death so truly sweet.

I'll follow Mars, to rise or fall,
Still worshipping his star above;
Content with him to conquer all,
Or perish by the arms of love.

P. V.

THE SHILLING SIDE OF BROADWAY.

THE disheartened, the desperate, the disappointed select the shilling side of Broadway for their thoroughfare, in opposition to its brilliant neighbour across the way; and it is strange that eighty feet of earth should be as impassable a barrier as the gulf which separated Lazarus from Dives! The mingling of the waters of the majestic Missouri and Mississippi would be an apter simile. Commence we at the Park; for, below that, trade and commerce claim the dominion.

The concentration of all the wishes and necessities of life, the completest specimen of a Lilliputian world, the heaven of bachelors, and the vestibule of heaven to old maids, (ergo, the privileged flirting arena of aspirants either to matrimony or notoriety;) its basement, comprising tailors, hatters, jewellers, &c. from whose sanctums issue the deformed, the transformed, the mighty mass of granite, yeaped "Astor House;" a fit emblem of the unchangeable, sparkling, pellucid, yet stately father of waters.

Opposite stands the lion's mouth, (the City-Hall,) wherein are found accusations and rejoinders, in the bloodless yet bitter war of words—whose depths are often filled with the ribald crowd, exulting in the jeopardy of their fellow man, and crying aloud like the horse-leech, "Blood, blood!"—the gloomy chamber, wherein the condemned draws his last

* The result (says the author) of an evening's star-gazing, after reading of the loves of Mars and Venus.—*MS. N. N.*

breath of hope, and where he assumes the poisoned garb of despair, which clings the closer as his frantic efforts to shake it off grow weaker and weaker—the death-house, wherein are exhibited the mournful representations of God's own image, driven, probably, to suicide, by the cold-heartedness of their fellows; or, the victims of unprincipled and lawless passions, done to death by violence, treachery or accident. The turbid stream has yet another tributary: the alms-house pours forth its pestiferous breath, and in the dark and gloomy days of winter parades its hundreds of hungry applicants, all eagerly thrusting forth their hands to receive the allowance doled out to them by public charity.

On the west side, Commerce pours forth her glittering and costly wares. Art is wearied with the endless display of inventions; and Science calls aloud to the passers-by, "Come, investigate, explore my hidden treasures."

The favourites of fortune, rivalling nature herself in the gorgeous display of colours, trip along, light of heart, unheeding of their contrasts, who perhaps take step by step with them, yet with how different a feeling—the one buoyed up with vanity, the other bowed down by vexation; the one with a happy and joyful terminus in view, the other dreading to approach the end, for want and blank hopelessness are in waiting.

Look at that poor wretch, his garments of an old fashion, but worn with the air of one accustomed to better days. A dingy and threadbare look pervades them; the deep shadow of adversity darkens the countenance once lit up with gay anticipations and lofty dreamings.

Yet, "all is not gold that glitters!"

Observe that stately lady, young in years but old in experience of the mutations of all things earthly. Two years ago, life was but opening its portals to her young vision. Fairy-land was not more enchanting to her childish fancy than the gay vista then presented; the path seemed strewn with flowers, and all the allurements of pleasure appeared in the perspective. Dull care found no entrance, and all the homely realities of life lay hidden. The sudden demolition of confidence between man and man has changed, as with a magician's wand, this prospect of peace and happiness.

Still very young, and very lovely and dignified in appearance, the heart is bowed within her. Upon occasions of duty and necessity only does she thread her way through the perpetual stream of Broadway. Familiar friends look coldly on the accomplished and gifted one, and why, forsooth? Time, the abused, the slandered, has but ripened into fuller perfection the graceful figure, intelligent mind, and warm heart. Why moves she on, stately and alone, through the vast throng surrounding her? *Wealth* has disappeared, and with it the *summer friends* of former times.

To you, friend W—, adversity has been a kind mother. While reposing, in all the luxury of indolence, beneath your dearly-loved bridge, your faculties had fallen asleep—for wearisome, beyond measure, were some of your epistles; but now, an April day is not more sparkling and brilliant; the dim shadows of regret for lost enjoyments give place to the sunshine of hope for the future. Verily, with you, adversity has been the hone of wit.

E. K.

All we can say to our friend "E. K." is, that we are happy to find ourselves sharpened to his taste, though we do not relish our nose on the grindstone. That all people do not agree with him we have a very apposite demonstration in a letter received on the same day, requesting us to resume in the Mirror those same "wearisome" epistles. We wish we knew how to please all our friends and contributors.—*ENDS.*

THE MARQUIS IN PETTICOATS.

I AM commanded to write a love-story.

But a love-story with anything new in it can never be invented. Fact is the jack-o'-lantern to more sober Fable. Truth is stranger than fiction.

And I have not much space to tell a story in; and, long or short, it must have beginning, and middle, and end. So I introduce you at once to the Marquis de la Chetardie—a diplomatist who figured largely in the gay age of Louis XV.—and the story is but one of the illuminated pages of the dark book of diplomacy.

Charles de la Chetardie appeared for the first time to the eyes of the king at a masquerade ball, given at Versailles, under the auspices of *la belle Pompadour*. He was dressed as a young lady of high rank, making her *début*; and, so perfect was his acting, and the deception altogether, that Louis became enamoured of the disguised marquis, and violently excited the jealousy of "Madame" by his amorous attentions. An *éclaircissement*, of course, took place, and the result was a great partiality for the marquis's society, and his subsequent employment, in and out of petticoats, in many a scheme of state diplomacy and royal amusement.

La Chetardie was at this time just eighteen. He was very slight, and had remarkably small hands and feet, and the radiant fairness of his skin and the luxuriant softness of his profuse chestnut curls, might justly have been the envy of the most delicate woman. He was, at first, subjected to some ridicule for his effeminacy, but the merry courtiers were soon made aware, that, under this velvet fragility lay concealed the strength and ferocity of the tiger. The grasp of his small hand was like an iron vice, and his singular activity, and the cool courage which afterwards gave him a brilliant career on the battle-field, established him, in a very short time, as the most formidable swordsman of the court. His ferocity, however, lay deeply concealed in his character, and, unprovoked, he was the gayest and most brilliant of merry companions.

This was the age of occult and treacherous diplomacy, and the court of Russia, where Louis would fain have exercised an influence, (private as well as political in its results,) was guarded by an implacable Argus, in the person of the prime minister, Bestucheff. Aided by Sir Hambury Williams, the English ambassador, one of the craftiest men of that crafty period, he had succeeded for some years in defeating every attempt at access to the imperial ear by the secret emissaries of France. The sudden appearance of La Chetardie, his cool self-command, and his successful personation of a female, suggested a new hope to the king, however; and, called to Versailles by royal mandate, the young marquis was taken into cabinet confidence, and a secret mission to St. Petersburg, in petticoats, proposed to him and accepted.

With his instructions and secret despatches stitched into his corsets, and under the ostensible protection of a scientific man, who was to present him to the tsarine as a Mademoiselle de Beaumont, desirous of entering the service of Elizabeth, the marquis reached St. Petersburg without accident or adventure. The young lady's guardian requested an audience through Bestucheff, and having delivered the open letters recommending her for her accomplishments to the imperial protection, he begged leave to continue on his scientific tour to the central regions of Russia.

Congé was immediately granted, and on the disappearance of the *avant*, and before the departure of Bestucheff, the tsarine threw off all ceremony, and pinching the cheeks

and imprinting a kiss on the forehead of the beautiful stranger, appointed her, by one of those sudden whims of preference against which her ministers had so much trouble to guard, *lectrice intime et particulière*,—in short, confidential personal attendant. The blushes of the confused marquis, who was unprepared for so affectionate a reception, served rather to heighten the disguise, and old Bestucheff bowed himself out with a compliment to the beauty of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, veiled in a diplomatic congratulation to her imperial mistress.

Elizabeth was forty and a little *passée*, but she still had pretensions, and was particularly fond of beauty in her attendants, female as well as male. Her favourite, of her personal *suite*, at the time of the arrival of the marquis, was an exquisite little creature who had been sent to her, as a compliment to this particular taste, by the Duchess of Mecklenberg-Strelitz,—a kind of German "Fenella" or "Mignon," by the name of Nadège Stein. Not much below the middle size, Nadège was a model of symmetrical proportion, and of very extraordinary beauty. She had been carefully educated for her present situation, and was highly accomplished; a fine reader, and a singularly sweet musician and dancer. The tsarine's passion for this lovely attendant was excessive, and the arrival of a new favourite of the same sex, was looked upon with some pleasure by the eclipsed remainder of the palace idlers.

Elizabeth summoned Nadège, and committed Mademoiselle de Beaumont temporarily to her charge; but the same mysterious magnetism which had reached the heart of the tsarine, seemed to kindle, quite as promptly, the affections of her attendant. Nadège was no sooner alone with her new friend than she jumped to her neck, smothered her with kisses, called her by every endearing epithet, and overwhelmed her with questions, mingled with the most childlike exclamations of wonder at her own inexplicable love for a stranger. In an hour, she had shown to the new demoiselle all the contents of the little boudoir in which she lived; talked to her of her loves and hates at the Russian court; of her home in Mecklenberg, and her present situation;—in short, poured out her heart with the *naïf abandon* of a child. The young marquis had never seen so lovely a creature; and, responsibly as he felt his difficult and delicate situation, he returned the affection so innocently lavished upon him, and by the end of this first fatal hour, was irrecoverably in love. And, gay as his life had been at the French court, it was the first, and subsequently proved to be the deepest, passion of his life.

On the tsarine's return to her private apartment, she summoned her new favourite, and superintended, with condescending solicitude, the arrangements for her palace lodging. Nadège inhabited a small tower adjoining the bedroom of her mistress, and above this was an unoccupied room, which, at the present suggestion of the fairy little attendant, was allotted to the new-comer. The staircase opened by one door into the private gardens, and by the opposite, into the corridor leading immediately to the imperial chamber. The marquis's delicacy would fain have made some objection to this very intimate location; but he could hazard nothing against the interests of his sovereign, and he trusted to a speedy termination of his disguise with the attainment of his object. Meantime, the close neighbourhood of the fair Nadège was not the most intolerable of necessities.

The marquis's task was a very difficult one. He was instructed, before abandoning his disguise and delivering his secret despatches, to awaken the interest of the tsarine on the two subjects to which the documents had reference:—

viz. a former partiality of her majesty for Louis, and a formerly discussed project of seating the Prince de Conti on the throne of Poland. Bestucheff had so long succeeded in cutting off all approach of these topics to the ear of the tsarine, that her majesty had probably forgotten them altogether.

Weeks passed, and the opportunities to broach these delicate subjects had been inauspiciously rare. Mademoiselle de Beaumont, it is true, had completely eclipsed the favourite Nadége; and Elizabeth, in her hours of relaxation from state affairs, exacted the constant attendance of the new favourite in her private apartments. But the almost constant presence of some other of the maids of honour, opposed continual obstacles and interruptions, and the tsarine herself was not always disposed to talk of matters more serious than the current trifles of the hour. She was extremely indolent in her personal habits; and often reclining at length upon cushions on the floor of her boudoir, she laid her imperial head in the lap of the embarrassed demoiselle, and was soothed to sleep by reading and the bathing of her temples. And during this period, she exacted frequently of the marquis, with a kind of instinctive mistrust, promises of continuance for life in her personal service.

But there were sweeter hours for the enamoured La Chetardie than those passed in the presence of his partial and imperial mistress. Encircled by sentinels and guarded from all intrusion of other eyes, in the inviolable sanctuary of royalty, the beautiful Nadége, impassioned she knew not why, in her love for her new companion, was ever within call, and happy in devoting to him all her faculties of caressing endearment. He had not yet dared to risk the interests of his sovereign by a disclosure of his sex, even in the confidence of love. He could not trust Nadége to play so difficult a part, as that of possessor of so embarrassing a secret in the presence of the shrewd and observing tsarine. A betrayal, too, would at once put an end to his happiness. With the slight arm of the fair and relying creature about his waist, and her head pressed close against his breast, they passed the balmy nights of the Russian summer in pacing the flowery alleys of the imperial garden, discoursing, with but one reserve, on every subject that floated to their lips. It required, however, all the self-control of La Chetardie, and all the favouring darkness of the night, to conceal his smiles at the naïve confessions of the unconscious girl, and her wonderings at the peculiarity of her feelings. She had thought, hitherto, that there were affections in her nature which could only be called forth by a lover. Yet now, the thought of caressing another than her friend,—of repeating to any human ear, least of all to a man, those new-born vows of love, filled her with alarm and horror. She felt that she had given her heart irrevocably away—and to a woman! Ah, with what delicious, though silent passion, La Chetardie drew her to his bosom, and, with the pressure of his lips upon hers, interrupted those sweet confessions!

Yet the time at last drew near for the waking from this celestial dream. The disguised diplomatist had found his opportunity, and had successfully awakened in Elizabeth's mind both curiosity and interest as to the subjects of the despatches still sewed safely in his corsets. There remained nothing for him now but to seize a favourable opportunity, and, with the delivery of his missives, to declare his sex to the tsarine. There was risk to life and liberty in this, but the marquis knew not fear, and he thought but of its consequences to his love.

In La Chetardie's last interview with the *sevant* who

conducted him to Russia, his male attire had been successfully transferred from one portmanteau to the other, and it was now in his possession, ready for the moment of need. With his plans brought to within a single night of the *dé-nouement*, he parted from the tsarine, having asked the imperial permission for an hour's private interview on the morrow, and, with gentle force excluding Nadége from his apartment, he dressed himself in his proper costume, and cut open the warm envelope of his despatches. This done, he threw his cloak over him, and, with a dark lantern in his hand, sought Nadége in the garden. He had determined to disclose himself to her, renew his vows of love in his proper guise, and arrange, while he had access and opportunity, some means for uniting their destinies hereafter.

As he opened the door of the turret, Nadége flew up the stair to meet him, and observing the cloak in the faint glimmer of the stars, she playfully endeavoured to envelope herself in it. But, seizing her hands, La Chetardie turned and glided backwards, drawing her after him toward a small pavilion in the remoter part of the garden. Here they had never been interrupted, the empress alone having the power to intrude upon them, and La Chetardie felt safe in devoting this place and time to the double disclosure of his secret and his suppressed passion.

Persuading her with difficulty to desist from putting her arms about him and sit down without a caress, he retreated a few steps, and, in the darkness of the pavilion, shook down his imprisoned locks to their masculine *abandon*, threw off his cloak, and drew up the blind of his lantern. The scream of surprise, which instantly parted from the lips of Nadége, made him regret his imprudence in not having prepared her for the transformation, but her second thought was mirth, for she could believe it of course to be nothing but a playful masquerade; and with delighted laughter she sprang to his neck and overwhelmed him with her kisses—another voice, however, joining very unexpectedly in the laughter!

The empress stood before them!

For an instant, with all his self-possession, La Chetardie was confounded and dismayed. Siberia, the knout, the scaffold flitted before his eyes, and Nadége was the sufferer! But a glance at the face of the tsarine reassured him. She, too, took it for a girlish masquerade!

But the empress, unfortunately, was not disposed to have a partner in her enjoyment of the society of this new apparition of "hose and doublet." She ordered Nadége to her turret with one of those petulant commands which her attendants understood to admit of no delay, and while the eclipsed favourite disappeared with the tears of unwilling submission in her soft eyes, La Chetardie looked after her with the anguish of eternal separation at his heart, for a presentiment crowded irresistibly upon him that he should never see her more!

The empress was in slippers and *robe de nuit*, and, as if fate had determined that this well-kept secret should not survive the hour, her majesty laid her arm within that of her supposed masquerader and led the way to the palace. She was wakeful, and wished to be read to sleep. And, with many a compliment to the beauty of her favourite in male attire, and many a playful caress, she arrived at the door of her chamber.

But the marquis could go no farther. He had hitherto been spared the embarrassment of passing this sacred threshold, for the *passée* empress had secrets of toilette for the embellishment of her person, which she trusted only to the eyes of an antiquated attendant. La Chetardie had never passed beyond the boudoir which was between the

antechamber and the bedroom, and the time had come for the disclosure of his secret. He fell on his knees and announced himself a man!

Fortunately they were alone. Incredible at first, the empress listened to his asseverations, however, with more amusement than displeasure, and the immediate delivery of the despatches, with the commendations of the disguised ambassador by his royal master to the forgiveness and kindness of the empress, amply secured his pardon. But it was on condition that he should resume his disguise and remain in her service.

Alone in his tower, (for Nadége had disappeared, and he knew enough of the cruelty of Elizabeth to dread the consequences to the poor girl of venturing on direct inquiries as to her fate,) La Chetardie after a few weeks fell ill; and fortunate, even at this price, to escape from the silken fetters of the enamoured tsarine, he departed under the care of the imperial physician, for the more genial climate of France—not without reiterated promises of return, however, and offers, in that event, of unlimited wealth and advancement.

But, as the marquis made his way slowly toward Vienna, a gleam of light dawned on his sadness. The Princess Sophia Charlotte was newly affianced to George the Third of England, and this daughter of the house of Mecklenberg had been the playmate of Nadége Stein, from infancy till the time when Nadége was sent to the tsarine by the Duchess of Mecklenberg. Making a confidant of the kind physician who accompanied him, La Chetardie was confirmed, by the good man's better experience and knowledge, in the belief that Nadége had shared the same fate of every female of the court who had ever awakened the jealousy of the empress. She was doubtless exiled to Siberia; but, as she had committed no voluntary fault, it was probably without other punishment; and, with a playmate on the throne of England, she might be demanded and recovered ere long, in all her freshness and beauty. Yet the recent fate of the fair Endoxie Lapoukin, who, for an offence but little more distasteful to the tsarine, had been pierced through the tongue with hot iron, whipped with the knout, and exiled for life to Siberia, hung like a cloud of evil augury over his mind.

The marquis suddenly determined that he would see the affianced princess, and plead with her for her friend, before the splendours of a throne should make her inaccessible. The excitement of this hope had given him new life, and he easily persuaded his attendant, as they entered the gates of Vienna, that he required his attendance no farther. Alone with his own servants, he resumed his female attire, and directed his course to Mecklenberg-Strelitz.

The princess had maintained an intimate correspondence with her playmate up to the time of her betrothal, and the name of Mademoiselle de Beaumont was passport enough. La Chetardie had sent forward his servant, on arriving at the town, in the neighbourhood of the ducal residence, and the reply to his missive was brought back by one of the officers in attendance, with orders to conduct the demoiselle to apartments in the castle. He was received with all honour at the palace-gate by a chamberlain in waiting, who led the way to a suite of rooms adjoining those of the princess, where, after being left alone for a few minutes, he was familiarly visited by the betrothed girl, and overwhelmed, as formerly by her friend, with most embarrassing caresses. In the next moment, however, the door was hastily flung open, and Nadége, like a stream of light, fled through the room, hung upon the neck of the speechless and overjoyed marquis, and ended with convulsions of

mingled tears and laughter. The moment that he could disengage himself from her arms, La Chetardie requested to be left for a moment alone. He felt the danger and impropriety of longer maintaining his disguise. He closed his door on the unwilling demoiselles, hastily changed his dress, and, with his sword at his side, entered the adjoining reception-room of the princess, where Mademoiselle de Beaumont was impatiently awaited.

The scene which followed, the mingled confusion and joy of Nadége, the subsequent hilarity and masquerading at the castle, and the particulars of the marriage of the Marquis de la Chetardie to his fair fellow maid-of-honour, must be left to the reader's imagination. We have room only to explain the re-appearance of Nadége at Mecklenberg.

Nadége retired to her turret at the imperative command of the empress, sad and troubled; but waited wakefully and anxiously for the re-entrance of her disguised companion. In the course of an hour, however, the sound of a sentinel's musket, set down at her door, informed her that she was a prisoner. She knew Elizabeth, and the Duchess of Mecklenberg, with an equal knowledge of the tsarine's character, had provided her with a resource against the imperial cruelty, should she have occasion to use it. She crept to the battlements of the tower and fastened a handkerchief to the side looking over the public square.

The following morning at daylight, Nadége was summoned to prepare for a journey, and, in an hour, she was led between soldiers to a carriage at the palace-gate, and departed by the northern egress of the city, with a guard of three mounted cossacks. In two hours from that time, the carriage was overtaken, the guard overpowered, and the horses' heads turned in the direction of Moscow. After many difficulties and dangers, during which she found herself under the charge of a Mecklenbergian officer in the service of the tsarine, she reached Vienna in safety, and was immediately concealed by her friends in the neighbourhood of the palace at Mecklenberg, to remain hidden till inquiry should be over. The arrival of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, for the loss of whose life or liberty she had incessantly wept with dread and apprehension, was joyfully communicated to her by her friends, and so the reader knows some of the passages in the early life of the far-famed beauty in the French court in the time of Louis XV.—the Marchioness de la Chetardie.

Eyes like the blue of a Damascus blade, and hair like a shower of braided and flowing sunbeams!—I have done your bidding! Adieu!

N. P. W.

A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

THERE is positively nothing stirring in the shape of news, either at home or abroad—save political news—and with that we anoint not our delicate fingers. Such greasy perfumery likes us not. Such as we have, however, oh, most exquisite reader, we give unto thee.

It is highly probable that the next steamship will bring us—late papers. These may contain some interesting items. The sanguinary spirit of war, whose reign upon earth is almost over, still flaps its wing upon the continents of Asia and Africa, while a huge fire quivers occasionally in South America. But wherever the Anglo-Saxon has appeared, with his industry, his common-sense utilitarianism, and his machines for universal improvement, war and bloodshed, following the trail of the disappearing Indian, have gradually vanished. Not that there is not just as much hostility in the world as ever; but men as well as nations now conduct their battles by intrigue and cunning, instead of smothering

ering their enmity in blood. If a man dislikes his neighbour, he goes to work and overreaches him—marries a handsomer wife, drives a more stylish equipage, or keeps a deeper bank account—perhaps, if he is *very* bitter, he slanders his neighbour's reputation till he makes him poor—or hires a penny-a-liner to do it, at so many cents a paragraph, and the defeated party dies of a broken heart. If one nation owe another a grudge, or a debt, which she cannot pay, she goes to depreciating her credit and her people, on the Stock Exchange or in Grub-street, and gives her "thunder" in the inevitable public prints. Everything is now done by "head work."

This will last until the population of the world becomes so condensed and stagnated—(for men will rather perish in crowded cities than enjoy plenty in solitude)—that starvation drives to robbery and murder on a large scale—and things in some places are already approximating this—when some political despot will open the flood-gate of war, for the purpose of letting off the extra steam and ferocity of the people. War is retained, in these polished days, as a sort of safety-valve, which will be opened only by the compulsory force of the great machine itself, to prevent an explosion.

Taking all these matters into consideration,—or, if we may be allowed so to express ourself, considering all these things,—we are half inclined to agree with an editor in Salem, who believes that editing a public journal is somewhat of a serious business, under certain circumstances! By the way, speaking of Salem, its chief characteristics are order and neatness, and the extreme beauty of its witches. They have an especial ordinance there, providing that all old maids above thirty-five, shall spend one hour every day in sweeping cobwebs from the streets. But people die very young there—but *one* old maid having fallen under this ordinance, within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant," and she in a few days turned witch and flew away upon her broomstick!

"Why, what the deuce is all this about?"

We are writing the *news*, madam—isn't that our business? We'll lay you a wager of our wedding-glove against your sweetest smile, that there isn't a "leader" in one of the papers this bright morning, that contains much more "early intelligence" than this. You have put us out. Where were we? Oh, upon witches. So.

If there be no witches *now*, there can be no doubt that such things *have* been. Not to mention the Witch of Endor, and Bulwer's Hag of Vesuvius, and the White Lady of Avenel, and Macbeth's terrible tormenters, and the frolicsome Puck, and Ariel, and Caliban, and the jealous Oberon, and the snow-white Titania,—there were troops of *bona fide* witches, who used to play the very old Harry with our staid ancestors of New England, and who became so numerous at length, in the days of good old Cotton Mather, that a summary method of detecting and punishing them was necessarily adopted. Whenever an old woman was suspected of witchcraft, she was immediately seized and thrown into the mill-pond. If she drowned, she was unanimously acquitted of the charge; but if not, she was immediately pronounced guilty, and burnt before a slow fire. The worst of the matter was, that the real witches, to evade this law, frequently assumed the shapes of *young* women, with bright eyes and dewy lips; so that the deacons and elders of the church, notwithstanding all their precautions, were frequently found with their ———, but no matter. That all women *are* witches, in one way or another, there can be no doubt, especially in these broad, brilliant, dreamy, breezy, moonlight evenings.

Speaking of moonlight, we have recently made a very great discovery. It is neither more nor less than that the moon is a very useful and valuable article, and that lovers could not, in fact, get on at all without her assistance. We beg our readers to believe that we are not moon-struck, nor mad; we only mean to say that the moon is a very useful, agreeable and pleasant old lady, and can keep a secret withal, which is a compliment to her sex. Under the circumstances, we have thought, as the political editors say, that a few remarks from us on this absorbing topic, would not be out of place. (A politician is sure never to be *out of place*—if he can help it!)

In the first place, then, we start on the broad principle, now acknowledged by all the savans of Europe and America, and which was first discovered by one of the seven sages of Greece—or the three wise men of Gotham—that the moon is nothing more nor less than a large green cheese; which fully accounts for the extraordinary notions that sometimes get into the heads of romantic young ladies and gentlemen who take long walks in the moonlight, and who, from pure indolence, contract a violent dyspepsia, which makes them poetically miserable eight months in the year, leading them to believe that their hearts are broken and their bosoms penetrated with strange emotions.

The moon, too, may be termed the Goddess of Neatness, for she not only conceals the roughness of a scene, making the ordinary the beautiful, but she is the most *tidy* of all the divinities. She also presides over all *specie* affairs, for is she not continually *changing* every quarter?

As to the man in the moon, we *could* say something; but, as we are proverbial for our modesty, we are not going to boast of our distinguished acquaintances here. Should, however, certain propositions, which we have submitted through the clerk of the weather, be accepted, our earthly subscribers shall see whether we have any influence at foreign courts; while our moonshine patrons will have reason to be thankful that they live not beyond the reach of our labours of love.

"But the news! the news! why don't you tell us the news?"

We are telling it to you.

Truth is news, and rare news, too, in these days; so be thankful. We are going to give you some "items" in a minute.

It is supposed, from the closest calculations, that Prince Albert usually stews his oysters three minutes and a quarter, precisely. Her majesty has seriously remonstrated with him upon this absurd practice, but he coolly replies by using a little more Cayenne, and remarking to her majesty that he has no occasion for another *chafing-dish*. To what this may lead no one can foretell. At any rate, the oysters are not generally *under stewed*.

A pig was most inhumanly butchered in Springfield the other day, by another negro. No cause can be possibly assigned for the fatal deed; as the negro had never had the slightest difficulty with the pig, and even manifested the greatest liking for him after he was dead. It was reported, to be sure, in the "Springfield Gleaner," that the pig had once *eloped* from its owner; but this was afterwards proven to have been a mere *slip of the pen*.

We learn, with feelings of intense pride, that Buggins, the distinguished horticulturist, has just raised a cucumber, as long as your arm. *In vino veritas*.

P. S. Since the above was written, we have received advices direct from our compositor, that no more copy is wanted to fill this page.

OUR GIRLS.

Our girls they are pretty,
And gentle, and witty;
As any the world ever knew;
Talk not about Spanish,
Circassian or Danish,
Or Greek's 'neath their summer skies blue;
But give me our lassies,
As fresh as the grass is
When sprinkled with roses and dew!

Each lip is like blossom,
Each fair swelling bosom
As white as the high drifted snow;
With eyes softly flashing,
Like spring-bubbles dashing
O'er hill-rocks to valleys below:
All smiling with beauty,
All doing their duty,
Where shall we for lovelier go?

O, ours are the fairest,
The sweetest, and rarest,
The purest and fondest I see;
Their hearts are the truest,
Their eyes are the bluest,
Their spirits so noble and free;
O give me no other,
True love, sister, mother,
Our own are the chosen for me!

JOTTINGS.

BEARDS IN NEW-YORK.—It is odd how a fashion creeps from one country to another, unaware. Has it occurred to you what a bearded nation we have become within the last year or two—imitating *La Jeune France* in that and other accompanying particulars? My attention was called to it yesterday by a friend just returned from a long residence in Europe. He was expressing very emphatically his annoyance at the loss of his *moustache*. On coming in sight of land he had gone below and sacrificed it, as a thing "most tolerable and not to be endured," among the sober friends to whom he was returning; when lo! on landing—every second man in a full suit of beard! His *moustache* and imperial chance to be very becoming to him, and his mortification, at being compelled to put them again into nascent stibble, was unbounded.

Two schools of dress have prevailed in France for the last six or seven years, the Classic and the Romantic—the former with the Brutus head, short hair and apparel of severe simplicity, and the other with flowing locks, fanciful beard, and great sumptuousness of cravat and waistcoat. The "Romantic" is the only one which has "come over," and it prevails at present in New-York, with (to use the popular phrase) "a perfect looseness." Almost every man below forty has tried his beard on, and most of the young men about town show their fancy in something beyond the mere tooth-brush whisker of the military. The latter, by the way, is the only beard "let out" by the London men whom the packets bring over, and in England the synonyme is rigorous between "*moustache*" and "*adventurer*." It seems to me, however, that the principles of taste which should affect the fashion of a beard are but little regarded among us, and I rather wonder that some ambitious barber has not set himself up as an authority—to decide their shape by private consultation, according to feature and complexion. Perhaps I may feed a want of the era by putting down what I have gathered on the subject of beards by reading and travel.

In a country where all the hair which nature has planted on the face is permitted to grow, a shaved man certainly looks very silly. After a short passage from Asia Minor to Malta, the clean-shaved English officers struck me as a very denuded and inexpressive-looking race, though much more athletic and handsome than the Orientals I had left. The beards of old men, particularly, are great embellishments, covering as they

do, the mouth, which most shows age and weakness, by loss of teeth and feebleness of muscle. When the mouth is covered, the whole expression of the face is concentrated in the eyes, and it is surprising how much the eyes gain in character and brilliancy by a full moustache. A luxuriant and silky beard on a young and clear skin is certainly very beautiful, though, according to medical observation, the faculties are much better matured when the beard comes late. In bearded countries, the character is very much judged of by the beard. There is an old Irish proverb which says:

"Trust not that man, although he were your brother,
Whose hair's one colour and his beard another."

In irritable persons, the beard grows thin and dry. In those of milder temper it is thick and slightly curling. The beard is affected very sensibly by the nature of a man's nourishment; and this explains why they know an aristocrat in the East by the luxuriance of this appendage—poor food deteriorating its quality. Diplomats should always wear the moustache, as it is much easier to control the expression of the eye than of the mouth—useful to card-players and stock-brokers, for the same reason. Shaving among the ancients was a mark of mourning—though at the era when beards were out of fashion, they were let grow, by those who had lost friends. When a man's mouth is beautiful and expressive, the beard which covers it is a disadvantage, and we may guess that Scipio Africanus, (the first Roman who shaved every day,) wore on his lips the tenderness and magnanimity which he displayed towards the bride of the captive Allucius. The first shaving barber was one Ticinius Menas, who came from Sicily to Rome about three hundred years before Christ, and then commenced an era of smooth chins, interrupted, for a short while only, by the Emperor Adrian, who wore his beard to conceal warts on his chin. With most nations the beard has been considered an ornament. Moses commanded the Jews not to shave, and the ancient Germans and the Asiatics of a later day have considered no insult so mortal as the cutting off of one man's beard by another. In France, shaving came into fashion during the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV., both of these monarchs having ascended the throne when beardless, and their subjects imitating them, of course. And as France gave the law of fashion to all Europe, the sacrifice of part of the beard grew to be common, though it is only since the beginning of the last century that the shaving of the whole beard became universal.

I have noticed, in New-York, that men, who had formerly no pretensions to good looks, have become very handsome by the wearing of moustache and imperial, and I have seen handsome men disfigured by adopting the same fashion. The effect of a moustache and full beard is to make the face more masculine, graver and coarser, and this is, of course, an improvement to one whose features are over-delicate or whose expression is too frivolous. On a dapper man, it is quite out of place, and he should wear a clipp'd whisker, if any beard at all. The beard, I think, gives a middle-aged look, and makes a man of twenty look older, and a man of forty younger. The ladies like a beard—naturally thinking faces effeminate which are as smooth as their own, and not objecting to the distinctions which nature has made between the sexes. When the beard is but partially worn, some artistical knowledge should be called in, as a short face may be made longer, and a broad face narrower, a gay face graver, and an undecided chin put in domino. But of all abominations in this way, I think, the goat's beard, growing under the chin only, is the most brutal and disgusting, though just now, in New-York, rather the prevailing fashion. The mistake in taste is very common, of continuing to wear a high shirt collar and cravat, with a beard on the cheek and throat—the beauty of a curling beard depending very much on its freedom and natural adaptation to the mould of the face. There are more people than Beatrice, of course, who are willing to let a man's beard be "of the colour that God pleases," but there are others who have aversions to red beards and yellow, and there is great trade in *cirages* and gums for the improvement of colour and texture. Most of the beards you meet in Broadway glitter in

the sun like steel filings. Altogether, I think the fashion of wearing the beard is a desirable one, and I particularly wish it would prevail among old men. A bearded Senate would make a wiser and more reverend show in Congress, and anything which conceals the decrepitude of age and moves respect, (as beards certainly do, both), is most desirable.

POETRY.—I do not know that I need call your attention to a piece of poetry by Mrs. Butler in Graham's Magazine. It has a remarkable merit in these days of overstrained language, being singularly truthful, homely, strong and sweet. It is by far the best poetry from a female hand which I have seen since the death of Mrs. Hemans, though not a bit in that lady's style. It has the directness and sound sense of old poetry. I hear, by the way, that Mrs. Butler has a volume of verse in press, and if this be a foretaste of it, she is about to fill a niche as a poetess of a revived school.

NEW LITERARY ESTABLISHMENT.—The following programme has been sent me to make public: A large Hall will be provided in the upper part of the city which will be tastefully fitted up and supplied with daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly publications from all parts of the world. A Ladies' apartment will be attached to this, giving them the same facilities for reading. Private clubs of not over fifty members will be furnished with separate rooms. The gentlemen's rooms will be open from daylight to midnight, those for the ladies closed at 9 P. M. A circulating library will be comprised in the arrangement. The subscription papers will be opened early in October: Terms, for one person one year \$4—for two of the same family \$6—for a family of not over five persons \$10—for one person ten years \$25—for club rooms \$1000—Editors free.

MACREADY'S FIRST NIGHT.—Macready had a full, not an overflowing house, to witness his debut last night, and there were more of his own profession among the audience than I ever before saw together—(partly, perhaps, from curiosity to hear the "readings" of Shakespeare which the drop-curtain represents Macready as giving to the Muses.) The play was *Macbeth*, and Mr. Ryder, who accompanies Mr. Macready, came on first as Macduff, and was very warmly received—applauded, indeed, throughout the play, as his playing deserved. He is a very correct actor, and a "fine figure of a man." Macready's appearance brought the house "down" of course. He went at his interview with the witches most artistically, and the witches did their bedevilments more artistically than we have seen them done before, and so of all the trick and machinery of the play—for Macready is master of "stage business," and the scenery and supernumeraries had been effectually cleared of cobwebs. The play went on—with a beautiful procession of effects, particularly by Macready in his exits and entrances, his salutations and surprises—and to the theatre-going people present it was an exhibition of drama-panorama curiously managed, and all as clean and neat as machine. ry—and just as moving. The attention was close, but the applause grew less and less. I never saw so cold a house. The most stormy and passionate outbreaks of *Macbeth's* mingled ambition and remorse were received like the catastrophes in a puppet-show—with an unexcited smile of surprise. Each "point" the actor made was looked at like the wheel of a clock shown piecemeal. There was no passion in the audience, no illusion, no general interest in the progress of the story of the play—in short, no feeling.

My own sensations during the evening were those of pain and annoyance. Mr. Macready is so accomplished an artificer in his profession—everything he does is so admirably "studied up"—

"So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn"—

that a cold reception of so much pains seems most ungracious. When he came in and knelt to the king—when he entered Duncan's chamber to murder him—when he received the first suggestions of crime from Lady Macbeth—I could have shouted myself hoarse with admiration of the artist—it was all done so differently from another man and so skillfully in a high and finished conception of the character. Every step he took on the stage was a separate study. Every look, gesture, move-

ment, was consummate. As pantomime it would have been absolutely faultless. Yet, strange to say, he walks the stage like a transparent man—showing all his anatomy. He wants clothing with natural flesh and blood. His voice wants nature. It sounds like the breaking of crockery in a dry well. He feels no passion and he moves none. What a pity that scholarship, study, labour, patience and taste should fall short, in their result, of the most unlaboured off-throwing of genius!

ITALIAN OPERA.—I saw only the first act of "*Lucia de Lammermoor*," and found little to admire except the performance of the orchestra. Signor Antognini certainly did not come up to his reputation as a tenor, and he is the great star of the company. He is a curious-looking man to play the lover. The muscles of his face pull, every one, upon his nostrils like "taut halliards," and with eyebrows pointing fiercely at the bridge of his nose, and a mouth like an angry dash of a pen under an emphasized word, he looks as Mephistophilis as one of Retzsch's drawings. Madame Majocchi, the prima donna, is a fat woman with a fat voice. She has a good contralto footing in her throat, but her soprano notes are painfully tiptoe, and you are glad when she is comfortably at the bottom of her *cadenza*. The company appears pretty well drilled, but they want a *prima donna*, and if they could find a *prima donna* in want of them, (Castellan, for instance,) we might have good opera. They say that Antognini's voice is only grass-grown from neglect, and that he would do brilliantly after a little practice. Considering the certain fortune that waits upon a fine tenor, it is surprising that there should continue to be so few aspirants for the honours of Rubini; for it cannot be that there are only half a dozen (if so many) of human voices possessing his capabilities of tone and cultivation. There is probably "full many a" postillion de Lonjumeau "born to" "waste his sweetness on the desert air," and it would be a good speculation to look them up and buy a life-interest in their thoracic capabilities.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—A gentleman has written me a very courteous letter remonstrating on my misuse of the word *setting*, as it appeared in the following sentence of a last week's *Intelligencer*: "Yesterday several gentlemen were setting round an excellent fire." Now, I call upon the magnanimity of your type *setter* to make his 'davy to an i in the manuscript! The third editor of my name in a direct line, and accused of that blunder! But I shame to own that in the same letter this critical gentleman fastens an ellipse upon me that will hardly "hold water." I did write, "hot slings usurped (—) the iced juplans and cobblers," omitting the *places of*—but not through ignorance. My correspondent gives me also an amusing account of his losing a bet to some English gentlemen, who had declared, that the distinction between the verbs "to lay" and "to lie" was almost unknown to American writers. The day after the remark was made, an Albany paper said of a steamer that she "laid too during a storm." Twenty dollars were wagered that if the sentence were pointed out to the editor as erroneous, he would only correct the latter of its two errors. The note was sent, and a *corrigendum* appeared in the next day's paper, alluding only to the superfluous "o"! The Englishers walked off, of course, with the triumph and the money. A comparison between the *presses* of the two countries would be very unfair, however. In every English printing establishment there is employed, for proof-reader, an accomplished linguist and grammarian. He has a library room to himself, and reads his proofs surrounded with dictionaries, books of synonyms, and all the classic authors for reference and comparison. He not only corrects any lapses of errors in grammar, spelling, and accentuation, but he puts a *query* against faults in the style; and in one instance, the proof-reader of a celebrated London publisher came down to me, ten miles in a stage-coach, to submit what he thought an instance of bad taste in a book of mine then publishing—the press having been stopped meantime. With such diligent supervision as this, there need be little wonder at universal good grammar in English books; and, with the almost total dependence on hasty memory with which the Americans write and go to press, there need be as little wonder if our

literature is full of errors. And nothing but an amendment of the copy-right law will ever enable us to bear the expense of the careful proof-reading and supervision instanced above.

A STREET MUSICIAN.—A most obstreperous and ill-played tune on a French horn called me to the window this moment. A lame man is slowly promenading the street in the midst of the violent wind and rain, playing to attract attention to a cart-load of melons. His companion leads the horse, and a poor shivering poodle-dog stands dripping on the horse's back. I saw a fruit-monger a day or two since attaining the same object by having his horse decked out with an old bonnet and veil. The *digito monstrari*, in these instances at least, turns to some profitable account.

GENIUS WITHOUT LABOUR.—The autumn seems to have brought around a harvest of poetry as well as of corn and fruits—for my table within the last week has been covered with new volumes of verse. Whether the parallel holds good as to the consumption—the *nati consumere fruges* of poetry as well as corn—the publishers best know. It is but charitable to suppose that, if the poetry-crop found a better market, it would be cultured with more care; for I have never seen more slovenly work than in the half dozen volumes before me. The last which has come to my hand is in sheets, not yet published; and as it is by a man who has a made-reputation with which he has no business to trifle, his negligences are the more surprising. The book is called "*Poems on man in his various aspects under the American Republic*," and is by Cornelius Matthews, the zealous champion of copyright. The design is masculine and original. There is a short poem on each of the following subjects: The Child, The Father, The Teacher, The Citizen, The Farmer, The Mechanic, The Merchant, The Soldier, The Statesman, The Friend, The Painter, The Sculptor, The Journalist, The Masses, The Reformer, The Poor Man, The Scholar, The Preacher, The Poet. These difficult subjects, with scope enough in each one for a philosophic poem, are despatched in a book which makes but one impression on me—that of a volume written by a man of genius, on a bet that he would do it at one sitting, and without stopping his pen. It is full of strong thoughts and bold expressions, mixed up with flaws and defects of the most palpable haste and carelessness. Here is the very first verse in the book, and see how musically it commences and how lamely it comes off:

"Calm in the cradle lie, thou little child,
Thy white limbs smoothing in a patient sleep,
Or, gambolling when thou wakest at the peep
Of the young day—as clear and undefiled
As thou! Around thy fresh and lowly bed
Look up and see how reverent men are gather'd
In wonder at a babe so greatly father'd
Into life, and, and so by influence fed."

And this alternation of beauties and defects is kept up throughout.

The poem on "The Journalist" opens with the following magnificent figure of public opinion as expressed in newspapers:

"As shakes the canvass of a thousand ships
Struck by a heavy land brecca far at sea—
Ruffles the thousand broad sheets of the land,
Filled with the people's breath of potency."

And this fine thought is marred by the following vague adjuration to the printer, commencing with a new-coined verb:

"Halt not the quiet of a chosen land,
Thou grimy man over thine engine bending;
The spirit pent that breathes the life into its limbs,
Docile for love is tyrannous in rending."

Mr. Matthews makes too light of poetry, and, with this little of attention to prosody and polish, will never take rank as a poet.

LABOUR WITHOUT GENIUS.—A gentleman who does not give his name quotes the following passage from Goethe and undertakes to supply the want for America: "*For this reason every nation that would be of any account should possess a national Epic poem.*" The preface is a considerable essay, and contains a psychological autobiography of the author. It is curious, in contrast with the labours criticised above—showing how thrown away, by a person who has no genius, is the toil that directed by genius would make the poet immortal. See what

a "parturition of mountains" there is in his preparation for his epic; though first see a specimen of his "mouse." He apostrophizes America:

"Oh, happy land, and happiest home, if only
As so I hail thee, I might own thee indeed;
But surely, now, nor so-adfast ownership
Is none—less who is timely base enough
To find a saving hope in slavery,
Keeping his stuff, poorly to lose himself."

It is enough to make one rather weep than smile to read the author's account of his preparation to write "twelve books" of such trash as this. We can pick out a sentence here and there from his preface which will give some idea of it:

"The following work is one of no ordinary aim." "It was suggested to me by some remarks on the deficiencies of our national literature, written by the late Dr. Channing." "I determined to do my utmost, as one of seventeen millions, to relieve my country from the imputation of intellectual barrenness." "My qualifications for it were soon told. I had felt from my childhood a passionate love for all that is beautiful and lofty. I was an eager, and perhaps I might say, an earnest student; and I felt through my inmost heart a glow of determination to fulfil the work. I began it, wrote on, and found, after a month's work, that it was worthless. I tried and re-tried it a hundred ways, but could do nothing satisfactorily. At last I saw the truth—somewhat dimly, but yet clearly enough to show how widely I had gone wrong. I saw that the poet must first *make himself*—that the mind itself must be strengthened to true manhood, and the heart chastened to all the truthful tenderness that belongs to the idea of woman, before poetry can be brought into being." "Though I withdrew my hand (temporarily) from the work, I did not wholly lose sight of it; I gave my days to my occupation, and my nights to the study of the old classics—Milton and Dante, and, above all, the Bible." "I was enabled, in the course of time, to withdraw myself from my occupation without disadvantage. I was beyond the apprehension of want: free to follow my inclination; and I threw myself into the bosom of my first love. I betook myself to a far retirement—rose early and reposed late: read, mused, and meditated; wrote and re-wrote—taking care to keep a healthy balance between the mind and the body, by the daily work of my hands in field or garden. I had nearly finished my work when sickness came upon me. In another climate, amid scenes not ineloquent to the imagination, I reviewed what I had written. I endeavoured to make a virtue out of necessity; to find the means of improvement in a forced delay. In this I was probably successful. But for the success or failure, it is not for me to judge." "Whatever may be the value of my work, I have wrought it out earnestly and devotedly. My conscience rewards me for it, and moreover I ask for it the approval, and, what is more important, the *imitation of my countrymen*." "I may say truly, and I hope not arrogantly, that having undertaken a great task, I approached it in no little spirit. I impressed myself with a deep sense of the solemnity of my subject. I revered that subject, and respected the people to whom I now present it. I prepared myself for it long and laboriously. I laid my foundations deep. I endeavoured to gain a high vantage ground for a wide survey of my range. And, lastly, I wrote in the spirit of a man who feels that he is doing a high and solemn duty."

It seems to me incredible that the same man could write this preface and the wretched poem to which it is the herald. Who would doubt that a great epic has been lost, had he died and left nothing but the preface? He writes noble prose—would unquestionably, I think, be a great prose author—yet the specimen of his verse given above is a fair specimen of his book. Well—the preface may live, and *should* live, as a beautiful statement of the requirements of a poet. But "*WASHINGTON, a National Poem*," will drop from it like mud from the diamond.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Saratoga in September" is good verse thrown away on an indifferent subject. Take a theme worth your drapery, my dear sir, and let us hear from you again.

LOG AND RECKONING.

"THUS FAR WE RUN BEFORE THE WIND"—

Not the less on the look out for lulls and squalls, however! And, to tell the truth, this "*trade wind*" has followed us so long and well that the "*region of calms and variables*," put down in every reckoning, must be near at hand. We stand by the halliards, but—meantime—"keep her full!"

Tropes aside—we have been commended, we are free to confess, to the outermost edge of our deserving, by the most of our brothers of the quill and scissors—the few, who love us not, keeping meanwhile most ominous silence. We have arrived at a point now, where it is necessary to own to prosperity, and however it may be true of swains and ladies that

"Prosperity 's the very bond of love,"

it is quite the contrary (heaven forgive us!) with poets and editors. *Press-work*, speaking printer-wise, is done with a *pull*. If you are below, it is a *pull-up*. If you are above, it is a *pull-down*.

It would be hypocrisy in us to thank our subscribers—for they get at least the worth of their money, and they probably thank us for a little over. They are quite welcome. Or, if they feel oppressed at all with the superfluity, they can overwhelm us back again by procuring, each one, another subscriber. We frankly beg they will make their minds easy by doing so—(and this is personal to *you*, dear reader!)—for, with that "*stone*," they will "*kill*" the other "*bird*" of quadrupling our labours for them—though this latter clause of our request must be explained autobiographically.

Our readers should know that the two editors of this mirror of periodicals are not merely themselves, but several other persons of notable industry. They get their bread, and butter it comfortably—but not, (as yet) by giving *you* so much for your money. That will come. For the past, and for the present, they are rebuilding the Mirror as the walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt, with one hand only—slashing away lustily at the Philistines (their creditors) with the other. If, with this moiety of their labour and strength, they are able to please and content you, it is well—but the whole outlay of their ability on the one undertaking were better. We see many an improvement that could be made in the Mirror had we time to make it—were not our time, that is to say, almost monopolized by other and sooner-paying occupations. The principle on which the Mirror is established is that of small profits and large circulation. With the old prices, and our present subscription assured to continue, we should have a competency already within our reach. But, to make a profit on giving so much for so little, requires almost unprecedented success. That success you can give us dear reader. We have stumbled on the "*manner in which*" in the paragraph preceding. If you like our handiwork well enough to wish us well, and are willing, therefore, to commend the Mirror to one other as kindly as yourself, we are made men. The new series commences with this number. Now is your time. Show your friend *this exquisite title-page and illustration*, and we'll back you to be answerable for the *reading*. And then, having doubled our subscription, consider us your private monopoly and most obliged servant! Salaam!

We believe in omens. In the days of Charlemagne large possessions were transferred, not with wax and paper, but with a ring. A ring has been given us by a well-wishing stranger, and we here signify our belief that, in it, is transferred to us the prosperity of the former proprietor—dead two thousand years ago at the very least, but undeniably a

most prosperous gentleman. Let us look a little at the evidence.

It is generally supposed, we believe, that the mummies preserved to this day are, in all human probability, from two to three thousand years old. Some time before the advent of our Saviour, Egypt had become a Roman province, and the more costly usages of the Egyptians had been done away—the embalming of the bodies of the rich and great being among the most costly. Those which have defied time and corruption through two thousand years, of course, were such as were embalmed with the most cost and care, and the poor, the antiquarians tell us, were merely dried by salt and laid away in the catacombs. The rings and other ornaments of the mummied great were wrapped up with them.

The ring that was given us three days ago is of silver, holding a stone covered with Arabic characters, and was taken from the finger of a mummy, bought at a great price for exhibition, and partly opened. It is of rude work, and if Egypt's jewellers did their best upon it, we can but say that our friend Tenney of Broadway was only born too late to astonish the Pharaohs. We have not yet found an Arabic scholar to decypher it, but, if we had not known it to be Arabic or (Coptic,) we should have said it was a device of *three stars*, a *wrench* and *two streaks of lightning*—very properly expressive of our three selves, (the editors and publisher) our manner of work, and the way the Mirror is to go. And on the whole we shall let it rest at that—without further translation.

We are not sure, that, if the former proprietor of this silver ring could wake, he would think his finger-ornament handed down in the same line of life. The classifications of society under the Ptolemies would have put us down low, (priests, soldiers, shepherds, swineherds, mechanics, interpreters and fishermen—the literary profession being the last but one,) yet after all there is a resemblance between us, and I am happy to say (no offence to the mummy) that it is not in our personal appearance! It was necessary, to embalm this gentleman, that his brains should first be extracted through his nostrils. We trust to be embalmed by letting ours ooze from our fingers' ends—and, on the whole, we may say, we prefer our way of doing it. But that is all. We see no other resemblance. The Egyptian was circumcised. He was gloomy and superstitious. He increased his poultry by artificially hatching eggs. The husband had the charge of the domestic concerns; the wife of buying and selling, and all affairs that were not of a domestic character. He hated songs and dances. He was a stranger to gayety, and he drank nothing stronger than barley-beer. We trust that it is no vanity on our part to congratulate his ring on converseance for the future with a more pleasant state of things—aristocratic comparisons apart.

Prosperous the Mirror is to be—thanks to the liberal giver of the ring that foreshadows it! But, (to "out with a secret,") we should feel easier if the envious would begin to manifest their displeasure. We have a dread of "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire," and should feel safer in a thornier path than we tread now. This pushing all of one side makes us fancy we topple. We would try our friends at opposition. Feathers, that go down with one wind, mount with a counter-current. We "cotton" to old King Osymandyas, who caused to be graven on his Colossus:—"I am King Osymandyas—if any man will know my greatness let him destroy one of my works." And of that jolly old monarch, the first owner of our ring was possibly a subject—conjunctive omen of our road to prosperity.

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EDITED BY G. P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

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SATURDAY,

OCTOBER 14, 1843.

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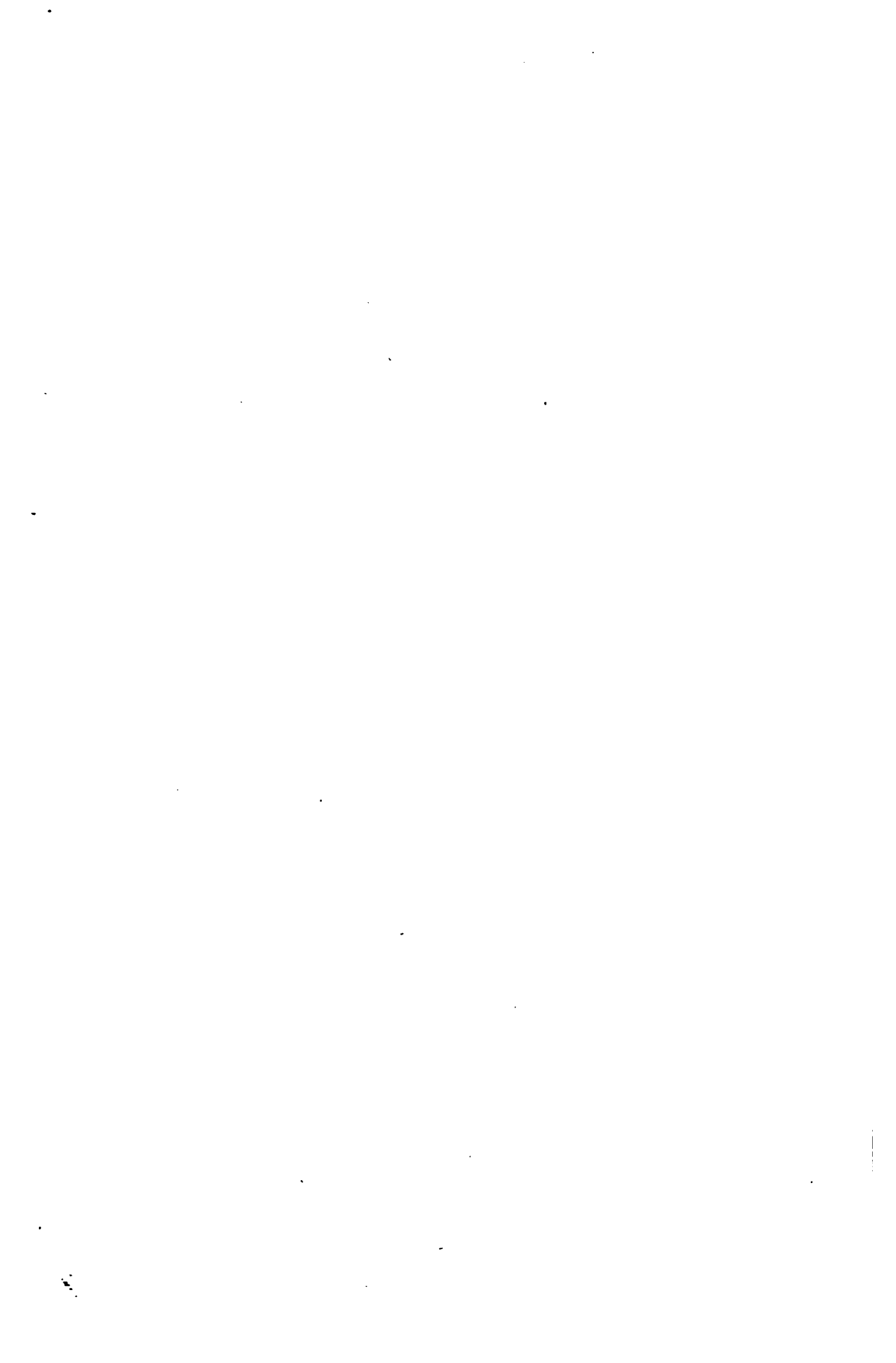
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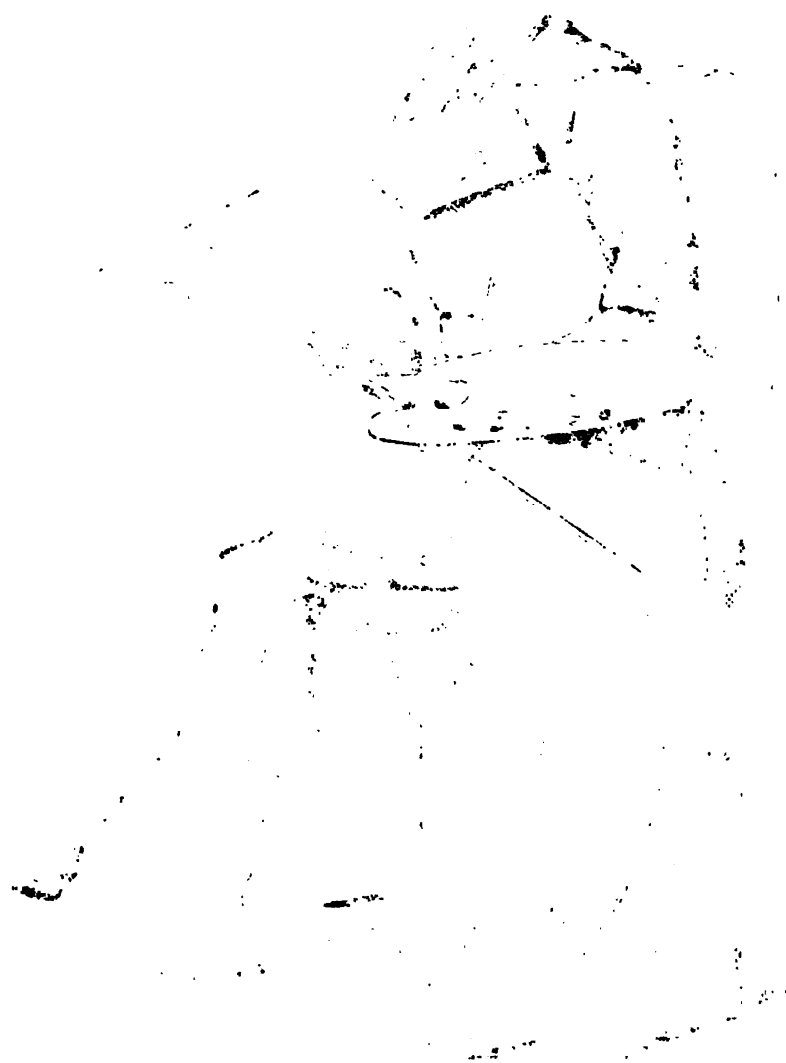
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by experience, that the hope of meeting, in that *Pandemonium*, an angel of innocence, would be as unreasonable as to seek a flower of the Alps among the impure plants in the swamps of Africa. The presence of Celestine at the opera appeared to him indicative of one of those precocious

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VOLUME II

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1843.

NUMBER 2.

PORTRAIT OF ALLSTON.

We expressed our feeling with regard to Allston at the time of his death. Our readers know, by what we then said, that, as deeply as our nature could feel, we honoured and loved this great genius and "noble gentleman." Between such expression and an elaborate analysis of his character and genius, there is, we conceive, no proper medium of notice, and to do the latter would be imperfectly to forestall the task now more fitly undertaken by a man of genius and the artist's brother, Richard Dana. The biography of Allston by that hand will be a mark in American Literature. The engraved portrait which we give in this number is an admirable picture of a rapt and inspired artist, and if it were given as a portrait of Retzsch, the weird German, it would be recognized by its *verisemblance* to his genius. It is like Allston, but, with much deference to the talent of our friend Johnston, it is not up to the refined elegance of Allston's person—candour compels us to say. Our readers must take it as a *fancy picture of an artist*, and a very fine one, and let its resemblance to Allston go as far as it will in giving it an additional value.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW MIRROR FROM THE FRENCH OF BERNARD
A NOVEL IN FOUR PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.

When, by the falling in of any subterranean vault, an excavation is made in the middle of the street, the police surround it with small lamps at night, so that the chasm may be avoided by the passers by. This precaution is a useful one; but, applied to some disasters which society now and then witnesses, it would be proclaimed odious. When a family experience one of those misfortunes which paternal watchfulness can not always remedy; when a young girl commits one of those grave faults, baptized by the world, no doubt ironically, by the name of thoughtlessness, the following course is pursued: far from divulging the scandal, it is stifled; instead of the black veil of perjured vestals, they twine about the forehead of the interesting frail one white and deceitful disguises, which usage accepts as symbols of innocence; she takes a journey; sometimes the family remove to another country; or else time, in its course, brings forgetfulness.

Then, unexpectedly, an honest man appears, who espouses her with confidence, and is also deceived. But, what matters it, the honour of the husband? That of his bride is renewed and plastered over by the marriage ceremony, and all the world approve the morality of such a *dénouement*.

On discovering that Mademoiselle Celestine and the yellow rose domino were one and the same person, Dramond fancied he saw one of those abysses of which we have been speaking, and which might be named traps for husbands, open at the feet of his friend. Young and fond of amusement, he had conscientiously studied the character of those who frequented masked balls; he knew, therefore, by experience, that the hope of meeting, in that *Pandemonium*, an angel of innocence, would be as unreasonable as to seek a flower of the Alps among the impure plants in the swamps of Africa. The presence of Celestine at the opera appeared to him indicative of one of those precocious

blemishes that leave an indelible stigma on the whole life of woman; and he swore to penetrate this mystery, and to place, if it was necessary, the merciless lamp of truth on the matrimonial break-neck gulf, in which Teissier seemed ready to let himself fall.

The pre-occupation of Francis, and the childish misunderstanding which had existed for some days between the future spouses, threw a coldness over the dinner, against which struggled unsuccessfully a citizen dithyrambic, chanted by M. Simart, on the subject of the misfortunes of Warsaw. On leaving the table the guests descended to the garden. Celestine caught the pretty *blonde* by the arm, and hurried her away in the walks, where both could abandon themselves to that wild mirth decorum had, until then, repressed, and where they commented, in a thousand jeering observations, on the strange conduct of the newly-arrived friend. With simultaneous eagerness the two friends approached each other, whilst the ex-fur merchant, who had quenched his thirst that morning with the foaming cup of the *National*, continued to pour upon his half-bald guest the patriotic and Polish infusion.

"Well, what do you think of her?" demanded Teissier, with pride illy concealed; for at this moment the charms of his betrothed made him forget her defects. In presence of a third person, a lover more than ever appreciates the beauty of his mistress.

"Charming," replied Francis coldly; "but, tell me, who is the young wife who was seated opposite me at table?"

"Madame Regnauld, Celestine's cousin, and wife of this great gentleman who is talking with my father-in-law."

"She appears very intimate with Mademoiselle Simart."

"Extremely. She remains here a part of the summer; and, in her turn, Celestine passes the winter with her at Paris. It is only about six weeks since both were there."

"Ah! This lady has a physiognomy that indicates a susceptible heart. You understand; and, for his part, the husband possesses a figure—characteristic."

"They make a very good couple."

"That does not hinder."

"What matters it to us? Let us talk of Celestine. So you think her—"

"Ravishing, I have told you already; but—"

"But?"

"I advise you not to marry her."

"Why so?" demanded Teissier, in a dry tone; for irresolution of character is not incompatible with a spirit of contradiction, and now the marrying man felt wounded at the little enthusiasm manifested by his confidant.

"For many reasons you have discovered yourself," replied Francis. "Did you not tell me this morning she was irritable, passionate, and even violent?"

"Youthful defects, which I shall correct when I get to be her husband. Remember, she is hardly eighteen yet; and, besides, I exaggerated her defects. If you have no other reason—"

"I have another."

"What, in the name of heaven? For you are killing me with your serious air and perplexing words."

"I will tell you to-morrow. In the meantime, try to procure an interview for me with your intended."

Aristide regarded his friend with an air more and more confounded.

"The request is original," said he afterwards. "Do as you please, I shall not be jealous of you. But, as for assisting you, that would be impossible. You know Celestine is pouting, and does not speak to me."

They walked a moment in silence.

"Where have they gone?" Francis asked abruptly, looking for the two ladies, who had just left the garden.

"To the billiard-table, without doubt."

"Let us go there, for we are not acting very amiably."

The two friends turned and entered the house. Crossing the vestibule, the noise of the balls was heard knocking against each other. Learning them, Teissier was not mistaken. They opened the door, and were gaily received by Celestine, who had just won a game.

"Let us all four play," cried she, with the vivacity which characterized all her movements. "I will take my cousin; these two gentlemen shall play against us; and I will not ask them to give us the points."

"I protest against such an arrangement," said Francis, smiling; "a game of billiards ought to be managed like a quadrille. If we were going to dance, would you condemn me to be Aristide's cavalier?"

The idea of her pretended figuring the part of a woman in a country-dance redoubled the mirth of Mademoiselle Simart, who decided to leave it to lot. The blind god, thus consulted, appeared to show some foresight by uniting as partners the future spouses. The game began. Dramond played with the ease of a man conscious of superiority. Teissier, on the contrary, calculated each of his blows, as if he attached a great importance to carrying off the victory.

The two cousins, on their part, gave to the game that animated interest with which women ordinarily are inspired when occupied in amusements in which men seem to claim the superiority. Celestine, particularly, observed with the passion of a child the vicissitudes of the combat. By turns anxious, discouraged, triumphant, provoking her adversaries, scolding her ally, sparing not her own maladroitness, sorry when she was not laughing, and laughing after being sorry, one would have supposed that the happiness of her whole existence depended upon the loss or winning of the game.

"She is certainly a strange one to marry," thought Francis, who for some time occupied himself more with the player than the play, yet making peg after peg. The charming little demon! What a treasure for a lover—but what a plague for a husband!

The game was drawing near its close, and Celestine was dancing with joy beforehand. Three points more, it would be won; the red ball at the brink of the hazard rendered the victory certain. It was Teissier's turn to play; he leaned over slowly, to pay that minute attention which was habitual to him. Unfortunately, at that moment his partner, burning with impatience, placed her fingers on the cushion, as if to hasten the fall of the ivory. The small, white, trembling hand attracted the attention of the player, who with a superb drive, sent his own ball into the hazard, without touching the red one, and thus lost the game.

Celestine screamed, struck the carpet with her foot, and threw a terrible look at the mal-adroit person.

"You are odious!" said she to him; "a game that a child could have won! You did it to make me angry, did you not?"

"It was because I was looking at you," replied Teissier, with a penitent look.

"Why did you look at me? I don't look at you. I tell you that you did it on purpose."

"We will win the next game."

"You may win it alone, for I play no more."

Saying thus, the spoiled child flung down the cue she had in her hand, and went to the window, where she began to play the piano on the glass. Aristide looked imploringly at Madame Regnaud; but, without seeming to understand the mediating question, she seated herself on a rush couch, placed against the wainscot, and from whence she could overlook the billiard-table.

"Now, gentlemen," said she, "you play; I should be glad to take a lesson."

"Come, let us amuse the ladies," cried Teissier, in a pet.

Mademoiselle Simart turned her head instantly, and said to him: "You will not amuse me;" and then resumed her musical exercise.

Yielding to ill-humour, Teissier began to play with all his might. He gave the most furious drives, the strangest doubles, the most extravagant carambols; everything succeeded with him. Madame Regnaud, from her couch, smiled maliciously, as if the dispute between the future couple inspired her with secret satisfaction. Dramond, on his part, played with resignation, while keeping his eyes on Celestine, whose fingers continued to drum on the glass the *Galop de Gustave*. All at once she opened the window, and called loudly to the keeper, whom she just perceived entering the court.

"Nicolas!" she cried, "who told you to chain up Soliman? You are very bold to disobey me! Unloose him immediately. Do you hear—immediately."

The peasant stammered some unintelligible words, and hastened to execute the order he had received. In feeling the chain fall, Soliman tore out of his niche, crossed the court in two leaps, with a jump reached the window, and fell like a thunderbolt in the middle of the billiard-room.

"Poor creature!" said Celestine, caressing with her small, white hand the large black face of the dog, who leaped around her as if to thank her; "poor victim! They wish to make you a slave; but be quiet, I will not suffer it."

Saying thus, she flung a glance of defiance at her intended. At the sight of his mortal enemy, the latter frowned; every time the game compelled him to pass the morose animal he gave him a look of suspicion, and then down at his own legs, with an uneasiness caused by the double row of formidable teeth which the dog showed him, by way of salutation.

This manœuvre seemed to amuse Celestine very much, who exchanged with her cousin, from time to time, smiles full of mockery. At last she could not resist the desire of playing one of those tricks excusable in her age, and which was in keeping with her character. Just then Aristide, leaning forward to suit the ball of his adversary, slowly filed off the thumb of his left hand with his cue; a custom familiar to more than one player, and in which is most always betrayed indecision of character. At a sign from his mistress, Soliman leaped upon the table and nabbed the ball. Furious, but yet restraining himself, Teissier wished to take it from between the sharp teeth that eclipsed its whiteness; the mastiff let go the ball, but it was to snap at the hand of his enemy, who, before getting it away, was bitten to the bone, and came very near leaving two or three fingers in the trap where he had ventured them. The pain was too much for his patience. Making a club of his billiard-cue, which he took by the small end, he struck Soliman, who, more cross than brave, retreated to the far end of the room.

"Dare you strike him again, sir!" cried Celestine, springing before the young man, her cheeks burning and her eyes inflamed with anger.

A husband's power, with which he was going to be invested, appeared majestically to the imagination of Teissier.

"If I show weakness," thought he, "perhaps it will be an irreparable precedent; a stroke of policy is necessary."

To have equity on his side as well as right, he displayed his hand spotted with blood, and with the other repeated the correction he had just inflicted on Soliman. The dog howled and took refuge under the billiard-table.

"Executioner!" said the young girl, lifting with fury her delicate hand.

"Celestine," cried Madame Regnauld, at the same moment springing off her couch.

By a heroic effort, the most irascible of badly brought-up children restrained the blow she was about to strike. The effect this constraint produced on her was so violent that tears flowed from her eyes. Seeing his mistress weep, Soliman resumed his courage, which had failed him on his own account, and with rage jumped out from under the table; but, at the moment he sprang at Aristide's throat, Francis seized him with both hands by the nape and croup, lifted him as if he had been a dowager griffin, flung him out of the window and shut it instantly.

During this incident, rapid as lightning, Mademoiselle Simart, whom her cousin vainly sought to calm, had reached the door and opened it. Then, turning round and showing her rosy face, down which flowed some burning pearls—

"Know that I hate you," said she to her betrothed. "You seek only to displease me, and you have succeeded beyond your desires. To strike Soliman! I would rather you had beaten me. I detest you, do you hear? and I never will marry you."

With these words, said with incomparable accent, Celestine pushed Madame Regnauld out of the saloon, followed her, and shut the door violently like angry children.

At the sight of his friend, who remained motionless, leaning against the billiard-table, his chin in his cravat, his hands hanging down and clasped, Francis burst into a fit of laughter.

"Tis very droll, indeed," said Teissier, in a bitter tone; "excessively pleasant, I assure you."

"Pardon me; you have a physiognomy so dismayed—"

"I do not see any reason why it should be very joyous. But what did I tell you? You have just seen a sample of her amiable disposition. What do you think of it?"

"Youthful faults, which you can correct when you are once married," replied Dramond, ironically, repeating the words used a short time before by his interlocutor.

"Her husband! Never!" exclaimed Teissier vehemently. "You have heard what she has just said, but I will not give her the trouble to refuse me. I will be the one who will not marry her; I will break off this marriage. Ah! ah! I will prove to her that I have a mind of my own. I am going to speak with her father, and then leave immediately. I will find at Paris twenty thousand ladies to marry, as handsome and more amiable than this little angelic demon. Did you see? She lifted her hand."

"She lifted her hand!" replied Francis, putting his under lip and shaking his head gravely.

"And I feared an instant—"

"I, too, that you would be treated like Merville at the opera."

"A demon! I tell you, a demon!" cried the disenchanted young man, giving the billiard-table a blow with his fist.

Aristide's confidant was as ready-minded and decided in his character as he was wavering and irresolute. In two seconds his course was taken.

"Light to all appearance, and wicked without any doubt,"

thought he; "it is too much. Teissier could not make a more silly marriage. Since it is necessary to break it off, it is better to profit by this quarrel than to invoke the memory of the yellow rose, and lead to explanations that might compromise this young girl."

Without taking into consideration the involuntary interest with which he was inspired by Celestine, Dramond turned to his friend.

"Well, have you decided?"

"Irrevocably!" replied Teissier, making every syllable of this majestic adverb ring.

"In that case, let us go and find M. Simart."

"Let us go—although this step may be embarrassing."

"You flinch already?"

"Not at all; but M. Simart is such an honest man. This alliance was so pleasing to him that to go and tell him abruptly, positively, I no longer wish your daughter—if this scene could be avoided—if this rupture could be managed by writing, instead of going face to face—I confess, I—"

"Confess your irresolutions have seized you again. However, nothing is easier than to get rid of this difficulty. I will manage it all."

"How can you?"

Francis, like all persons who reflect, was never at a loss for expedients.

"See here; it is desirable to leave the house without any explanation, in order to spare the sensibility of M. Simart, then afterwards to break the matter to him by correspondence. Very well. Now listen to me. Your uncle Marjolier has just had a dangerous attack of sickness, and you must instantly set off for Paris."

"My uncle Marjolier!" cried Teissier, changing colour.

"No; he is as well as we are," said Dramond, laughing. "You do not see that I kill your uncle to justify your departure."

"I understand. But you have caused me an emotion."

"The emotion of being his heir. We understand that."

The friends then went up to the room where M. Simart was sitting. On learning the unexpected cause which called his future son-in-law to Paris, the ex-fur merchant, with a disappointed look, run his fingers through his hair.

"Let us see, let us see," said he, afterwards, with conciliating good nature, "what all this is about. Madame Regnauld has just related your little altercation with Celestine; are you still thinking of it? Your uncle's illness has happened very suddenly."

"Like all such attacks," said Francis, in a doctoral tone.

"Come, come!" replied the old trader, "let us forget all that. You know the character of my daughter; she has the best heart in the world, so we ought to make some allowance for her little sallies of passion."

"Little sallies of passion!" cried Teissier, on whom his confidant imposed silence by a glance.

"I assure you, M. Dramond," said the kind-hearted Simart, "that one is as much of a child as the other. Celestine is a little spoiled, I confess; but your friend, on his part, is sometimes hot-headed. They, however, love each other like two young turtle-doves, although they spend the time in disputing about trifles. Come, Teissier, no grudge; Celestine is in the saloon, go and make your peace with her."

Seeing his friend already wavering in his resolution, and ready to follow M. Simart, Francis felt the necessity of interfering.

"I can assure you, sir," said he to Celestine's father, "that Aristide thinks nothing of what has passed, and at this moment is concerned only for the accident of his uncle."

"So, then, it is not a story?" demanded the merchant.

"A story!" repeated Dramond, apparently wounded at this doubt. "It is I, sir, who brought this sad news to my friend. I thought it useless to tell him of it before dinner; for the Paris *diligence* does not pass until evening, and he has yet time to leave to-day."

"M. Marjolier! I used to know him," replied M. Simart. "A tall, thin man; taller and thinner than my nephew Regnaud! Where the deuce, with such a temperament, did he go to fish up such an attack as you speak of. Well, well, I can't understand that."

"Allow me, sir," resumed Francis, with an insinuating smile; "here I am on my own ground, for I have studied medicine. It is an error generally adopted, that dry and nervous temperaments are more secure from sudden attack than sanguine and plethoric constitutions; the neck more or less short, the face more or less coloured, have nothing to do with it, and I can relate to you—but there is no question of it; we must think of the good, the excellent Marjolier, perhaps at this moment expiring in the arms of rapacious mercenaries. Consider that Teissier is his nephew, his heir," he continued, bending over to the ear of M. Simart, to manage his sensibility; "and, above all, do not forget that M. Marjolier has a housekeeper and a father-confessor."

"Two pests instead of one!" cried the old merchant, whose hatred of priests awoke instantly at that last skilful insinuation. "A confessor! a Jesuit! Yes, I remember, Marjolier was an old bigot; he is a fit subject to be twisted about by black cassocks, and to give all his wealth to some seminary. Go, Teissier, go immediately; with such fellows you must deal sharply. I have known your uncle a long time; weak-spirited, narrow-minded, in compact with the *Quotidienne*! Ah! supprebleu! leave instantly; there is not a moment to lose."

Aristide stood staring about stupidly instead of replying. Alarmed at this symptom as much he was secretly rejoiced at the panic-fear of the furrier, Francis took his friend's arm, and addressing his host:

"We shall soon return," said he, "for I regard myself still invited."

M. Simart looked as if considering.

"Do better," said he, with a frank and open air; "nothing requires your presence at Paris; and, to prove to me that this so unexpected departure is not to conceal some sinister project, remain here; besides, as you are Teissier's witness, it will be no inconvenience. We will keep you as a hostage until his return. Is it accepted?"

"Accepted!" replied Francis, with a vivacity one might have taken for joy, and he cordially shook the fat hand the ex-fur merchant held out to him.

"Above all, Teissier, lose no time," resumed the latter, completely re-assured by the engagement he had made. "I have that devil of a confessor before my eyes all the time. I am going to order the horse put to the carriage to carry you to the road."

"Very well! now this terrible affair is arranged," said Francis, when he was alone with his friend.

"So," replied the latter, "you would have me depart, while you remain! But that was not in our agreement."

"If it displeases you the least, I will go with you," said the confidant; "I only accepted M. Simart's proposition to render you a service. I did not think you would be sorry to leave here a mandatory, who would spare you the unpleasantness of terminating this rupture."

"Indeed you are right," replied Aristide, frightened at the idea of a personal altercation; "remain, then, and arrange everything for the best."

"Do you give me full power?"

"Without any restriction."

Mademoiselle Simart had gone to the saloon, where she tortured her piano in such a way as to awaken all the echoes of the mansion. On learning her intended was going to leave, she shut herself up, still pouting, to avoid bidding him adieu. Aristide was, therefore, obliged to set off without seeing her. His friend accompanied him to the relay, where he was to wait for the *diligence*, and did not leave him until he had seated him in it.

It has been said of Albert Pike that his "Hymns to the Gods" and other poetry were too far out of reach for human sympathy—too cold and abstract. Here is an imagination—we are happy to say, *only* an imagination, for he has an admirable wife living and well—which shows tenderness and depth of feeling as they are not often shown. It is a delicious and most affecting effusion of true poetry, and we wish we could, for the improvement as well as delight of our readers, give them more such. We do not understand why we should not tell what we chance to know—that these lines were written after sitting up late at study,—the thought of losing her who slept near him at his toil having suddenly crossed his mind in the stillness of midnight. It was never revised after, which will account for here and there a roughness. N. P. W.

ISADORE.

Thou art lost to me forever,—I have lost thee, Isadore,—
Thy head will never rest upon my loyal bosom more.

Thy tender eyes will never more gaze fondly into mine,
Nor thine arms around me lovingly and trustingly entwine:
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art dead and gone, dear, loving wife,—thy heart is still
and cold,—

And I at one stride have become most comfortless and old.
Of our whole world of love and song, thou wast the only light,
A star, whose setting left behind, ah! me, how dark a night!
Thou art lost to me for ever, Isadore.

The vines and flowers we planted, love, I tend with anxious
care,
And yet they droop and fade away, as tho' they wanted air;
They cannot live without thine eyes, to glad them with their
light,
Since thy hands ceased to train them, love, they cannot grow
aright.

Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore.

Our little ones inquire of me, where is their mother gone,—
What answer can I make to them, except with tears alone;
For if I say, to heaven—then the poor things wish to learn,
How far is it, and where, and when their mother will return.
Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore.

Our happy home has now become a lonely, silent place;
Like heaven without its stars it is, without thy blessed face.
Our little ones are still and sad—none love them now but I,
Except their mother's spirit, which I feel is always nigh.
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

Their merry laugh is heard no more—they neither run nor play,
But wander round like little ghosts, the long, long summer's
day.

The spider weaves his web across the windows at his will;
The flowers I gathered for thee last are on the mantel still.
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

My footsteps through the rooms resound all sadly and forlorn;
The garish sun shines flauntingly upon the unswept floor;
The mocking-bird still sits and sings a melancholy strain,
For my heart is like a heavy cloud that overflows with rain.
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

Alas! how changed is all, dear wife, from that sweet eve in
spring,
When first thy love for me was told, and thou didst to me cling,
Thy sweet eyes radiant through their tears, pressing thy lips
to mine,
In that old arbour, dear, beneath the overarching vine.
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

The moonlight struggled through the vines, and fell upon thy
face,
Which thou didst lovingly upturn with pure and trustful gaze.

The southern breezes murmured through the dark cloud of thy hair,
As like a sleeping infant thou didst lean upon me there.
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

The love and faith thou plighted'st then, with smile and mingled tear,
Was never broken, sweetest one, while thou didst linger here.
Nor angry word nor angry look thou ever gavest me,
But loved and trusted evermore, as I did worship thee.
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my comforter in health;
So gentle and so constant, when our love was all our wealth;
Thy voice of music soothed me, love, in each desponding hour,
As heaven's honey-dew consoles the bruised and broken flower.

Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

Thou art gone from me forever, I have lost thee, Isadore!
And desolate and lonely shall I be forevermore.
If it were not for our children's sake, I would not wish to stay,
But would pray to God most earnestly to let me pass away,—
And be joined to thee in heaven, Isadore.

REVENGE OF LEONARD ROSIER.

It was late on a summer afternoon that Leonard Rosier, a student of the most famous school of surgery in Paris, was returning to his home in the Rue St. Honoré. The merry populace thronged the street, and many acquaintances accosted him; but he stopped not to converse with any one, nor turned aside with the crowd to follow any splendid equipage. His face was handsome, but pale, apparently with study; and it was singular that in one so young, and especially a Frenchman, the expression should have been so uniformly melancholy. He went up the steps of a small house and knocked gently. The door was opened by an elderly woman, whose face beamed with joyful surprise on seeing him.

"I am so happy—so glad you are come—M. Rosier. I would have gone myself for you, had I known where to find you. Mademoiselle Eulalie—"

"What of her—is she worse?" demanded the youth impatiently; but without waiting the old woman's reply he pushed past her, and went hastily up stairs. The woman looked after him, and shook her head sadly.

Leonard entered a small front chamber just then lighted with the last crimson rays of the setting sun. On a couch near the window reclined the pale and emaciated form of a young girl, apparently in the last stage of a decline. Illness, though it had wasted her figure to almost ethereal thinness, had not destroyed the exquisite symmetry of her features. They were still perfect in their delicate outline; and the beautifully-chiselled lips wore a tinge of rose which, like the faint spot of colour on each cheek in contrast with her otherwise dazzling paleness, was evidently the effect of disease. Her eyes were large, dark, and supernaturally bright. She held in her almost transparent fingers a rose partly faded.

Leonard came softly to her bedside, and, bending over her, said in a low tone of deep and anxious love, "Eulalie!"

The lovely invalid turned quickly, and her eyes beamed with joy as they rested on him. "Oh, brother," she murmured, "you are come at last!"

The young man turned away his face, and wept for a minute in silence. At length, looking up, and addressing the nurse, who had followed him into the room, he asked, "When did this fearful change take place?"

"About two hours since," replied the woman. "Mademoiselle, while sitting on the fauteuil at the window, was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and ruptured a blood-vessel. The bleeding was inconsiderable, yet it reduced her to this weakness."

"Brother!" said the invalid faintly, and clasping his hand, she looked up imploringly in his face.

"Do not suffer her to speak," said the nurse.

"I must!" replied the young girl; and by the slight pressure of her fingers Leonard knew that she had something on her mind. He motioned the old woman to withdraw; she objected that it would be dangerous to allow her patient to talk. But a glance at Leonard's face of despair convinced her that he thought his sister beyond hope, and that even the chance of prolonging her feeble life was scarce sufficient to justify them in withstanding her wishes. The nurse left the apartment.

"Beloved Eulalie!" repeated Leonard, again bending over his sister.

"Brother!" exclaimed she, with an energy that startled him; "brother, I have seen him!"

"Him! whom?—Oh, heaven!" sobbed the youth. Eulalie motioned for some drops that stood on the table. Leonard poured some from the phial, and administered them; they seemed to revive her. She spoke in a stronger voice, and less interruptedly.

"I saw him—the Marquis de Verneuil."

"The villain!" groaned her brother.

"Yes—he is so, Leonard, or he could not have acted as he has done," said Eulalie, with strange calmness. "To deceive a young girl like me by a false marriage, and then desert her—"

"His life shall pay for it," said Leonard, in a voice of agony.

"Not so!" cried Eulalie. "Would such a revenge profit me? Hear me, Leonard. The hand of death is upon me, and, ere I die, I have a boon to ask. But, before I name it, you must promise—promise me solemnly, on your knees, Leonard, and before God, that you will never attempt his life. Leave to the Almighty Judge the punishment of my wrong. Leonard, promise me. It is Eulalie's last prayer but one."

Leonard hesitated, but, adjured again and again, he knelt down and took the required oath.

"Now hear me," said his sister, "for my strength is failing, and the moments are numbered in which I can speak at all. I saw the Marquis de Verneuil from your window. He drove past in his chariot, and beside him was seated a beauteous lady, whom I judged, from the fond look with which he regarded her, he means to make his bride. Leonard, I do not envy her, but is it wrong to wish that I could leave the world as the wife, not as the outcast mistress of him who once loved me? Of the rights of a wife I have been cruelly defrauded—would he not give them to me for a few moments? I should not live to delay his second nuptials. Oh, brother, would he not?"

The emotion that accompanied these words showed how near her heart lay the request. Leonard answered not till she had again urged it, and besought him to make her death happy by bearing her petition to the marquis. The shades of evening were falling—there was no time to be lost.

"Speed, brother," said the low pleading voice of Eulalie, "for, sure I am, that to-morrow's sun will not behold me living. Bring him to my bedside, that I may forgive him—and be, for but the closing moment of my life—his bride. Go, Leonard; but, whatever may happen, remember your oath!"

And, summoning the nurse to watch by the couch of the dying girl, the young man left his sister on his strange errand to the Chateau de Verneuil, some miles distant from Paris. To the burning impatience of his spirit, the fleet horse he rode went slowly; and, though yet early in the evening, it seemed to him that hours passed before he reached the chateau. His horse was wet with foam as he dismounted at the gates. Those gates were not solitary; a group of gallant steeds were led to and fro by gaily-dressed menials, and one or two lately-arrived guests, with rustling plumes and brodered mantles, were admitted as he approached. Light streamed from the diamond-shaped panes of the castle, and rich music floated on the air. The young marquis held a sumptuous feast, and entertained the aristocracy of Paris. For an instant there was a pause in the music; some toast was proposed; then there was a burst of applause, presently drowned in the rejoicing clamour of cymbal, and bugle, and kettledrum.

It was a splendid banquet, in truth, not only in the viands and choice wines, but in the wit and courtly gaiety of that festive company. The soul of their mirth, the inspirer and presiding genius of the revelry, was the marquis himself. The humour of his jests was the most exquisite part of the entertainment. There was not a shade on his face to show that aught of sadness had ever marred the flash of his laughing eyes; it was not in nature like his to feel any portion of the woe his recklessness inflicted upon others.

The revelry was at its height, and the gay host about to challenge fresh admiration by some new brilliant speech, when a servant whispered in his ear, and informed him a young man had arrived express from Paris, and demanded to see him instantly. The marquis sent his valet to ques-

tion the stranger, and finding that his business was not of a political but a private nature, and probably such as did not particularly concern De Verneuil's interests—this was an inference of the valet's on observing the humble exterior of the young student—the marquis returned answer that he could not now be disturbed, and directed the stranger to communicate his errand to the confidential servant.

Leonard bit his lip till the blood came, as the man delivered his reply;—then taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, he wrote a few hurried lines to the marquis—informing him of the dying prayer of Eulalie Rosier, and imploring him (for his sister's sake Leonard stooped to entreaty) to lose not a moment, as she could not survive the night, in doing justice to his victim. No man could resist such an appeal! thought Leonard, as he gave his note to the valet. The man at first refused to disturb his master again; but moved by the youth's evident distress, he at last consented once more to fulfil his request.

"By St. Denys! but the modesty of this transcends belief!" cried De Verneuil, as he read the billet; and after giving orders to his servant to conduct the young stranger without the gates, and inform him that he might consider himself fortunate that he received no chastisement for his daring folly, the marquis laughingly asked his guests "what they thought of the *sang froid* of a surgeon's apprentice, who had the impudence to demand that he should on the instant leave his courtly guests, to ride post-haste to Paris, and marry his sick sister!" The shout of merriment that followed this question fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of Leonard as he quitted the gates of the Chateau de Verneuil.

The young student returned to his sister's deathbed—with what tidings? To tell her that her last prayer had been mocked—that her name had been scoffed at by the author of her sufferings—had served to point a jest for his heartless companions! Leonard rejoiced that when he again saw Eulalie, she was beyond the consciousness of wrong or of woe. She did not even know her brother as he knelt beside her, weeping bitter tears; and long before sunrise Eulalie had sunk into the arms of death.

It was high noon upon a bright day in October, when a brilliant bridal company was issuing from the church of St. Roch. It consisted of many of the nobles of Paris, and dames whose beauty was dazzling even amid the splendour of their attire; who possessed the gift more rare even than loveliness,—the aristocratic mien, the high-bred delicacy of air, that compelled the crowd about the church-doors to fall back involuntarily as they advanced. In the rear of the gorgeous train came the Marquis de Verneuil and his bride, the most admired beauty in the fashionable circles of Paris. The magnificence of her dress, and the proud bearing of the marquis, excited expressions of delight and homage as they moved. He bowed gracefully to the salutations of his friends—more distantly to mere acquaintances, and took the hand of his fair bride to assist her into the carriage in waiting. Just then there was a sudden movement in the crowd, and a young man, his face pale as death, and his eyes glaring like those of a maniac, sprang into the space sacred to the approach of aristocracy, and confronted the bridegroom. He had a drawn sword in his hand.

"Marquis de Verneuil!" cried he, as the noble stopped, alarmed at this wild apparition, "I do not seek your life! I have sworn an oath to the dead, aye, the dead Eulalie, to do you no harm, and well is it for you that I hold my vows more sacred than you do yours! But you shall not pass without a memorial from me. Take this—and remember Leonard Rosier!"

As he spoke he struck the marquis on the face with the flat of his sword, then turning away, rushed into the throng. Stung by the insult, De Verneuil shouted to his friends to cut him down, or secure him; but in vain. There was little affection at that time among the populace for the corrupt and selfish aristocracy. The discontent which preceded the days of the revolution, had been long at work; and on the first flash of a quarrel between a noble and one of their own order, most of the inferior class were ready, without inquiry, to espouse the cause of the latter.

The young surgeon had insulted one of the hated class of the nobility; he was borne off in triumph by the crowd. When some of his acquaintances recognized him, and proclaimed his wrong, shouts of defiance were flung by the incensed people in the faces of Leonard's pursuers, and the

disturbance became so great that it was thought expedient to let the offender escape. De Verneuil stepped into his carriage and took his seat by his bride, with his face glowing with rage and shame, and muttering curses and threats. The bridal *cortège* was pursued as it departed by execrations and taunts from the multitude, glad of any opportunity to give vent to the fire that had so long burned secretly and sullenly, and was soon to burst forth and amaze the world with its dreadful devastation.

Years had passed. The revolution was at its height. Its horrors were enacted daily—hourly; and the guillotine streamed with the blood of noble victims.

It was a stormy winter night in 1793. The door of a house in the Rue Nicaise was besieged by a party of sans-culottes, who were dragging along with them a prisoner, whom they had seized coming out of the house of the Prince V—.

They knocked loudly at the door. "Open, Citizen Rosier! open the door! we have a new subject for you!"

A window above was thrown open, and the figure of a man with a lamp in his hand, was visible. He wore a dressing-gown, which the wind blew back from his meagre limbs; and a soiled velvet cap, decorated with a tri-coloured cockade.

"A subject!" repeated he with a hoarse voice. "A subject! and his head not off!"

"Not yet!" cried one of the men. "You must give him quarters for an hour or two—till morning; for the guillotine has had hard work to-day. His turn comes earliest in the morning,—unless he goes off first by an extra post, for he is half dead with fright already. See what you can do towards reviving him; and for a fee you shall have him to-morrow warm from the axe."

"Bring him in, then," replied the surgeon, and he descended to open the door. The sans-culottes dragged in their prisoner, who seemed, in truth, more dead than alive.

"Keep the bird well caged!" cried they. "We took him from an aristocratic nest; a band leagued for the destruction of the republic."

"Come in, and guard him."

"Not so, citizen doctor! We know you well, and can trust you. We leave the prisoner in your charge, for we have much business before us to-night. At dawn we will take him away—if you have not in the meantime dosed him to death. Come, lads!" And shaking the doctor by the hand, and beckoning to his companions, the sans-culotte departed.

"You deserve the guillotine, all of you!" muttered the doctor, then turning to the prisoner, said encouragingly—"Do not despair, it may be in my power to save you. I have saved more than one victim from those bloodhounds. Troth! if they had the least suspicion of me, 'twere as much as my head is worth,—but let us hope for the best."

While speaking he lighted the lamp, which had been extinguished by the wind as he opened the door. He turned to the stranger, and stood as if struck by a thunderbolt. For a minute's space the two gazed upon one another: the surgeon's pale face grew paler, and his eyes glared fixedly, as on some hideous apparition. At length, recovering his self-possession by a strong effort, he said with a sneer, "I have the honour of seeing the Marquis de Verneuil?"

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped the prisoner. He was trembling violently, and drops of cold sweat stood on his forehead.

"Monsieur le Marquis does not recognise me?" asked the doctor.

The prisoner looked at him earnestly, and shook his head; reiterating his entreaties for compassion.

"Monsieur le Marquis does not know me!" repeated the surgeon in the same bitter ironical tone. "The great and noble find it hard to recollect the poor; it is the *canaille* that always have such inveterate memories."

"For heaven's sake, do not mock my misery!" implored the fallen noble. "You have said you could save me—"

The surgeon rang a small bell, and a servant appeared, when he ordered him to bring wine and refreshments. They were set on the table, the doctor drew up chairs, and invited his guest to sit down. The agony of the prisoner increased every moment.

"For God's sake, have pity upon me!"

"All in good time. Eat—you have need of refreshment."

"Let me fly. The darkness of the night will favour my escape."

"Impossible! There are spies about the door. My own servants would betray you. You cannot stir hence till morning. You had better eat something."

"Oh, fate! How can I?"

"Drink, then." The doctor poured out a cup of wine and pushed it towards his guest. He did not touch it, but stood shivering with terror. A pause ensued.

"Save me! save me!" again faltered he.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the doctor drily, "seems to have a very great fear of death!"

The prisoner renewed his supplications.

The surgeon hesitated. At length he said, "I know of but one way to help you." The prisoner was breathless.

"You are aware," continued the doctor, "that I am an anatomist. From what the sans-culottes said, you must have known that they are in the habit of bringing me bodies from the guillotine for dissection. They do it out of friendship, for they think me an excellent citizen. You need not shudder. I have, as I before mentioned, saved several who were brought to me alive—and yet, thanks to Marat, with whom I am intimate, I have never been in want of fresh bodies. I have just now one in the house. But I cannot pass him off for you, M. le Marquis, because he is short and stout, and lacks the symmetry of proportion for which you are remarkable. Besides he has at present no head. These sans-culottes are not easily deceived. I must deliver you into their hands alive, or show them your corpse. The only method I see is this: you must drink a potion I have prepared, which will render you insensible, and apparently dead, till to-morrow evening. When my good friends come for you, I will take them to the marble table where you are laid out like a corpse."

The prisoner shuddered, but after a minute said, "If you save me, I assure you, on my honour, your reward shall be princely."

The doctor turned his head with an expression of disgust.

"When must I take the drink?" asked his guest.

"Immediately."

"And where shall I pass the night?"

"As soon as you have drunk the potion, you will fall into a stupor, which will soon become total insensibility. I will then call my servant and order him to remove your body into the dissecting-room, and to lay it on the table."

The prisoner groaned. "You do not like your lodgings?" said the surgeon. "But you will be in no condition to notice them when you have taken the draught."

"Let me only see the room!" implored the marquis.

"You had better lose no time. Hark! what is that?"

The clock struck. "One, two! they will be here in less than an hour."

"I will take the draught!" cried the prisoner in mortal anguish. "But only let me see the room!"

The doctor rose without reply, and taking the lamp, led the way, beckoning to his guest to follow him. At the other end of the hall they entered a passage which led to the dissecting-room. It was large, and furnished with wooden cases, and glasses in which were preparations in spirits of wine. More than one skeleton was visible, each in its case. On a marble table in the middle of the room lay an uncovered headless corpse, mangled and bloody. The marquis trembled so violently that he was obliged to lean against the wall for support.

"I amuse myself here in my leisure hours," said the doctor carelessly. He set the lamp on the table, pushed the corpse a little to one side, and pointing to the vacant place, said, "This is where you will lie."

"And who will assure me," faltered the marquis, with a sudden expression of suspicion.

"Oh, Monsieur le Marquis distrusts me!" cried the doctor. "If you knew me, I fear your confidence would not be greatly increased. But it is not right to take advantage of your ignorance. You do not remember my features, yet we have met before. I am Leonard Rosier."

The prisoner staggered back, horror-struck.

"I once insulted you, Monsieur le Marquis," said Rosier. "It was on the occasion of your bridal. I heard you swear to have my life. In truth, such an insult to a noble can only be washed out with blood. Take this sword—we will have the duel out here, if you please."

The weapon fell from the nerveless hand of the terror-stricken wretch. "Mercy!" he groaned; "have mercy upon me!"

"Do you ask mercy from a brother of Eulalie Rosier?"

There was a shouting in the street—the sans-culottes were come! The guilty prisoner sank on his knees, and clasped his hands, in the extremity of abject supplication. He crept towards the surgeon, he embraced his knees, and piteously implored his life—only his life! Rosier recoiled from his touch.

"There is one ransom," said he sternly. "Two weeks ago the Chateau de Verneuil was rased to the ground. I was on the spot; a female servant implored my protection for an infant boy—for your son! I saved him from the knives of the soldiers; I brought him here; he is now asleep in an adjoining apartment. One victim must be delivered up—you or he. Will you give up your son? Decide this instant—your captors are at the door!"

A loud knocking at the same instant was heard, and cries of "Open, Citizen Rosier!"

"Decide!" thundered Rosier. "Will you give up your son to the sans-culottes?"

"Oh, I cannot—cannot die!" shrieked the miserable suppliant. And the marquis fell prostrate on the floor in the agony of his fear.

"Contemptible wretch!" cried the surgeon. "Take the life for which you have yielded everything—honour, virtue—the dignity of a man! I will stand surety with Marat that so base a foe can never harm the republic! Ho—patience there, my good friends!" And, going to the door, he spoke a few moments to the sans-culottes, who retired soon after. The life of the Marquis de Verneuil was safe for the present.

"Leave this house!" he said, on his return to the dissecting-room; "and I counsel you to leave Paris also. Your son shall be restored to his friends, or protected till they claim him. For years," he added, "I have longed for revenge; but you are not a man—and I cannot feel anger toward you. Begone! If you are in Paris in six hours from this, you may fall into the hands of those who may not have so true an appreciation of your soldierly qualities, Monsieur le Marquis, as the surgeon Leonard Rosier."—GIFT, 1844.

TO A FAIR READER OF THE NEW MIRROR.

I will not venture to compare

Thy bright blue eyes

To sunny skies;

Thy cheek unto

The roses glow;

To raven's wing thy bright black hair;

Thy breast unto the snow;

For these

Are weak and time-worn similes.

Thine eyes are like—like—let me see,

The violet's hue,

Reflected through

A drop of dew.

No, that won't do;

No semblance true

In ample nature can there be,

To equal their intensity,

Their mild ethereal blue.

Their form might be portrayed but not their sense,

Their flashing fire, their soft, mute eloquence.

'Tis just as vain to seek

Through every flower to match thy beauteous cheek.

And then thy hair,

So beautiful, so rare,

Raining a silken flood upon thy neck so fair;

Unto the plumage of a bird

To liken such luxuriance would be most absurd.

Thy breast of snow;

Is quite

As white,

And melts as soon with love's warm glow—

But then

Thy breast in dazzling whiteness doth remain

Since to my mind

I cannot find

A simile of any kind,

I argue thence,

Thou art the sense

And spirit of all excellence;

The charm-bestowing fount, from whence

Fate doth dispense

Its various bounties to the fair,

The loveliest of whom but share

A portion of the gifts thou well could spare.

The following charming verses come to us without a head—but they come from the “head of Helicon”—the fountain-head, we think. We give them unnamed, as they stand in the manuscript.

“O! gently touch the tuneful string
Once more before I die;
And o’er my parting spirit fling,
To nerve anew its drooping wing,
A cheerful melody.”

She knelt beside her harp and sung
The songs of happier days,
And wildly her fair fingers flung
The sweet familiar chords among,
And wildly sad upon her tongue
Trembled those early lays.

O! who shall tell what memories glide
Around each bursting tone?
What earnest love, what blissful pride
Had fill’d her bosom, as the bride
Of him, that dying one?

The song is hush’d—the harp is still—
The struggling spirit’s fled!
And yet she rises not—nor will!
For ah! that smile’s unearthly chill
Reveals that, with her last sad trill,
The minstrel’s soul hath sped!

And softly fair, with fading light,
The calm, sweet summer even
Looks in upon the scene of blight,
Whence those twin spirits took their flight,
On social wing, for heaven.

And palest moonbeams overspread
The couch-laid and the kneeling dead:—
And where those thrilling strains,
With more than mortal tone ended,
So late the trembling echoes woo’d,
A cold, dread silence reigns.

I would not rashly lift the veil
That hides the future from my view;
Each passing moment tells its tale
So blissfully or sadly true,
It were no bad epitome
Of blest or dread eternity.

But give me Hope, and let my dreams
Play fondly with the unborn hours,
And I will bask in happier beams
Of golden light; mid fairer flowers
Than earth or earth-born e’er shall see,
Unfold in their reality.

Bright realm of dreams! I love to stray
Thy ever-shifting landscape o’er,
Or in thy liquid air away
On the glad wings of rapture soar;
And seek, though haply seek amiss,
The portal to the courts of bliss.

And thou, fair one! thou too dost rove;
For often there I meet with thee,
And hear thee warble lays I love,
In dream-land’s wildest minstrelry;
As if sweet echo now, at last,
Flung back thy lov’d tones from the past.

O! may I never lack the light
Of vision’d rest, or sweet day-dreams,
The sterner actual from my sight
To wrap, or soften with its gleams,
Till that last summons I receive
Which bids me cease to dream and live. E. H. V. B.

A GRAVE SUBJECT.

Why this ado in earth’ing up a carcass?
Ye undertakers, tell us
Why you make this mighty stir?—Blair.

THE genealogy of the undertaker is of Adam; through the grave he traces his ancestry, and for his friend he has that consumptive-looking gentleman, *Death*. His business (or profession) is a holy, grave and serious one; it requires deep thought and a moody aspect, a melancholy vision and a tear. He is the builder of dead men’s houses, the archi-

tect for departed mortality. He commits, with sanctity, “dust to dust;” he is the amen of man, and witnesses the very last release of him on life; he prepares the feast for worms; he is the carrier of men to his long home—the dead man of Scripture who is to bury the dead.

When one dies the undertaker is sent for; (out of compliment, he waits till he is sent for.) He attends; he weeps, but his tears are wiped away when his business is concluded. If he be a poet, he writes an epitaph; if he indite prose only, he furnishes an obituary. With him all die virtuous, invariably coming to the same end, and depart at the same door—by the natural law, not the surgeon—but the undertaker is entitled to the recompense of bodies. Alas! how he infringes on our feelings. He exposes in the streets the implements of the second journey; he vainly imagines that one is to be beckoned away from earth by a polished casement, or bribed by a silver plate; he holds out every inducement in his power for one to die. Aware that the last desire of us all is to be buried decently, he shows us not only decent but superb attire. The weak points of some men are familiar to him; those who would carry all their notions with them, these he tempts with the vanity of the grave. He knows that we can carry nothing with us, for even our thoughts perish. In the presence of death all is forgotten.

There is even aristocracy in the undertaker. He would not dig a grave—that business is for his scullion; he plans, surveys, orders and commands. ’Tis he who looks upon death with his arms folded, and, if the truth is certain, he is a special partner with death and the worm. He may, for aught I know, be the originator of plagues and pestilence, and are got up by him in dull times to help him with business. Who else would bury a man that died with the plague?

We may escape cholera and influenza, but death and the undertaker no man can dodge. The latter is *prima facie* evidence of the former. The patience of both these gentlemen may become exhausted at a long life; but the success of the siege is finally certain. His name can never die who has received immortality from the bard. Shakspeare declares that in the genealogy of the world the only “*ancient gentlemen*” are *gardeners, ditchers and grave-diggers*. Because his inheritance is an heirloom, to wit, a man’s body; he inherits *all flesh*. Nature has made a will of perpetual effect; none desire to break it. He who prospers on the dissolution of mortals must flourish. It must have been some miserly undertaker who made the ancient pyramids of heads; and the contemplation of such an one in a graveyard is the surest evidence that he is counting his wealth and overlooking his vast possessions. The grave is never full; it never exclaims, “I have enough;” with as little modesty the undertaker replies. Those who have any anxiety about a decent burial must pay court to him who looks to it; for unless a man, by a last will, bequeaths sufficient to deposit him in his ancient dust, the kites will bury him.

The undertaker walks in the midst of death, firm in his step and tread; he surveys dissolved nature with a grin, and looks upon a funeral as a speculation. There is to him a merry chime in the slow solemn sound of a muffled bell. These things, however, can be said of him only in the way of his business. As a man, and apart from worldly affairs, none more amiable. He is a friend to everybody. Do not talk of death with him, else he might compliment you with his card, which means a special invitation to die. Reason on family matters, and you will perceive he is a reasoning creature. He is a kind father, an endearing husband, an affectionate brother, a firm friend, a valuable citizen. He is

to the community what the night is to the day; when the day has ended, and we retire to sleep, he is the good and vigilant watchman, and prevents those calamities falling upon us which would deprive us of Christian burial. The houses he builds are narrow and on a sure foundation, "for they last till doomsday."

L. Y. W.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST;"

OR, HANDSOME MRS. TITTON AND HER PLAIN HUSBAND.

"That man 't' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted
For speaking false in that."—*Henry VIII.*

I HAVE always been very fond of the society of portrait painters. Whether it is, that the pursuit of a beautiful and liberal art softens their natural qualities, or that, from the habit of conversing while engrossed with the pencil, they like best that touch-and-go talk which takes care of itself; or, more probably still, whether the freedom with which they are admitted behind the curtains of vanity and affection gives a certain freshness and truth to their views of things around them,—certain it is, that, in all countries, their rooms are the most agreeable of haunts, and they themselves most enjoyable of cronies.

I had chanced in Italy to make the acquaintance of S——, an English artist of considerable cleverness in his profession, but more remarkable for his frank good breeding and his abundant good nature. Four years after, I had the pleasure of renewing my intercourse with him in London, where he was flourishing, quite up to his deserving, as a portrait painter. His rooms were hard by one of the principal thoroughfares, and, from making an occasional visit, I grew to frequenting them daily, often joining him at his early breakfast, and often taking him out with me to drive whenever we chanced to tire of our twilight stroll. While rambling in Hyde Park, one evening, I mentioned for the twentieth time, a singularly ill-assorted couple I had once or twice met at his room,—a woman of superb beauty attended by a very inferior-looking and ill-dressed man. S—— had, previously, with a smile at my speculations, dismissed the subject rather crisply; but, on this occasion, I went into some surmises as to the probable results of such "pairing without matching," and he either felt called upon to defend the lady, or made my misapprehension of her character an excuse for telling me what he knew about her. He began the story in the Park, and ended it over a bottle of wine in the Haymarket,—of course with many interruptions and digressions. Let me see if I can tie his broken threads together.

"That lady is Mrs. Fortescue Titton, and the gentleman you so much disparage is, if you please, the incumbent to ten thousand a year,—the money as much at her service as the husband by whom she gets it. Whether he could have won her had he been

"Bereft and galled of his patrimony,"

I will not assert, especially to one who looks on them as 'Beauty and the Beast'; but that she loves him, or at least prefers to him no handsomer man, I may say I have been brought to believe, in the way of my profession."

"You have painted her, then?" I asked rather eagerly, thinking I might get a sketch of her face to take with me to another country.

"No, but I have painted him,—and for her,—and it is not a case of Titania and Bottom, either. She is quite aware he is a monster, and wanted his picture for a reason you would never divine. But I must begin at the beginning.

"After you left me in Italy, I was employed by the Earl of ——, to copy one or two of his favourite pictures in

the Vatican, and that brought me rather well acquainted with his son. Lord George was a gay youth, and a very 'look-and-die' style of fellow, and, as much from admiration of his beauty as anything else, I asked him to sit to me, on our return to London. I painted him very fantastically, in an Albanian cap and oriental morning-gown and slippers, smoking a narghile,—the room in which he sat, by the way, being a correct portrait of his own den, a perfect museum of costly luxury. It was a pretty gorgeous turn-out in the way of colour, and was severely criticised, but still a good deal noticed,—for I sent it to the exhibition.

"I was one day going into Somerset-House, when Lord George hailed me from his cab. He wished to suggest some alteration in his picture, or to tell me of some criticism upon it, I forget exactly what; but we went up together. Directly before the portrait, gazing at it with marked abstraction, stood a beautiful woman, quite alone; and as she occupied the only point where the light was favourable, we waited a moment till she should pass on,—Lord George, of course, rather disposed to shrink from being recognized as the original. The woman's interest in the picture seemed rather to increase, however, and what with variations of the posture of her head, and pulling at her glove fingers, and other female indications of restlessness and enthusiasm, I thought I was doing her no injustice by turning to my companion with a congratulatory smile.

"'It seems a case, by Jove!' said Lord George, trying to look as if it was a matter of very simple occurrence; 'and she's as fine a creature as I've seen this season! Eh, old boy? we must run her down, and see where she burrows,—and there's nobody with her, by good luck!'

"A party entered just then, and passed between her and the picture. She looked annoyed, I thought, but started forward and borrowed a catalogue of a little girl, and we could see that she turned to the last page, on which the portrait was numbered, with, of course, the name and address of the painter. She made a memorandum on one of her cards, and left the house. Lord George followed, and I too, as far as the door, where I saw her get into a very stylishly appointed carriage and drive away, followed closely by the cab of my friend, whom I had declined to accompany.

"You wouldn't have given very heavy odds against his chance, would you?" said S——, after a moment's pause. "No, indeed!" I answered quite sincerely.

"Well, I was at work, the next morning, glazing a picture I had just finished, when the servant brought up the card of Mrs. Fortescue Titton. I chanced to be alone, so the lady was shown at once into my painting room, and lo! the *incognita* of Somerset-House. The plot thickens, thought I! She sat down in my 'subject' chair, and, faith! her beauty quite dazzled me! Her first smile—but you have seen her, so I'll not bore you with a description.

"Mrs. Titton blushed on opening her errand to me, first enquiring if I was the painter of 'No. 403' in the Exhibition, and saying some very civil things about the picture. I mentioned that it was a portrait of Lord George ——, (for his name was not in the catalogue,) and I thought she blushed still more confusedly,—but that, I think now, was fancy, or at any rate had nothing to do with feeling for his lordship. It was natural enough for me to be mistaken, for she was very particular in her enquiries as to the costume, furniture, and little belongings of the picture, and asked me among other things, whether it was a flattered likeness;—this last question very pointedly, too!

"She arose to go. Was I at leisure, and could I sketch a head for her, and when?

"I appointed the next day, expecting of course that the

subject was the lady herself, and scarcely slept with thinking of it, and starved myself at breakfast to have a clear eye, and a hand wide awake. And at ten she came, with her Mr. Fortescue Titton! I was sorry to see that she had a husband, for I had indulged myself with a vague presentiment that she was a widow; but I begged him to take a chair, and prepared the platform for my beautiful subject.

"Will you take your seat?" I asked, with all my suavity, when my palette was ready.

"My dear," said she, turning to her husband, and pointing to the chair, "Mr. S—— is ready for you."

"I begged pardon for a moment, crossed over to Verey's and bolted a beef-steak! A cup of coffee, and a glass of Curaçoa, and a little walk round Hanover-Square, and I recovered from the shock a little. It went very hard, I give you my word.

"I returned, and took a look, for the first time, at Mr. Titton. You have seen him, and have some idea of what his portrait might be, considered as a pleasure to the artist,—what it might promise, I should rather say, for, after all, I ultimately enjoyed working at it, quite aside from the presence of Mrs. Titton. It was the ugliest face in the world, but full of good-nature; and, as I looked closer into it, I saw, among its coarse features, lines of almost feminine delicacy, and capabilities of enthusiasm of which the man himself was probably unconscious. Then a certain helpless style of dress was a wet blanket to him. Rich from his cradle, I suppose his qualities had never been needed on the surface. His wife knew them.

"From time to time, as I worked, Mrs. Titton came and looked over my shoulder. With a natural desire to please her, I, here and there, softened a harsh line, and was going on to flatter the likeness,—not as successful as I could wish, however, for it is much easier to get a faithful likeness than to flatter without destroying it.

"Mr. S——," said she, laying her hand on my arm as I thinned away the lumpy rim of his nostril, "I want, first, a literal copy of my husband's features. Do it with a bold hand and spare nothing, not even the feature you were endeavouring to embellish. Suppose, with this idea, you take a fresh canvass?"

"Thoroughly mystified by the whole business, I did as she requested; and, in two sittings, made a likeness of Titton which would have given you a face-ache. He shrugged his shoulders at it, and seemed very glad when the bore of sitting was over; but they seemed to understand each other very well, or, if not, he reserved his questions till there could be no restraint upon the answer. He seemed a capital fellow, and I liked him exceedingly.

"I asked if I should frame the picture and send it home? No! I was to do neither. If I would be kind enough not to show it, nor to mention it to any one, and come the next day and dine with them *en famille*, Mrs. Titton would feel very much obliged to me. And this dinner was followed up by breakfasts and lunches and suppers, and, for a fortnight, I really lived with the Tittons—and pleasanter people to live with, by Jove, you haven't seen in your travels, though you are 'a picked man of countries'!"

"I should mention, by the way, that I was always placed opposite Titton at table, and that he was a good deal with me, one way and another, taking me out, as you do, for a stroll, calling and sitting with me when I was at work, etc. And as to Mrs. Titton,—if I did not mistrust your *arrière-pensée*, I would enlarge a little on my intimacy with Mrs. Titton.—But, believe me when I tell you, that, without a ray of flirtation, we became as cozily intimate as brother and sister."

"And what of Lord George, all this time?" I asked.

"Oh, Lord George!—Well, Lord George of course had no difficulty in making Mrs. Titton's acquaintance, though they were not quite in the same circle, and he had been presented to her, and had seen her at a party or two, where he managed to be invited on purpose—but of this, for a while, I heard nothing. She had not yet seen him at her own house, and I had not chanced to encounter him. But let me go on with my story.

"Mrs. Titton sent for me to come to her, one morning rather early. I found her in her boudoir, in a *negligé* morning dress, and looking adorably beautiful—and as pure as beautiful, you smiling villain! She seemed to have something on her mind about which she was a little embarrassed, but I knew her too well to lay any unction to my soul. We chatted about the weather a few moments, and she came to the point. You will see that she was a woman of some talent, *mon ami*!

"Have you looked at my husband's portrait since you finished it?" she asked.

"No, indeed!" I replied rather hastily—but immediately apologized.

"Oh, if I had not been certain you would not," she said with a smile, "I should have requested it, for I wished you to forget it, as far as possible. And now let me tell you what I want of you! You have got, on canvass, a likeness of Fortescue as the world sees him. Since taking it, however, you have seen him more intimately, and—and—like his face better, do you not?"

"Certainly! certainly!" I exclaimed, in all sincerity.

"Thank you! If I mistake not, then, you do not, when thinking of him, call up to your mind the features in your portrait, but a face formed rather of his good qualities, as you have learned to trace them in his expression."

"True," I said, "very true!"

"Now, then," she continued, leaning over to me very earnestly, "I want you to paint a new picture, and without departing from the real likeness, which you will have to guide you, breathe into it the expression you have in your ideal likeness. Add, to what the world sees, what I see, what you see, what all who love him see in his plain features. Idealize it, spiritualize it—and without lessening the resemblance. Can this be done?"

"I thought it could. I promised to do my utmost.

"I shall call and see you as you progress in it," she said, "and now, if you have nothing better to do, stay to lunch, and come out with me in the carriage. I want a little of your foreign taste in the selection of some pretty nothings for a gentleman's toilet."

"We passed the morning in making what I should consider very extravagant purchases for anybody but a prince royal, winding up with some delicious cabinet pictures and some gems of statuary—all suited only, I should say, to the apartments of a fastidious luxuriast. I was not yet at the bottom of her secret.

"I went to work upon the new picture with the zeal always given to an artist by an appreciative and confiding employer. She called every day and made important suggestions, and at last I finished it to her satisfaction and mine; and, without speaking of it as a work of art, I may give you my opinion that Titton will scarcely be more embellished in the other world—that is, if it be true, as the divines tell us, that our mortal likeness will be so far preserved, though improved upon, that we shall be recognizable by our friends. Still I was to paint a third picture—a cabinet full length,—and for this the other two were but studies, and so intended by Mrs. Fortescue Titton. It was

to be an improvement upon Lord George's portrait, (which of course had given her the idea,) and was to represent her husband in a very costly, and an exceedingly *recherché* morning costume—dressing-gown, slippers, waistcoat and neckcloth worn with perfect elegance, and representing a Titton with a faultless attitude, (in a *fauteuil*, reading,) a faultless exterior, and around him the most sumptuous appliances of dressing-room luxury. This picture cost me a great deal of vexation and labour, for it was emphatically a *fancy* picture—poor Titton never having appeared in that character, even 'by particular desire.' I finished it however, and again, to her satisfaction. I afterwards added some finishing touches to the other two, and sent them home, appropriately framed according to very minute instructions."

"How long ago was this?" I asked.

"Three years," replied S——, musing over his wine-glass as if his story was concluded.

"Well—the sequel?" said I, a little impatient.

"I was thinking how I should let it break upon you, as it took effect upon her acquaintances—for, understand, Mrs. Titton is too much of a diplomatist to do anything obviously dramatic in this age of ridicule. She knows very well that any sudden 'flare-up' of her husband's consequence—any new light on his character obviously calling for attention—would awaken speculation and set to work the watchful anatomizers of the body fashionable. Let me see! I will tell you what I should have known about it, had I been only an ordinary acquaintance—not in the secret, and not the painter of the pictures.

"Some six months after the finishing of the last portrait, I was at a large ball at their house. Mrs. Titton's beauty, I should have told you, and the style in which they lived, and very possibly a little of Lord George's good will, had elevated them from the wealthy and respectable level of society to the fashionable and exclusive. All the best people went there. As I was going in, I overtook, at the head of the stairs, a very clever little widow, an acquaintance of mine, and she honoured me by taking my arm and keeping it for a promenade through the rooms. We made our bow to Mrs. Titton and strolled across the reception room, where the most conspicuous object, dead facing us, with a flood of light upon it, was my first veracious portrait of Titton! As I was not known as the artist, I indulged myself in some commonplace exclamations of horror.

"Do not look at that," said the widow, 'you will distress poor Mrs. Titton. What a quiz that clever husband of hers must be to insist on exposing such a caricature!'

"How insist upon it?" I asked.

"Why, have you never seen the one in her boudoir? Come with me!"

"We made our way through the apartments to the little retreat lined with silk, which was the morning lounge of the fair mistress of the house. There was but one picture, with a curtain drawn carefully across it—my second portrait! We sat down on the luxurious cushions, and the widow went off into a discussion of it and the original, pronouncing it a perfect likeness, not at all flattered, and very soon begging me to re-draw the curtain, lest we should be surprised by Mr. Titton himself.

"And suppose we were?" said I.

"Why, he is such an oddity!" replied the widow lowering her tone. 'They say that in this very house he has a suite of apartments entirely to himself, furnished with a taste and luxury really wonderful! There are two Mr. Tittons, my dear friend!—one a perfect Sybarite, very elegant in his dress when he chooses to be, excessively accomplished and fastidious, and brilliant and fascinating to a degree!—

(and in this character they say he won that superb creature for a wife,) and the other Mr. Titton is just the slovenly monster that everybody sees! Isn't it odd!'

"Queer enough!" said I, affecting great astonishment; 'pray, have you ever been into these mysterious apartments?'

"No!—they say only his wife and himself and one confidential servant ever pass the threshold. Mrs. Titton don't like to talk about it—though one would think she could scarcely object to her husband's being thought better of. It's pride on his part—sheer pride—and I can understand the feeling very well! He's a very superior man, and he has made up his mind that the world thinks him very awkward and ugly, and he takes a pleasure in showing the world that he don't care a rush for its opinion, and has resources quite sufficient within himself. That's the reason that atrocious portrait is hung up in the best room, and this good-looking one covered up with a curtain! I suppose *this* wouldn't be here if he could have his own way, and if his wife wasn't so much in love with him!"

"This, I assure you," said S——, "is the impression throughout their circle of acquaintances. The Tittons themselves maintain a complete silence on the subject. Mr. Fortescue Titton is considered a very accomplished man, with a very proud and very secret contempt for the opinions of the world—dressing badly on purpose, silent and simple by design, and only caring to show himself in his real character to his beautiful wife, who is thought to be completely in love with him, and quite excusable for it! What do you think of the woman's diplomatic talents?"

"I think I should like to know her," said I, "but what says Lord George to all this?"

"I had a call from Lord George not long ago," replied S——, "and for the first time since our chat at Somerset-House, the conversation turned upon the Tittons.

"Devilish sly of you!" said his lordship, turning to me half angry, 'why did you pretend not to know the woman at Somerset-House? You might have saved me lots of trouble and money, for I was a month or two finding out what sort of people they were—feeling the servants and getting them called on and invited here and there—all with the idea that it was a rich donkey with a fine toy that didn't belong to him!'

"Well!" exclaimed I—

"Well!—not at all well! I made a great ninny of myself, with that satirical slyboots, old Titton, laughing at me all the time, when you, that had painted him in his proper character and knew what a deep devil he was, might have saved me with but half a hint!"

"You have been in the lady's boudoir then?"

"Yes, and in the gentleman's *sanctum sanctorum*! Mrs. Titton sent for me about some trumpery thing or other, and when I called, the servant showed me in there by mistake. There was a great row in the house about it, but I was there long enough to see what a monstrous nice time the fellow has of it, all to himself, and to see your picture of him in his private character. The picture you made of me was only a copy of that, you sly traitor! And I suppose Mrs. Titton didn't like your stealing from her, did she—for, I take it that was what ailed her at the exhibition, when you allowed me to be so humbugged!"

"I had a good laugh, but it was as much at the quiet success of Mrs. Titton's tactics as at Lord George's discomfiture. Of course, I could not undecieve him. And now," continued S——, very good-naturedly, "just ring for a pen and ink, and I'll write a note to Mrs. Titton, asking leave to bring you there this evening, for it's her 'night at home,' and *she's* worth seeing, if my pictures, which you will see there, are not."

N. F. W.

RANDOLPH AND OWEN.

MR. OWEN, one day, broached a new subject, which put his previous assertions in the shade. He was speaking of the great advance in knowledge during the present century, and concluded a eulogy on the mental powers of man, thus:

"The fact is, I am perfectly convinced that some of the younger gentlemen present will live to see the day when mankind will *discover the principle of vitality itself!*"

"What!" said I, "and live for ever?"

"Yes," replied he, with the most provoking composure, "and why not? Is it *more* extraordinary than it would have appeared to any person one hundred years ago, if he were told that a large vessel could be propelled against wind and tide, and without the aid of sails, ten or twelve miles an hour?"

"Do you mean to assert," said I, "that the *two cases* are parallel?"

"I do," replied he.

"Then," said I, "either your reasoning is lamentably deficient in logic, or you pay our mental perceptions a very poor compliment. What propels the boat—is it not steam? What makes the steam—is it not fire and water? If you extinguish the fire, will not the boat stop? if you light it again, will it not go on? Now, let me ask you, *if I cut off your head, will you not die? but if I put it on again, will you regain life?* Where, therefore, is your parallel case?"

"Well," said he, "perhaps it is not a *perfect* comparison; but take another. Are you not aware that in Egypt, by *artificial heat*, the people *make thousands of chickens?*"

"Worse and worse," replied I; "you must take us all for children. I presume every one of us has heard of the fact you state, but you forget to tell us *who furnishes the eggs*. Only show me the man who can *make an egg*, and I shall then agree to your *parallel case*."

The company laughed heartily at the ridiculous position in which false logic had placed the New-Lanark philosopher, and he became a little irritated and said:

"I now perceive that you are arguing for *victory* and not for *truth*; that you wish merely to enjoy a joke at my expense, and, therefore, I propose that we change the subject to less important topics."

"Mr. Owen," replied I, "if you were not so good-natured a man I should say you are the most presuming dogmatist I ever met with. Here you, an atheist by your own confession, give free expression to your sentiments in a *company of professing Christians*, and then, forsooth, you must charge us with being the *opponents of truth*, whilst you are its advocate. Now, I tell you very frankly, that I am glad, even on your own account, for this exposure of the utter absurdity of your whole theory, because, if you are not *entirely lost* on the barren mountains of unbelief, you may yet be induced to seek for the only path which will lead you to *truth*."

He received this rebuke with great complacency, merely remarking:

"Well, well, you know I never quarrel about *opinions*; we will, therefore, 'agree to differ,' and part good friends."

The day on which he departed from New-York for England I walked with him to the steamboat wharf, alone, and, just before we reached it, I said:

"You are now about to leave America, probably never to visit it again; and *this*, also, may be our last meeting. You and I have argued so often, and disputed so much about your grand '*doctrine of circumstances*,' and all my

predictions of your utter failure in America having come true, I think you ought now to have the candour to admit that you are convinced of your errors."

"My dear friend," replied he, "with his ever complacent smile, 'you know I have no pride of opinion, that I despise it, and that I would most freely admit my errors if I believed myself to be wrong; but, so far from this being the case, I assure you, on my honour, I am more thoroughly convinced than ever of the truth of my doctrines. However, one thing I *will* admit; *that* is due to you. When I first arrived in this country, I told you that I considered the Americans the most enlightened people in the world, and the United States the very best theatre to exhibit my plans upon. I now *take all that back*. I admit my mistake, and I pronounce the people to be the most bigoted to their own silly opinions of all Christendom, and the United States the very worst place in which to attempt any reformation of existing evils. But, sir, I am going to Europe, and for what? To save England from destruction! No man but myself understands her disease and her cure, and you will soon hear that the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel have sent to consult *me*; for *they* know, also, that *I* am their sole dependence!"

"Good-by, then," said I; "I now entirely despair of your cure. You are determined to be a monomaniac to the end of the chapter."

Years have since passed away, but I have not yet heard that either the Duke of Wellington or Sir Robert Peel has called in this "modern philosopher" to aid them in bringing back old England to her former prosperity. I should think, from the occasional notices which I see of my quondam friend in the newspapers, that even with the "radicals" his doctrine of "circumstances" is at a discount. From whence, then, is *he* to derive his immortality? Only, I fear, as a landmark, hereafter, to point out to others the rock upon which *he* made shipwreck of his faith.

Now let us contrast for a moment the result of the labours of Elizabeth Fry and of Robert Owen, during the twenty years which have elapsed since I was introduced to them both in London. *She*, guided by Christian truth and impelled by Christian love, has been the means of reforming hundreds of the most degraded of her sex, and her exertions have not been confined to her native land. *She* has travelled extensively on the continent of Europe, not for pleasure, but to extend Christian advice and Christian sympathy to the inmates of prisons, and to endeavour to enlist the aid of the higher classes in carrying on this good work.

He, after having endeavoured most assiduously to convert others from the faith of their fathers, and teach them to deify the oracles of the living God, can point to no practical benefit which he has ever conferred on human kind, and in his old age he finds himself a mere cipher in that world which he had the vanity to imagine he was to fill with the glory of his name.

Mr. Randolph was a very marked "*Lion*" during this, his first visit to London. He received great attention from the most distinguished nobility, who were delighted with his extraordinary conversational powers, and these civilities, thus heaped upon him, gave him very evident satisfaction.

A short time before I left London, we dined together at the Marquis of L——'s, where we met a party of the most agreeable people. Among them were a learned professor of Cambridge University, and that venerable Irish patriot, the late Sir John Newport. I mention these two in particular, as the professor was quite astounded at Mr. Randolph's intimate knowledge of everything in England,

whether literary, political, or local; whilst good Sir John regarded, with an incredulous smile, Randolph's assertion that he had never been in Ireland.

"Well, my dear sir," said he, "I wish to heaven you would inoculate some of our Irish absentees with your admiration of poor Ireland, and induce them to obtain, by observation, one quarter the information which you have learned from men and books. I frankly confess to you, that I do not believe there is one of them in London whom you could not easily puzzle by a few home questions."

I ought to have mentioned, in its proper place, that our card of invitation said, "a quarter past seven." I said to Randolph that this meant eight o'clock, and that we need not be at the house earlier.

"Sir," replied he, "punctuality to engagements was one of the lessons taught me by my mother, (God bless her,) and I have always made it a rule to comply literally with the terms of an invitation. We must be there at the time specified, sir; late enough, in all conscience, for dinner."

We went accordingly, and when we arrived, just as the clock struck the quarter, the servants most politely stared at us, said nothing, but looked wonders, and quietly ushered us into the drawing-room, where we found nobody. The marquis had not yet reached home from the house of lords; and the other guests, more fashionable than ourselves, added the usual half-hour's grace to the appointed time. By and by the marchioness, a most fascinating woman—and good as she was fascinating—made her appearance, apologizing for her late toilet, which Randolph met by an amusing counter-apology for our republican punctuality, saying, that we had gained a decided advantage over the other gentlemen, by thus monopolizing her company to ourselves. At eight o'clock all were assembled, and dinner was announced. Randolph was given the post of honour, next to the marchioness, and at first thought he would be obliged to offer his services to carve—a duty which he by no means coveted,—but, to his inexpressible relief, the dishes were one by one removed to a side-table, where the servants performed the manual labour, and afterwards handed round each dish, properly carved, to the guests. The conversation soon became very animated, and took a political turn. Mr. Randolph was questioned closely on American affairs, and answered freely and fully. He candidly admitted what he considered to be the mistakes committed by the framers of the constitution, the greatest of which, he said, was the abolition of the laws of primogeniture. Some of the gentlemen thought this rather a strange complaint from a republican, although quite agreeing with him in principle; and before we separated, they had nearly mistaken him for an *Christocrat*. The Cambridge professor was so much interested in the conversation he walked home with us after the party broke up, and remained with us until two o'clock in the morning, closely questioning Randolph about American affairs. Randolph and myself were as much surprised at his knowledge of the United States, as he had been at Randolph's knowledge of England. I met no one in London who seemed to have taken more pains to gain correct information of everything American, and who had so much confidence in the success of the great experiment, a republican government. At parting, he gave us a very warm invitation to visit him at Cambridge, which I was obliged to decline for want of time, but which Mr. Randolph availed himself of subsequently.

We spent several days together, visiting the public buildings of London, and his previous intimate knowledge of

their history and localities, rendered him an invaluable guide. He could not endure the hacknied showmen, who make it a business to wait upon visitors, and recite, for pay, their well-learned lesson. "Take your fees, sir, and be gone, we want not your services," he would say indignantly to the astonished guide; who, however, would still follow us, as if he could not conscientiously pocket the money without having earned it. At Westminster Abbey, just as we entered its venerable walls, the solemn organ from the chapel sounded in our ears, and Randolph said to me:

"Come, my friend, let us worship together for once, and perhaps only once, in this glorious receptacle of the great, the wise, the mighty of the earth; and, whilst we kneel in prayer to our Almighty Father, let us reflect, as our eyes rest on the sculptured tombs of kings and statesmen, that 'vanity of vanities, all is vanity saith the preacher.'"

We accordingly attended prayers, and most audibly and solemnly did Randolph repeat the responses. His figure, his voice, his solemnity of manner, were so striking, the persons present eyed him with no small curiosity, and I caught even the reverend clergyman's gaze more than once fixed upon him; but he noticed them not, so completely were his feelings enlisted in the simple services of the altar. After we had examined and criticised all the most striking monuments, he said to me:

"Now, come, and I will show you the most imposing of all the 'mementos' in this great national mausoleum; not for grandeur of design, nor beauty of sculpture, but for the greatest simplicity. Look down, sir, on these two plain slabs,"—and he pointed to two very plain tomb-stones,—

W. P.

C. J. F.

"there, sir, lie the remains of William Pitt and Charles James Fox; the two great master-minds, the two most illustrious rivals of the age. In my opinion, sir, it exhibits a correct taste in the designer to use their simple initials alone, W. P., C. J. F., as an all-sufficient eulogy. The contrast is so great, sir, between these humble slabs and yonder splendid monuments to kings and princes, we turn with disgust from that species of fame which can be transmitted to posterity by the aid of gold, to *this*, which requires no 'fancied urn' to secure its immortality."

The monument in the poet's corner, to the memory of Gay, displeased him very much from its flippancy:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

From Westminster Abbey we proceeded to St. Paul's, and after an arduous journey, reached the inside of the ball. There we sat, and joked and moralized for half an hour, looking down upon the thousands and tens of thousands of pigmies who were traversing the narrow streets, and gazing over the apparently illimitable extent of London.

"I shall leave some evidence of our visit here," exclaimed Randolph, pulling out his card-case, and placing two or three of his cards, "Randolph of Roanoke," in a crevice of the ball. I never heard whether the bishop of London, or the dean of St. Paul's, appropriated this visit to himself; but the next time I enter the ball, I mean to search for these mementos of our elevated *St. Paul's*.

Mr. Randolph abandoned none of his peculiarities of dress whilst he was in London. He walked the streets there as unconcerned as he used to do in Washington, utterly careless of the curiosity he excited by his strange appear-

ance. Several times, when I walked with him, the people would stop and gaze at him, but this never annoyed him. He did not seem to notice it. If the topic of conversation interested him, he would stop occasionally, no matter how public the spot was, and deliver one of his "extemporaneous flashes," and then walk quietly on, without paying the slightest regard to the shrugs of the passing strangers. He appeared to be intimately acquainted with all the bye streets, lanes and alleys of London, and whenever we had any great distance to walk, he initiated me into all the *short cuts*, which none but Londoners are supposed to know. *x.*

JOTTINGS (from the Intelligencer.)

DR. HOWE.—It will be a curious piece of news to you that our countryman Dr. Howe (lately married and gone abroad) has been stopped on the borders of Prussia by a *Cabinet order*, and of course is shut out from so much of the Rhine as lies (if my geography serves me) between Coblenz and Cologne. 'This special edict on the part of a king with a standing army of two hundred thousand men is no small compliment to Dr. Howe's consequence; but perhaps it would interest your readers to be made acquainted with the *cetera intus*.

About ten years ago I had the honour (and as such I shall always treasure the memory) of sharing Dr. Howe's lodgings at Paris for some months. He was then employed in learning that system of instruction for the blind upon which he has since grafted improvements that have made him a separate fame among philanthropists. Philanthropy seems to be his engrossing and only mission in life, however; for, though giving the most of his day to the objects of his special errand, he found time to make himself the most serviceable man in France to the cause of Poland. The disasters of Warsaw had filled Paris with destitute refugees, and distinguished men who had shared in that desperate battle were literally houseless in the streets. Our common breakfast-room was thronged with these unfortunate patriots, and, with noble liberality, Dr. Howe kept open table for all who came to him—many of them to my knowledge getting no food elsewhere, and, among others, Leliewel, the distinguished poet and patriot, coming in one morning to ask a breakfast, as I well recollect, after having slept out a winter's night in the street. Lafayette was at that time at the head of the Polish committee, and Fenimore Cooper (whose generosity to the Poles should be chronicled, as well as the devotion of his time and talents to the cause) shared with Dr. Howe the counsel and most efficient agency of the benevolent old man. At this time a sum of money was raised to be sent, with some important and secret despatches, to the Poles who had fled into Prussia, and Dr. Howe offered to be the bearer. I went with him to the *Messagerie* and saw him off in the *diligence*, very little suspecting the dangerous character of his errand. He arrived at Berlin, and, after passing the evening abroad, returned to his hotel and found a couple of *gens-d'armes* in his room. They informed him that he must accompany them to the police. The doctor understood his position in a moment. By a sudden effort he succeeded in pitching both the soldiers out of the room and closing the door, for it was all-important that he should gain time to destroy papers that he had about him. The *gens-d'armes* commenced a parley with him through the bolted door, which resulted in a compact that he should be let alone till morning, on condition of his agreeing to go with them peaceably at daylight—they keeping sentry outside. He had no light, but he passed the night in tearing into the smallest possible fragments the important papers and soaking them in water. Among his papers, however, were two or three letters from Lafayette to himself which he wished to preserve, and after examining the room he secreted these in the hollow of a plaster cast of the king which chanced to be there, and so saved them; for, though the minute fragments were picked out and put together again, (as he subsequently discovered,) he wrote to a friend at Berlin six months after, who went to the hotel and found the secreted letters safe in the plaster king's keeping!

At dawn Dr. Howe opened his door, and was marched immediately to prison. By chance, on the evening of his arrival, he had met an American in the entry of the hotel who had recognized him, and the next day came to call. From the mysterious manner in which the people of the house denied all knowledge of what had become of him, this gentleman suspected an arrest, and wrote to Mr. Rives, our then minister to France, stating his suspicion. Mr. Rives immediately demanded him of the Prussian government, and was assured in reply that they knew nothing of the person in question. Mr. Rives applied a second time. Dr. Howe had now been six weeks in solitary confinement, and at the end of this period he was taken out in silence and put into a carriage with closed windows. They drove off, and it was his own terrible belief for the first day, that he was on his way to Siberia. By the light through the covering of the carriage, however, he discovered that he was going westward. The sudden transition from close confinement to the raw air, threw him into a fever, and on the third day of his silent journey he begged to be allowed to stop and consult a physician. They refused. On the next morning, while changing horses, a physician was brought to the carriage-door, who, after seeing the prisoner, wrote a certificate that he was able to proceed, and they again drove on. That day they crossed a corner of the Hanoverian dominions, and, while stopping for a moment in a village, Dr. Howe saw the red coats of some officers, and by a bold attempt escaped from his guards and threw himself on their protection. They quietly restored him to the Prussians, and the carriage drove on once more—his guard finally setting him down at Metz, on the borders of Prussia, with orders never to enter again the Prussian dominions. At present he is at Baden-Baden, and Mr. Everett is engaged in a negotiation, through the Prussian minister at London, (Chevalier Bunsen,) for the revocation of the Cabinet order and permission for a simple citizen of the United States to show his bride the Rhine! Mr. Greene, our consul at Rome, who is now in New-York, informs me that Dr. Howe is also on the black list of the king of Naples—of course as a general champion of liberty.

Dr. Howe's first reputation, as is well known, was made as a Philhellene in the Greek revolution. He left this country entirely without means, having just completed his studies in surgery, and worked his passage to Greece. He entered the service as surgeon, and soon gained the highest promotion—serving part of the time on board the armed steamer commanded by Hastings—the only fault found with him being (as a Hanoverian comrade of his told me at Paris) that he would be in the fight, and was only a surgeon when the battle was over. His whole career in Greece was one of gallant acts of bravery, generosity, and self-sacrifice, as represented by his companions there—and if he could ever be made to overcome the unwillingness with which he speaks of himself, his history of personal adventure would, without doubt, be one of the most curiously interesting narratives in the world. Dr. Howe's slight person, delicate and beautiful features and soft voice, would give one the impression that he was more at home in his patient labour of winding light through the labyrinth of the sense-imprisoned Laura Bridgman; but a more fiery spirit, and one more reluctant to submit to the details of quiet life does not exist, and the most trying service he has ever done in the cause of philanthropy, I sincerely believe, is this discipline of his tumultuous energies to the patient teaching of the blind. He is still a young man—not yet forty, I believe. I could not trust my admiration and affection to say more of his character than the giving of this simple statement of facts.

WANDERINGS ON THE SEAS AND SHORES OF AFRICA.—I read with much interest yesterday the first number of a new serial book of travels published in this city. It is called "Wanderings on the Seas and Shores of Africa," and the copyright is taken out by Mr. Bacon, (brother of the eminent clergyman of that name at New Haven,) who I presume is the author. He went out as Colonial Physician to Liberia, and the work embodies his adventures for three years. In an account which he gives of his preparations for the enterprise, he says: "By various means I sought to secure myself against the special

dangers of African life. For five years I trained myself in a peculiar course of abstinence, hardship, and pedestrian exercise. From my 18th to my 23d year I ate no meat and no part of any animated thing, under a conviction acquired in my early life from some of my miscellaneous readings that a pure vegetable diet would prolong the life of man, and exempt him from most of "the ills that flesh is heir to." During much of this period, I also rigidly abstained from tea, coffee, alcohol, and tobacco, as excitants and exhilarants ultimately injurious to the human system, in whatever quantities taken. I discarded the use of a soft bed, generally sleeping upon a hard couch or upon still harder boards, with window open throughout the year, in the earnestness of my endeavors to rid myself of all those luxurious comforts which I believed adapted only to enervate the body, to unfit it for the hardships of a life of labour and adventure, and to render it the more liable to the attacks of disease. I took many pedestrian tours, braving alike the heat and sunshine of summer and the cold storms of winter, in a dress the same in all seasons. For some years I rarely passed three days together without walking several miles, often through pathless woods and over rough rocks and mountains. I look back on these indulgences of a wilful spirit of experiment as *boyish follies*, which subjected me to much needless bodily suffering and mental trial, and wasted much time and strength which might have been employed in more normal modes, with greater benefit to myself and others." Mr. Bacon passed nine or ten months at Cape Palmas, nearly two months at Sierra Leone, two months on the Gambia, two months on the Senegal, and made numerous voyages along the coast of Senegambia and Guinea, from the Desert of Sahara to the Gold Coast, visiting missionary stations, slave factories, trading places, and native towns before undescribed. He presents new facts on the subjects of the Slave Trade, Colonization, Christian Missions, African Commerce, &c., and gives the results of medical practice in the peculiar diseases of the coast, with observations on the natural history of those little-explored regions. From this specimen number it promises to be full of information, and it is written in a kind of frank autobiography, which is extremely readable and entertaining. He states, by the way, in his preface, that, "after many delays and disappointments, he finds it necessary to publish his book on his own pecuniary responsibility—the present state of the book-trade being such as to prevent him from disposing of the copyright at any advantage in the ordinary way, to the booksellers and publishers." So interesting a book as this wanting a publisher is a pretty strong exponent of the need of some amendment to the law of copyright.

FLOATING NEWS AND CHIT-CHAT.—The New-York "American," after quoting from what the editor calls "the agreeably gossiping New-York correspondent of the *Intelligencer*," remarks that "this correspondence is not, to be sure, very reliable for matters of fact"—which is very like disparaging a hasty pudding for not being a rump steak. This style of criticizing things by telling what they are not, suits the "American" in the two respects, that it is both easy and oracular. But I should prefer to be tried rather by what I undertake to do, which is certainly not to send you simply "matters of fact." To wait for the winnowing of error and exaggeration from truth, would be to send you a correspondence as stale as some of the columns in which I am found fault with. I profess nothing of the kind. I send you the novelty and gossip of the hour, and you, and all others (except those who are "nothing if not critical" and *must* find a fault) take it as they take what they hear in their day's walk—as material for conversation and speculation, which may be mere rumour, may be truth. I am happy to amuse a New-York editor, but I do not write for one so near my sources of information. I write with only such of your subscribers in my eye as are not resident in New-York—who want a gay daguerreotype of the floating news and chit-chat of the hour, such as they would have gathered by observation and conversation, if they had passed in New-York the day on which I write. Loose as is all this ministry to the love of news, however, I will lay any bet which I could have the conscience to take from that editor, that, comparing

paragraph by paragraph with his own paper, for twenty columns, I will find more misstatements in his than in my own—though you would think by his criticism that he never committed an error in his life.

GENERAL GREENE.—An exquisite copy was shown me yesterday by our scholarly and talented consul at Rome of the medal voted by Congress to his grandfather, General Greene, in commemoration of the brilliant Southern campaign and the concluding *Battle of Eutaw*. It is a fine portrait of the gallant old man, and the device on the reverse side, representing the Spirit of Liberty bringing blessings to the South, is admirably executed. The two field-pieces presented to the hero by Congress at the same time are still left by his family in the repository at West Point. The grandson, Mr. Greene, is obliged to reside abroad for his health, but his acquirements and contributions to the *North American Review* and other periodicals do credit to his country, and it could be wished that, as a tribute at least to the memory of one of the gainers of our independence, he might have a more lucrative post abroad than a nominal consulship. Mr. Greene is married to a lovely young Roman lady, who has lately distinguished herself as an artist.

SINS OF CORRESPONDENCE.—And, *apropos* of my sins of correspondence, I find that propriety begins to require that all words signifying exhilarating drinks must henceforth be decently disembowelled: that cobbles must be written c—s, and jalaps j—s, slings s—s, and punches p—s. I have had three letters and one poetic appeal addressed to me, remonstrative against my shameless mention of these iniquitous beverages in so exemplary a paper as the *Intelligencer*. I consider this an exponent of the leading enthusiasm of the era, and willingly give way. One of my rebukers attacked me more particularly for what he considered a slighting allusion to the coming of Father Mathew to America. To this, in intention, at least, I plead not guilty. I revere the character of that great reformer, and I consider his mission sacred and salutary. My submission shall be more emphatic, if necessary.

ENGLISH SONGS.—I have seen the first sheet or two of a most beautiful edition of Barry Cornwall's "English Songs," publishing by Ticknor, of Boston. I have for some time had the only copy I could hear of in the country, and I congratulate the lovers of verse on the chance of possessing one of the most delicious feasts of poetry ever put under covers. It will be out in a few days.

MACREADY—draws well, and the town is fully occupied in discussing why he only *astonishes* and never *moves* the feelings of his audience. He is a most accomplished player, and in these days, when theatrical criticism can neither help nor harm an actor, he can pursue the even tenor of his style with little interruption.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The *Italian Operatic Company* have concluded their engagement. Antognini and Madame Mejcocchi rather grew upon the liking of the musical, but altogether it was an indifferent affair, exceedingly well-patronized—owing, probably, to the admirable excellence of the orchestra.

LONGFELLOW—a poet who combines genius and workmanlike finish—is in New-York, under the care of Elliot the oculist. I trust he will keep an undamaged pair of eyes, though the loss of sight would turn a great deal of new-light inward upon his mind—as it did upon Milton's—and be a gain to the glory of his country.

WARM DAY IN OCTOBER.—I am ministered to while writing to-day by the most deliciously-tempered autumn air that ever intoxicated the heart of a ripening grape. I only lament that the distinct pleasure I feel in every pore and fibre will not be channelled into the nib of my pen and flow to you in rhetoric. The wind is a little northerly, however, and it may bring you a sample.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—Weir's great national painting, the "Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delf-Haven," is now open for exhibition at the rooms of the Academy of Design, corner of Broadway and Leonard-street. The present is the only opportunity that our citizens will have of seeing this fine picture.

SERENADE.

Open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
The cool balmy breeze
Is abroad on the sea!
The moon, like a queen,
Roams her realms of blue,
And the stars keep their vigils
In heaven for you.
Ere morn's gushing light
Tips the hills with its ray.
Away, o'er the waters,
Away and away!
Then open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
While the moon's in the sky,
And the breeze on the sea!

Open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
In the voyage of life,
Love our pilot will be!
He will sit at the helm
Wherever we rove,
And steer by the lead-star
He kindled above!
His shell for a shallop
Will cut the bright spray,
Or skim, like a bird,
O'er the waters away;
Then open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me,
While the moon's in the sky,
And the breeze on the sea!

TO THE LADIES.

We have nothing to write about, this morning, ladies!—quite nothing! We presume you know that the crocus yellow and the blue of your own eyes are the fashionable colours; that Middleton cuts his slippers low behind for such ladies as know what is becoming to the foot; that the late strain after economy is yielding to a rebound of extravagance, (consequently, this winter, you can wear nothing too gorgeously sumptuous;) that ruinous bracelets are utterly indispensable to wrists with a swan's neck in them, and that the *New Mirror* (pardon us!) is of the fashionable crocus tint *without*, and as "blue" *within* as is bearable by the copyrighted and intoxicating benightedness of Beauty. If you had sent for us to your boudoir and ordered our memory spread out upon a silk cushion, we could tell you no more.

If you are interested at all in *us*,—we are having, this morning, our little private mope, with no possible flight of fancy beyond the ends of our fingers. We have been sitting here two hours making Caryatides to hold up some spilt ink on our blotting-paper—(rather nicely drawn, one of them, and looks like a Greek girl we saw at Egina.) Then we have had a reverie on political economy—musing, that is to say, whether we should wear a ring on our right hand, (which belongs to the working classes,) or on the left, which is purely an ornamental idler, born but to be gloved and kept gentlemanly. Now what do you think on that subject? Here is this most virtuous and attached right hand of ours, an exemplary and indefatigable provider for himself and the other members of our family, who has never failed to bring bread to our mouths since we placed our dependance on him, and why should he not be ornamented and made trim and respectable, first and foremost! He is not defiled by his work. He is clean when he is washed. He is made on the same model as the idle dangler opposite, and though he could do very well without that same Mr. Sinister Digits, there would be no "living" for Mr. Sinister Digits without *him*! Most meritorious work! Put the ring on his forefinger!

Um! it does not *look* so well on that hand! There is a dingy groove on the inside of the second finger, (which you would not remark, perhaps, but for the conspicuousness of

the jewel)—a nasty soil of an ill-effaced ink-spot, made by a quill. Faith! it calls attention to "the shop," and would do so in good company! He must work in gloves if he is to be observed! And the ring is not so becomingly carried, as by that other plumper and more taper gentleman, whose joints, with less dexterity, look supple and, truth to own, more suitable!

No—no! "Take back the ring!" The bee works hard enough to have his pick of wings, but he would only be cumbered with the butterfly's. Indulgence forever to the ornaments! Money to the ladies whether you have it or no! Credit to the dandies! And, befitting brown bread and plain blessings for the labour-stained right hands of society—our own among the worky-most and least complaining!

We have been ring-mad since the mummy's ring (mentioned in the last *Mirror*) was slipped upon our finger, and we have pulled out from our store of relics a huge emerald (in whose light is locked up a history) and it was of the wearing of it that we mused in this morning's mope of idleness. The world is set in a solid emerald, says the Mahomedan—"the emerald stone Sakhrat, the agitations of whose light cause earthquakes." We would make a pilgrimage (if our "travels" would sell) to see the great "mother of emeralds" worshipped by the Peruvians in the Valley of Manta—big as a gourd and luminous at morn midnight, (or so they say.) Excuse us, when we meet you, if we proffer our left hand for courtesy, for on the fore-finger of that sits our agitated emerald—the right hand kept, unrewarded by your touch, to serve you only. Adieu—till they are dead who are to die, (one a minute,) ere another Saturday—for, at the close of our overflowings into your cup, this sad thought runs over! And if, in the midst of our trifling, Providence ministers such thoughts to us, they can scarce be unseasonable, passed on, in the same company, to you!

POSTSCRIPT.

Oh Major Noah! Oh Express Otis! Do you think we have "Sampson's hair, Milo's strength, Scanderberg's arm, Solomon's wisdom, Croesus's wealth, Tully's eloquence, Gyges' ring, Perseus' Pegasus, Gorgon's head, Nestor's years"—that we can achieve all you credit to us! We *did not* write the article on "hat" in a foregone *Mirror*, and we are *not* the New-York correspondent of the *Providence Journal*—(though many thanks to that kind *Providence Daily* for many favours.) No, oh Major! No, oh Otis! Few things are smoother in this world than the under side of our right arm, polished with perpetual quill-chasing—but there are things in the world we have not written, we soberly aver! *Spee sibi quisquis*.

Many thanks to the Knickerbocker for its cool Willis-and-Water! Oh heavens, dear Ollapod, don't dilute us! If you want your damsels written to, trot them out, and give us a fair per-centage on the product—but don't wire-draw us! We are as fine as we can bear our weight—Experiment proves! "No more on't an thou lov'st me!"

Health to the lady in Mississippi who sends us some most canonical and irreproachable verse wasted on a theme out of the dictionary. Half the battle in poetry, is choosing a good subject, oh bright lady! Take a leaf out of your heart, (for you must have loved somebody,) and embroider it that way, and it will *do*.

We salute the author of "Cheap Boarding-houses and True Love" and desire to hear more of him.

Miss Cushman's poetry is good, as is most she does and it is in the approved copy-drawer. She should write a play, and play it. Her talents are ample for great success in dramatic literature.

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EDITED BY G. P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

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SATURDAY,

OCTOBER 21, 1843.

THE NEW MIRROR;

A

SATURDAY PAPER

OF

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EDITED BY

G. P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

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1843.

NEW SERIES.

NUMBER THREE.



Illustration of a woman reading to a child.
From the "Illustrated London News".

My Mother's Bible.

THE NEW MIRROR.

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dispensed, at a cost varying from twenty dollars per week. A preposterous limit, possibly you think, these two extremes of price; but to him who puts small money in his purse, and that only from the daily coinings of a low-priced brain—the forced product of an unproductive soil—it is a perfect Zahara of distance, and the choice between is matter of serious and ponderous deliberation.

It hath pleased sundry philosophers to reason learnedly upon the manifold benefits which would accrue to man, if he had been created with more wants and desires, and with the more means and contrivances necessary to gratify them; and many ingenious essays have been written in praise of piling on additional organs to the human machine. But to me, calmly considering upon the matter, it doth appear—

sound, indicating that an ant rush of strong-stomached-expectants has taken we can enter quietly. I'll not give you an introduction to my fellow-sufferers now; that treat I propose to store for a future occasion, merely saying, *per par* that every one of them is a pocket-volume of very pl for you to study. Great *entrepôts* of character, these boarding-houses; they gather together, by mutual sym all the oddities of humanity; and these world-abused zens are rare studies. But of them anon. For the pr cast your eye along the scanty-furnished length of that t innocent of cloth, and take an inventory of its fat thi On its bare board see, at protracted intervals, huge pile.

— My Mother's Bible.

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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1843.

NUMBER 3

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Written for Henry Russell by the author of 'Woodman, spare that tree.'

(The music may be had of Firth & Hall.)

THIS book is all that's left me now !
Tears will unbidden start ;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations pass'd,
Here is our family tree ;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd ;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear :
Who round the hearth-stone used to crouch
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear ;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet !
What thronging memories come !
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried ;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy :
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

(COMMUNICATED.)

CHEAP BOARDING AND TRUE LOVE.

There is one feature in the big face of this monstrous metropolis, oh most good-natured of Editors ! that you ought daily to give thanks, on your bended knees, it has not been your fortune to see and understand. It has never been your calamity to date your whereabouts from any one of those numberless human dens with which our city abounds, yclept—heaven save the mark!—cheap boarding-houses ! To be boarded by a pirate is said to be perilous ; I have never experienced it, and take the assertion upon trust ; but to be boarded by a cheap landlady, is matter of life and death—I say it understandingly, for I *know* it. From the annihilating anathema which should be pronounced upon this feature of our beloved city, I would of course exclude the Edgar-House, and sundry other equally respectable but less honoured receptacles of dowerless citizens, which, being without the pale of the “cheap,” come not within the scope of my observation. I write of the mass—the majority—the cheap ! those great uncivilized reservoirs in a civilized community. These do I hold in utter detestation, and speak from the records of a starved and protracted experience, when I write them down the imbediments of discomfort, where vexations and stale bread, annoyances and foul meats, are bountifully dispensed, at a cost varying from twenty shillings to three dollars per week. A preposterous limit, possibly you think, these two extremes of price ; but to him who puts small money in his purse, and that only from the daily coinings of a low-priced brain—(the forced product of an unproductive soil)—it is a perfect Zahara of distance, and the choice between is matter of serious and ponderous deliberation.

It hath pleased sundry philosophers to reason learnedly upon the manifold benefits which would accrue to man, if he had been created with more wants and desires, and with the more means and contrivances necessary to gratify them ; and many ingenious essays have been written in praise of piling on additional organs to the human machine. But to me, calmly considering upon the matter, it doth appear—

that, so far from being brought into this breathing world with an additional member or members to our body corporate, it would have been vastly better, to some of us, at least, had we made our appearance with still less than now, which daily tax our ingenuity and industry to keep them employed ; and, had too bountiful Nature left closed the door whereat go in our virtuals, it would have been a monstrous saving of time, labour, and property. The idea is worthy of a philanthropist, and its effect in ameliorating the condition of mankind would gladden the heart of a Wilberforce. It is delightful to think of the accruing benefits, if men could be formed to feed after the fabled fashion of the chameleon ! In all sincerity of heart, I do believe, that, supporting oneself upon the fœtid and impure air of this great maelstrom of humanity, even after it had floated over its three hundred thousand destined human lungs, countless myriads of times, would be infinitely more pleasant than to feed at the public troughs of our landladies' uncleanly styces, and vastly more economical. Of course, I speak not for those for whom a silver spoon glimmered in bright perspective before they opened their eyes, but for those who dig their sustenance out of an ungrateful world without the assistance of any spoon at all.

What a bottomless basket is this matter of eating ! What a horrible tax, collected by nature, unrelentingly and unsparingly, of every subject ! 'Tis the stamp-act of Creation, self-imposed, and must meet its instalments ; but it is saddening to think how eating has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. We are all the bounden slaves of appetite ; we must eat ; and, for one, I confess myself chain-bound to its will, and live in the desire for good things. My palate, like the daughters of the horse-leech, cries, “give ! give !” I reverence the smell of savoury viands ; I venerate the sight of well-cooked meats ; but I more respect the *taste* of palate comestibles. Visions of departed dinners are even now haunting the dim chambers of memory, like ghosts of the departed and dearly loved ; but, alas ! though they stay there, they stay not the stomach. Leeze me on fodder. A good dinner, I opine, is a marvellous pleasant thing. I have eaten them, once or twice ; but, so far in the dingy bowels of the past, even the memory of their particulars is digested and departed. I have lately picked up the stray “bills of fare,” soiled and crumpled, swept from a well-kept hotel in my neighbourhood, by unthinking and tasteless varlets, and in some obscure corner made exquisite imaginative-dinners from the remembered names—less than “the bare remembrance of a feast !” Rare dishes, then !—thought-purveyed and fancy-cooked ! Delicious meals ! *sans* diminution of coin !

Entertaining these exalted notions of good dinners in particular, and wholesome eating in general, you shall judge of my daily bliss. Come with me to my feeding-house. Enter it in fancy, but avoid it in fact. You shall know one of these places—these cheap boarding-houses—by its dingy façade and dirty exterior. Its very outer wall is an incentive to suicide. It looks the antipode of comfort. We will omit the locality of this particular one, as it is one of a class. See its well-worn step, partially covered with the remnant of an antiquated foot-mat, whose age is lost in antediluvian obscurity. Step daintily over the foul threshold, come at once into the (so called) parlour, and see my morning feed. The cracked bell in the hall has sent forth its melancholy sound, indicating that “the wittles is up,” and the succedant rush of strong-stomached-expectants has taken place, so we can enter quietly. I'll not give you an introduction to my fellow-sufferers now ; that treat I propose to hold in store for a future occasion, merely saying, *par parenthese*, that every one of them is a pocket-volume of very plain print for you to study. Great *entrepôts* of character, these cheap boarding-houses ; they gather together, by mutual sympathy, all the oddities of humanity ; and these world-abused denizens are rare studies. But of them anon. For the present cast your eye along the scanty-furnished length of that table, innocent of cloth, and take an inventory of its fat things. On its bare board see, at protracted intervals, huge piles of

musty bread, in Patagonian slices of most substantial thickness, whose pungent aroma speaks loudly of the sourness of the raw material; each pile flanked by a diminutive plate of ill-favoured butter, deadly pale, and white with an unquestioned sense of its own unworthiness, for "its offence is rank, it smells to heaven." At either end of the board are immense areas of black, leathery-looking beef, undoubtedly sliced from the body of some consumptive ox, who dropped, toil-exhausted, in the dog-days, and went quietly out of the world from the sheer lack of strength to breathe, hard-worked and patient. (Regarding these same dishes—take the advice of an experienced friend, and eschew them as you would an evil deed. Their caoutchouc integuments are not for those who have a horror of dentists' bills. Cut yourself a pair of suspenders from them for your fishing overhauls, if you please, but venture not upon the teeth-periling task of eating.) In scattered sections over the wilderness of board are little dishes of the chopped-up remnants of yesterday's dinner, of which the dogs were cheated, floating in rancid ponds of grease. These things, and these only, constitute the breakfast of those hungry humans. I pass by, you perceive, that liquid at the top of the table—once Croton, now an awful compound of villanous ingredients, which the landlady regularly calls coffee, every morning, and brazen falsehood chokes her not. I pass that liquor by, as unworthy of notice. Now, what think you of our breakfast? Ought we not to grow fat and merry?*

There is one peculiarity attendant upon these phenomena of civilization, which I would fain notice in this connection. The exterior of one of these caravans of humanity is peculiarly its own. It has an air, a look, which may not be confounded with any other house. Independent of its dirt, which might not inappropriately belong to some other habitation, it is sure to be plastered all over with dentists' and doctors' signs, its unfailing and unmistakable attendants. Dentists are indigenous to cheap boarding-houses—they spring up, mushroom-like, whenever a cheap landlady opens; and then and there fleece the verdant portion of the boarders, till they amass pence enough to buy a big brass plate, with their name lyngly engraved thereon, which they forthwith affix to some too credulous landlord's door, and straightway become regular and respectable members of the profession. I hate these human-Thames-tunnel-men—working forever in the thoroughfare to your stomach, as if it were a continental highway—ramming their cold and uncouth tools in the avenue left open for one's fodder, as mercilessly and heartily as the city paviour, the dentist of roads, rams away upon the corporation's paving-stones. Kindred occupations they, though your city-road dentist is the more respectable and the least demoralizing. It is a question worthy the consideration of the moralist, why dentistry and chicanery be always in communion—why dentistry and cheater be such invariable and indissoluble partners in trade—why the opening of others' mouths should gradually but surely shut up the opener's heart. Bowels of compassion never had dentist. In their mushroom existence they have the best seat at table, the rarest slices of beef, and the sweetest smile of the daughter. They are acquainted, *ex officio*, with all the female boarders, and have the *entrée* of their rooms at demoralizing hours. The dentists, in this particular house I have been writing of, I know, and hate correspondingly. I had it in serious contemplation once to rid the house of them. My plan was a good one. I proposed to buy and train an elephant for the purpose; have the dentists put in their heads as well as hands for an examination of the elephant's capacious reservoir, or food depot, when he, trap-like, should close his massive jaw upon their brain-cases, and thus be rid of them at once, by a process which would need the coroner's attendance. The project was feasible and good, but the scheme fell through for lack of funds, and the dentists still live and thrive.

But, touching our boarders—you don't know them. The more's the pity. 'Tis your misfortune, but I mean it shall

not be my fault. I will tell you now a story about one of them—a tale of true love and its roughness; for romances are enacted, as well as read, at twenty-shilling boarding-houses. Jonas Jones is my hero. He was a boarder—*was*—alas! that past tense is fatal. *Hic jacet* has not been written for him, but he has departed our circle. Let one brief chapter of his history be written.

JONAS JONES is certainly not a name for boarding-school misses to go demented about; it predisposes you for nothing romantic; it is, of itself, possibly, very commonplace, and should belong to a very stupid body; but it was, nevertheless, the veritable cognomen of one who was a living victim to romantic sensations—a peripatetic bundle of fine fancies—of one whose brain was as bewilderingly active as a disturbed bee-hive, and whose heart, like an open tinder-box, was ready to quicken to sudden and self-consuming fire at the veriest chance spark of beauty. It was all one to Jonas where the spark came from; no matter whether struck from the laughing eyes of a village belle, as her careless glance fell mirthfully upon him, in rustic sport on the greensward; or whether glancing from the haughty stare of a city beauty, as it flashed from under a fashionable bonnet on the unnoticed victim in the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway. It was all the same to Jonas. He went off at once under its influence, like a rocket from its match, into the ideal sky of dream-land, and there built magnificent airy-castles, with beauty's random glances for their corner-stones.

Jonas was a woman-worshipper, and his heart was ever on its bended knee to beauty. The chance glance of an eye; the accidental contact of a delicate gloved hand; nay, the very rustling of a silk dress, was matter for the day-dreams of a week, and filled his fancy-peopled realm of thought for many a sleepless night. With this high-strung and inflammable temperament, Jonas was transplanted from the quiet of a far-away down-east village to the brilliant and noisy metropolis of New-York. Unhappy man! thy swimming brain reeled under the change—it was like throwing a cage-bred bird suddenly from the barrenness of its prison-house, untrammelled, into a wilderness of sunny flowers and scented blossoms; transferring Prometheus from his bed of rock, at once, to all the luxuries of Mahomet's heaven; and the very blessedness of the change wrought upon this unhackneyed spirit, till an intoxication of the heart was visible to the most careless observer as the sun at noonday.

Jonas' outer man was not a fit shrine for so delicate and easily perturbed a spirit. Sooth to say, he was plain, very plain—and the eye of beauty, unconscious and uncaring, glanced coldly over his passionless face, only to stir the scarce slumbering spirit within, without ever knowing a rebound from his unloved and unlovable exterior; and up to the time of which we write, Jonas had never produced a sensation. Never had female heart fluttered for him, while he had been a sensitive plant to the whole sex.

The day of Jonas' advent to the great city is marked with a white stone in his memory. His first appearance was at the breakfast-table of our cheap boarding-house, where a considerate and penny-saving friend had secured him "a local habitation"—alas, he had already "a name!"

Now, it is a thousand chances to one, the eyes that look upon this page know not the paramount reason that often induces landladies to open cheap boarding-houses. But few are cognizant of the germ of these receptacles for men with decayed pockets, and youth of slender expectations. It is to most people an unknown thing, and, as it is necessary to a right understanding of this chapter in Jonas' history, I shall proceed to unravel what is generally a mystery—a sealed book to the uninitiated.

The odds always are, that the landlady elect has a daughter, more or less pretty, whose beauties waste their sweetness on the desert air, while they occupy a "second story back," in some obscure retreat, unknown and unknown. The dismal matrimonial prospect from that unnoticed quarter is heart-sickening to the worldly mother, and, as a desperate fling for fortune, she coaxes some misjudging friend to be security for her rent, and affixing a rusty "BOARDING" plate to the door, in some more frequented thoroughfare, she launches at once into the art and mystery of practising how little and how poor will keep men alive;—her main object being to give her daughter an opportunity to display her unappreciated beauties from the head of a table to the admiring eyes of scores of clerks, thinking, possibly, some infatuated youth with a father, well to do in the country, may fall

* I have just quarrelled with my landlady, she having made her diurnal dun for my last month's board, which she seems very desirous should be put in the way of liquidation. I look upon it as unmannerly in her thus to dun a gentleman, and I am relieved and gratified by exposing her table to the public. If she continues impatient about "the trifling amount of my bill," I am determined to leave the house in disgust, and patronize some other establishment!

before their unmasked artillery, and be a prop to her latter days. This, oh properly astonished reader! is ofttime the sole and only cause of many of these curious places, now for the first time recorded and made public. Wonder not, oh open-mouthed credulity! but ponder deliberately upon the fact, and see if it be not a fit subject to report upon at the next meeting of thy "Society for the Suppression of Vice." It is, to my poor thinking, evil in its principle, and in its practice calling loudly for abatement.

Our landlady's daughter, it is not to be denied, *was* pretty, and rejoiced in the name of Julia. She was just past eighteen, and in her chrysalis state in Blank-street, the budding promise of her youth had blossomed into beauty unnoticed. Her eyes were a wicked black, and much tuition had made them fascinating. To Jonas they were basilisks—for, when he once fairly looked into them, his heart became suddenly conscious that it was like a volunteer company's target on a prize day; and every raven curl, that lent a deeper shadow to the lustre of their unmitigated blackness, (making a midnight for those twin stars,) wound itself like a living thing about his perforated heart. Her nose was slightly—very slightly—the word will out—very slightly pug; but it was more than redeemed by the winning sweetness of a mouth, whose delicate curve, fit shape for Cupid's bow, was wavy as an infant's, between a pair of ripe red lips of the most kiss-inviting fullness that ever mutely challenged passion. Hidden beneath their pouting beauty was a little treasury of teeth, whose glittering purity flashed out from their rosy prison-house when she smiled, like sudden sunlight through a shell-tinted cloud. The swell of her neck, demi-kerchiefed, when it was not hidden by the rich masses of curls, was without knot or dimple to break its statue-like symmetry. The rounded outline of her form was worthy a sculptor's reverie, and the daily task of making tea served to show its most fascinating proportions in every desirable position for admiration. As she leaned over the morning or evening table, to ply her vocation under the scrutiny of twenty pair of staring eyes, the bold swell of a faultless bust, daintily fitted with a white boddice, was relieved against the dun of a well-worn tea-board, in all its voluptuous fullness, with a boldness of outline that put the well-defined curve of the tea-pot to shame; and as her forehead was daintily pressed on the black button of that tea-pot's cover, while with her dexter hand she poised it over the destined crockery, the delicate tips of her snowy fingers were mirrored in its shining top no less than in the forty eyes intent upon catching her smiles. And if she did sometimes have to rise in her seat for some more distant cup, it only lifted the symmetrical waist just far enough above the table to show the perfection of her well-developed form in all its fullness to the staring youths at the nether end of the board.

With such capital, could Julia possibly embark in a matrimonial speculation unsuccessfully? The mother's heart answered when the boarding-house was opened.

Does the patient reader think this an overwrought, or out-of-place description for an obscure boarding-house *attaché*? I fear me she does, but it is true, nevertheless. I stake my reputation for properly appreciating the beautiful, on the faultlessness of that maiden's architecture. Her build, physically speaking, was perfect, without the creative aid of the milliner; and, except in one particular, (and that scarcely noticed by the crowd, though all-important,) was not susceptible of being revised and corrected. That one particular was the keystone of her character. The throne of mind was as faulty in its outer development, as its more attractive adjuncts were perfect. A forehead low, narrow, and retiring, (though these faults were most artfully hidden by a judicious arrangement of the hair,) an immense breadth between the ears, with a preponderating balance above and behind them, told an o'er true tale to the close observer; and it is not to be doubted that had Julia been a man, circumstanced aright, she would have slaughtered something beside hearts; but, being a woman, she, as yet, was simply a coquette—not a pirate. She took your fancy by storm, not your castle; and threw her grappling-irons over your heart only—coming no nearer to murder than as a predisposing cause to self-destruction. Love-engendered suicides she may have caused, but for that she is not amenable to law. But she was a coquette—heart, word and deed. The mother's well-drilled lessons had matrimony for their end and aim—they were received into

willing ears, but only guided to the cynosure of a coquette's desires—conquest.

Need it be recorded that Jonas surrendered at discretion on the first shot from her unmasked battery, or would have done so if capitulation had been demanded? It followed, as a matter of course. The first day, ay, the first breakfast, enslaved him; and the conquest, so far as he was concerned, was complete in a moment. The old lady, as a regular thing, had inquired into his father's "circumstances;" and her inquiries were satisfactory. The only roughness the course of Jonas' true love was likely to encounter was from Julia herself. She shot one brilliant glance over his outer man, and though it went through and through him like electricity, his unloveable exterior produced no counter effect; there was no echo to the shot: while his galled heart winced, her withers were unwrung.

Not all the attractions for the eyes and thoughts our million city lions have for the unsophisticated stranger, could, for any conceivable brief portion of a moment, even during his very first day in the city, hide from the enslaved and bewildered Jonas that one form for worship, whose idol was now distinctly and exclusively set up in his heart. Wherever he went, to his mental vision her presence was more apparent than any of the wonder-making piles of stone and mortar to which his companions vainly called his attention; and her every look and motion was as palpably present to him, while he wandered about, as the very air he breathed. Dinner-time found him again at our domicile, and when they met at the dinner-table, the unconscious Julia was civil to the human volcano sitting near her, and civil only; but Jonas devoured her mere presence, to the exclusion of more substantial matter, and, after sighing through the fifteen minutes allotted for our feeding, left the table innocent of corporal food.

During the rest of the afternoon she was in, and around, and about him, like a second existence, though she was bodily absent in the company of curl-papers and pomatum. At the dusky twilight, after day and before candle, when Julia presided, goddess of the tea-pot, and Jonas should have regaled his inner man with the simple bread and butter of our landlady, bad as they were, he fed only upon the nearness of his beloved, and, shutting his eyes to every other object, saw only the one brilliant cynosure of his being. "Glimpse, sitting in the outer vestibule of sight," forbade all other visitors to the inner temple of consciousness.

The Julia had, meanwhile, received instructions from her managing mamma, to the effect that Jonas was a desirable. Her method of proceeding was duly marked out, and in obedience to instructions she contrived, after tea, to draw him from his shyness, and imprison him, willing captive, in the recess of the bay-window, with his chair in a proximity to hers dangerous to his future peace of mind, as easily as a fascinating spider, into his new-made web, entices the misguided and unconscious fly.

Two hours of meteoric bliss passed like a week's transit that evening to Jonas, and when he heard the unwelcome sound of nine, foretoking the closing of the parlour-doors, it came upon him ere his bewildered senses had begun to recognize time. The enthrallment was now completed.

That night Jonas' pillow was conscious of a waking, tossing, restless tenant, for many an hour; and, when fitful sleep came at last to relieve the intoxicated sense, troops of Julias paraded in and out of the doors of his imagination, or presided over a wilderness of tea-tables with the same tea-pot and the same smile, while an interminable perspective of bay-windows opened, with each a Julia and an expectant chair. Whatever the picture his fancy drew, or wherever the scene was laid, it had but one heroine, who continually bent voluptuously above an unscoured tea-board with the same stereotype smile. Unhappy Jonas! victim for the hundredth time to a cunningly-devised specimen of humanity, yielding the unpurchaseable fragrance of his love to a gilded memento of our common mother's sin, heart-bound to a pretty coquette!

The very day following the rise of Jonas' star upon the horizon of our boarding-house there came another star, which proved the Aaron's rod of stars, swallowing up all lesser stars. A moustache—a real, genuine moustache—not one bought, black and curling, at the barber's, and put on with springs, but one of nature's own growing; brown, wiry and shapeless, overhanging a cavern of a mouth, like

dried and withered furze above a rocky cave; a veritable moustache entered the arena, and threw down its gauntlet among the hangers-on of Julia. I had well-nigh forgotten to say there was a sort of a man attached to the moustache, but of course there was, though he was an insignificant matter in comparison.

A true and veritable moustache—your regular dirty brown—was a rare visitor in our constantly-shifting circle. It was not often that anything betokening such an absolute nothing-to-do-ity in its owner crossed our penny-saving threshold. For who ever knew anybody with a moustache to have anything to do, any business to attend to, any duty to perform, except to coax, oil and rub this distinctive appendage? Or who ever knew the owner of one to be of any use to himself or anybody else? I pause for a reply.

Julia gazed with an admiring awe upon this new-comer. During the entire breakfast, she showered approving glances upon the hairy front, mindless of the consternation of others, who suffered from the constant *contretemps* consequent upon her isolated attentions. First, this one got half a cupful of milk in his bedeviled mixture, hight coffee, who abhorred the very sight of anything white in his morning drink; next, that one, who was particularly fond of coming it sweet at breakfast, found his morning dose innocent of sugar. Numerous were the ejaculations of discontent, and still more numerous were the sweet-voiced pardons asked. But to crown all, into one cup, and that cup Jonas-destined, plump went a lump of that fœtid butter, taken dexterously from her plate, where, in her absence of mind, she applied the tongs instead of the sugar-bowl. In fact, there was no end to the mistakes she made; but the consequent apologies, made in her most winning manner, dissipated the gathering clouds, made happy the sufferers, and satisfied joy sunned the faces of most of the consumers. But how intently did she watch the hairy rainbow as it hung over the destined bread and butter; how eagerly she gazed, as it drew the surface in the process of biting off, like the transit of a fine-tooth comb, gathering little pellets of grease in its meshes, after the most approved fashion of a patent rake! It certainly was a novel object of contemplation, and to Julia apparently a delightful one.

As a regular and customary thing, the old lady followed the ushering in of this phenomenon with the usual inquiries. But, for a time, they were fruitless. Connexion the moustache had none. The precise locality of his nativity no ingenuity could work out of him. The whereabouts of his last boarding-place was studiously concealed, and the old lady finally gave Julia her solemn belief, in a private and whispered interview, that "he was no better than he should be," (as if anybody ever was!) and declared her intention of taking an inventory of the contents of his one trunk the first favourable opportunity, preparatory to a curtailment of the credit system; closing her confidential communication by insisting upon Julia's keeping him at arm's-length until more was ascertained, and, meanwhile, keep the silken fetters drawn tight upon Jonas.

Meantime, the insignificant owner of the illustrious moustache was not insensible to the charms of his tea-maker. For some days he evidently was seriously at work to prosecute his acquaintance, and not without strong symptoms of success, though the nightly occupation of the bay-window was still Jonas' privilege, thanks to the influence of the manoeuvring mamma and his own perseverance.

Pass we now rapidly in our true history over the next week, pregnant with alternate joy and grief to Jonas, and during which the rival strugglers for Julia's affections had sundry clashings and disputes, as is in such cases made and provided—hot and ardent on the part of Jonas, cool and cutting on his rival's.

After a little week, the perseverance of the moustache seemed to abate, and he no longer thrust his attentions on the maid, much to the satisfaction of Jonas, who was thereby relieved of his bottled indignation, as it apparently left him a clear field. To the observant eyes of older heads, however, this calm was more ominous than the foregone storm. Electric-eye-exchanges, full of meaning, between moustache and Julia at the table, hurried and jerked-up sentences as they passed in the hall, silent and hardly-noticed grasping of hands, told to older heads that an undercurrent was working, which set in an opposite direction to Jonas' wishes.

The course of Jonas' true love, which to him, calmly re-

flecting upon his pillow, seemed to run with unwonted celerity and blissful smoothness, was destined to a snag. The affections of Julia were not to be lightly won. The car of Love can *never* run long without a jolt; and, when seemingly on the sure road of success, often plunges madly into a hidden pitfall and is lost forever. The brewing of the storm that was destined to burst over the head of Jonas had long been visible to those skilled in the meteorology of Love's atmosphere. Alas! that no patent barometer has yet been invented to warn infatuated lovers, by the swaying of its fatal pointer, when Love's sky is to be clouded, and its bright flowers blighted by disappointment's frost. Oh! that they might be warned in time to save the stricken heart from the wreck of its cherished hopes, and not be forced to exclaim, with the inspired poet:

"'Twas always thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay—
I never had a pretty dog,
But it was sure to run away.
I never had a piece of toast,
Particularly good and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side!"

One bland summer's evening, about the time to which our sketch has brought the parties of this true-love tale, Julia was sitting, as was her wont, with the fascinated Jonas, in the shadowy recess of the bay-window, listening carelessly to his enraptured stories; while he, revelling in bliss, was letting the full heart run riot on the tongue. The parlour was entirely empty, save them twain; not a single lounge loitered, to act as an extinguisher to the flame of Jonas' fancy, or to hinder and dam up any stream of romance that might bubble from the deep fountain of his heart. The time, the place, and the occasion seemed all conspiring to carry his wishes to a devoutly-desired consummation, a fitter occasion might never offer for disburdening the yearning heart of its overflowing affection, and hearing from the lips of the beloved object the fate of his true love. Jonas felt this in every nerve; felt that the time was come; that destiny was pointing its unerring finger to the passing moments. Gradually waking more and more tender, his voice grew husky and tremulous, as he knew the critical instant was coming when young love was to blossom into perfect being, and the heart to be fully offered up on the shrine of success. His chair had imperceptibly worked close up to the shrine of his worship, his head was bent down in a whispering proximity to those faultless shoulders, whose polished surface was light itself in the dimness of the recess; his hand had mechanically clasped the taper fingers of his idol, thrilling him through and through with an undreamed ecstasy; his breath almost mingled with hers; their lips were getting into fate-wrought nearness; when suddenly the door creaked on its hinges, sending back upon his heart, with a sudden chill every warm impulse that was but now madly gushing forth—and in walked moustache!

The precise length of time it took Jonas to put three feet of distance between his chair and Julia's can only be computed by figures which mark the different points of chain-lightning on the sky; and the rigid, bolt-upright position his passion-bent body assumed on the instant, was a transformation worthy the attentive study of the rivals. Moustache walked in, humming an unconscious tune, and, with the greatest coolness and deliberation drew a chair, with the most perfect indifference to Jonas' presence, between the north and south pole of true love; between the magnet and the iron; or, more plainly speaking, between Jonas and Julia, occupying the very spot yet warm with the recedant chair. Turning his back upon the victim of his insult, he coolly addressed the young lady, and in an insinuating tone, with mincing words, uttered some commonplace phrase, as like to Jonas' heart-engrossing, passionate speech, as a penny pop-gun is like to Niagara's roar.

Like a ball from Captain Cochran's death-dealing-engine—like the upspringing of a well shot bomb—like the rebound of a comet in its perihelion—like anything swift, mighty, portentous and sudden, up sprang the insulted Jonas, fire in his eye and murder in his heart. For an instant, only an instant, he paused, and stood, the glowing impersonation of passion and revenge. That single, hesitating instant probably saved the life for yet a time of the moustache—but for that single instant and Jonas might have swung, a warning to all coquettes, from the leafless

tree—but that one instant gave Julia time to apologize in her blandest tones, and plead a forgotten engagement to the theatre with the moustache. The magic sweetness of her voice, studiously mellifluous and soothing, was like oil on the disturbed waters of Jonas' soul. Swallowing with a mighty effort his raging choler, and sheathing his anger like a sword, he strode tragically out of the room, seeking refuge in the sky-kissing room appropriated to his sole use and behoof in the upper story of our domicile, once known as the garret, now divided into compact boxes for single gentlemen.

Here, like a caged lion, chafed and irritated, Jonas paced to and fro in his seven-by-nine, his swelling bosom torn with a thousand emotions; a strange mingling of love and rage, jealousy and revenge, urging him to perform all sorts of impossible feats. Gesticulating violently as he made sudden turns in his contracted promenade, he seemed to annihilate imaginary rivals, and struck fierce blows at the unoffending air, which, properly directed and duly distanced, would have ruined the figure-head of every moustache owner in Christendom. Could the embodied spirit of a long-pent volcano be seen fiercely traversing its hidden halls in the mountain bowels, it would only be a feeble impersonation, a faint shadowing of the passion-awakened and revengeful Jonas, as he paced with irregular steps his diminutive chamber. That so much emotion could be thus pent up in that little room, and no flying off of roofs, or bursting of partitions by the consequence, is matter of much marvel. But it is also matter of history. The rage was there, the roof still stands.

For more than an hour Jonas paced to and fro fiercely, giving every possible exercise to the muscles of his chest, as his insulted spirit prompted him to make demonstrations of fight toward seeming rivals in the "dim obscure" of his room, and giving such exhibitions in gymnastics as would have delighted a modern professor. After the first wild gust of passion had swept its course, he threw himself upon the bed, and exhausted nature reacting upon his high-strung nerves, he upbraided himself as bitterly for his ebullitions of passion, aimless and unavailing, as he had a few moments before the insulting cause of it. This state of things, however, lasted but a short time, and the tide of his fury flowed again. Many and mighty projects of revenge did he cogitate during this second paroxysm of passion. The first impulse was to "thrash," "cowakin" and "cane" the moustache before the assembled boarders, and in Julia's presence too. This for a time delighted him, and he rehearsed the scene with variations, to the great detriment of the seams of his coat, and the utter discomfiture of the scattered furniture. But subsequent thought told him of a lion in the way, which suddenly stalked before his mental vision in the sturdy frame and stout proportions of the to-be-whipped-individual. This added to his rage, and his next project was to assassinate him, a-la-Corliss, in the street; but this was but a momentary impulse of a maddened spirit, and should not be called a project. Jonas had too much of the true man about him, to his credit be it recorded, to long harbour an unworthy suggestion or a dishonourable revenge. The thought passed through his troubled brain for a moment, and a moment only, and the monster was dismissed as soon as engendered. Then came the thought of challenging the aggressor to deadly combat, and it seemed to his heated imagination the only feasible method of washing off the stain of indignity. At first, his early planted ideas of right and wrong, the pious lessons of his youth, doggedly stood in the way of such a proceeding, and for a time the many moral maxims that had been quietly shelved by memory, trooped up in array against it. But wounded pride got the better of them all, and he finally resolved to send a challenge to his insulting rival, ere yet the fever of his wrath subsided.

Fired with this idea as the only honourable mode of redeeming himself from disgrace, and punishing his rival, he at once arranged his writing materials, and proceeded to indite a belligerent note. Twenty times had he written it and as often destroyed. It was an all-important matter, and could not be rightly hit hastily. That it should be peremptory and final—that it should leave no loop whereon to hang a doubt, or a procrastination, or an evasion; and that it should be consummated without delay, he had finally and fully determined. After many a fruitless effort it was at last concocted, and ran thus:

"NEW-YORK, June 3, 18—.

"SIR,—The insult you have this evening offered me, in the presence of the choice of my heart, admits of neither explanation nor apology, and I demand the only satisfaction that can be expected from a gentleman.

"My friend, Mr. —, will wait upon you in the morning to arrange the necessary preliminaries, and I desire they may be completed without a moment's unnecessary delay.

Yours, &c.

"JONAS JONES."

Jonas had always prided himself upon the fashion of his signature, and appended to a *billet-doux* there was, in truth, something sentimental in the way he wrote it. The J.'s had a bewitching little curl of their own at the end, which, like the twist in the tail of a lady's lapdog, appealed to the tender sensibilities, and when appended to tender sentiments was irresistible. But in writing this note he scorned any of his usual ornaments. The whole chirography was bold and determined, and in the signature he dashed down the long stroke of the J.'s with the straightness and energy of a broadsword thrust; leaving no admiring curl, but bringing the hair line straight up again as if at a military command, and with all the abruptness of a note of interrogation. The whole note was strongly indicative of decision, and was, as he meant it should be, energetic, straight-forward and to the point, like a well-made bowie knife. Then the wording of it, as we have seen, was the product of deliberation—"the choice of my heart,"—was a well culled and carefully arranged phrase, and, withal, not adopted hastily or unwisely. When the letter should come to be printed, as it most assuredly would be, in those daguerreotypes of human nature—the police reports, his heart would be to her as an opened oyster, and she would be convinced of his honourable intentions. Should he fall ingloriously upon the field of honour, it would be his dying legacy of love, and would satisfy her that one true heart was cold which had beat with high and passionate love for her and her only.

This warlike document was duly copied, marked A, and hidden in his trunk. The original was then properly folded, directed and sealed; not, however, with armorial crest and bearings, but with the head of his silver pencil case. Waiving in his impatience the formality of a friend, as the urgency of the case would not brook delay on his part, he had it conveyed to his rival's room by the maid of all work, with full directions to lay it conspicuously on his table, where it would not fail to attract attention immediately on his return.

This matter over, and the note faithfully delivered, as he took pains to ascertain, Jonas sat himself more calmly down to review his position, and look the consequences full in the face. The stunning effect of his passion for a time prevented his seeing it in its worst and broadest light; but as the full effect of what he had already done began gradually to unfold itself before his mind's eye, he was startled at the inevitable, fatal termination of the affair. There was now no way of honourable retreat. In the heat of passion the fatal chance had been thrown, and he must stand the hazard of the die. Jonas was no coward. Sensitive he certainly was, but not a drop of craven blood mingled in the New-England purity of his veins. He could meet and brave danger as boldly as the boldest, although he had never been taught to boast of it, or to bawl in the ears of an assembled crowd that he "was born insensible to fear." He had pure native courage, which could not only brook danger when encountered, but could go forth to seek it when honour or when duty called. But there was something which was more than chilling to his ardent heart, in the thought that he was about to face death, by his own desire, in that field where, if successful, he must come back with the brand of Cain upon his brow, and hide himself from his fellows; or, if unsuccessful, must be brought back a ghastly record of his own rashness, and send to a happy fireside, far away from his home, the bitter truth that he had "died as the fool dieth." In every aspect it was appalling to his better nature. But nothing weighed down his heart with such resistless and stifling oppression as the one thought which he could not shake off: of the heart-breaking sorrow, which would plunge in grief the dearly loved circle in that happy home where the pure days of infancy were enjoyed, and the ripening promise of his

youth had grown to glad existence under the fostering love and care of parental tenderness.

How sad and heavy were his thoughts as busy memory unrolled the store-house of early lessons and pious thoughts, planted in his childhood, which, slumbering unnoticed during his youth, had appeared to be lost and forgotten; but now, as his quick fancy ran over the few short years of his intervening life, came violently out, as if written with a pen of fire in his heart, and seemed burning reproof against the "deep damnation" of his design.

With a heavy heart, and a sinking of the spirit far away from cowardice, or unmanly shrinking from death, he began to arrange the affairs of his business, and to nerve himself for the more weighty task of announcing to his friends the affair, should its result be fatal to himself. After finishing his lesser matters, he began letters to his parents and his early friends. How his heart smote him as he attempted to justify an act which seemed to himself unjustifiable. How weak his sophistry—how poor, how feeble his arguments. The living murderer defending his crime—the self-destroyed justifying his own death. The hours of that dreary night, far too few for his great purpose, were all consumed in these bitter thoughts; and the first struggling light of the morning, as it crept through his window, fell upon the haggard watcher with his pen still in his hand, and his dry and burning eye fixed upon the scribbled sheets where he had vainly endeavoured to hide his own guilt in the mystical and shallow speculations of honour. Thankless task! The feebleness of his cause was like a living witness against him. He desisted from his heartless pleadings to the absent loved, and, with reckless energy, cast away all thought of affection, resolving to meet his fate bravely, and if he must die, "to die and leave no sign."

A short time spent in packing up his few worldly goods, and Jonas prepared to descend, heart-broken, to the breakfast table. His step faltered not; but the painful pleadings of an upbraiding conscience, and the bitter struggle of his nightly vigil, had left new marks of existence in heavy lines about his sunken eyes, as if years instead of hours had passed in mental agony during that one brief night.

An appearance of unwonted stir and bustle in the house was apparent as he descended—a running of servants to and fro—an anxious, but at the same time half mirthful expression in the faces of the few boarders that he met on the stairs and in the halls, in a measure startled him from his depression, and excited his curiosity for its cause. Dim thoughts of an averted evil crowded out his sad forebodings, and something of the old feeling of indignation began to creep over him. Could his purpose have become known? Could the craven object of his revenge, in pure fear, have laid his letter before the civil authority? Was it barely possible, (and the thought expanded his heart as if a mountain had been lifted from it,) was it not barely possible that the officers were even then on the alert for him? Visions of bonds for keeping the peace toward the citizens of New-York in general, and moustache in particular, danced before his swimming eyes; he breathed freer and freer; and as he entered the breakfast room, he was not altogether unprepared by what he had just seen and thought, to find the table unspread, with groups of boarders gathered together in knots about the room in animated converse. In one corner, on that sofa sacred to a *tête-à-tête*, sat his respected landlady, his beloved mother-in-law that was to have been, profoundly buried in grief and in her pocket handkerchief. Hysterical sobs burst from her breast, and rocking to and fro in her agony she seemed the very incarnation of passionate grief. What could it possibly mean? Had Julia—was it possible—had Julia discovered the anticipated meeting, and in the first burst of despair at his fell intent, laid violent hands on her own sweet self, as the innocent cause of anticipated bloodshed? The idea was insupportable—he ran—he flew to the old lady, and clasping her in his arms, ejaculated, almost frantic with the idea:

"My dear madam—what—*what* has happened? Has Julia—"

"Yes, she has," sobbed the grief-stricken parent.

"Has what, my dear, dear madam?"

"Has eloped with that horrid moustache!" And again giving herself up to her grief and her pocket handkerchief, she swallowed up consciousness in motherly sorrow; and having for the first time given tongue to her calamity, with

the greatest possible propriety went off in a swoon—like a lamb.

The eloping boarder's room was searched, and nothing found therein save Jonas' note with the seal unbroken, and one trunk filled with old newspapers and paving stones.

That morning Jonas paid his bill—an unthrifty and coin-wasting practice—and the place which once knew him has known him no more. Some other cheap boarding-house has him in its maw, and new Julias fill his dreams. o.

(FROM THE GIFT.)

MY HUMBLE NEIGHBOUR.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
That like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Has yet a precious jewel in its head."

OH! I have a good neighbour Toadie,
And under my door-step he sits;
Yet sometimes he hops out to see me,
And has very sociable fits.

But this is when evening or morning
Has narrowed the flood-gates of light,
He comes out to bid me "good morrow,"
Again, to exchange a "good night."

'Tis then such a soft, silky rustling
He makes, bouncing through the long grass,
It sounds like the robe of a prelate,
To which you're to bow as you pass.

And oft do we hold such a confab
On things of sky, earth, and the sea,
You'd think each affair of creation
Inspected by Toadie and me.

For he, though in nowise a gossip,
And living so lonely and low,
Yet seems, by some strange inspiration,
Our whole mundane matters to know.

I asked him one day, "What's the jewel,
The great bard of Avon has said,
'Thy people, unlovely, uncomely,
Still carry about in the head?"

"Now, is it that curious optic,
Which looks like fine sand-grains of gold;
Or some precious brilliant close covered,
Which mine has not power to behold?"

"Ah, ha!" he replied, "now I take you!
Did men think we'd gems in the brain,
They'd crush our whole race, in their madness
To seize on the pitiful gain.

"For, how the great lords of creation
To ocean's deep caverns go down;
And rend open earth's gloomy bosom,
Their pride or their idols to crown!

"They seem even aiming at heaven;
For, mounting in gas-carried cars,
I know not at what they are driving,
Unless 'tis to gather the stars.

"They envy the poor little muscle
It's shell, where 'tis sunk in the brine;
And if we had aught they could covet,
Ah! we were to me and to mine!

"The jewel in question, believe me,
Is one they'd not readily wear;
And still they are wretched without it;
And burdened with labour and care.

"Peace—temperance—meekness—contentment,
Whate'er be our looks or estate,
Wherewith we've no pride for the little,
No envy to feel for the great:—

"These make up the gems, and their setting
Is wisdom, to hold them secure—
The gold, which you'll find, if you try it,
To be the most precious and pure!"

He ceased from his sage elocution,
To bid me an evening adieu;
Then left me to ponder the moral,
And crept to his cell out of view.

'Tis there, free from care, sin or sorrow,
More blest than a king on his throne,
He sits in his solitude sweetened,
And holds the Philosopher's Stone.

FOR MARY'S ALBUM.

I love a deep blue eye—'tis made
So purely for life's peaceful shade,—
I never saw a deep blue eye,
That looked not always tenderly.

I love a deep dyed lip. It makes
Each word so beautiful that breaks
From out its parting. It is like
Seeing an angel's fingers strike
The chords that ravish us. I love
The cheek whereon the rose hath strove
And faded. There is such a look
As if the spirit could not brook
Life's weariness. I love the flush
Which deepens from the sudden gush
Of modest feeling. These are all
Sweet flowers in woman's coronal.
Yet flowers will fade and these will die,
And who will heed them—presently?
But perfect love and taintless truth,
And holy thought and spotless youth;
These are the fruit of sins forgiven;
These change not—save from earth to heaven.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW MIRROR FROM THE FRENCH OF BERNARD
A NOVEL IN FOUR PARTS.—PART THE THIRD.

RETURNING alone on the road towards the house Celestine inhabited, Francis Dramond felt a sentiment of alacrity, at which he was at first surprised, but which he soon explained, by the inward satisfaction always inspired when conscious of having rendered or performed a duty.

"I have not lost my labour," said he to himself, with a smile becoming Titus of philanthropic memory; "I defy the most cunning diplomatists to get over a difficulty more skilfully. On one side, I have hindered my friend from committing irreparable foolishness; on the other, I have considered the honour of an honest family, and of a young girl, who, for want of virtue, has beauty that merits consideration."

Devotedness is rare, but absolute disinterestedness is still more so. The imagination of a man who has done a meritorious action directs itself, by a natural attraction, to the recompense he thinks his due. Francis was governed by this law of the human heart, without seeking to offer any resistance.

"I really merit some pleasant days," resumed he; "why should I not pitch my tent here for a week? Paris is so disagreeable in the month of May, while the country is so beautiful. Then, too, from the moment the marriage of Aristide is broken off the little Celestine is no longer to me the affianced of my friend. I see, henceforth, in her only the seducing black domino I have so long been in search of! For many reasons, then, why should I not follow up an adventure begun in such a romantic manner?"

His conscience tranquillized by this subtle distinction, he returned to the house of M. Simart, his eyes sparkling, and a smile on his lips. Determined to please everybody, he immediately set himself about it; talked propaganda and national guard to the master; decrees of the court of Cassation to M. Regnaud, a kind of lawyer without cases; fashions, theatres, and new romances to the pretty *blonde*; religion and medicine to the old aunt; and finished the evening chanting vespers with Celestine, who appeared to bear most stoically the absence of her intended.

For many days Francis watched unremittingly, with an interest as deep as concealed, the strange young girl, who was to have married his friend, and whose grace and beauty exercised over himself a charm he only half avowed to himself. He, who had not analyzed in their most imperceptible ramifications, the delicate fibres of feminine organization,

would have found the character of Mademoiselle Simart an indecipherable enigma. At times thoughtless as a child, or pensive as a woman, giddy in the morning and melancholy in the evening; petulant to folly, or serious to gravity; more changing than the wave; in a word, yielding readily to the tempest, but reflecting, the instant afterwards, the serenity of the heavens. This variety in Celestine's character offered one of those complex models which men look upon with mistrust, and artists with love. No wonder, then, that the result of Francis's study was at first an irritating doubt, and soon after an intolerable one. In spite of his experience and his wit he knew not what conclusion to fix upon.

"Angel or demon," said he to himself; "but which of the two is she?"

One evening, after the departure of Telesier, from whom they had not received any news, and whom no one had reason to think of except M. Simart, Celestine, Madame Regnaud and Francis were sitting in a little pavilion, at the extremity of the garden. The two ladies were embroidering, whilst he, seated at their feet, with a book in his hand, read aloud to them the affecting sufferings of Indiana. Contrary to his custom, he discharged this office badly, mangled unmercifully the eloquent prose of George Sand, paid no regard to stops or marks, turned over two leaves at a time, or else stopped in the middle of a beautiful sentence to look at Celestine. Her eyes bent on her work, Mademoiselle Simart did not seem to perceive the faults of the reader; whether it was because she listened to the tones of his voice more than to the words of the book, or because she observed without anger the absent-mindedness, whose cause she had guessed already. Less indulgent than her cousin, perhaps because she had not any interest to be so, Madame Regnaud, by a peal of laughter, interrupted the period in which Francis seemed so well pleased as to feel no inclination to get through with it.

"I must confess," said she, "I do not understand one single word of what you are saying; it is true, you have a strange way of reading; ordinarily, in reading, one looks on the book."

"Ha!" thought Dramond, shutting up the volume, "she has guessed me; to-night she will tell Celestine, and to-morrow both will ridicule me."

"It is getting dark, we must go in," said the young girl, folding up her embroidery, apparently endeavouring to prevent the jest she saw sparkling in the eyes of the pretty *blonde*!

"You are right," replied the latter; "let us go and have some music. Monsieur, perhaps, has more taste for Rossini than for George Sand?"

Without giving her cousin time to follow after, Celestine forced her to get up, passed her arm round her waist, and drawing her along by a cadenced leap, made her alance the gallop to the house.

Francis followed the graceful couple with his eyes, the half of which only he regarded; then rising slowly, in his turn, instead of going into the house he turned into a bower of yoke-elm trees, and walked there a long time, his countenance pensive, and his appearance sentimentally ferocious. The obscurity which enveloped him more and more at last roused him from his reverie.

"This uncertainty is too much," thought he. "I wish I knew what to fix upon. She is the most innocent or the most perverse of women. In the first case, my doubts are an injury, an injustice; in the second, the sentiment I feel is a deception. I cannot get the opera-ball out of my head, and it spoils all the pleasure I find in contemplating her. I must end this perplexity."

When Dramond entered the saloon he found all the family assembled. The old aunt and M. Regnauld were playing at piquet; the two cousins were executing a duet, a quadrille from the *Pré aux Cleres*; while M. Simart, comfortably seated in an arm-chair, gaily beat time to the music.

"Doesn't that make you feel like dancing?" asked the good man of his guest.

"I do not love dancing," replied the latter, with the petulance peculiar to persons when in love.

On hearing this blasphemy, Celestine turned her head, her fingers resting suspended on the keys, whilst her eyes regarded fixedly the young man, whom she thought at this moment less admirable than he had ever before appeared to her.

"You do not love to dance?" said she at last, with an air of stupefaction; "what, then, do you love?"

"You!" thought Francis, who with difficulty retained on his lips the monosyllable his heart responded. However, he subdued his emotion, to seize the occasion which appeared to him opportune.

"I express myself badly," replied he; "I meant to have said, that I do not love balls, such as we find in the world, with their formal and monotonous quadrilles. I appreciate but little an amusement without passion, and in a saloon passion is not admissible; therefore, we must not look for the dance there. To understand the electric effect it can produce on the imagination, one must go to the public balls, to the masquerades."

The eyes of Francis scrutinized, with ardent inquietude, the physiognomy of the young girl, who, without thinking to avoid his gaze, naively listened to the apology for a pleasure not very *naïve*, and seemed to take a lively interest in it.

"But, Monsieur," she observed suddenly, "they do not dance at masked balls."

"They do not dance?" repeated the young man, who, notwithstanding his anxiety, dare not venture an interrogation more precise.

"Is it not so, Hortense?" resumed Celestine, turning towards her cousin. "When we went to the opera-ball it appeared to me very astonishing that nobody danced. Can one comprehend a ball where there is no dancing?"

Francis felt his heart dilating at that moment; the air he breathed seemed balmy. The simple words he had just heard dissipated, as if by enchantment, the equivocal clouds through which his imagination until then had contemplated this vestal being. Ashamed of his suspicions, he felt himself culpable, and enjoyed his remorse with secret delight. In love, sometimes, one is so happy to be in the wrong!

Countenance, without doubt, betrayed, in too expressive a manner, his heart-felt happiness; for Celestine, whose eagle eyes would have braved the sun, was not able to bear the look which sought hers, and for the first time she felt blooming on her cheeks those burning roses whose roots are in the heart.

"Recount to M. Dramond your prowess at the opera-ball. I am sure it would amuse him," said M. Regnauld, without interrupting his game at piquet.

Francis felt himself seized by a violent fit of friendship for the big, bald man; he found his manners amiable, his mind cultivated; had it been necessary, he could have seen hair on his forehead. Contrary to her custom, Mademoiselle Simart seemed embarrassed; Madame Regnauld, seeing she did not reply, turned towards the young man, whose growing passion had not escaped her penetration.

"You have, perhaps, remarked," said she to him in a bantering tone, "that all of us here are very humble slaves

of this little girl. The empire she exercises over all those who approach her is somewhat despotic. I forewarn you of this, that you may be on your guard. Her fantasies are laws, her caprices arrests, from which there is no appeal. My uncle has brought her up in this manner, and our weakness has confirmed the abuse of this fine system of education. You can conceive, then, all the extravagant ideas which would pass through the mind of a child spoiled in this way. Among other foolish imaginations last winter, Celestine took it into her head to go to the masked ball; and, do you know where she intended to take us? To Musard's."

"Yes, *ma foi*, to Musard's," interrupted the old merchant, with a loud paternal laugh; "the little fool wished to go to the ball at Musard's; what do you say to that, Monsieur Dramond?"

"I say that angels may, without peril, descend to Pandemonium," replied Francis, with warmth.

The innocent Simart found the phrase very beautiful, without comprehending it any too well. Celestine thought it still more beautiful, perhaps, because she did not comprehend it.

"I do not pretend to be an angel," resumed Madame Regnauld, placing on the last word ironical emphasis; "although the project appeared to me rather presumptuous, I had no means of resisting it. I was, therefore, obliged to capitulate, too happy in having succeeded to substitute the opera for the terrible ball with which I was threatened. Well, then, all three set off."

"All three?" repeated Dramond, with a remnant of uneasiness; "who accompanied you?"

"My husband," replied Madame Regnauld; "who else did you think? My husband, whose conduct, I confess, was not very exemplary in that circumstance. Hardly had we arrived, when he installed us in a box under the pretext of the crowd, but, in reality, to carry on some intrigue, and went off and left us more than an hour, exposed to the most silly adventures."

"How! adventures?" said Francis, with affected curiosity.

"Yes, two men, flushed with wine, and hideously disguised, forced us to leave our box."

Celestine interrupted her cousin.

"The first who came in conversed very properly. You said yourself he had very expressive eyes and beautiful teeth."

"Hum! you did not let me share in your remarks," said M. Regnauld to his wife, whilst Francis, in a fit of gratified vanity, smiled at himself in the mirror placed above the piano.

M. Simart, who, as we have already said, loved to go to bed early, put an end to the conversation by giving the signal to retire. When Dramond entered his room, he gave himself up to the delightful meditations of a passion which, for the first time, he enjoyed without suspicion. The fascinating countenance of Celestine passed through all his dreams, reflecting upon them such mild and chaste rays as gleam from a luminous star. In the morning this golden vision was eclipsed by the un-ideal figure of the keeper, Nicholas, who entered the chamber, holding a letter in his hand, stamped at Paris.

"It is from Teissier; what the deuce can he write me?" said Francis, in a bad humour, which seemed a kind of presentiment.

"My dear friend," wrote the ex-future son-in-law of M. Simart to his confidant, I have expected a letter from you every moment since I left you, and every evening I send to know if you have returned to Paris. I must own, I cannot understand your total silence and prolonged absence; but

both, while leaving me in doubt, lead me to suppose that the negotiation I charged you with is not yet terminated. In four days, Francis, I have reflected much. A marriage so near being consummated, and so advantageous as mine, now appears to me rashly broken off, merely on account of childish behaviour, for Celestine's conduct was nothing more. In reality, I was the most to blame; if she is a little capricious, I must acknowledge that I am sometimes too sensitive, and I have not for excuse the giddiness of youth. The other day, in the billiard-room, I believe both of us interpreted wrongly the gesture which offended me. Celestine has a great deal of vivacity in pantomime; when speaking she almost always moves her hands, and what we took as a menace, I am sure, was an involuntary motion. But even if she had the intention we supposed, I could pardon her, for the brutality I showed in striking Soliman was enough to irritate her. So then, my dear friend, I pray you, henceforth to tie again the threads you have doubtless broken, in following my directions. I doubt not, you can easily do it, for I know the resources of your mind and your diplomatic talents. Tell M. Simart that the sudden attack of my uncle will not result seriously, and that I hope to be able to leave him in a few days. Present to Madame Regnauld and her aunt my respectful homage, and say much to Celestine."

"The fool!" cried Francis, at this part of the letter, which he rumbled in his fingers, without finishing the reading. "If Celestine loves him, which I doubt, he needs no advocate with her; if she does not love him, I would have scruples about influencing her decision, for he would not make her happy. He has quit the party; so much the worse for him; he knows the proverb. I was led to believe he had positively renounced this marriage; from that time I was at liberty to love Celestine, and I do love her, and I will maintain my right. Each one for himself, and heaven for all."

The idea of supplanting his friend, and of becoming the principal actor in the marriage, at which he was only at first to be a witness, awoke not the least remorse in the mind of Dramond. With him passion spoke too loud for the objections of conscience to be heard. Besides, he flung in the face of his scruples the following dilemma: she either loves him, or she does not love him; if she loves him, she will not marry me; if she does not love him, of what can he complain?

Absolved in his own eyes by this irrefutable argument, and lively spurred on by the announcement of Aristide's return, Francis resolved not to lose a moment in deciding his fate. After dinner, he approached Madame Regnauld, and begged, with a serious air, a few moments' conversation with her. The pretty *blonde* received his solicitation with the gay smile which habitually animated the expression of her countenance, and without affectation descended with him to the garden, where the young lover commenced his confidence without delay, with that frank earnestness which most always wins the indulgence of women.

"Madame," said he, "I will not confess to you that I love your cousin, for you already know it."

"How so, Monsieur?" interrupted Madame Regnauld, with affected surprise.

"You know it, I am sure, for if you have read it in my eyes, I have also read it in yours. I have guessed still more, that the marriage that was in question had not your approbation; that Teissier was displeasing to you. I pray you do not interrupt me; I do not find fault, on the contrary, you have seen that the character of my friend

offered to a woman a feeble guarantee for happiness; and how much reason you have for thinking so! Shall I be judged more favourably by you, Madame? I love Celestine. Pardon me this familiarity. You are aware, love knows only baptismal names. I love your cousin; to tell her so herself, so *naïve*, so childlike, would be a fault. I feel it, although I am dying with the desire to commit this fault. It would be said I wronged the hospitality which is shown me here. Madame, your aunt has forgotten love; I doubt if M. Simart has ever known it; and your husband, so well situated to feel it, has a gravity in his countenance that deters me. You see, then, that I can address only you, since you can comprehend me. I supplicate you to tell me that you understand me, that you pardon this declaration, so abrupt, so badly expressed, and that you will be my protectress. My family is known to M. Simart; I have more fortune than Teissier; you see me; my mind has not appeared to displease you; and I swear to you that I have the best character in the world. On my honour, Madame, I will make Celestine happy. Is it not true that she does not love him?"

"How well you arrange all this?" replied Madame Regnauld, not being able to suppress a smile, but her smile was without mockery. "You forget that M. Teissier can marry Celestine with or without my approval."

"Their marriage has not taken place, and it remains with you that it never shall. When Teissier left he charged me positively to break it off; since then, it is true, he has changed his mind, and given me different instructions. I accepted the first mission, but I refuse the second. The engagement made with him exists in reality no longer, since he himself takes it back; I am, therefore, at liberty to ask the hand of your cousin, and I now ask it of you."

"This is very specious reasoning, although at the bottom I fear it may not be altogether exempt from Jesuitism, as my uncle would say. But, no matter, you have the liberty and the mind, two fine qualifications; and I have not the courage to wish you ill success in your road, although it appears somewhat irregular. You have conjectured rightly; I do not like your friend, whom you do not much more cherish, it would seem. I would see Celestine break off this marriage, with pleasure; and, if it is not too late, I will not refuse to aid her in doing it."

"Oh! Madame, how well I have judged you. What gratitude do I not owe you!"

"'Tis very well, very well," replied Madame Regnauld, suddenly resuming her bantering physiognomy. "See! there is my husband looking at us through the window; he does not like to have one speak with me so long, and with so much expression."

"One word more, I pray you! Since you accept the role of my tutelary angel, be not good by halves; allow me to tell Celestine I love her."

"I shall say no to that," replied the young wife, with vivacity; "your eyes have told her too much already. Yesterday you made her blush, and it was the first time, I believe, that has ever happened with her for a similar case."

"Did she blush—are you sure of it?" cried Francis, who, in his transport, wished to take the hand of his fair protectress to carry it to his lips.

"My husband!" cried Madame Regnauld, in her turn, snatching away her hand. "Do you wish to make him think you are paying court to me? Come, be reasonable, and remember I forbid you to speak to Celestine."

"Before you," said the young man, with a stupefied air.

"Before me! He has a reply for everything. I am too

indulgent to you," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Come, lay aside this lover's air. I perceive Celestine in the pavilion; let us go and join her. I cannot hinder you from talking with her."

"Will you promise me you will not make me read Indiana?"

"I will swear it to you, you acquit yourself so badly. You will see that I shall be obliged to begin again the chapters you blundered through, and, while I am doing so, I will permit you to make yourself agreeable; but, remember, I have the talent of listening while reading."

Francis and Madame Regnaud then crossed the garden and entered the pavilion, where they found Celestine at her embroidery. Her serious and thoughtful air offered a contrast to the almost infantile character of her physiognomy. The sun, passing through a window, whose curtain was raised, bathed her Italian head, and her dark hair, encircled by bandeaux, glittered in the luminous wave as in an aureole. On seeing Francis enter, instinctive modesty made her feel the light too dazzling; perhaps she thought one could see too plainly if she blushed again. Addressing herself to him in a sweet and almost timid voice, she said:

"Will you have the goodness to put down the curtain?"

He hastened to obey. The window opened into a narrow lane that passed the garden on that side. Leaning over to detach the cord that held the curtain, Francis perceived a man, who, profiting by the inequalities offered by the wall of the pavilion, had climbed up to the level of the window; and, in the amateur of scaling and espionage, he recognized Aristide Teissier. His first thought was to fling on his head the flower-pot near his hand, and thus renew, in favour of his rival, the catastrophe of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus; but, virtuously triumphing over the homicidal temptation, he put down the curtain as if he had seen nothing, and shut the window; then, on reflection, opened it.

"Let him listen, if he chooses," said he to himself; "I love free positions. He will know, in this manner, what he has to expect."

Francis then seated himself on the stool near Celestine's feet, in the same place he occupied the evening before.

SONGS.

IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA.

Is my lover on the sea,
Sailing east, or sailing west?
Mighty Ocean, gentle be,
Rock him into rest!

Let no angry wind arise,
Nor a wave with whitened crest;
All be gentle as his eyes
When he is caressed!

Bear him (as the breeze above
Bears the bird unto its nest,)
Here,—unto his home of love,
And there bid him rest!

TO SOPHIE.

Wilt thou be a nun, Sophie?
Nothing but a nun?
Is it not a better thing
With thy friends to laugh and sing?
To be loved and sought?
To be woo'd and won?
Dost thou love the shadow, Sophie,
Better than the sun?

I'm a poor lay-brother, Sophie;
Yet, I this may say,—
Thou had'st better bear with love,
Than dwell here, a prison'd dove,
Weeping life away.
Oh!—I'd bear love's pangs, rather,
Fifty times a day!

LITERARY STARS OF LONDON.

ONE morning we set out to pay a visit to Miss Edgeworth, who lived about a mile and a half from our lodgings. Randolph commenced telling me some very amusing anecdotes, and I listened and walked on, paying no attention to the numerous streets we were traversing. At length, after nearly an hour's exercise, I asked him how much farther we had to go? He suddenly stopped, and, looking round him exclaimed:

"Why, really, we have been so agreeably employed, I perceive we have gone a mile out of our way; but no matter, exercise is good for young men."

We retraced our steps, but when we arrived at Miss Edgeworth's lodgings, we found, to our great disappointment, that she had left town that morning for Ireland.

"Delays are dangerous," said Randolph; "never postpone until to-morrow what you can do to-day. We should have come here yesterday, sir, agreeably to my first intentions."

We were talking over our adventures one morning, when Randolph said to me—"Do you know that I am growing old, and have not yet become accustomed to it?"

"How do you happen to make the discovery just now?" inquired I.

"Why," replied he, "last week I received an invitation from our minister, Mr. Rush, to meet a party especially chosen for me. I opened the note in the presence of some gentlemen, but was too vain to use my spectacles. I read 'Thursday,' and threw the note away afterwards. On Thursday, accordingly, I presented myself at Mr. Rush's house at seven o'clock, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where, to my no small surprise, I found Mrs. Rush quietly giving the children their tea. Queer preparations for a dinner-party, thinks I to myself, and sat down. After the usual questions and answers, I ventured to inquire, 'has not Mr. Rush come home yet?' 'Oh,' said she, 'he has gone out to dine at Lord L——a.' 'Bless my soul, madam,' said I, 'how can that be? Here I am by his invitation to meet a party.' 'My dear Mr. Randolph,' exclaimed she, 'what a mistake. Your dinner was on Tuesday last, and we waited for you until past eight o'clock, when we gave you up as either sick or out of town; but, surely, you received your note of invitation?' 'I did, madam,' replied I, 'and am justly punished for my vanity. I was ashamed to use my spectacles before strangers, and as I am half blind, my eyes read Thursday, and I never referred to the note again. So, I have lost a delightful dinner, but am amply repaid by finding you and your children alone, for now I shall have what is so rare in London, to strangers, a social evening.' Take my advice, sir, and never endeavour to cheat old Time, or he will cheat you."

"But, sir," continued he, "you may well say to me, 'physician, heal thyself;' for, will you believe it, a few days ago I took out of my pocket what I supposed to be three penny-pieces to give a beggar woman, and behold I discovered, on my return home, that I had given her *three half crowns*, all for want of my spectacles. In that case, however, I bought the character of a most generous man, and no doubt my name will live in the records of Fleet-street—that is, among the beggars, sir."

"Who do you think I met under the gallery of the house of commons?" said he to me one day. "You can't guess, and so I'll tell you. There was a spruce, dapper little gentleman sitting next me, and he made some trifling remark, to which I replied. We then entered into conversation, and I found him a most fascinating, witty fellow. He pointed out to me the distinguished members who were unknown to me, and frequently gave them a friendly shot. At parting,

he handed me his card, and I read with some surprise, 'Mr. Thomas Moore.' Yes, sir, it ~~was~~ the 'Bard of Erin'; and upon this discovery I said to him, 'Well, Mr. Moore, I am delighted to meet you thus, and I tell you, sir, that I envy you more for being the author of the 'Twopenny Postbag,' and 'Tom Crib's memorial to Congress,' than for *all* your beautiful songs which play the fool with young ladies' hearts.' He laughed heartily at what he called my 'singular taste,' and we parted the best friends imaginable."

But time passed rapidly away. I was obliged to leave London on business, and with much regret I left Randolph behind me. Our sojourn together was a second edition of the voyage, excepting that I never saw him out of humour in London. He was pleased with everybody, and everybody with him. In company, he was the fascinating talker, the belles-lettres scholar, the encomiast of all that was great and good in England, and it appeared to give him pleasure to entertain his audience. Whether among the nobility at the West-End, or the merchants in the city, or at our own quiet gatherings at the hotel, he was the same delightful companion, and never permitted his temper to get the upper hand. I look back upon this period as one of the bright spots of my journey through life. Some time after we parted, I received the following letter from him while I was at home in Ireland:

"LIVERPOOL, Sept. 30, 1822.

"My good friend's letter, addressed to the care of Mr. Brown, at Cambridge, was not received until my return to London, in consequence of his absence from home. The second found me in the north, too late to reply to it with effect. On my arrival here, I flattered myself that we should again be fellow-passengers across the 'deep Atlantic stream,' but learn with much concern that you have been very ill in Ireland, and are not yet sufficiently recovered for the voyage. I pray God that you may be restored to the blessings of health, one to which I am and must be a stranger. You would have been much pleased with Cambridge. Thence I went to Oxford, Bath, Bristol, Wales, Leamington, the Lakes, Scotland, and, by the east coast, to London. To-morrow I embark in the 'New-York,' with our old commander Captain M——, for New-York. We have twenty-seven passengers, three of these Virginians, whom I know and like, and several other southrons.

"Remember me kindly to your father and Mr. F——, and accept of the best wishes of
Your friend, J. R., of Roanoke."

I returned to New-York in May, 1823, and arrived the day before the great race between "Eclipse and Henry;" but as Mr. Randolph had never been able to inoculate me with his passionate love for horse-racing, I did not go to the course. I used to tell him, when we argued the question, that I thought horse-racing, as conducted in this country, if not in England, went to improve the race of *horses* at the expense of the race of *men*; and that, as I considered *man* the more important animal of the two, I would never, myself, encourage the sport. I need hardly add how thoroughly I failed in converting *him* to *my* notions. I found him at Mrs. Bradish's in Broadway, and the day after the great race he gave me a most amusing account of it. He contended that "Henry" would certainly have been the victor, had not the democratic crowd encroached so much upon the course as to frighten him, not being accustomed to such a multitude of rude people. I told him, laughingly, that I was afraid the fact of "Eclipse" having won the race would be deemed "*prima facie*" evidence in his favour by most people, to which he replied:

"Perhaps so, sir; but you know the *majority* are generally wrong in such matters."

Mr. Randolph stood in a very conspicuous place on the stand during the race, surrounded by gentlemen, northerners

and southrons, and he evidently was very confident of the success of Henry. But after the termination—to him so unexpected in its result—and while the thousands of spectators were vociferously applauding the successful rider, (Purdy,) Mr. Randolph gave vent to his great disappointment by exclaiming to those around him, in his most satirical tone,

"Well, gentlemen, it is a lucky thing for the country that the president of the United States is not elected by *acclamation*, else Mr. Purdy would be our next president beyond a doubt."

He then left the ground, and spent the evening with Mr. Rufus King, at Jamaica. Next day he said to me, with a sigh:

"Ah, sir! only for that unfortunate vote on the Missouri question, *he* would be our man for the presidency. He is, sir, a genuine English gentleman of the old school; just the right man for these degenerate times. But, alas! it cannot be."

The following spring I received the following letters from him:

WASHINGTON, May 11, 1824.

"If the affair of Mr. Edwards and the tariff will let me off in time, I shall travel post-haste so as to reach New-York on the night of the fifteenth, and take my passage for the 'father-land' the next day. Can you arrange this matter so as not to compromise me if I do not arrive, and at the same time not make public my design?"

"May 13.

"My servant (John) goes on this day, and if I do not overtake him at Baltimore this evening, I shall be off to-morrow morning with the speed of light, and in New-York as quick as 'horses, steam, guineas, but not curses,' can carry me. Pray clap a writ on the 'Nestor's' stern until I arrive, which I'm told will be Sunday morning, time enough, I trust, for the packet."

I accordingly engaged a berth conditionally for him on board the packet ship Nestor, to sail on Sunday, the sixteenth of May, for in those days our packets sailed on Sundays the same as on any other day.

Mr. Randolph got away from Washington sooner than he had expected, and on Saturday morning I received a note from him at Bunker's, and immediately called on him. I found him in high spirits at the prospect of so soon seeing England once more, although he told me he was dying—very ill indeed; but he soon forgot his bodily ills in the excitement of his mental powers. I remember that he was exceedingly angry with the United States Branch Bank because the teller refused to give him guineas for their notes; he wanted only to let him have dollars.

"Sir," said he to me as he came out of the bank, "it is a swindling shop—a mere paper machine—a bubble, sir. We almost broke it once, and on my return I shall attack it again. I would not hold either its stock or its notes, sir, for any length of time. They cannot pay, sir, depend upon it. After all, sir, give me 'real estate,' it can neither fail nor run away; but your paper manufactories are all spurious, sir."

I took him to a broker's, where he easily procured English guineas. But he would not be pacified, and he harangued the persons present on the abominations of the bank. This language was new then in Wall-street, and we all considered it as the outpourings of a prejudiced man. Little did we think that many of us then present would live to see that bank prostrate in the dust—deserted by its old friends—abused by all—a by-word among money-changers, with "none so poor as to do it reverence." I enter not into the causes of this lamentable catastrophe. I merely allude to the *facts* as a matter of history.

ON THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

How beautiful it is, for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be call'd,
Like a watch-worn, and weary sentinel,
To put his armour off, and rest—in Heaven.—

The sun was setting on Jerusalem.
The deep blue sky had not a cloud, and light
Was pouring on the dome of Omar's mosque,
Like molten silver. Everything was fair;
And beauty hung upon the painted fanes;
Like a grieved spirit, lingering ere she gave
Her wing to air, for Heaven. The crowds of men
Were in the busy streets, and nothing look'd
Like woe or suffering, save one small train
Bearing the dead to burial. It pass'd by,
And left no trace upon the busy throng.
The sun was just as beautiful; the shout
Of joyous revelry, and the low hum
Of stirring thousands rose as constantly!
Life look'd as winning; and the earth and sky,
And everything, seem'd strangely bent to make
A contrast to that comment upon life.
How wonderful it is that human pride
Can pass that touching moral as it does—
Pass it so frequently, in all the force
Of beautiful and simple eloquence—
And learn no lesson! They bore on the dead,
With the slow step of sorrow, troubled not
By the rude multitude, save, here and there,
A look of vague inquiry, or a curse
Half-muttered by some haughty Turk whose sleeve
Had touch'd the tassel of the Christian's pall.
And Israel too passed on—the trampled Jew!
Israel!—who made Jerusalem a throne
For the wide world—pass'd on as carelessly;
Giving no look of interest to tell
The shrouded dead was anything to her.
Oh that they would be gather'd as a brood
Is gather'd by a parent's sheltering wings!—

They laid him down with strangers; for his home
Was with the setting sun, and they who stood
And look'd so steadfastly upon his grave,
Were not his kindred; but they found him there,
And lov'd him for his ministry of Christ.
He had died young. But there are silver'd heads,
Whose race of duty is less nobly run.
His heart was with Jerusalem; and strong
As was a mother's love, and the sweet ties
Religion makes so beautiful at home,
He flung them from him in his eager race,
And sought the broken people of his God,
To preach to them of Jesus. There was one,
Who was his friend and helper. One who went
And knelt beside him at the sepulchre
Where Jesus slept, to pray for Israel.
They had one spirit, and their hearts were knit
With more than human love. God call'd him home.
And he of whom I speak stood up alone,
And in his broken-heartedness wrought on
Until his Master call'd him.

Oh is it not a noble thing to die
As dies the Christian with his armour on!—
What is the hero's clarion, tho' its blast
Ring with the mastery of a world, to this?—
What are the searching victories of mind—
The lore of vanish'd ages?—What are all
The trumpetings of proud humanity,
To the short history of him who made
His sepulchre beside the King of kings?

~~~~~  
THERE are two commodities, much used by gentlemen,  
neither of which will bear tinkering or tampering with—  
matrimony and patent leather. Their necessities are  
fair weather and untroubled wear and tear. Ponder on  
the following melancholy example, dear reader!

My friend Follett married a lady contrary to my advice.  
I gave the advice contrary to my wont and against my will.  
He would have it. The lady was a tolerably pretty woman,  
on whose original destiny it was never written that she  
should be a belle. How she became one is not much mat-  
ter; but nature being thoroughly taken by surprize with  
her success, had neglected to provide the counterpoise. I  
say it is no great matter how she became a belle,—nor  
is it,—for if such things were to be accounted for to the

satisfaction of the sex, the world would have little time for  
other speculations; but I will devote a single paragraph to  
the elucidation of this one of many mysteries, for a reason I  
have. *Fenam habet in cornu.*

Poets are the least fastidious, and the least discriminat-  
ing of men in their admiration of women, (*vide Byron.*)  
partly because their imagination, like sunshine, glorifies all  
that turns to it, and partly because the voluptuous heart,  
without which they were not poets, is both indolent and  
imperial, from both causes waiting always to be sought.  
In some circles, bards are rather comets than stars, and the  
one whose orbit for a few days intersected that of Miss  
Adele Burnham, was the exclusive marvel of the hour.  
Like other poets, the one of which I speak was conce-  
trative in his attentions, and he chose (*why*, the gods  
knew better than the belles of the season,) to have neither  
eyes nor ears, flowers, flatteries, nor verses for any other  
than Miss Burnham. He went on his way, but the incense,  
in which he had enveloped the blest Adele, lingered like a  
magic atmosphere about her, and Tom Follett and all his  
tribe breathed it in blind adoration. I trust the fair reader  
has here nodded her head, in evidence that this history of  
the belleship of Miss Burnham is no less brief than natural  
and satisfactory.

When Follett came to me with the astounding informa-  
tion that he intended to propose to Miss Burnham, (he had  
already proposed and been accepted, the traitor!) my fancy  
at once took the prophetic stride so natural on the first  
breaking of such news, and in the five minutes which I  
took for reflection, I had travelled far into that land of few  
delusions—holy matrimony. Before me, in all the change-  
ful variety of a magic mirror, came and went the many  
phases of which that multiform creature, woman, is sus-  
ceptible. I saw her in diamonds and satin, and in kitchen-  
apron and curl-papers; in delight, and in the dumps; in  
supplication and in resistance; shod like a fairy in French  
shoes, and alip-shod, (as perhaps fairies are, too, in their  
bed-rooms and dairies.) I saw her approaching the cli-  
maxteric of age, and receding from it—a mother, a nurse,  
an invalid,—mum over her breakfast, chatty over her tea,—  
doing the honours at Tom's table, and mending with sober  
diligence Tom's straps and suspenders. The kaleidoscope  
of fancy exhausted its combinations.

"Tom!" said I, (looking up affectionately, for he was  
one of my weaknesses, was Tom, and I indulged myself  
in loving him without a reason,) "Miss Burnham is in the  
best light where she is. If she cease to be a belle, as of  
course she will, should she marry——"

"Of course!" interrupted Tom very gravely.

"Well, in that case, she lays off the goddess, trust me!  
You will like her to dress plainly——"

"Quite plain!"

"And stripped of her plumage, your bird of Paradise  
would be nothing but a very indifferent hen—with the dis-  
advantage of remembering that she had been a bird of  
Paradise."

"But it was not her dress that attracted the brilliant  
author of——"

"Possibly not. But as the false gods of mythology are  
only known by their insignia, Jupiter by his thunderbolt,  
and Mercury by his talaria and caduceus, so a woman, wor-  
shipped by accident, will find a change of exterior nothing  
less than a laying aside of her divinity. That's a didactic  
sentence, but you will know what I mean, when I tell you  
that I myself cannot see a pair of coral ear-rings without a  
sickness of the heart, though the woman who once wore  
them, and who slighted me twenty years ago, sits before

me in church, without diverting a thought from the sermon. Don't marry her, Tom!"

Six weeks after this conversation, I was at the wedding, and the reader will please pass to the rear the six succeeding months—short time as it seems, to record a change in the bland sky of matrimony. It was an ellipse in our friendship as well; for advice (contrary to our wishes and intentions) is apt to be resented, and I fancied from the northerly bows I received from Mrs. Follett, that my friend had made a merit to her of having married contrary to my counsel. At the end of this period Tom called on me.

Follett, I should have said, was a man of that undecided exterior which is perfectly at the mercy of a cravat or waistcoat. He looked "snob" or "nob," according to the care with which he had made his toilet. While a bachelor, of course, he could never afford in public a negligence or a mistake, and was invariably an elegant man, harmonious and "pin-point" from straps to whiskers. But alas! the security of wedded life! When Tom entered my room, I perused him as a walking homily. His coat, still made on the old measure, was buttoned only at the top, the waist being rather snug, and his waistcoat pockets loaded with the copper which in his gayer days he always left on the counter. His satin cravat was frayed and brownish, with the tie slipped almost under his ear. The heel of his right boot (he trod straight on the other foot) almost looked him in the face. His pantaloons, (the one article of dress in which there are no gradations—nothing, if not perfect,) were bulged and strained. He wore a frightfully new hat, no gloves, and carried a baggy brown umbrella, which was, in itself, a most expressive portrait of "gone to seed." Tom entered with his usual uppish carriage, and, through the how-d'y-e-dos, and the getting into his chair, carried off the old manner to a charm. In talking of the weather, a moment after, his eye fell on his stumpy umbrella, which, with an unconscious memory of an old affectation with his cane, he was balancing on the toe of his boot, and the married look slid over him like a mist. Down went his head between his shoulders, and down went the corners of his mouth—down the inflation of his chest like a collapsed balloon; and down, in its youth and expression it seemed to me, every muscle of his face. He had assumed in a minute the style and countenance of a man ten years older.

I smiled. How could I but smile!

"Then you have heard of it!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly starting to his feet, and flushing purple to the roots of his hair.

"Heard of what?"

My look of surprise evidently took him aback, and, seating himself again with confused apologies, Tom proceeded to "make a clean breast," on a subject which I had not anticipated.

It seemed, that, far from moulting her feathers after marriage, according to my prediction, Mrs. Follett clearly thought that she had not yet "strutted her hour," and, though everything Tom could wish behind the curtain, in society she had flaunted and flirted, not merely with no diminution of zest from the wedding-day, but, her husband was of opinion, with a ratio alarmingly increasing. Her present alliance was with a certain Count Hautenbas, the lion of the moment, and though doubtless one in which vanity alone was active, Tom's sense of connubial propriety was at its last gasp. He could stand it no longer. He wished my advice in the choice between two courses. Should he call out the Frenchman, or should he take advantage of the Massachusetts interpretation of a "land of liberty," accuse his wife of "moral insanity," and shut her up in a mad-house.

My advice had been of so little avail in the first instance, that I shrank from troubling Tom with any more of it, and certainly should have evaded it altogether, but for an experiment I wished to make, as much for my own satisfaction as for the benefit of that large class, the unhappy married.

"Your wife is out every night, I suppose, Tom?"

"Every night when she has no party at home."

"Do you go with her always?"

"I go *for* her usually—but the truth is, that, since I married, parties bore me, and after seeing my wife off, I commonly smoke and snooze, or read, or run into Bob Thomas's and 'talk horse,' till I have just time to be in at the death."

"And when you get there, you don't dance?"

"Not I, faith! I haven't danced since I was married!"

"But you used to be the best waltzer of the day."

"Well, the music sometimes gets into my heels now, but, when I remember I am married, the fit cools off. The deuce take it! a married man shouldn't be seen whirling round the room with a girl in his arms!"

"I presume that were you still single, you would fancy your chance to be as good for ladies' favours, as any French count's that ever came over?"

"Ehem! why—yes!"

Tom pulled up his collar.

"And if you had access to her society all day and all night, and the Frenchman only an hour or two in the evening, any given lady being the object, you would bet freely on your own head?"

"I see your drift," said Tom, with a melancholy smile, "but it won't do!"

"No, indeed—it is what *would* have done. You had at the start a much better chance with your wife than Count Hautenbas; but husbands and lovers are the 'hare and the tortoise' of the fable. We must resort now to other means. Will you *follow* my advice as well as *take* it, should I be willing again to burn my fingers in your affairs?"

The eagerness of Tom's protestations quite made the *amende* to my mortified self-complacency, and I entered zealously into my little plot for his happiness. At this moment I heartily wish I had sent him and his affairs to the devil, and (lest I should forget it at the close of this tale,) I here caution all men, single and double, against "meddling or making," marring or mending, in matrimonial matters. The alliteration may, perhaps, impress this salutary counsel on the mind of the reader.

I passed the remainder of the day in repairing the damage of Tom's person. I had his whiskers curled and trimmed even, (his left whisker was an inch nearer his nose than the right), and his teeth looked to by the dentist. I stood by, to be sure that there was no carelessness in his selection of patent leathers, and on his assuring me that he was otherwise well provided, I suffered him to go home to dress, engaging him to dine with me at seven.

He was punctual to the hour. By Jove, I could scarce believe it was the same man. The consciousness of being well-dressed seemed to have brightened his eyes and lips, as it certainly changed altogether his address and movements. He had a narrow escape of being handsome. After all, it is only a "man of mark," or an Apollo, who can well afford to neglect the outer man; and a judicious negligence or a judicious plainness, is probably worth the attention of both the man of mark and the Apollo. Tom was quite another order of creature—a butterfly that was just now a worm—and would have been treated with more consideration in conse-



quence, even by those least tolerant of "the pomps and vanities." We dined temperately, and I superseded the bottle by a cup of strong green tea, at an early moment after the removal of the cloth, determined to have Tom's wits in as full dress as his person. Without being at all a brilliant man, he was, the next best thing, a steady absorbent; and as most women are more fond of giving than receiving in all things, but particularly in conversation, I was not uneasy as to his power of making himself agreeable. Nor was he, faith!

The ball of the night was at the house of an old friend of my own, and Mr. and Mrs. Follett were but newly introduced to the circle. I had the company very clearly in my eye, therefore, while casting about for *dramatis personæ*, and in fixing upon Mrs. Beverly Fairlie, for the prominent character, I assured success, though being very much in love with that coquettish widow myself, I had occasion for some self-denial in the matter. Of Mrs. Fairlie's weak points, (on which it seemed necessary that I should enlighten Tom,) I had information not to be acquired short of summering and wintering her, and with my eye solely directed to its effect upon Mrs. Follett, I put the clues into my friend's hands in a long after-dinner conversation. As he seemed impatient to open the campaign after getting these definite and valuable instructions, I augured well for his success, and we entered the ball-room in high spirits.

It was quite enough to say to the mischievous widow that another woman was to be piqued by any attentions she might choose to pay Mr. Follett. Having said thus much, and presented Tom, I sought out Mrs. Follett, myself, with the double purpose of breaking up the monopoly of Mons. Hautenbas, and of directing her attention, should it be necessary, to the suavities between Tom and the widow.

It was a superb ball, and the music, as Tom said, went to the heels. The thing he did well was waltzing, and after taking a turn or two with Mrs. Fairlie, the rustic dame ran up to Mrs. Follett with the most innocent air imaginable, and begged the loan of her husband for the rest of the evening! I did not half like the look of earnest with which she entered into the affair, indeed, and there was little need of my taking much trouble to enlighten Mrs. Follett; for a woman so surprised with a six months' husband I never saw. They were so capitally matched, Tom and the widow, in size, motion, style of waltzing, and all, that not we only, but the whole party were occupied with observing and admiring them. Mrs. Follett and I (for a secret sympathy, somehow, drew us together, as the thing went on) kept up a broken conversation, in which the count was even less interested than we; and after a few ineffectual attempts to draw her into the tea-room, the Frenchman left us in pique, and we gave ourselves up to the observation of the couple who (we presumed) severally belonged to us. They carried on the war famously, to be sure! Mrs. Fairlie was a woman who could do as she liked, because she *would*; and she cared not a straw for the very *pronounced* demonstration of engrossing one man for all the quadrilles, waltzes and galopades, besides being with him to supper. Once or twice I tried to find an excuse for leaving Mrs. Follett, to put in an oar for myself; but the little woman clung to me as if she had not the courage to undertake another person's amusement, and, new and sudden as the feeling must have been, she was pale and wretched, with a jealousy more bitter probably than mine. Tom never gave me a look after the first waltz; and as to the widow, she played her part with rather more zeal than we set down for her. I passed altogether an uncomfortable

night, for a gay one, and it was a great relief to me when Mrs. Follett asked me to send Tom for the carriage.

"Be so kind as to send a servant for it," said Follett, very coolly, "and say to Mrs. Follett, that I will join her at home. I am going to sup, or rather breakfast, with Mrs. Beverly Fairlie!"

Here was a mess!

"Shall I send the count for your shawl?" I asked, after giving this message, and wishing to know whether she was this side of pride in her unhappiness.

The little woman burst into tears.

"I will sit in the cloak room till my husband is ready," she said; "go to him, if you please, and implore him to come and speak to me."

As I said before, I wished the whole plot to the devil. We had achieved our object, it is true—and so did the man who knocked the breath out of his friend's body, in killing a fly on his back. Tom is now (this was years ago) a married flirt of some celebrity, for after coming out of the widow's hands with a three months' education, he had quite forgot to be troubled about Mrs. Follett; and instead of neglecting his dress, which was his only sin when I took him in hand, he now neglects his wife, who sees him, as women are apt to see their husbands, through other women's eyes. I presume they are doomed to quite as much unhappiness as would have fallen to their lot, had I let them alone—had Mrs. Follett run away with the Frenchman, and had Tom died a divorced slob. But when I think, that, besides achieving little for them, I was the direct means of spoiling Mrs. Beverly Fairlie for myself, I think I may write myself down as a warning to *meddlers in matrimony*.

N. P. W.

#### JOTTINGS.

Mrs. FLIMSON.—Few women had more gifts than Mrs. Flimson. She was born of clever parents, and was lady-like and good-looking. Her education was that of a female Crichton, careful and universal; and while she had more than a smattering of most languages and sciences, she was up to any flight of fashion, and down to every secret of notable housewifery. She piqued herself, indeed, most upon her plain accomplishments, (thinking, perhaps, that her more uncommon ones would speak for themselves;) and it was a greater triumph, to her apprehension, that she could direct the country butcher to the sweet-bread in slaughtering his veal, and show a country girl how to send it to table with the proper complexion of a *riz de veau*, than that she could entertain any manner of foreigner in his own language, and see order in the stars and diamonds in back-logs. Like most female prodigies, whose friends expect them to be matched as well as praised, Mrs. Flimson lost the pick of the market, and married a man very much her inferior. The *pis aller*, Mr. Flimson, was a person of excellent family (after the fashion of a hill of potatoes—the best part of it under ground,) and possessed of a moderate income. Near the meridian sun of a metropolis, so small a star would of course be extinguished; and as it was necessary to Mrs. Flimson's existence that she should be the cynosure of something, she induced her husband to remove to the sparser field of a distant country-town, where, with her diplomatic abilities, she hoped to build him up into a member of Congress. And here shone forth the genius of Mrs. Flimson. To make herself perfectly *au fait* of country habits, usages, prejudices, and opinions, was but the work of a month or two of stealthy observation. At the end of this short period, she had mastered a manner of rustic frankness, (to be put on at will,) she had learned the

secret of all rural economies, she had found out what degree of gentility would inspire respect without offending or exciting envy, and she had made a near estimate of the influence, consequence and worth-trouble-ness of every family within visiting distance.

With this ammunition, Mrs. Flimson opened the campaign. She joined all the sewing circles of the village, refusing steadily the invidious honour of manager, pattern-cutter, and treasurer; she selected one or two talkative objects for her charity, and was studiously secret in her manner of conveying her benefactions. She talked with farmers, quoting Mr. Flimson for her facts. She discoursed with the parson, quoting Mr. Flimson for her theology. She was intelligent and witty, and distributed plentiful scraps of information, always quoting Mr. Flimson. She managed the farm and the household, and kept all the accounts—Mr. Flimson was so overwhelmed with other business! She talked politics, admitting that she was less of a republican than Mr. Flimson. She produced excellent plans for charitable associations, town improvements, and the education of children—all the result of Mr. Flimson's hours of relaxation. She was—and was only—Mr. Flimson's humble vicegerent and poor representative. And everything would seem so much better devised if he could have expressed it in person!

But Mr. Flimson was never nominated for Congress, and Mrs. Flimson was very well understood from the first by her country neighbours. There was a flaw in the high polish of her education—an error inseparable from too much consciousness of porcelain in this crockery world. To raise themselves sufficiently above the common level, the family of Mrs. Flimson habitually underrated vulgar human nature, and the accomplished daughter, good at everything else, never knew where to find it. She thinks herself in a cloud, floating far out of the reach of those around her, when they are reading her at arm's length like a book. She calculates her condescension for "forty fathom deep," when the object of it sits beside her. She comes down graciously to people's capacity, and her simplicity is set down for trap. And still wondering that Mr. Flimson is allowed by his country to remain in obscurity, and that stupid rustics will not fuse and be moulded by her well-studied congenialities, she begins to turn her attention to things more on her own level, and, on Sundays, looks like a saint distressed to be out of heaven. But for that one thread of contempt woven into the woof of her education, Mrs. Flimson might have shone as a star in the world where she glimmers like a taper.

WALK IN BROADWAY.—I think that a walk in New-York to-day, if you had been absent a year, would impress you very strongly with the outbreak of showiness in costume. Whatever spirit it is that presides over the fashions we take so implicitly from France, he (this spirit of woof and colour) has well suited the last and newest invoice to a moment of reaction from economy. Or, (what may better define the present era, perhaps,) the moment after prosperity has almost universally changed hands. The stuffs in the shop-windows of Broadway are of a splendour that would scarce be ventured upon, (in the street at least,) by the severity of last year's aristocratic taste; but the eruption has spread from the shop-windows over the side-walk, and the ladies are verily rainbow clad! The prevailing colours are yellow and blue; the most of the dresses put all the prismatic colours under contribution, and the wearers would make Chinese figures for Gobelin tapestry. It would be a fine speculation in upholstery, indeed, to buy the cast-off dresses of this period, and lay them up to sell for window-curtains to the next generation. But the ladies have it by no means to themselves. They are only bolder and more consistent

in their "bravery of suits." The waistcoats and cravats have taken a long stride into splendour, leaving the coats and trousers in their accustomed sobriety of hue. Jennings' great emporium, opposite the Park, might furnish the knights and courtiers for a new "Field of cloth of gold," so effulgent are the velvets and satins; though the bold youths who have ventured to put forth into Broadway with their glittering waistcoats look like butterflies half-born, the dull broadcloth worm still adhering. For one I should like the age of gauds and such matters to come round again, for I do not see why the lords of nature should leave all the ornament to the birds and flowers and servants in livery; but let it be consistent, and entire, and when it is that, it will be time to compound a gentleman of "a man, a sword and an equipage," and to settle the sixty degrees of precedence which are established in the court of England. But as this will not *all* be in my time, I think I shall not venture on the more luminous stratum, to say the least, of Jennings' waistcoats. The Americanism of the matter is the much more violent array of those gorgeous stuffs in Chatham-street and the Bowery. The small tailors' shops in these Alsatian quarters are quite in a glow with the display of cravats and waistcoats, and their catering for the taste of their customers is, of course, careful and well considered. The age is, perhaps, forever gone by, when a privileged class could monopolize finery of garb; and, of all the civilized nations, it were least possible in ours. I have seen already a dozen at least of cheap-booted apprentices wearing velvet waistcoats, which, a few years ago, would have delighted D'Orsay. This last lustrum of our history, by the way, corresponds somewhat, as to sumptuary matters, with the year 1759, and after, of French history. The nine months' ministry of Silhouette (whose immortality rests on the accident of giving his name to profiles) was a temporary suspension of French extravagance, somewhat similar to ours of the last year or two, during which coats were worn without folds, snuff-boxes made of plain wood, and painting portraits were discarded for outlines in profile; every fashion, in short, giving way to extreme parsimony. This period was succeeded, as our economical days seem promising to be, by a powerful reflux of the suspended extravagance. The parallel must end here, thank heaven!

BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn is as much a part of New-York, for all purposes of residence and communication, as "the Borough" is of London. The steam ferry-boats cross the half-mile between it and New-York every five minutes; and in less time than it usually takes to thread the press of vehicles on London Bridge, the elegant equipages of the wealthy cross to Long Island for the afternoon drive; morning visits are interchanged between the residents in both places—and, indeed, the East river is now hardly more of a separation than the same distance in a street. Brooklyn is the shire-town of King's county, and is second in population only to New-York. It has become the fashion for business-men of New-York to build and live on the fine and healthy heights above the river, where they are nearer their business, and much better situated than in the outskirts of this city itself. Brooklyn is built on the summit and sides of an elevation springing directly from the bank of the river, and commanding some of the finest views in America. The prospect embraces a large part of East river, crowded with shipping, and tracked by an endless variety of steamers, flying through the channel in quick succession; of the city of New-York, extending, as far as the eye can see, in closely-piled masses of architecture; of the Hudson, and the shore of Jersey, beyond; of the bay and its bright islands, and of a considerable part of Long and Staten Islands, and the Highlands of Neversink.

## YOU AND ONE OF US.

THIS is "sodgering week," ladies, and the General has gone to the wars. Provided there be no Banquo to sit in his leather-bottomed chair, I am quite alone, and of course, immeasurably more than usual at your service. Walk in, and make no ceremony—that is to say, draw your foot under you, and sit on your heel. Leave the General's chair unoccupied, if you please. It will remind us that "we" are out, and that I am at home. Sit on that ream of paper, and let's be private and personal.

A little scandal would be appetizing, this cloudy morning. Suppose we put the General on the gridiron and "do him brown!" Poets are so much better for *toasting*!—(reason why:—the first lyre was made by the toasting of the sun—the tortoise-shell, found by Hermes on the Nile, drawn tight by the contracted tendons—"or so they say." His health in a glass of Elsinore cherry! And now, General, come over the coals!

What has he to do—(a poor "various author," tucked away in the "Appendix" of the "Poetry of America")—I say, what has he to do with a lodging in the brain and memory of every man, and in the heart and music-making of every woman in the country! What has a "various author" to do with as much popularity as a baker's dozen of the big bugs with their biographies. What business has a "various author" to get his own price for every scrap of a song, and be the only poet-father in the country whose poetical daughters are run after to be married to music! There is more of him abroad, "by heart," than of anybody else! He is more quoted, more sung, more trolled, more parodied, more plucked at on his pedestal, than anybody else! He uses his brevet as if he were full poet! If it weren't for the "damnable iteration" of a cockatoo critic or two, the world would never suspect—never—that Morris is not a song-writer—the song-writer—and the most sung and the best one of all the "Poets and Poetry of America." And, la!—to be sure!—what a mistaken world we live in—that never knows what it likes till it is told in a book!

It is something to be universal, as a poet—something to *get that far*—it must be confessed. The worth of a thing is, (partly, at least,) what it will bring—particularly in the way of a long-winded popularity. There is some bedevilment or other about Morris's poetry that makes it stick in people's minds, and answer people's *want*, in the way of an expression of their poetical feelings—something that music jumps to, and women remember and love him for—something that satisfies the nine hundred and ninety-nine, and displeases the *nil admirari* thousandth.

Let's try this varlet of a popularity-thief—you judge and jury, and I the aggrieved plaintiff—one of the robbed. Hand me up that big book, on the floor by you, and let's see the law. He's a lyric poet if there's any truth in the definition of that commodity:

"Lyric poetry is that species of poetry by which the poet directly expresses his emotions. It is necessary that the feeling represented should be itself poetical, and not only worthy to be preserved, but accompanied by a variety of ideas, beauty of imagery, and a musical flow of language. One distinct feeling should predominate, giving tone to the whole; the feeling must be worthy of the subject which caused it, corresponding to the same both in degree and kind, and must be so exhibited as to give a living picture of the poet's mind; while at the same time, what is merely individual and accidental must be excluded, so that the poet shall be truly the representative of his race, and awaken the sympathy of all. But this requires genius of a high order."

Quash the suit and turn the plaintiff out of court!—there never was a more literal inventory of goods than this of the peculiarities of Morris's poetry!—Lyrist he is, if *that* describe

lyric poetry, and he has come honestly by his popularity, and the world is right, that said so before the trial. Court's adjourned.

We have sat down once or twice to criticise Weir's picture of the Embarcation—but a criticism of it would be but a recapitulation of its beauties, and as these are quite apparent and everybody will see the picture, we think it not worth while. We have already described, in the Mirror, the *feeling* with which it is seen for the first time, and as we have seen it a dozen times with the same glow, and as that description has been quoted, as just, by many of the critics who have since seen the picture, we can well stop where we are—recording only the present thronging to the exhibition room in New-York and the universal delight the picture gives to the public. Weir may well be a proud and happy man.

We should be very happy to polish "M.'s" verses, but as we have seldom seen a penknife that was sharp after it was sharpened, so we never saw verses that were good after being bettered—by anybody but the original maker. Besides, it is not our vocation to mend poets—though we might make one—heaven help us!

"Henry" is informed that he is a thief—from Arnald de Maraviglia, the Troubadour. He ("Henry") will find the whole matter of his four verses in the Provençal's motto:

"A Dieu mon ame—  
Ma vie au Roi—  
Mon cœur aux dames—  
L'honneur pour moi!"

"Pietas" wishes us to say "less of the dress and beauty of women," and more of the "beauty of holiness." But we beg to submit to Pietas, whether, (in all reverence,) when heaven has set the example in dressing the skeleton with beauty, the outer finishing, which is left us to do, should not carry out the intention and be done in keeping!

A "friend who knew us when a boy" (as if anything but the crust of us be *adult-erated*) wishes us to "write something for posterity." Tut!—Posterity is welcome to all we write,—though, if Posterity will pay us, or if anybody will "down with the dust," as Posterity's "paying teller," we will write something which Posterity can publish as "entirely original." For the present we do *not* hold with the Apotactite, that "property, wine, meat and matrimony are things to be renounced"—and though the three last seem to be the only ones to which our destiny has a free copyhold, we are digging away at prose and poetry, and would peddle pins or pottery, to compass the other.

The Gentlemen and Ladies of the United States are requested not to say *bust* and *fust* for burst and first—nor *hask* for harsh—nor *poutty* for pretty.

## FASHIONS.

There is about to be a revolution in *coat-and-trouser-dom*, as any man may see who will notice the premonitory "crack men" in their gradual encroachments on the old-fashioned undertaker-ishness. Waistcoats have gone before and glitter like a case of beetles in an entomological cabinet. Trousers begin to show gay, and the rich plaids of the last importations are worn by the most venturesome. It will be a bold man who first comes out in a "plum-coloured satin" coat—but it is to be done. Luxury is under strange headway—as you may know by stepping into JENNINGS's under the "American," and seeing the splendours he expects to sell. We are sorry we were born a lustrum too early for this gay period.



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EDITED BY G. P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

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OCTOBER 28, 1843.

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LE IN ADVANCE.

## NUMBER 4.

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the exception of Celestine, until he arrived at the foot of the  
pavilion, where she was in the habit of working after dinner.

"She is here," said he to himself ; "perhaps she is thinking of  
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try to see her and speak with her?"

Seizing his courage by the forelock, as one ought to do, it  
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*A Crime Unknown*

engraved expressly for the New Mirror



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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1843.

NUMBER 4.

## MY BARK IS OUT UPON THE SEA.

My bark is out upon the sea—

The moon's above ;

Her light a presence seems to me

Like woman's love.

My native land I've left behind—

Afar I roam ;

In other climes no hearts I'll find

Like those at home.

Of all yon sisterhood of stars

But one is true ;

She paves my path with silver bars,

And beams like you

Whose purity the waves recall

In music's flow,

As round my bark they rise and fall

In liquid snow.

The fresh'ning breeze now swells our sails !

A storm is on !

The weary moon's dim lustre fails—

The stars are gone.

Not so fades love's eternal light

When storm-clouds weep :

I know one heart's with me to-night

Upon the deep.

G. P. M.

## THE YELLOW ROSE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW MIRROR FROM THE FRENCH OF BERNARD  
CONCLUDED.

AFTER his return to Paris, Aristide Teissier awoke every morning with the firm determination never to see Celestine again, but every evening brought him a contrary resolution. The fourth day, the evening for him began in the morning. Hungering for love from the fast he had subjected himself to, he wrote his confidant the letter, a part of which we have cited ; some hours later, an increase of conjugal fever threw him in the Provins *diligence*. The journey seemed to him a century, until he approached the country where M. Simart dwelt, then all at once the horses appeared to have wings, and he hesitated some time before he could decide to alight from the vehicle. In what manner should he present himself, what face could he put on, and what words could he find, if, as was probable, Dramond had obeyed his orders ? In such a case, would not his return appear like cowardice or a bravado ? Troubled at this alternative, Aristide walked slowly towards the house ; on reaching it his heart failed him entirely ; with a stealthy step he passed before the gate, where the lions looked more grim than ever ; he could not help comparing them to the angels with flaming swords who formerly kept guard at Eden. Lowered from the official dignity of the future husband, for whom all doors open with two raps, to the equivocal part of a man who has compromised his position, he made the turn of the garden, cursing from the bottom of his heart the counsel of his friend, his own irresolution, the race of dogs, the good-natured Simart, and the whole world besides, with the exception of Celestine, until he arrived at the foot of the pavilion, where she was in the habit of working after dinner.

"She is here," said he to himself ; "perhaps she is thinking of me. Why, banishing this ridiculous emotion, should I not try to see her and speak with her ?"

Seizing his courage by the forelock, as one ought to do, it is said, with the occasion, Teissier commenced the assault without delay. The little lane was deserted at this hour of the day, and the angle of the wall, by its irregularities, offered a real thief-ladder, to which he could cling without fear of

injury. Arrested a moment in his escalade by the apparition of Francis, but soon after persuaded he had not been observed, he redoubled his efforts until he reached the window, where he installed himself as firmly as possible, his feet thrust in a hole of the wall, and his hands holding fast to the balcony. He took care to keep his head behind the flower-pot, which, without such precaution, would have flung his shadow on the transparent curtain, and finding no propitious crevice to permit him to see what was passing in the pavilion, he concentrated his whole soul in his ears.

Celestine appeared as devoted to silence as to her work, and her eyes never left her embroidery. On her part, faithful to her promise, Madame Regnauld had taken the volume of Indiana, which she seemed to read with exclusive attention ; but an attentive observer would have noticed that the one turned the leaves of the book very slowly, and the other drew still slower her needle. On the stool where he was seated, with the graceful ease habitual to him, Francis became by degrees as anxious as the prisoner on his bench ; now looking at the maiden, then at the wife ; from the latter to the window, and from the window to the toes of his boots ; and ended by falling into one of those recapitulatory meditations the most determined spirits frequently experience at the approach of a decisive action.

"The scene is more difficult to play than I at first thought," said he to himself ; "the other day, in trying to prove that when one is four one is only two, I advanced a paradox ridiculous enough ; *ma foi*, this is a fine opportunity to prove it, for so many more within than outside make in all full four. But it is the first word that is embarrassing to find."

Madame Regnauld watched stealthily for some time the young man whom she had promised to support. The indecision she saw in his countenance increased the interest with which he had inspired her, for timidity becomes a grace where it is not habitual, and sets as well on bold cavaliers as a smile on serious countenances. However, the sympathy of the young wife was not exempt from the velvet-like irony with which, from prudence or coquetry, she gloved all her sentiments. Abusing somewhat her right of protectress, she abandoned herself without scruple to the spirit of mockery which awoke in her, and far from coming to the assistance of her *protégé*, she felt a malicious pleasure in redoubling the embarrassment revealed in his countenance.

"Did you not tell me you had received news from M. Teissier ?" asked she abruptly.

The traitorous intention of these words, and the half-smile that accompanied them, instead of disconcerting Francis instantly restored his self-possession.

"His word is worth as much as another," said he to himself ; "it leads me to the end by the shortest way, and in all things straight lines are best."

"Teissier has written me, madam," replied he afterwards in a serious tone ; "he announces his return, and charges me to tell you of it."

"His uncle has then recovered ?" resumed the young wife.

"M. Marjolier has never been sick ; his illness was only a delicate pretext to offer as the reason of the departure my friend judged necessary some days since."

Celestine raised her head and fixed her expressive eyes on the young man.

"If your friend," said she, placing emphasis on the last

word, "found his departure necessary, I do not judge the same of his return. You may write and tell him so."

"Do not show any grudge," observed Madame Regnauld with affected mildness. "If he returns, it will be because he feels his error and is repentant. If he owns he is to blame for having been bitten, if he flings himself on his knees to implore your mercy, will you have the cruelty not to pardon him?"

"I have judged her wrongly, she is an excellent woman," thought Aristide at this moment, still clinging to the outside of the window. Mademoiselle Simart remained sometime without replying.

"You are, without doubt, of the opinion of Hortense," said she at last, in a voice almost imperceptible, and without looking at the young man seated at her feet.

Francis inclined himself towards her, and regarded her with the ardent adoration of a cenobite, to whom is revealed a divine vision.

"It is not to pardon him, but me," said he in a low but passionate tone; "to pardon me, for I love you, and the thought even of this marriage flings me into despair, Celestine, angel so dear, the happiness of my life depends upon the word you are going to pronounce. I beseech you tell me you will never marry him."

She made no reply, but her hand, which Francis had taken, spoke for her. On his part, finding words useless, the lover expressed his gratitude only by gliding down on his knees. This mute dialogue, this expressive pantomime, without doubt appeared to Madame Regnauld so many infractions of the treaty; she impatiently shut the volume which, until then, served her purpose.

"It is well to plead the cause of a friend," she said with her most cutting sarcasm; "but you could employ less importunity; besides, it is not very polite to whisper."

"He is speaking for me, what reply will she make," thought Aristide with anxiety, beginning to find his position uneasy.

Celestine arose, confused and blushing. She crossed the pavilion with the timid step of a child, who has been scolded. Seating herself near her cousin, she concealed her face on the shoulder of the young wife; the latter, profiting by this attitude, held up a threatening finger to her *protégé*. Francis, who had not changed his position, had only to turn himself on the carpet to bring himself on his knees to Madame Regnauld, who, at this sight, felt herself disarmed, and granted him peace by a smile.

Not hearing anything for sometime, and not being able to explain the silence, Aristide tried to push back the curtain, which moved under his hand as if shaken by a tempest. Francis only comprehended the cause of the sudden undulation, and at the same time felt the necessity of bringing the scene to a decisive close; he therefore assumed a position more conformable to the employment with which his friend had charged him.

"Permit me," said he aloud, "to accomplish my mission. What reply am I to make to M. Teissier?"

"The gentleman is right," said Madame Regnauld with a kind of maternal gravity; "it is time to decide. If you love M. Teissier, all these disputes are ridiculous. If you do not love him, you must tell your father, who will not certainly oppose your wishes."

"I do not love him," replied Celestine with a firm voice.

Dramond looked at the window, to see if it was really open; a convulsive movement of the curtain assured him that the declaration of the young girl had reached its destination. Then turning towards her, happiness in his eyes and a smile on his lips, in a hypocritical voice he resumed:

"And yet you have accepted his hand?"

"I was so young and so foolish," replied Celestine, with that disdain which the remembrance of their ignorant adolescence always inspires hearts newly initiated in love; "the marriage suited my father; I was content to live in Paris; I accepted, therefore, the hand of Teissier without considering the gravity of such an engagement, and I am sure that he himself attached no more importance to it. Fortunately, experience has proved to us that we were not born for one another. I do not accuse him. I will own, if he wishes it, that all the blame is on my side. It appears that I have many faults; that I am capricious, unreasonable, and even wicked. This is not altogether my opinion; but it has been repeated to me so often that I am almost forced to believe it. I have, therefore, need of finding a great deal of indulgence in him whom I shall marry," continued the young girl in a voice less assured. "M. Teissier has shown me very little; I could not be happy with him, I am certain of it now. I am frank, no one shall take from me that quality; he could see that I did not love him, and perhaps it did not cause him any uneasiness. Thus, you perceive, I am quite right in wishing no longer to marry him."

Francis began to walk the pavilion with an agitated air.

"But if he returns," said he at last, "how would you receive him?"

"I would say to him, I do not love you, and I will never marry you," she replied very quickly, for she knew not how to controul her looks and words to her interrogator.

Francis had so well arranged his movements that at this moment he was at the window; by a gesture quick as lightning, he seized the cord of the curtain, which flew up to the ceiling more rapidly than did ever the curtain of a theatre. A flood of light inundated the room, and revealed the actors in the scene, who, through the balustrade of the balcony and the thin foliage of two geraniums, perceived the bewildered countenance of Aristide Teissier. Madame Regnauld thought it was a thief and screamed. Celestine, who instantly recognized her intended, stood motionless, and apparently petrified; while Dramond feigned the most natural surprise possible, and leaning out the window, with a friendly air, said:

"Eh! bonjour, my dear, how are you?"

Exhausted with fatigue, his limbs trembling, his fingers bearing the marks of the iron balustrade, Aristide, at this unexpected theatrical manoeuvre, felt a cold sweat stealing over his whole frame. With desperate courage he tried to smile, but it was with an air so piteous and lamentable that both ladies burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and retreated to the other end of the room, vainly endeavouring to suppress their merriment. Francis alone preserved his incomparable *sang froid*.

"What the deuce are you doing here, exposed to the sun like an espalier?" said he, holding out his hand to his friend.

Teissier raised himself on tiptoe to scale the window, but he found himself repulsed by the fusillade of peals of laughter which proceeded from the other end of the apartment. His soul, crippled by invisible balls, annihilated by ridicule still more than from the fatigue of his position, his nerves failed him, and he could no longer support himself. His hands abruptly let go the balcony, he tumbled down faster than he could have descended, and fled, half dead with anger, along the lane, whose windings soon secured him from the jeering looks that pursued him.

"Decamped," said Francis to himself, when he saw his friend disappear. Then the play ended, he let the curtain fall again, and turning round, found himself alone with Madame Regnauld, Celestine having just left the pavilion.

"Did you know he was there?" asked Madame with affected seriousness.

"I knew it," he replied, in a tone no less grave.

"Have you no remorse?"

"I love."

"And you think, with that fine phrase, you will always have justice with woman."

"I am sure of it."

Madame Regnauld reflected an instant.

"Your friend had not wit enough to marry Celestine," resumed she. "I will not tell you that you have too much, for I wish to spare your modesty; but I own to you that the perfection with which you play comedy makes me fear for the future happiness of my cousin, supposing you should ever become her husband. Do you really love her?"

"With all my soul!" cried Francis, in an accent it would have been impossible for the most skilful actor to imitate.

Madame Regnauld could not help feeling that the voice of her big, bald husband had not this penetrating vibration; and perhaps this thought was the cause of the half-suppressed sigh, which in spite of herself escaped her.

"I believe you," she replied, concealing under a smile her melancholy feeling; "and now I see nothing to hinder your speaking to my uncle."

"Would it not be more proper to obtain the consent of your cousin first?" replied Francis in a modest tone. "I do not know that she loves me."

Madame Regnauld stopped him with a penetrating look, turned her back upon him, and shrugged her shoulders. Notwithstanding this ironical pantomime, the next day Dr. Dr. Dr. succeeded in obtaining the consent which Madame Regnauld, in her sagacity, thought already fully granted. He then asked Celestine's hand from her father, who at first was greatly surprised; but on learning that Teissier was the first to wish to withdraw his engagement, and that his daughter offered no obstacle to this substitution for a husband, the good man did not make them wait his consent a long time.

"It is she who is to marry," said he; "let her choose, I will not oppose her."

Angry at the idea of the affront with which his daughter had been threatened, the old merchant wrote immediately to the ancient pretender, and gave him a formal dismissal. Then, seeming to participate in the impatience of Francis, he spared no pains to abridge the marriage preliminaries. All the arrangements were made with marvelous promptitude. About six weeks after the scene in the pavalion, the union of the two lovers received a double consecration; and M. Simart, faithful to his antipathies, at first expressed his desire to have the marriage celebrated in the French church of Abbé Chatel, and ended in shedding paternal tears after the exhortation of the catholic curate. Some days before, Dr. Dr. wrote his friend the following billet:

"MY DEAR ARISTIDE:—There are strange vicissitudes in life. Two months ago you announced to me your marriage, now I make you acquainted with mine; and, singularly enough, I am going to marry the woman you renounced. I hope we can congratulate each other on the parts we have taken. To prove to me you do not bear any grudge, come to my wedding, and accept the functions with which you would have charged me. Every one here will receive you as a friend. Marriages are broken off, but I hope that nothing will be able to break off the attachment we have so long borne each other."

Teissier tore the letter into a hundred pieces, and trampled it under his feet. He called down afterwards the most solemn imprecations on the newly formed pair, accompanied by a horrible oath of vengeance; but the sudden death of his uncle Marjolier, on whom the story invented by Francis appeared to bring misfortune, interrupted him in the midst of this paroxysm of fury, and forced him to set off to Brittany, where, in the avaricious pre-occupations of the heir, he for

a time forgot the bitter remembrances and the vindictive projects of the lover.

The honeymoon is no chimera. Even in the absence of love, custom imposes on the new pair a concord to which the most incompatible tempers submit, because it engages nothing for the future. In the serene and ardent passion of first love, Celestine and Francis obeyed the laws of the heart rather than the forms of society. Initiated into a happiness she had never, even in dreams, imagined, the young wife felt for her husband that enthusiasm, mingled with gratitude, which a divine power inspires in the beings he has created. Dr. Dr. Dr., on his part, was attached by a tenderness more and more profound to the charming maiden whose destiny was confided to his care. Thus, both bound by a love in bloom, which to expand in all its opulence had before it the long spring of their youth, it seemed impossible that a cloud could obscure for a single day this sweet destiny. The cloud came nevertheless, and perhaps its precocious apparition was well, for morning storms are most transient.

Francis had been carried away into this marriage by one of those unexpected and rapid currents, which leave those who fall into it neither strength to combat nor time to reflect. Arrived at its consummation, composure returned, and with it a strange apprehension by degrees insinuated itself into his mind, as the worm gnaws leaf after leaf of the flower. The defects of Celestine, which he had witnessed and attributed to childishness, appeared to him more serious, now that he sought without finding them. He believed them slumbering without being corrected, and their silence caused him much anxiety. A coxcomb would have attributed the change wrought in the character of his wife, to his own merits; but without having any too bad opinion of himself, Dr. Dr. Dr. was not a coxcomb. The equality of temper, the unchangeable sweetness that had replaced the former irritability of Celestine, charmed him at first, astonished him afterwards, and ended by giving him secret uneasiness. Only half crediting a reformation he had never expected to be brought about so suddenly, he explained it by every possible reason but the right one, viz: love is the most infallible of reformers.

"The lion is sleeping, but who will assure me he shall not awake?" he asked himself at times, when stealthily observing his young wife, whose looks, having lost their lightning, slumbered laughingly beneath their silken lashes.

The fear, lest the lion should awake, became at length a continual subject of meditation for Francis, till by degrees it suggested a plan of systematic conduct. The most trifling discussions, the most inoffensive contradictions were avoided by him, and rendered impossible by the care he took to prevent them.

Women are not often satisfied in being loved reasonably. Celestine, least of all, whose fiery imagination almost always chose the neighbouring clouds of heaven in which to build her palace, not finding in her husband all that exaltation that appeared to her to be the natural element of tenderness, felt at last the uneasiness of a bird flying in an atmosphere too heavy for its wings. She could not help admitting that Francis was very peaceable, but too serious for his age. Judging from appearances, as women generally do who have more cunning than penetration, she interpreted his calm and precocious gravity to the decline of affection. She, therefore, thought herself less loved; this thought, which would have irritated her when she was a young girl, now plunged her into sad dejection, for the energy she formerly manifested in the least concerns was now concentrated in her heart. Of the ever-revolting child, love had made a woman.

One evening, several months after their marriage, the two spouses who had fixed their abode at Paris, found themselves *tête-à-tête* in a box at Feydeau. Celestine leaned against the back of her chair in pensive languor, and mechanically looked at the play, without seeing the actors or hearing the music. At her side, Francis appeared absorbed in meditation not less profound. He had observed for some days the sadness of his wife, and sought without finding its cause. They remained thus during the whole representation, both pensive, both concealing their thoughts, and at long intervals addressing a word to each other. It was plain they were both plunged into one of those mutual abstractions, ordinarily forerunners of conjugal misunderstandings.

Among the spectators, whose attention was attracted by the beauty of Madame Dramond, was one clothed from head to foot in black, who observed with uninterrupted attention everything that was passing in her box. It was Aristide Teissier, lately returned from Brittany. At the sight of the married pair, he felt awakening in his heart the revenge that had been momentarily suppressed by his succession to the wealth of M. Marjolier. The sadness whose symptoms he thought was apparent in Celestine's countenance, and the anxious air of Francis, gave him that sinister joy which cannot be justified even by hatred.

"They do not look happy," said he to himself, smiling Iago-like.

Teissier passed the night chewing a bitter desire of vengeance, and meditated a project, which, on any other occasion, would have been revolting to his naturally honest character; now he welcomed it eagerly, for his wounded self-love gave him the ferocity of the tiger. The next day, rolled from head to foot in the invisible cloak of hypocrisy, he presented himself at Dramond's, and was cordially received by his old friend.

Celestine, who entered the saloon a moment afterwards, showed no embarrassment at the sight of the man who had made so little impression on her heart, that she could welcome him with the benevolent smile with which one greets an old acquaintance. From this first visit, Teissier's footing was established at his friend's. Celestine at first accepted his attentions with ill-disguised annoyance; but one of those bad thoughts women do not always triumph over—the thought of proving by jealousy the attachment of her husband—suddenly moderated the icy reserve she had till then manifested towards her ancient adorer.

The same evening he made this discovery, he said to himself, as he returned to his home: "Francis has carried off my wife; if I run away with her now, which of us two would be caught the finest?"

The matrimonial cataract had not covered the eyes of Dramond with a veil thick enough for him not to perceive the cunning of the perfidious plots of his *soi-disant* friend. Once upon his guard, he watched him, and from observation to observation soon guessed the treason meditated against his happiness. On making this discovery, his first thought was to put the disloyal fellow out of doors; but a whimsical reflection restrained him, and dictated a course of conduct diametrically opposite to this summary mode of justice. Having taken his resolution, Francis continued to welcome Aristide as he had done. The imperturbable serenity of her husband soon seemed to Celestine outrageous. She saw, in the confidence which he expressed to her with a kind of exaggeration, an irrefragable proof of indifference, that wounded her to the soul. Despairing of being able to inspire him with the furious jealousy which passionate women indulgently accept as a proof of love, she bowed under the weight of affected coquetry, which, no longer having an aim,

appeared to her contemptible, and soon sunk into that gloomy dejection into which disenchanted hearts fall after the struggle. At this symptom Francis trembled, for he attributed the sadness of his wife to the remorse always awakened in virtuous souls at the first consciousness of culpable passion. Aristide, on the contrary, congratulated himself while welcoming the same thought; and to improve the ground he believed already gained, he immediately employed a tactic, whose effect is almost infallible in regard to neglected wives. Every time he saw a cloud on Celestine's brow, or traces of tears in her eyes, he would coo, in a penetrating tone, the following proposition, whose form he varied without ever altering the sentiment:

"If anything could console me for having lost you, it would be the sight of the happiness you enjoy."

A woman who hears one speak of her happiness twenty times a day, at length necessarily begins to doubt it. Celestine no longer believed in hers, and felt a fearful oppression of the heart every time this hypocritical felicitation was repeated, the irony of which was no less poignant for being disguised. At last she revolted against this torture.

"My happiness!" she exclaimed passionately one evening, when alone with Teissier. "Will you always speak to me of my happiness?"

Aristide started like the hunter, who, from his ambush, sees the game he has long been awaiting.

"Am I mistaken?" said he in a pathetic voice; "are you not the most happy of wives?"

"He does not love me," replied she, sinking down in despair on her fauteuil. "Is it because I do not please him any longer?"

Aristide shook his head incredulously.

"There must be another cause," said he afterwards.

"What cause?" demanded she, regarding him fixedly.

"I have said too much," resumed the hypocrite; "besides, 'tis only conjecture; but how believe, with a heart free, one cannot love you?"

"Another! another!" cried Celestine, springing from her chair with fury in her eyes.

It was rousing the lion, so long dreaded by Francis.

"I have not said so," replied Teissier, affecting to reproach himself for his imprudence.

"You have said so!" interrupted the jealous wife with violence. "Now you wish to deceive me, but I read it in your eyes. He loves another. Ah! the veil is torn. Tell me, for I am sure you know all; perhaps you are his confidant. Another! I will kill him. No, I am calm; speak, then, you see I am very calm."

Too far advanced to retreat, Aristide sought in his imagination some crime by which his revenge might blacken Francis and turn to his own advantage. Finding, in spite of himself, the life of the husband irreproachable, he interrogated that of the youth; and as the eagerness of his questioner granted him no delay, he fixed on the first remembrance this inquest recalled to his mind.

"I have only suspicions," said he with a compassionate air, "and the state in which I see you —"

"Nothing ails me. I do not weep," replied Celestine, wiping her eyes; "but go on, do you wish to kill me?"

"The fact to which I alluded involuntarily was previous to your marriage, and makes the offence less grave. I remember that Francis told me of it the very day he arrived at your father's to assist at our wedding."

"Very well," said the young wife, breathless from emotion.

"It appears that he had met, at a masked ball some time before, a charming woman, if I were to believe the description he gave me of her."

"At a masked ball?"

"At the opera."

"And this woman—her name?"

"I do not know; even he was ignorant of it then. But this information he gave me: There were two ladies in one of the boxes in the third tier. One of them wore a ring over her glove, the other held in her hand a rose, a yellow rose."

Celestine arose with an electric bound, but sank back in her chair immediately, where she sat motionless, and almost without consciousness.

"A friend of Francis coming in afterwards, rudely unmasked the domino with the yellow rose, and your husband perceived a face so ravishing that he wanted expressions to describe it to me."

"He thought her pretty?" asked the young wife in a faltering voice.

"Pretty! fascinating! adorable! You ought to have heard him. Finally, since you force me to tell you all, he fell in love with her, so much so, that the next day he fought a duel with his friend, to punish him for having insulted this paragon of women."

"He thought her handsome—and he loved her—at first sight—and he fought for her—" stammered Celestine, her face bathed in tears, and her lips half opened with a celestial smile.

All at once she seized both of Telsaier's hands, and pressed them with convulsive energy.

"Were you to ask my life I would give it you," said she; "but the happiness I owe you would not half be paid."

Aristide thought her crazy, and pushed back his chair. At that instant the door opened. Francis, at the first glance, remarked the emotion of the speakers, and stopped on the threshold, turning pale, for he thought himself the victim of his proof.

At the noise of the door Celestine arose, but her limbs refused their support. At length, collecting all her strength, she sprang towards her husband, flung her arms around his neck, and clasped him passionately to her heart.

"Liar!—cheat!—hypocrite!" cried she, cutting short each word with a kiss. "Ah, you are playing a comedy. And so you think it beneath your dignity to open your heart to a child like me. See this cold, reasonable man, who is afraid of loving his wife too well, and who goes and fights a duel on account of a wicked little mask."

At the sight of Dramond, Aristide caught up his hat, according to the custom of lovers when surprised by husbands; but the unlooked-for turn of the conjugal explanation proved to him that his presence, and his visits even, would be superfluous. Ashamed, like the fox in the fable, he silently glided to the door and disappeared, without his departure being remarked.

"So, then, you have been told of my follies?" said Francis, who, in his turn, had folded his wife caressingly in his arms.

"Follies!" repeated Celestine, with a look of pouting full of charms. "Do you know what folly is? It is your reason. Have we not time enough to be serious? But now I am warned, and when you attempt to deceive me again, wicked man that you are, I shall not believe you; for I know now that you are not cold, nor serious, nor wise; on the contrary, you have a bad head, as bad as mine, do you hear? Besides, you fought a duel. Oh, if I had been a man, I would have fought one too. But you will never do it again; remember, I forbid you. I pardon you this time because it was on my account; ingrate that I was, to believe you did not love me! But you do love me, do you not?"

"Have you doubted it?"

"If you knew how miserable it made me! I supplicate you, never put me again to this proof. But why fear to show your love for me? Are you afraid to make me proud?"

"No, but you are so seldom reasonable. What would become of us if I were not wise enough for both?"

"Listen; let us divide. Be more of a child yourself, and I will be less of one. You may rest satisfied then, for if my heart is very young, when I have a mind I have a good old head." To give more weight to her words, she placed her finger on her forehead, white and polished as ivory.

"And so I pleased you from the first? And I—I did not recognize you. You were so comical with your ugly mask. How amused Hortense will be when she learns this. And you have fought for me; but it is for the last time, is it not, dearest? If you were wounded I should die. And then, you know, I am jealous, horribly jealous. I have just this moment discovered this new defect. But hinder me from talking. Put your hand on my mouth. I love you so much, that in trying to express it to you I shall become silly."

Francis pressed her to his heart, when she abandoned herself in ecstasy, and he shut her mouth, indeed, but not with his hand.

E. P.

#### TO JULIA.

The summer's past, dear Julia, and on the fields and trees,  
We see the marks, the searing marks, of autumn's chilling breeze;  
While every thing around us, e'en the wild bees' softened hum,  
Tells us the summer days are gone, autumn again has come.

The summer days are gone, but in their rapid flight,  
Left they no fond remembrance of happy hours and bright?  
Of friends, whose smiles were on us, in the summer that is past,  
Who gave it all its gladness, who sped it on so fast.

Ah! Julia, those were days that memory will review,  
When we are old, and care has come, like heavy morning dew;  
And as we look from out the morning stream of life,  
That one bright spot of summer day, will cheer us in the strife.

But autumn, it must come, and winter's chilling blast  
Will take its place the seasons 'mongst that ever move so fast;  
But though our life may change, and time still swiftly fly,  
Those summer days we'll ne'er forget, till love and friendship die.

#### A QUAIN SERMON.

BY A LAYMAN.

CHARITY, as practised by the world, is one thing, and as preached by the apostle Paul, is another.

In our walks through life we see examples intended to conform (but in vain) to the eloquent description of this Christian virtue recorded in the Scriptures. He who is truly charitable is a Christian; for we know that, as we see the dawn of day, the sun is near, so, as we behold the image of charity, we are convinced that all other virtues are hovering around.

The charity of the world is cold and repulsive to him who receives it. If the world gives, it gives grudgingly; it desires interest for its investment, and considers it unprofitable to be lending the poor in the name of the Lord. The poor man, as he knocks at the door of the worldling, trembles when he receives the bread, made bitter with an unfeeling rebuke; but men too often withhold their help from the needy, while they pamper themselves with good things, and lavish their fortunes upon the infamous, while they clip farthings with the truly deserving.

The charitable heart is moved at the sight of every distressing object, and it does not desire, for its own satisfaction, a scrutinizing search. The poor wretch, who is the subject of nature's persecution, bearing along the remnant of his tottering frame, ought to draw a tear from every eye; and he must have less sympathy than the crutches upon which the soldier of sorrow leans, who could turn away from such a scene without affording relief! No matter what the cause, it is the misfortune we are to consider; let us give first, and then, if we desire, inquire into the cause.



It is the plan, with those who are strangers to this virtue, to assume a special charity for those they consider deserving; these, unfortunately for both, they never discover. If they see a man who looks like one in want, (and their sense is so acute as to distinguish him from a thousand,) they place both hands upon their pockets, and immediately have business on the other side of the way; or if the mendicant presents his petition, they are either deaf or have no time. They credit their account with charity, with the gift of the whole walk to the beggar. They would do more for a dog in August: they would give all the street to him. If a neighbour has a calamity befall him, the worldling is the last to hear of it; or, should he be acquainted with it, he exclaims, "All right, I give nothing to the careless." With the same reason might they say that the poor Samaritan justly met his fate from the robbers, because he had no business on the highway; but as for him he will not give his wine and oil. His hands have toiled and have helped him to riches, why should he give to the reduced and improvident?

The coldest and roughest winter, amid the fiercest storms heaven sends upon the world, were endurable, by the poor and needy, did God's creatures confer upon their fellows a portion of the blessings His hand has bestowed upon them.

The widow and the orphans' prayers (the only return they have to offer) send up a rich incense to heaven for the remembrance of the charitable, compared with which all gold is as dross in the eyes of Him who giveth all things as seemeth good unto Him.

The north is the proper climate for him who has no heart, yet I would drag him from thence into the congenial clime of the south, where his feelings might soften and invigorate. I would not exterminate the heart-bound; I would loose their bonds, and send them forth among their natural brethren to do good. The poor woman of Scripture, who cast in her mite, gave it with such good-will that had her wealth been in unison with her desire to do good, that mite would have been thousands. There is more required of us than to give cheerfully to those who are thrown in our way; we are bound to seek out the poor, administer to their wants, and to relieve their sufferings. What man, if he lay bound to a pallet of straw by a disease, would not rejoice as he saw his best friend open his creaking door to help him; gratitude would send forth a fountain of tears. How *doubled* is the same kindness received from a stranger! It causes the heart to leap for joy. How is the pillow of death softened, when, in poverty and distress, we feel the hand of the good Samaritan. Other virtues are attributes to angels; "charity is an attribute to God himself."

Beside, the above is the charity of feeling. We are prone to selfishness, and do not care to look beyond our own interests; we are too apt to shut out our thoughts from the consideration of our neighbours, for we forget we owe them anything. If we were as anxious to discharge our moral as we are our business debts, we should be of fair reputation; or, if we looked upon a man who neglected his moral liabilities as we do upon him who disregards his business ones, there would be far too many to censure in the world. We would establish a moral bankruptcy, so that all should be compelled to erase the old score of sins and commence life anew. We are too apt to judge our neighbours with uncharitable feelings. We are bound in conscience to consider character and reputation as sacred, and we ought not to think or speak anything in malice. It denotes a mind tainted with grovelling depravity that lends itself to the unholy persecution of a fair name, or even of adding to a report heard of our neighbour. Were such a man in the condition of Lazarus, the dogs would despise him. The world is so

much given to scandal; and as reports swell and diversify, as they pass along, it has become the settled doctrine of those who think, to disregard them altogether. How uncharitable, then, is it to wish for the destruction of one who is our friend, merely because he is farther advanced than ourselves! Few are able to stand before the revilings of envy; the breath of the envious is corrupt, and all he breathes upon becomes corruption.

Whatever we do in this world, let us bear in mind that our duty is only half performed if we neglect acts of kindness; we are bound to go out on special journeys to seek those in want, and to give them relief and succour. These acts are recorded in heaven's book, for the uncharitable are under the guardianship of the angels, and held in everlasting remembrance. Do not fear that you will throw away your kindness upon impostors; give to all, and out of so many you will be sure that some of the unfortunate are relieved; the satisfaction of healing one broken heart more than pays for the thousand times you are deceived. "Cast out thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;" send thy gifts towards heaven, and God, who provides for the young ravens, will direct your benefactions; they shall be sent home, and the interest shall be blessings upon your head—a crown of glory, far brighter than gold can buy, outshining in its magnificence the gorgeous emblem of kings.

L. Y. W.

THE following delightful sketch is taken from a work, recently published, entitled "Solitary walks through many lands."

Civet, in the Netherlands, is in a manner joined to Charleroi, excepting that it is outside of the fortifications. It stands upon the Meuse in a wonderfully pleasant situation; but after residing there for three months in Ardennes during winter, the first appearance of anything like a cultivated country in the opening of spring, and on a fine day as this was, might seem somewhat beyond its real deserts. "Charleroi! Charleroi!" I repeated to myself times, when, having inquired the name of the town on the other side of the bridge, I was answered, "Charleroi." I felt that it was associated in my mind with some past incidents; but what they were, I was at first unable to recall. Suddenly it broke upon me; and I was sitting with Durand and Elize, in the saloon at Avignon. Poor fellow! said I, aloud; for somehow or other, I was firmly persuaded he had been killed at Waterloo. But before proceeding, let me go back several years, to give the reader some information that may increase his interest in what I have to relate.

I was sitting upon one of the high grounds on the road between Aix and Avignon, looking down upon the latter city, and buried in a deep reverie, not connected with Petrarch and Laura, but in which the history of the popes was passing before me, when a step close behind broke the lengthened link of images, that, like wave on wave, had floated on the sea of fancy. It was a French officer, who, with many apologies, hoped he had not disturbed the reverie of Monsieur. The interruption was rather in discord with the tone of my mind; but through the tinsel of French manner, I thought I could discover something beyond the glitter; and it has ever been my rule in foreign travel to encourage, rather than repel the advance of strangers. I accordingly answered with what courtesy I was master of, and we sat down upon the brow of the hill together. The secrets of a Frenchman, especially those in whose disclosure vanity may glean a little harvest, are seldom very closely guarded; and I was soon master of his budget. He was quartered at Aix, and was thus far on his road to Avignon, to see the sweetest girl in all France, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and *jolie comme un ange*. He possessed, he said, a small independency in the north, near Charleroi, and was to be united to Elise in a few weeks. I, in my turn, told him that I was an Englishman, and a traveller *pour plaisir*; that I had come last from Lyons, and intended remaining a week at Avignon and in the neighbourhood, before taking the road to Nice.

We descended to the city together, and speedily found accommodation near the site of the pope's dilapidated palace. My friend pressed me to accompany him to the house of Elize, who, he assured me, would be charmed to see me; but I excused myself on the score of fatigue, promising, however, to pay my respects the next morning. During the few days that succeeded my arrival at Avignon, Monsieur Durand was my constant companion. He carried me to be introduced to his bride-elect, whom I found to be very far superior to the generality of French women; and I was daily indebted to her, and her amiable family, for the greater part of the pleasure I found at Avignon.

One morning, about a week after our arrival, I was surprised by the unexpected entrance of Monsieur Durand, for I supposed him to be at that time some leagues distant with a party to which I had been invited, but which I had declined joining, owing to my preparations for setting out on the morrow. I was certain something important had brought Monsieur Durand; though, from his countenance, I was quite unable to guess whether he came to communicate good or evil. He had just received a summons to repair instantly to Aix, to march with the troops to which he belonged, and join the army destined to oppose the progress of Napoleon—the news of whose disembarkation at Frejus had reached Aix but a few hours before. "My union with Elize," said he, "must be postponed for a little, until"—here he checked himself: but when I glanced at the cross of the legion of honour, and the medal, upon which were inscribed "Jena" and "Austerlitz," I had no difficulty in comprehending the cause of his hesitation. It would, perhaps, have been difficult for himself to tell whether *l'amour*, or recollections of *la gloire*, were at that moment the more predominant. I parted from him with regret, because he was of a kind and generous nature, and with no expectation of being ever again thrown in his way; and when, a few months afterwards, I learned the event of the fatal strife in which so many of his countrymen had fallen, I felt a severe pang for the probable fate of the open-hearted Frenchman.

Let me now return to Charleroi. It was a lovely evening, and when I had taken some refreshment, I left my ambergé to stroll a little way into the country. Chance led me to the banks of the Meuse, and as there could be no pleasanter path than by a river side, I followed that which led up the stream. When I had proceeded about two miles, as nearly as I could guess, and when just about to retrace my steps, upon a sudden turning I came in sight of a cottage, which, for beauty, I had never seen equalled. It stood about a hundred yards from the river, with a garden sloping down to the stream. The cottage was cream-coloured, of one story only, and almost completely covered with the jasmine tree. The garden was one blow of early spring flowers; *auriculas*, *polyanthuses*, *primroses*, *daffodils*, and many others, which my botanical knowledge does not permit me to name. I thought I had never beheld a spot of more sweet retirement, or one that I could more agreeably live in all my days. I was standing gazing upon it, thinking how happy its inmates might probably be, and had laid my hand upon the little wicket gate that led up to the garden, merely by way of resting my arm, when the door of the cottage opened, and a lady and then a gentleman appeared. I recognized them in a moment; it was Durand and his Elize.

We hear much commonplace about the insincerity of the French: I wish to God all the world had half the sincerity of the French colonel at Civet. It has been my lot often to meet with a kind reception from strangers, and therefore it is that I think more favourably of mankind than misanthropes would make us believe mankind deserves to be thought of. This colonel had been rising rapidly in the French army to power and riches; but through the intervention of my country, his master had been humbled, the army to which he had belonged beaten, and he had to endure the humiliation of seeing an English guard mounted at the palace-gates of the king; yet if I had been directly instrumental in making his fortune, I could not have been received with greater kindness; but indeed, after I had passed a night under his roof, it seemed to me that he had little to regret in the fall of his patron, and he appeared to feel no regret. Living in a beautiful country, in his own cottage, with health and seeming competence, blessed with the endearments of a domestic life—an affectionate wife

and two sweet children, could he regret that the clang of arms had passed away? Glory could indeed no more circle his brows with the wreath of victory; but peace might be around him, and the interchange of affection and kind offices might hallow his home, and light him through all the journey of life. "My income," said he, "is three thousand francs a year, (120*l.* sterling.) Half of that sum is my pay, and the other half is the interest of my wife's fortune. I have the cottage besides; I have all I desire; we live as we wish to live. There are my books—*voilà mes livres*," said he; "not many, but choice. Here are my music-books: Josephine and I sing duets. I work in my garden, from which we have fruit, and flowers, and vegetables, as many as we desire. I have a little horse in my stable; sometimes I ride him, and sometimes I put Josephine upon him, and then I walk beside her. I have a boat on the river, and in warm evenings we row out together, and sometimes we take little Henri; Mathilde is too young. And at Charleroi, I have one or two friends whom I see sometimes. I live nearly a thousand francs within my income, so that I have no cares. For every deserving stranger I have a bed, and place at my table. You see how we live," added he, (the conversation happening during dinner,) "stay with me as long as it is agreeable to you. We will make you as comfortable as we can; and when you go away, do not forget the cream-coloured cottage at Civet, and never pass within fifty miles of us without coming to see us." Josephine looked all that her husband said; and though it would be absurd to suppose any real sympathy between persons who knew so little of each other as myself and my entertainer, yet after having been, during many months, alone, this address made me feel my loneliness the more, and made me begin to doubt if nature had designed me for solitude. We cordially shook hands at parting, and I stepped into the boat which was to glide down the river.

We have read nothing, for many a long day, so decidedly good as the "Sleep Rider," a little volume, just published at the office of the New World. The scene is laid in a Broadway omnibus—the passengers are the *dramatis personæ*—and the adventures are described after the manner of Sterne. But get the book, and judge for yourself of its merits. We make one brief extract:

*I thought so* is an inveterate expression with your wiseacre. Whenever anything happens that he dreads or deprecates, desires or hopes, *has* thought of or *hasn't* thought of—it is still, eternally, *I thought so*.

A new-light preacher—one of those geniuses who can make a man a Christian in about a minute—was once reading to an old-fashioned Jonathan the story of Elisha's making the iron swim, to which Jonathan replied with great unctious—

"I wish I could make iron swim!"

"You can!" quoth the preacher.

"No!"

"You can!"

"How?"

"Believe that you can."

"Is that all?" said Jonathan, giving his eel-skin cue a twist: "Well, I do believe it!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

A pair of water and an old horse-shoe are soon found in New-England.

"You are sure, now, that you believe?" said the preacher.

"I tell you yee!" replied Jonathan, rather impatiently, for he held his word to be as good as his bond, any day: "give me the horse-shoe!"

It was put into water, and—it went to the bottom like a shot.

"*I thought so!*" said Jonathan.

"*I thought so!*" said the man who drew the high prize.

"*I thought so!*" said the man who didn't draw it.

"*I thought so!*" said Napoleon at Marengo.

"*I thought so!*" said Napoleon at Waterloo.

"*I thought so!*" said Van Buren in '36.

"*I thought so!*" said Van Buren in '40.

Whereas, my dear sir, it is obvious that not one of them, except Jonathan, thought any such thing.

"YE THAT EXCEL IN STRENGTH."

Ye favoured sons of the Eternal Sire,  
 Heaven's elder, chosen heirs, nearest the heart  
 Of Him who loveth all! Have ye such gifts  
 As none else own who walk the bounds of earth?  
 The glance far darting—in its boundless range  
 That drinks in all of grandeur and of grace  
 This earth can show—the unscaled vision, too,  
 That pierces to a purer world, where float  
 Forms of a beauty such as never dawned  
 On mortal eyes? The apprehension strong  
 Have ye within your souls, of all that's bright?  
 And doth not Faith lead up the raptured gaze  
 Into the heaven of heavens? Have ye the gift  
 To speak such music as doth move the heart  
 With a strange thrill, and charm its cares away?  
 The spell that summons Fancy's airy throng—  
 That rends the bonds of pain—and bids the storm  
 Of Passion, in its wildest mood, be hushed—  
 Have ye the cunning mastery, that takes  
 The spirit captive, as did David's strings—  
 And are not lips, touched with the fire of Heaven,  
 Prone to discourse on angel's burning theme?  
 Have ye the token of a birth divine,  
 The mind to know deep mysteries and to read  
 Vast nature's scroll, and feel its import grand?  
 Do your hearts beat responsive to the thrill  
 Of noble aspirations—and a voice  
 Within you mightier than the siren lure  
 Of Pleasure, bid you mount and claim your meed?  
 And are the broad wings spread to flap the dust?  
 And cleaving still to earth, do sin and woe  
 Hail you companions, while ye, lingering, hear  
 The language of the skies? If such as ye  
 Keep silence, well may those of meaner place,  
 The *temple stones*, cry out in stern rebuke.  
 Are ye not Heaven's commissioned messengers,  
 Charged with an errand high? the heavy laden  
 And weary to sustain; the wounded heal;  
 Lift up the drooping; and guide home the lost?  
 Dare not to leave your mission unfulfilled;  
 Nor be the golden harps of praise ye hold  
 Voiceless, or tuned to strains of earth. Beware!  
 "Where much is given, much shall be required." E. F. E.

A CHAPTER OF ECCENTRICITIES.

HAVING assisted Mr. Randolph in making his preparations for the voyage, I left him at Bunker's, and promised to call upon him next morning at half-past nine o'clock, to accompany him to the steamboat which was to convey him to the packet.

I charged him to have all his luggage ready, as the steamboat was to start at ten o'clock precisely, which he promised to do.

Next morning, punctual to my appointment, I entered his sitting-room, expecting, of course, to find him, cap in hand, ready to walk to Whitehall dock the moment I appeared. Judge, therefore, of my utter astonishment to see him sitting at the table, in his dressing-gown, with a large Bible open before him, pen in hand, in the act of writing a letter; while "John" was on his knees, most busily employed in emptying one trunk and filling another!

"In the name of heaven," said I, "Mr. Randolph, what is the matter? Do you know that it will soon be ten o'clock, and the steamboat waits for nobody? You promised me last night to have everything packed up and ready when I called, and here you are not even dressed yet!"

"I cannot help it, sir," replied he; "I am all confusion this morning and everything goes wrong; even my memory has gone 'a wool-gathering.' I am just writing a farewell letter to my constituents, and, would you believe it, sir, I have forgotten the exact words of a quotation from the Bible which I want to use; and, as I always quote correctly, I cannot close my letter until I find the passage; but, strange to say, I forget both the chapter and verse. I never was at fault before, sir; what *shall* I do?"

"Do you remember any part of the quotation?" said I. "Perhaps I can assist you with the rest, as time is precious."

"It begins," replied he, "'How have I loved thee, oh Jacob;' but, for the life of me, I cannot recollect the next words. Oh my head! my head! Here, do you take the Bible, and run your eye over *that* page, whilst I am writing the remainder of my address."

"My dear sir," said I, "you have not time to do this now, but let us take letter, Bible and all, on board the steamboat, where you will have ample time to find the passage you want before we reach the packet."

After some hesitation and reluctance he agreed to my proposition, and then, suddenly turning round, he said in a sharp tone:

"Well, sir, I will not take John with me, and you will please get back his passage-money to-morrow. He must go home, sir."

"Not take John with you!" exclaimed I. "Are you mad? Do you forget how much you suffered last voyage for want of John or Juba, and how repeatedly you declared that you would never again cross the Atlantic without one of them? It is folly, and I cannot consent to it."

"I have decided, sir; the question is no longer open to discussion."

"At least," said I, "be so good as to give some reason for such a decision."

"Why, sir," replied he, "John has disobliged me. He has been spoiled by your *free blacks*, and forgets his duty; and I have no idea of having to take care of *him* all the way to Europe and back again!" then, turning to poor John, who was completely crest-fallen, he went on, "finish that trunk at once, and take it down to the steamboat, and on your return take your passage in the Philadelphia boat, and when you get to Philadelphia call on Mr. —, in Arch-street, and tell him that I have sailed; then go on to Baltimore, and call on Mr. —, in Monument-place, and say that I shall write to him from London; thence proceed to Washington; pack up my trunks, which you will find at my lodgings, and take them with you to Roanoke, and report yourself to my overseer." After a pause he added, in a sarcastic tone, "Now, John, you have heard my commands, but *you need not obey them* unless you choose to do so. If you prefer it, when you arrive in Philadelphia, call on the *Manumission Society*, and *they will make you free*, and I shall never look after you. Do you hear, sir?"

This unjust aspersion of John's love was too much for the faithful fellow; his chest swelled, his lips quivered, his eyes filled, as he replied, in much agitation:

"Master John, this is too hard. I don't deserve it. You know I love you better than everybody else, and you know you'll find me at Roanoke when you come back!"

I felt my blood rising, and said:

"Well, Mr. Randolph, I could not have believed this had I not seen it. I thought you had more compassion for your slaves. You are positively unjust in this case, for, surely, you have punished him severely enough by leaving him behind you, without hurting his feelings. You have made the poor fellow cry."

"What!" said he quickly, "does he really shed tears?"

"He does," replied I, "and you may see them yourself."

"Then," said he, "*he shall go with me!* John, take down your baggage, and let us forget what has passed. I was irritated, sir, and I thank you for the rebuke."

Thus ended this curious scene. John instantly brightened up, soon forgot his master's anger, and was on his way to the boat in a few minutes, perfectly happy.

Just as the steamboat was casting off, Randolph called out to me:

"Good-by, my friend, and remember, I shall land at the

Cove of Cork, (the dangers of the seas always excepted,) and go over to Limerick, and spend a day or two at your father's house."

I did not place much dependence upon this hasty promise, and was, therefore, agreeably surprised, a few weeks afterwards, by receiving a letter from home, informing me that "Randolph of Roanoke" had really paid my family a visit, of which they had not received the slightest intimation until he entered the parlour and introduced himself. He made himself extremely agreeable, and they were very sorry to part with him the next day.

The day after the packet sailed I received the following note by the pilot:

"At anchor off the Hook. Sunday night.

"I forgot my stick, a hickory sapling, on board the steam-boat this morning. I left it where I was writing. It is '*pig-nus amicitiæ*;' and the pilot has promised to recover it if possible, for which purpose I have given him a dollar and a description of the stick, which has no coat bestowed on it, except a ferule and a little varnish, and has a bulbous head. Pray send it by the '*Orbit*.' Poor John has no bed, and I am sorry I brought him. Yours truly,  
J. R. of R."

On his return from Europe, in the autumn of 1824, he gave me an animated description of his short visit to Ireland.

"Sir," said he, "much as I was prepared to see misery in the south of Ireland, I was utterly shocked at the condition of the poor peasantry between Limerick and Dublin. Why, sir, John never felt so proud at being a *Virginia slave*. He looked with horror upon the mud hovels and miserable food of the *white slaves*, and I had no fear of *his* running away. The landlords, and the clergy of the established church, have a fearful account to give, some day or other, sir, of the five and ten talents entrusted to them. I could not keep silence, sir, but everywhere, in the stage-coaches and hotels, I expressed my opinions fearlessly. One morning, whilst breakfasting at 'Morrison's,' in Dublin, I was drawn into an argument with half-a-dozen country gentlemen, all violent Tories, who seemed to think that all the evils of Ireland arose from the disloyalty of the Catholics. I defended the latter, on the ground that they were denied their political rights; and I told them very plainly, in the language of Scripture, that until they 'unmuzzled the ox which treadeth out the corn,' they must expect insurrections and opposition to the government. I had no sooner uttered these words than they all endeavoured to silence me by clamour, and one of them insinuated that I must be a 'foreign spy.' I stood up at once, sir, and after a pause said, 'Can it be possible that I am in the metropolis of Ireland, the centre of hospitality, or do I dream? Is *this* the way that Irish gentlemen are wont to treat strangers, who happen to express sympathy for the wrongs of their countrymen? If, gentlemen, you cannot refute my arguments, at least do not drown my voice by noisy assertions, which you do not attempt to prove. If ever any of you should visit old Virginia, I shall promise you a fair hearing, at all events; and you may compare *our* system of slavery with *yours*—aye, and be the judges yourselves!' This pointed rebuke had the desired effect; the moment they discovered who I was they instantly apologized for their rudeness, insisted upon my dining with them, and never did I spend a more jovial day. The instant *politics* were laid aside all was wit, and repartee and song. So ended my first and last debate with a party of *Irish Tories*."

"By the way," said I, "did you regret my advice to take faithful 'John' with you?"

"Regret it, sir?" exclaimed he; "oh no! I should have died had it not been for him. He saved my life three several times, sir."

"Then," replied I, "I hope, to use your own figure of speech, that next time you will not 'go off at half-cock!'"

"How were you pleased with England *this* visit?" continued I.

He replied with enthusiasm, drawing himself up to his full height:

"There never was such a country on the face of the earth as England; and it is utterly impossible that there ever can be any combination of circumstances hereafter to make such another country as old England now is—God bless her! But in Ireland," added he, "the government and the church, *or the lion and the jackal*, have divided the spoils between them, leaving nothing for poor Pat but the potatoes. The Marquis of Wellesley, sir, does his best to lessen the miseries of the peasantry, and yet he is abused by both factions—a pretty good proof that he acts impartially between them, sir."

Mr. Randolph left town for Washington next day, promising to write me occasionally; he did so, for several years afterwards, and I shall give some extracts from his letters.

He was very jealous of his fame as a correct speaker in Congress, and used frequently to blame the reporters for not making accurate reports of his speeches. Thus, in a letter dated February 14, 1824, he says:

"As you have done me the honour to transmit my bagatelle of a speech across the Atlantic, I wish you could find some means of apprizing Lord L—— and Mr. R—— of some gross mistakes of my meaning by the reporter. I never spoke of Mr. Pitt as the '*greatest*' of ministers, for such I never thought him. I described him as one of the '*loftiest* and most unbending,' and instead of referring my auditors to the countless speeches of Mr. Fox, I expressly stated the case of interference attempted by Mr. Pitt to be that of Czarkow. If you please, I will send you a more correct report of what I said; and I shall be gratified very highly if it should attract the attention of such good patriots and able statesmen as Lord L——, Lord H——, and Mr. S. R——. When you write to England or Ireland pray remember me to all friends. By the way, get some Liverpool friend to send me 'Tim Bobbin,' (a Lancashire author,) and then make me a present of it. Farewell, my good sir. Sincerely yours."

"P. S. As you relish such matters, I send you a couple of *jeux d'esprit*:

On Dr. H. delivering a very flowery oration, with a roll of barley-sugar brandished in his right hand.

"With razor keen  
As e'er was seen,  
A Barber they call Phil,  
In Congress rose,  
And by the nose,  
Took Mr. Hemphill's bill:  
In huge affright,  
At such a sight,  
I saw a Jersey dandy  
Attempt to stay  
That razor's sway,  
With a stick of sugar-candy!"

"Wynn, the Virginian racer, sold Dr. Thornton, of great notoriety, a race-horse named Rattler, and was obliged to bring a suit for payment. Thornton pleaded that Rattler was good for nothing, and Wynn proved that he had been brought to that condition by starvation.

'WYNN vs. THORNTON.

"How can he hope to win, whatever his speed,  
With his horses unfed, and his counsel unfee'd?  
His horses unfed will sure lose him his race,  
And his lawyers unfee'd will lose him the case!"

"WASHINGTON, March 1, 1824.

"I send you a more correct report of my speeches on the Greek question than has yet been published. They are not compositions in writing; they are short-hand reports, with here and there a correction of a flagrant mistake. I shall send you by to-morrow's mail all Cobbett's printed sermons. I am very unwell, and nearly blind. Farewell, and let me hear from

you as often as possible. I have the gout in my right hand and great toe! I should dislike that Mr. S. R.—, or Lord L.—, or Lord H.— should think I spoke of Mr. Pitt as the ‘greatest of ministers.’ I never thought so, and said no such thing. I gave the palm to Mr. Fox. Yours, R. of R.”

“March 9, 1824.

“Your favour of the sixth arrived not ten minutes ago. You see that I endeavour, by the promptitude of my acknowledgment, to obtain, if not to deserve, a continuance of your favours. If such as that before me be a new specimen of your ‘stupid’ letters, I shall die a laughing when I get one of your witty ones. Yesterday, Mr. — came out, flushed with confidence, on the tariff bill; but his shallow sophistry and ignorance were exposed in the most glaring manner—(He did not know that the article of the treaty which he had signed was a transcript of that of Jay in 1794; and he talked of duties which England had *lain*, &c.)—We stuck at the third section of the bill, one hundred and fourteen to sixty-six, and I never saw mortification more strongly depicted than in his face and manner. I think we shall defeat the bill.

“Mr. Macon was much diverted with your letter, which I took the liberty to send to him; especially that part of it that relates to your Irish road-jobs. I remember well Miss Edgeworth’s admirable satire. By the way, do you ever have a conveyance to her? If you are one of her correspondents, make my devoirs. In one of my speeches ‘will’ is reported for ‘shall.’ I forget whether I corrected it or not.”

“April 14, 1824; from Babel.

“Nothing but the tariff bill kept me from going to New-York on Sunday last, to take passage in the packet that sails on Good Friday. A most unprovoked and rude attack was made upon me in the House on Monday, but it was received in a spirit which Robert Barclay could not have disapproved, and which brought me ‘golden opinions’ from all sorts of people. I have heard of many. Mr. King, the Patroon, and twenty more, speaking for themselves. Mr. King said, ‘he was delighted,’ &c. &c., with much more that my modesty will not permit me to write.”

“May 11.

“Mr. Crawford has this day triumphantly, but with the most perfect dignity and good temper, refuted Mr. Edwards’ charges, and has convicted him of perjury without using the term, or bringing the charge, merely by referring to second testimony that directly contradicts his evidence on oath. It is the most passionless production that can be conceived, and will recoil upon his adversaries. I consider that this business will insure his election.”

“WASHINGTON, February 19, 1825.

“In return for your very agreeable letter of the thirteenth, I am almost ashamed to send you this costly reply; but my health is worse than ever, and I have suffered more within three days past, from my accident at Stoney-Strafford, than I did at the time when the injury was received.

“I have seen Mr. Robert Owen. He is in raptures with his new purchase. He says that although he has no concealments, and hates to have anything to conceal, yet, at Rapp’s request, he has not mentioned the price. It is, certainly, nothing like the sum mentioned in the papers. He has bought everything, flocks, herds, &c. as it stands. Thanks to you for Irish news. It always gives me pleasure to hear from that quarter, and of such men as Spring Rice and the Knight of Kerry. Success to their schemes, for they have the good of mankind in view.

“Believe me to be, with the utmost respect and regard, truly yours,  
J. R. of R.”

#### THE FEMALE WARD.

Most men have two or more souls, and Jem Thalimer was a doublet, with sets of manners corresponding. Indeed one identity could never have served the pair of him! When sad—that is to say, when in disgrace or out of money—he had the air of a good man with a broken heart. When gay—flush in pocket and happy in his little ambitions—you would have thought him a dangerous companion for his grandmother.

The last impression did him more injustice than the first, for he was really very amiably disposed when depressed, and not always wicked when gay—but he made friends in both characters. People seldom forgive us for compelling them to correct their first impressions of us, and as this was uniformly the case with Jem, whether he had begun as saint or sinner, he was commonly reckoned a deep-water fish; and, where there were young ladies in the case, early warned off the premises. The remarkable exception to this rule, in the incident I am about to relate, arose, as may naturally be supposed, from his appearing, during a certain period, in one character only.

To begin my story fairly, I must go back for a moment to our Junior Jem in college, showing, by a little passage in our adventures, how Thalimer and I became acquainted with the confiding gentleman to be referred to.

A college suspension, very agreeably timed, in June, left my friend Jem and myself masters of our travels for an uncertain period; and as our purse was always in common, like our shirts, love-letters and diatribes, our several borrowings were thrust into a wallet which was sometimes in his pocket, sometimes in mine, as each took the turn to be paymaster. With the (intercepted) letters in our pockets, informing the governors of our degraded position, we travelled very prosperously on—bound to Niagara, but very ready to fall into any manner of obliquity by the way. We arrived at Albany, Thalimer chancing to be purser, and as this function tacitly conferred, on the holder, all other responsibilities, I made myself comfortable at the hotel for the second day and the third—up to the seventh—rather wondering at Jem’s depressed spirits and the sudden falling off of his enthusiasm for Niagara, but content to stay if he liked, and amusing myself in the side-hill city passably well. It was during my rambles without him in this week that he made the acquaintance of a bilious-looking person lodging at the same hotel—a Louisianian on a tour of health. This gentleman, whom he introduced to me by the name of Dauchy, seemed to have formed a sudden attachment to my friend, and as Jem had a “secret sorrow” unusual to him, and the other an unusual secretion of bile, there was of course between them that “secret sympathy” which is the basis of many tender friendships. I rather liked Mr. Dauchy. He seemed one of those chivalric, polysyllabic Southerners, incapable of a short word or a mean action, and, interested that Jem should retain his friendship, I was not sorry to find our departure follow close on the recovery of his spirits.

We went on toward Niagara, and in the irresistible confidence of canal-travelling I made out the secret of my *fidus achates*. He had attempted to alleviate the hardship of a deck passage for a bright-eyed girl on board the steamer, and, on going below to his berth, left her his great-coat for a pillow. The stuffed wallet which somewhat distended the breast-pocket, was probably in the way of her downy cheek, and Jem supposed that she simply forgot to return the “removed deposit”—but he did not miss his money till twelve hours after, and then, between lack of means to pursue her, and shame at the sentiment he had wasted, he kept the disaster to himself, and passed a melancholy week in devising expedients for replenishing. Through this *penseroso* vein, however, lay his way out of the difficulty, for he thus touched the soul and funds of Mr. Dauchy. The commendence, (commenced by the re-payment of the loan,) was kept up stragglingly for several years, bolstered somewhat by barrels of marmalade, boxes of sugar, hominy, &c., till finally it ended in the unlooked-for consignment which forms the subject of my story.

Jem and myself had been a year out of college, and were passing through that “tight place” in life, commonly under-

stood in New-England as "the going in at the little end of the horn." Expected by our parents to take to money-making like ducks to swimming, deprived at once of college allowance, called on to be men because our education was paid for, and frowned upon at every manifestation of a lingering taste for pleasure,—it was not surprising that we sometimes gave tokens of feeling "crowded," and obtained somewhat the reputation of "bad subjects"—(using this expressive phrase quite literally.) Jem's share of this odour of wickedness was much the greater, his unlucky devilry of countenance doing him its usual disservice, but like the gentleman to whom he was attributed as a favourite *protégé* he was "not so black as he was painted."

We had been so fortunate as to find one believer in the future culmination of our clouded stars—Gallagher, "mine host"—and for value to be received when our brains should fructify, his white soup and "red-string Madeira," his game, turtle, and all the forthcomings of the best restaurant of our epoch, were served lovingly and charged moderately. Peace be with the ashes of William Gallagher! "The brains" have fructified and "the value" has been received—but his name and memory are not "filed away" with the receipt; and though years have gone over his grave, his modest welcome, and generous dispensation of entertainment and service, are, by one at least of those who enjoyed them, gratefully and freshly remembered!

We were to dine as usual at Gallagher's at six—one May day which I well remember. I was just addressing myself to my day's work when Jem broke into my room with a letter in his hand, and an expression on his face of mingled embarrassment and fear.

"What the deuce to do with her!" said he, handing me the letter.

"A new scrape, Jem?" I asked, as I looked for an instant at the Dauchy coat of arms on a seal as big as a dollar.

"Scrape?—yes it is a scrape!—for I shall never get out of it reputably. What a dunce old Dauchy must be to send me a girl to educate! I a young lady's guardian! Why, I shall be the laugh of the town! What say? Isn't it a good one?"

I had been carefully perusing the letter while Thalimer walked soliloquizing about the room. It was from his old friend of marmalades and sugars, and in the most confiding and grave terms, as if Jem and he had been a couple of contemporaneous old bachelors, it consigned to his guardianship and friendly counsel, Miss Adeline Lasacque, the only daughter of a neighbouring planter! Mr. Lasacque having no friends at the north, had applied to Mr. Dauchy for his guidance in the selection of a proper person to superintend her education, and as Thalimer was the only correspondent with whom Mr. Dauchy had relations of friendship, and was, moreover, "fitted admirably for the trust by his impressive and dignified address," (?) he had "taken the liberty," &c. &c.

"Have you seen her?" I asked, after a long laugh, in which Jem joined but partially.

"No, indeed! She arrived last night in the New-Orleans packet, and the captain brought me this letter at daylight with the young lady's compliments. The old sea-dog looked a little astounded when I announced myself. Well he might, faith! I don't look like a young lady's guardian, do I?"

"Well—you are to go on board and fetch her—is that it?"

"Fetch her! Where shall I fetch her? Who is to take a young lady of my fetching? I can't find a female academy that I can approve—"

I burst into a roar of laughter, for Jem was in earnest with his scruples, and looked the picture of unhappiness.

"I say I can't find one in a minute—don't laugh, you blackguard!—and where to lodge her meantime?" What should I say to the hotel-keepers? They all know me? It looks devilish odd, let me tell you, to bring a young girl, without matron or other acquaintances than myself, and lodge her at a public house?"

"Your mother must take your charge off your hands."

"Of course that was the first thing I thought of. You know my mother! She don't half believe the story, in the first place. If *there is* such a man as Mr. Dauchy, she says, and if *this is* a 'Miss Lasacque,' all the way from Louisiana, there is but one thing to do—send her back in the packet she came in! She'll have nothing to do with it! There's more in it than I am willing to explain. I never mentioned this Mr. Dauchy before! Mischief will come of it! Abduction's a dreadful thing! If I will make myself notorious I need not think to involve my mother and sisters! That's the way she talks about it!"

"But couldn't we mollify your mother?—for, after all, her countenance in the matter will be expected!"

"Not a chance of it!"

"The money part of it is all right?"

"Turn the letter over! Credit for a large amount on the Robinsons, payable to my order only!"

"Faith! it's a very hard case if a nice girl with plenty of money can't be permitted to land in Boston! You didn't ask the captain if she was pretty?"

"No, indeed! But pretty or plain, I must get her ashore and be civil to her. I must ask her to dine! I must do something besides hand her over to a boarding-school! Will you come down to the ship with me?"

My curiosity was quite aroused, and I dressed immediately. On our way down we stopped at Gallagher's to request a little embellishment to our ordinary dinner. It was quite clear, for a variety of reasons, that she must dine with her guardian there, or nowhere. Gallagher looked surprised, to say the least, at our proposition to bring a young lady to dine with us, but he made no comment beyond a respectful remark that "No. 2 was very private!"

We had gone but a few steps from Devonshire-street when Jem stopped in the middle of the sidewalk.

"We have not decided yet what we are to do with Miss Lasacque all day, nor where we shall send her baggage, nor where is she to lodge to-night. For heaven's sake suggest something!" added Jem, quite out of temper.

"Why, as you say, it would be heavy work to walk her about the streets from now till dinner-time—eight hours or more! Gallagher's is only an eating-house, unluckily, and you are so well known at all the hotels, that, to take her to one of them without a chaperon, would, to say the least, give occasion for remark. But here, around the corner, is one of the best boarding-houses in town, kept by the two old Misses Smith. You might offer to put her under their protection. Let's try!"

The Misses Smith were a couple of reduced gentlewomen, who charged a very good price for board and lodging, and piqued themselves on entertaining only very good company. Begging Jem to assume the confident tone which the virtuous character of his errand required, I rang at the door, and in answer to our inquiry for the ladies of the house, we were shown into the basement parlour, where the eldest Miss Smith sat with her spectacles on, adding new vinegar to some pots of pickles. Our business was very briefly stated. Miss Smith had plenty of spare room.

Would we wait a moment till she tied on the covers to her pickle-jars?

The cordiality of the venerable demoiselle evidently put Thalimer in spirits. He gave me a glance which said very plainly, "You see we needn't have troubled our heads about this!"—but the sequel was to come.

Miss Smith led the way to the second story, where were two very comfortable unoccupied bed-rooms.

"A single lady?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jem, "a Miss Lasacque of Louisiana."

"Young, did you say?"

"Seventeen, or thereabouts, I fancy." (This was a guess, but Jem chose to appear to know all about her.)

"And—ehem!—and—quite alone?"

"Quite alone—she is come here to go to school."

"Oh, to go to school! Pray—will she pass her vacations with your mother?"

"No!" said Jem, coughing, and looking rather embarrassed.

"Indeed! She is with Mrs. Thalimer at present, I presume."

"No—she is still on ship-board! Why, my dear madam, she only arrived from New-Orleans this morning."

"And your mother has not had time to see her? I understand. Mrs. Thalimer will accompany her here, of course."

Jem began to see the end of the old maid's catechism, and thought it best to volunteer the remainder of the information.

"My mother is not acquainted with this young lady's friends," he said; "and, in fact, she comes introduced only to myself."

"She has a guardian, surely?" said Miss Smith, drawing back into her Elizabethan ruff with more dignity than she had hitherto worn.

"I am her guardian!" replied Jem, looking as red and guilty as if he had really abducted the young lady, and was ashamed of his errand.

The spinster bit her lips and looked out of the window.

"Will you walk down stairs for a moment, gentlemen," she resumed, "and let me speak to my sister. I should have told you that the rooms *might* possibly be engaged. I am not quite sure—indeed—ehem—pray walk down and be seated a moment!"

Very much to the vexation of my discomfited friend, I burst into a laugh as we closed the door of the basement parlour behind us.

"You don't realize my confoundedly awkward position," said he. "I am responsible for every step I take, to the girl's father in the first place, and then to my friend Dauchy, one of the most chivalric old cocks in the world, who, at the same time, could never understand why there was any difficulty in the matter! And it *does* seem strange, that in a city with eighty thousand inhabitants, it should be next to impossible to find lodging for a virtuous lady, a stranger!"

I was contriving how to tell Thalimer that "there was no objection to the camel but for the dead cat hung upon its neck," when a maid-servant opened the door with a message:—"Miss Smith's compliments and she was very sorry she had no room to spare!"

"Pleasant!" said Jem, "very pleasant! I suppose every other keeper of a respectable house will be equally sorry. Meantime, it's getting on towards noon, and that poor girl is moping on ship-board, wondering whether she is ever to be taken ashore! Do you think she might sleep at Gallagher's?"

"Certainly not! He has, probably, no accommodations

for a lady, and, to lodge in a *restaurant*, after dining with you there, would be an indiscreet first step in a strange city, to say the least. But let us make our visit to your fair ward, my dear Jem! Perhaps she has a face innocent enough to tell its own story—like the lady who walked through Erin 'with the snow-white wand.'"

The vessel had lain in the stream all night, and was just hauling up to the wharf with the moving tide. A crowd of spectators stood at the end of her mooring cable, and, as she warped in, universal attention seemed to be given to a single object. Upon a heap of cotton-bales, the highest point of the confused lumber of the deck, sat a lady under a sky-blue parasol. Her gown was of pink silk, and by the volume of this showy material which was presented to the eye, the wearer, when standing, promised to turn out of rather conspicuous stature. White gloves, a pair of superb amethyst bracelets, a string of gold beads on her neck, and shoulders quite naked enough for a ball, were all the disclosures made for a while by the envious parasol, if we except a little object in blue, which seemed the extremity of something she was sitting on, held in her left hand,—and which turned out to be her right foot in a blue satin slipper!

I turned to Thalimer. He was literally pale with consternation.

"Hadm't you better send for a carriage to take your ward away?" I suggested.

"You don't believe that to be Miss Lasacque, surely?" exclaimed Jem, turning upon me with an imploring look.

"Such is my foreboding," I replied; "but wait a moment. Her face may be pretty, and you, of course, in your guardian capacity, may suggest a simplification of her toilette. Consider!—the poor girl was never before off the plantation—at least so said old Dauchy's letter."

The sailors now began to pull upon the stern-line, and, as the ship came round, the face of the unconscionable object of curiosity stole into view. Most of the spectators, after a single glance, turned their attention elsewhere with a smile, and Jem, putting his hands into his two coat pockets behind him, walked off toward the end of the pier, whistling to himself very energetically. She was an exaggeration of the peculiar physiognomy of the south—lean rather than slight, sallow rather than pale. Yet I thought her eyes fine.

Thalimer joined me as the ship touched the dock, and we stepped on board together. The cabin-boy confirmed our expectations as to the lady's identity, and putting on the very insinuating manner which was part of his objectionable exterior, Jem advanced and begged to know if he had the honour of addressing Miss Lasacque.

Without losing her hold upon her right foot, the lady nodded.

"Then, madam!" said Jem, "permit me to introduce to you your guardian, Mr. Thalimer!"

"What, that old gentleman coming this way?" asked Miss Lasacque, fixing her eyes on a custom-house officer who was walking the deck.

Jem handed the lady his card.

"That is my name," said he, "and I should be happy to know how I can begin the duties of my office!"

"Dear me!" said the astonished damsel, dropping her foot to take his hand, "isn't there an older Mr. James Thalimer? Mr. Dauchy said it was a gentleman near his own age!"

"I grow older, as you know me longer!" Jem replied apologetically; but his ward was too well satisfied with his appearance, to need even this remarkable fact to console her. She came down with a slide from her cotton-bag elevation, called to the cook to bring the band-box with the bon-



net in it, and meantime gave us a brief history of the inconveniences she had suffered in consequence of the loss of her slave, Dinah, who had died of sea-sickness three days out. This, to me, was bad news, for I had trusted to a "lady's maid" for the preservation of appearances, and the scandal threatening Jem's guardianship, looked, in consequence, very imminent.

"I am dying to get my feet on land again!" said Miss Lasacque, putting her arm in her guardian's, and turning toward the gangway—her bonnet not tied, nor her neck covered, and thin blue satin slippers, though her feet were small, showing forth in contrast with her pink silk gown, with frightful conspicuousness! Jem resisted the shoreward pull, and stood motionless and aghast.

"Your baggage," he stammered at last.

"Here, cook!" cried the lady, "tell the captain, when he comes aboard, to send my trunks to Mr. Thalimer's! They are down in the hold, and he told me he couldn't get at 'em till to-morrow," she added, by way of explanation to Thalimer.

I felt constrained to come to the rescue.

"Pardon me, madam!" said I, "there is a little peculiarity in our climate, of which you probably are not advised. An east wind commonly sets in about noon, which makes a shawl very necessary. In consequence, too, of the bronchitis which this sudden change is apt to give people of tender constitutions, the ladies of Boston are obliged to sacrifice what is becoming, and wear their dresses very high in the throat."

"La!" said the astonished damsel, putting her hand upon her bare neck, "is it sore throat that you mean? I'm very subject to it, indeed! Cook! bring me that fur-tippet out of the cabin! I'm so sorry my dresses are all made so low, and I haven't a shawl unpacked either!—doar! dear!"

Jem and I exchanged a look of hopeless resignation, as the cook appeared with the chinchilli tippet. A bold man might have hesitated to share the conspicuousness of such a figure in a noon promenade, but we each gave her an arm when she had tied the soiled ribbon around her throat, and silently set forward.

It was a bright and very warm day, and there seemed a conspiracy among our acquaintances, to cross our path. Once in the street, it was not remarkable that they looked at us, for the towering height at which the lady carried her very showy bonnet, the flashy material of her dress, the jewels and the chinchilli tippet, formed an *ensemble* which caught the eye like a rainbow; and truly people did gaze, and the boys, spite of the unconscious look which we attempted, did give rather disagreeable evidence of being amused. I had various misgivings, myself, as to the necessity for my own share in the performance, and, at every corner, felt sorely tempted to bid guardian and ward good morning; but friendship and pity prevailed. By streets and lanes not calculated to give Miss Lasacque a very favourable first impression of Boston, we reached Washington-street, and made an intrepid dash across it, to the Marlborough Hotel.

Of this public house, Thalimer had asked my opinion during our walk, by way of introducing an apology to Miss Lasacque for not taking her to his own home. She had made it quite clear that she expected this, and Jem had nothing for it but to draw such a picture of the decrepitude of Mr. Thalimer, senior, and the bedridden condition of his mother, (as stout a couple as ever plodded to church!) as would satisfy the lady for his short-comings in hospitality. This had passed off very smoothly, and Miss Lasacque entered the Marlboro', quite prepared to lodge there, but very little aware, (poor girl!) of the objections to receiving her as a lodger.

Mr. ———, the proprietor, had stood in the archway as we entered. Seeing no baggage in the lady's train, however, he had not followed us in, supposing, probably, that we were callers on some of his guests. Jem left us in the drawing-room, and went upon his errand to the proprietor, but after half an hour's absence, came back, looking very angry, and informed us that no rooms were to be had! Instead of taking the rooms without explanation, he had been unwise enough to "make a clean breast" to Mr. ———, and the story of the lady's being his "ward," and come from Louisiana to go to school, rather staggered that discreet person's credulity.

Jem beckoned me out, and we held a little council of war in the entry. Alas! I had nothing to suggest. I knew the Puritan metropolis very well—I knew its *phobia* was "the appearance of evil." In Jem's care-for-nothing face lay the leprosy which closed all doors against us. Even if we had succeeded, by a *coup de main*, in lodging Miss Lasacque at the Marlboro', her guardian's daily visits would have procured for her, in the first week, some intimation that she could no longer be accommodated.

"We had best go and dine upon it," said I; "worst come to the worst, we can find some sort of dormitory for her at Gallagher's, and to-morrow she must be put to school, out of the reach of your 'pleasant, but wrong society.'"

"I hope to heaven she'll 'stay put,'" said Jem, with a long sigh.

We got Miss Lasacque again under way, and avoiding the now crowded part of Washington-street, made a short cut by Theatre Alley to Devonshire-street and Gallagher's. Safely landed in "No. 2," we drew a long breath of relief. Jem rang the bell.

"Dinner, waiter, as soon as possible."

"The same that was ordered at six, sir?"

"Yes, only more champagne, and bring it immediately. Excuse me, Miss Lasacque," added Jem, with a grave bow, "but the non-appearance of that east wind, my friend spoke of, has given me an unnatural thirst. Will you join me in some champagne after your hot walk?"

"No, thank you," said the lady, untying her tippet, "but, if you please, I will go to my room before dinner!"

Here was trouble, again! It had never occurred to either of us, that ladies must go to their rooms before bed-time.

"Stop!" cried Jem, as she laid her hand on the bell to ring for the chamber-maid, "excuse me—I must first speak to the landlord—the room—the room is not ready, probably!"

He seized his hat, and made his exit, probably wishing all confiding friends, with their neighbour's daughters, in a better world! He had to do with a man of sense, however. Gallagher had but one bedroom in the house, which was not a servant's room, and that was his own. In ten minutes it was ready, and at the lady's service. A black scullion was promoted for the nonce, to the post of chamber-maid, and, fortunately, the plantation-bred girl had not been long enough from home to be particular. She came to dinner as radiant as a summer-squash.

With the door shut, and the soup before us, Thalimer's spirits and mine flung off their burthens together. Jem was the pleasantest table-companion in the world, and he chatted and made the amiable to his ward, as if he owed her some amends for the awkward position of which she was so blessedly unconscious. Your "dangerous man," (such as he was voted,) inspires, of course, no distrust in those to whom he chooses to be agreeable. Miss Lasacque grew, every minute, more delighted with him. She, too, improved on acquaintance. Come to look at her closely, Nature



meant her for a fine showy creature, and she was "out of condition," as the jockies say—that was all! Her features were good, though gamboged by a southern climate, and the fever-and-ague had flattened what should be round and ripe lips, and reduced to the mere frame, what should be the bust and neck of a *Die Vernon*. I am not sure I saw all this at the time. Her subsequent *chrysalis* and emergence into a beautiful woman, naturally colour my description now. But I did see, then, that her eyes were large and lustrous, and that naturally she had high spirit, good abilities, and was a thorough woman in sentiment, though deplorably neglected—for, at the age of twenty, she could hardly read and write! It was not surprising that she was pleased with us! She was the only lady present, and we were the first coxcombs she had ever seen, and the day was summery, and the dinner in Gallagher's best style. We treated her like a princess; and the more agreeable man of the two being her guardian, and responsible for the propriety of the whole affair, there was no chance for a failure. We lingered over our coffee; and we lingered over our *chasse-café*; and we lingered over our tea; and, when the old South struck twelve, we were still at the table in "No. 2," quite too much delighted with each other to have thought of separating. It was the venerated guardian who made the first move, and, after ringing up the waiter to discover that the scullion had, six hours before, made her nightly disappearance, the lady was respectfully dismissed with only a candle for her chamber-maid, and Mr. Gallagher's room for her destination—wherever that might be!

We dined together every successive day for a week, and during this time the plot rapidly thickened. Thalimer, of course, vexed soul and body, to obtain for Miss Lasacque a less objectionable lodging—urged scarcely more by his sense of propriety than by a feeling for her good-natured host, who, meantime, slept on a sofa. But the unlucky first step of dining and lodging a young lady at a restaurant, inevitable as it was, gave a fatal assurance to the predisposed scandal of the affair, and every day's events heightened its glaring complexion. Miss Lasacque had ideas of her own, and very independent ones, as to the amusement of her leisure hours. She had never been before where there were shops, and she spent her first two or three mornings in perambulating Washington-street, dressed in a style perfectly amazing to beholders, and purchasing every description of gay trumpery—the parcels, of course, sent to Gallagher's, and the bills to James Thalimer, Esq! To keep her out of the street, Jem took her, on the third day, to the riding-school, leaving her, (safely enough, he thought,) in charge of the authoritative Mr. Roulstone, while he besieged some school-mistress or other to undertake her cyphering and geography. She was all but born on horseback, however, and soon tired of riding round the ring. The street-door was set open for a moment, leaving exposed a tempting tangent to the circle, and out flew Miss Lasacque, saving her "Leghorn flat" by a bend to the saddle-bow, that would have done credit to a dragoon, and no more was seen, for hours, of the "bonnie black mare" and her rider.

The deepening of Miss Lasacque's passion for Jem, would not interest the reader. She loved like other women, timidly and pensively. Young as the passion was, however, it came too late to affect her manners before public opinion had pronounced on them. There was neither boarding-house nor "private female academy" within ten miles, into which "Mr. Thalimer's young lady" would have been permitted to set her foot—small as was the foot, and innocent as was the pulse to which it stepped.

Uncomfortable as was this state of suspense, and anx-

ious as we were to fall into the track marked "virtuous," if virtue would only permit; public opinion seemed to think we were enjoying ourselves quite too prosperously. On the morning of the seventh day of our guardianship, I had two calls after breakfast, one from poor Gallagher, who reported that he had been threatened with a prosecution of his establishment as a nuisance, and another from poorer Jem, whose father had threatened to take the lady out of his hands, and lodge her in the insane asylum!

"Not that I don't wish she was there," added Jem, "for it is a very fine place, with a nice garden, and luxurious enough for those who can pay for them, and faith, I believe it's the only lodging-house I've not applied to!"

I must shorten my story. Jem anticipated his father, by riding over, and showing his papers constituting him the guardian of Miss Lasacque, in which capacity, he was, of course, authorized to put his ward under the charge of keepers. Everybody who knows Massachusetts, knows that its insane asylums are sometimes brought to bear on irregular morals, as well as on diseased intellects, and as the presiding officer of the institution was quite well assured that Miss Lasacque was qualified to become a patient, Jem had no course left but to profit by the error. The poor girl was invited, that afternoon, to take a drive in the country, and we came back and dined without her, in abominable spirits, I must say!

Provided with the best instruction, the best of care taken of her health, and the most exemplary of matrons interesting herself in her patient's improvements, Miss Lasacque rapidly improved—more rapidly, no doubt, than she ever could have done by control less rigid and inevitable. Her father, by the advice of the matron, was not informed of her location for a year, and at the end of that time he came on, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Dauchy. He found his daughter sufficiently improved in health, manners and beauty, to be quite satisfied with Jem's discharge of his trust, and we all dined very pleasantly in "No. 2," Miss Lasacque declining, with a blush, my invitation to her to make one of the party.

N. P. W.

#### SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MESSRS. GALE AND SEATON:

NEW-YORK, October 14.

ONE of the most curious and amusing resorts for a man of taste, idle in New-York, is the ANTIQUARIAN BOOK-SHOP\* of Bartlett & Welford, under the Astor. The catalogue of rare and valuable books for sale at this repository, numbers nearly four thousand, and most of these are such works as are found only in choice libraries or in the possession of scholars. Far from being interesting to antiquarians exclusively, the curiosities of this choice shop would amuse the most general reader, and a lounge at the well-stocked counter of B. & W. is no indifferent relief to the fatiguing idleness of a man stranded on the beach of a hotel between the far-apart tides of breakfast and dinner. Most courteous bibliopoles are these two gentlemen, by the way, and happy to gratify the curiosity of visitors.

Villanous editions, villanous cheap, are the fruits of our present law of copyright, and if we had an American language all to ourselves, we should have no such thing as beauty in a book. Fortunately, England has the same brick from Babel, and we can corrupt, mutilate, defile and misprint works of genius, and still import, from our more liberal and appreciative fatherland, a purer and worthier copy. Still

\* Store—a warehouse. Shop—a place for sale of wares. We call shops "stores" in this country, and it is as well to record these Fanciosiana as they occur to us.

it seems to me surprising, that, of the publishers who have grown rich with pirating in this country, no one has felt inclined to distinguish himself by a school of fine editions.\* One would think the example of ALDUS, who made himself as famous as the authors he printed, would be stuff for emulation; and there are some men probably, even among publishers, who agree with Charles Edwards that "it is the devil to be growing old as a person of no peculiarity." Aldus's press lasted eminent for near a hundred years, and it is recorded in history that his ink was excellent, his types beautiful, his paper invariably strong and white, and above all, that his press was *next to infallible for correctness*. Celebrity among BOOKBINDERS probably sprung from this renown of a printer, and in England there were famous names in this trade also. Roger Payne received from twenty to thirty guineas for binding a single volume, and he is much better remembered than any Lord Mayor of his time. There has been a mania in bookbinding, however, and the world is too poetical for such matters now. Jeffrey, a London bookseller, had *Fox's History* bound in *fox-skin*; and an eccentric bibliomaniac named (descriptively) ASKEW, had a book bound in a *human skin*! In the library at Königsberg there are twenty books *bound in silver*. Very far short of all this, however, there is in this country an unreachd point of excellence in binding, and great opening for an ambitious bookbinder to distinguish himself. *Sat verbum sapienti*.

Rarity in books is such a difficult thing to define, that a taste for it easily degenerates into absurdity. The mania is very common, but there is a mania for books according to their rare value to read, and a mania for books valuable by accidental circumstances—such as coming from a particular press, being made of singular materials, having once belonged to a celebrated library, or being the only ones of their kind. In Italy they used to print valuable books on *blue* paper; in France on *rose-coloured* paper, and in Germany on *yellow* or *green*; and copies of these are much sought after now. Bibliomaniacs value those printed on large paper with wide margin. In the advertisement of rare books you often see the phrase "*a tall copy*." Longman had a single copy printed of "*Strutt's Dictionary of Engravers*," illustrated and embellished at the cost of ten thousand dollars! The copy sold, I do not know to what book-madman—but his name should be linked in history to that of the priest in Spain, who murdered three men to get possession of their libraries!

I see by the "*Berks and Schuylkill Journal*" that the word *NUMBES* which we credit to the English (and which, a remarkable man once said, in my hearing, should be called a *quatrième état*—its effect on the age was so powerful) is traceable to American parentage, and of course is not "*a babe so greatly fathered*" as John Bull supposes. The writer gives the history of *HOMBERG*, the medical impostor, who figured in Philadelphia in 1807, and from whose name came at first the verb *homberg'd*—meaning *taken in*. Perhaps it is rather a coincident resemblance than a derivation—but it will answer till a better is found.

THE MALE DEBILITIES are now fairly invaded in New-York. *Oysters* and *Magazine reading*—the last degrees of indulgence in food bodily and mental—were, till lately, the prerogatives of the lordly sex. I sent you in a late letter the plan of a "*Ladies' reading room*." I see by to-day's paper that the ALHAMBRA has added to its attractions a *Ladies'*

*Oyster-shop*, penetrable only under petticoat pilotage, "occupying the whole of the second story of the building, furnished in the most costly manner with Brussels carpet, French sofas, ottomans, divans," &c. In addition to every description of confectionary, "oysters in every variety are served up, coffee, chocolate and all manner of *relishes*." This New-York is getting to be a luxurious village, *parbleu*!

A man's wants in the *clothes line* (though a *clothes line* may make his wants little enough,) are fairly defined in an advertisement by "Mrs. Jones 287 Bowery"—who offers to clothe gentlemen for one hundred dollars *per annum*, giving them *four* suits of clothes. Each suit consisting of "one dress or frock coat, two pair of pantaloons and two vests. This is somewhat cheaper than your-own-hook-ery, though the "cash system" has reduced the tailor's prices nearly one half.

#### JOTTINGS.

THE theatres have been well attended since the commencement of the present season. WALLACK has succeeded MACREADY at the Park—Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw are the stars at the Bowery—Burton and Rice are at the Chatham, and the Ravels at Niblo's.—Mitchell has recently produced, at the Olympic, a comical tragedy—not by Shakspeare—entitled *Macbeth*. It was announced something after the following manner: "In accordance with the prevailing fashion of the day, it is deemed necessary to preface the production of this travestie, with the following introductory remarks:—

"Pre-eminent, even among the tragic creations, stands the magnificent *Macbeth* of Shakspeare. Shakspeare, we have lately discovered, by an attentive perusal of a concert bill, was born at Stratford-on-Avon; and this *novel* statement is fully confirmed by an announcement in the Bowery bills, that Shakspeare was styled "*The Bard of Avon*." These are important truths, and, emanating as they do from such high authorities, set at rest forever all doubt respecting the birth-place and title of Shakspeare. Let us proceed, therefore, to inquire who and what *Macbeth* was. We are inclined to believe that *Macbeth* was a Scotchman—especially as it has never been disputed; and there is little doubt that he was the son of Sinel, (Thane of Glamis,) by one of the daughters of Malcolm the second; but to prove this fact his mother would have been the best authority, and we never had an opportunity of making the inquiry of her, as she died upwards of eight hundred years ago, owing to which unlucky circumstance we never enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance. *Macbeth*, it appears, married, some say a woman—while many assert it was a demon in petticoats, and others say a Tartar; but we are inclined to doubt the latter assertion, as it is not stated that *Macbeth* ever visited Tartary, or that any of the Tartar tribes were received into good society in Scotland. However, 'out of evil comes good,' for out of the murder of Duncan which was '*evil*,' comes this travestie, which is '*good*,' for it is probable that if Mrs. *Macbeth* had not urged *Macbeth* to murder Duncan, he would not have done so; and had the murder never been committed it is probable Shakspeare would not have heard of it, nor have written the tragedy founded thereon, in which case the travestie to be produced this evening, would never have been put in rehearsal, got up with care, strict attention to costume, scenic effect, &c. &c.; and played, as it will be, to full and fashionable audiences every evening this week."

Mitchell—who performed *Macbeth* in imitation of Macready—appeared at the close of the piece, in compliance with the unanimous call of the audience, and thanked them, in a well-turned speech, for their laudable support of the legitimate drama!

\* TICKNOR of Boston expends a praiseworthy carefulness on the correctness and beauty of his reprints, and should be excepted from the disparagement of American booksellers. But every press should have a scholar attached to it, and an artist within reach.

## AN IRISH SONG.

He is gone to the wars, and has left me alone,  
The poor Irish soldier, unfriended, unknown,  
My husband, my Patrick,  
The bird of my bosom—though now he is flown !

How I mourned for the boy ! yet I murmured the more,  
'Cause we once were so happy in darlin' Lismore,  
Poor Ellen and Patrick !—  
Perhaps he now thinks of poor Ellen no more !

A cabin we had, and the cow was hard by,  
And a slip of a garden that gladden'd the eye :  
And there was our Patrick,—  
Ne'er idle whilst light ever lived in the sky.

We married—too young, and it's likely too poor,  
Yet no two were so happy in happy Lismore,  
As Ellen and Patrick ;  
Till they tempted and took him away from our door.

He said he would bring me, ere autumn should fall,  
A linnet or lark that should come at my call :  
Alas ! my poor Patrick !  
He has left me a bird that is sweeter than all.

'Twas born in a hovel, 'twas nourished in pain,  
But it came in my grief, like a light on the brain,  
(The child of poor Patrick,)  
And taught me to hope for bright fortune again.

And now—we two wander from door unto door,  
And, sometimes, we steal back to happy Lismore,  
And ask for poor Patrick ;  
And dream of the days when all wars will be o'er !

## PORTRAIT OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

We had a flourish of fancy or two (for which this page was reserved) on the subject of dandyism in New-York—*apropos* of the picture of Count D'Orsay, the dandy *par excellence* of Europe, which we give in this number. A most uninvited fit of megrims prevents our writing, and the press is waiting—so corking up our imagination for another day, we give the account of D'Orsay lately furnished by a London paper. The engraving, by the way, is from a likeness given us by the original, and is most faithful.

"Count D'Orsay is the son of General D'Orsay, a distinguished officer in the French cavalry, and was born at Paris in 1801. Had he lived during the times of the heathen gods and goddesses, we have no doubt it would have been stated that Venus, Minerva, and Apollo presided at his birth, and endowed him with all those personal graces and mental accomplishments for which he is so eminently distinguished. But as we have never met with any account of these powerful deities being in Paris at this time, we conclude that wit and beauty are hereditary in the D'Orsay family, more especially as his father was one of the handsomest men of his day, and that the Count's two sisters, the Duchesses De Guiche and De Grammont, are both of them remarkable for their beauty and vivacity. Count D'Orsay, after receiving a liberal education, and perfecting himself in the manly exercises of his time, entered the French army, in which he served only two or three years ; for, on the regiment to which he was attached being ordered on foreign service, he retired, not on account of want of courage, because his reputation for it was sufficiently established, without seeking for it 'at the cannon's mouth,' but for private family reasons. He then made the tour of the courts of Europe, where his dashing exterior, mental accomplishments, and fascinating manners, rendered him a universal favourite, and caused him to be looked upon as the Crichton of the age. In the course of his travels in Greece, he met with Lord Byron, who conceived a high opinion of his literary talents, and remained on terms of intimacy with him to the hour of his death. On the fourth of December, 1827, Count D'Orsay was united, at Naples, to Lady Harriette Anne Frances, eldest daughter of the Earl of Blessington. After

making, with his lovely bride, the tour of Europe, he arrived in this country ; and, armed with his credentials from foreign courts, was immediately raised, by general acclamation, to the presidency of that of fashion. The onerous duties attached to so distinguished an office he has most ably fulfilled up to the present time ; and although, for the last few months, circumstances have compelled him to be absent from his post, still, like a prudent monarch, anxious for the welfare of his subjects, he took care to place his sceptre in the hands of one whom he was quite sure would wield it satisfactorily, namely, Lord Pembroke. Nor have his expectations been disappointed. We should do the Count injustice were we to say he was the follower of any school. His changes are so rapid, so numerous and complete, that he may be said to be 'of all schools, but blindly led by none.' Well do we recollect the sensation he created when he made his first appearance at the opera in London, with his bride, as he wore, on that occasion, an entire suit of black velvet. A more accomplished man than Count D'Orsay is not to be found in this great metropolis ; and, as a proof of it, we may state that he is honoured with the friendship of the greatest of our modern statesmen, namely, Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, and that he numbers among his friends the first scientific men in Europe. As an artist, the D'Orsay gallery of portraits will testify his powers. The exquisite chimney-piece at Chesterfield House, designed by him, will show that he has not neglected sculpture in his cultivation of the sciences. The gastronomers, too, look up to him with reverence ; and fortunate is that *chef de cuisine* who meets with his approbation. As a proof of his knowledge of cuisine, it may be stated, that the bill of fare of the splendid banquet given by the members of the Royal Hunt to Lord Chesterfield, on his retirement from the mastership of the buck-hounds, was arranged by him ; and the *Quarterly Review* did him the honour to hand it down to posterity in its pages, in an article upon gastronomy. The nature of the banquet may be imagined, when it is stated the tickets were six guineas each.

"The Count has always proved himself a warm and constant patron of the drama, more especially the Italian Opera, and by his persuasive powers he made up the quarrel between Laporte and Tamburini, which was the occasion of the famous Tamburini row at the Opera-house. He is a bold and elegant horseman. His equipages are unrivalled in elegance, their appointments faultless, and his tiger the most diminutive in the world, being bred to order for him, and is distinguished from others of his class by being enabled to speak French fluently, with 'the true Parisian accent.' Lady Harriette D'Orsay, from whom he has been separated some years, generally resides in Paris. The Count formerly lived in Ourzon-street, May-fair, but at present occupies apartments at Gore-house, the residence of the Countess of Blessington. The furniture of his bed-room and dressing-room is gorgeous in the extreme, and in the former room may be seen the bed, gilt hangings, and other appendages of Napoleon. Count D'Orsay has a small but beautiful collection of fire-arms and swords, all of which are kept in the most perfect order ; also a matchless kennel of dogs, one of which, was chosen by Landseer in his celebrated picture, just out, entitled "Laying Down the Law," to represent Lord Lyndhurst, and he has been sent for to the Palace several times, to exhibit his tricks before Her Majesty and the court. To sum up the character of the Count we may state that a handsomer man, or one more universally popular with those who have ever come in contact with him, is rarely to be met with, and he is always ready to assist with his purse and influence, any charitable project."

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# THE NEW MIRROR.

EVERY NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH A STEEL ENGRAVING.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NUMBER 5.

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These the sons of the King

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VOLUME II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1843.

NUMBER 5.

## THE SUITORS.

Wealth sought the bower of Beauty,  
Dress'd like a modern beau;  
Just then, Love, Health and Duty  
Took up their hats to go.  
Wealth such a cordial welcome met,  
As made the others grieve,  
So Duty shunn'd the gay coquette,  
Love, pouting, took French leave—  
He did—  
Love, pouting, took French leave.  
  
Old Time, the friend of Duty,  
Next call'd to see the fair;  
He laid his hand on Beauty,  
And left her in despair.  
Wealth vanish'd!—Last went rosy Health—  
And she was doom'd to prove.  
That those who Duty slight for Wealth,  
Can never hope for Love—  
Ah, no—  
Can never hope for Love.

G. F. M.

## MARCO BOZZARIS.

In illustration of the admirable engraving on the opposite page, we copy the following passage from Stevens's "Incidents of Travel in Greece."

"Moving on beyond the range of ruined houses, though still within the line of crumbling walls, we came to a spot perhaps as interesting as any that Greece, in her best days, could show. It was the tomb of Marco Bozzaris! No monumental marble emblazoned his deeds and fame; a few round stones piled over his head, which, but for our guide, we should have passed without noticing, were all that marked his grave. I would not disturb a proper reverence for the past; time covers, with its dim and twilight glories, both distant scenes and the men who acted in them, but, to my mind, Miltiades was not more of a hero at Marathon, or Leonidas at Thermopylae, than Marco Bozzaris at Missolonghi. When they went out against the hosts of Persia, Athens and Sparta were great and free, and they had the prospect of *glory* and the praise of men, to the Greeks always dearer than life. But when the Suliote chief drew his sword, his country lay bleeding at the feet of a giant, and all Europe condemned the Greek revolution as fool-hardy and desperate. For two months, with but a few hundred men, protected only by a ditch and slight parapet, he defended the town where his body now rests against the whole Egyptian army. In stormy weather, living upon bad and unwholesome bread, with no covering but his cloak, he passed his days and nights in constant vigil; in every assault his sword cut down the foremost assailant, and his voice, rising above the din of battle, struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. In the struggle which ended with his life, with two thousand men he proposed to attack the whole army of Mustapha Pacha, and called upon all who were willing to die for their country to stand forward. The whole band advanced to a man. Unwilling to sacrifice so many brave men in a death-struggle, he chose three hundred, the sacred number of the Spartan band, his tried and trusty Suliotes. At midnight he placed himself at their head, directing that not a shot should be fired till he sounded his bugle; and his last command was, "If you lose sight of me, seek me in the pacha's tent." In the moment of victory he ordered the pacha to be seized, and received a ball in the loins; his voice still rose above the din of battle, cheering his men until he was struck by another ball in the head, and borne dead from the field of his glory.

"Not far from the grave of Bozzaris was a pyramid of skulls, of men who had fallen in the last attack upon the city, piled up near the blackened and battered wall which they had died in defending. In my after wanderings I learned to look more carelessly upon these things; and, perhaps, noticing everywhere the light estimation put upon human life in the East, learned to think more lightly of it myself;

but, then, it was melancholy to see bleaching in the sun, under the eyes of their countrymen, the unburied bones of men who, but a little while ago, stood with swords in their hands, and animated by the noble resolution to free their country or die in the attempt. Our guide told us that they had all been collected in that place with a view to sepulture; and that King Otho, as soon as he became of age and took the government in his own hands intended to erect a monument over them. In the meantime, they are at the mercy of every passing traveller; and the only remark that our guide made was a comment upon the force and unerring precision of the blow of the Turkish sabre, almost every scull being laid open on the side nearly down to the ear.

But the most interesting part of our day at Missolonghi was to come. Returning from a ramble round the walls, we noticed a large square house, which, our guide told us, was the residence of Constantine, the brother of Marco Bozzaris. We were all interested in this intelligence, and our interest was in no small degree increased when he added, that the widow and two of the children of the Suliote chief were living with his brother. The house was surrounded by a high stone wall, a large gate stood most invitingly wide open, and we turned toward it in the hope of catching a glimpse of the inhabitants; but, before we reached the gate, our interest had increased to such a point that, after consulting with our guide, we requested him to say that, if it would not be considered an intrusion, three travellers, two of them Americans, would feel honoured in being permitted to pay their respects to the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris.

"We were invited in, and shown into a large room on the right, where three Greeks were sitting cross-legged on a divan, smoking the long Turkish chibouk. Soon after the brother entered, a man about fifty, of middling height, spare built, and wearing a Bavarian uniform, as holding a colonel's commission in the service of King Otho. In the dress of the dashing Suliote he would have better looked the brother of Marco Bozzaris, and I might then more easily have recognized the daring warrior who, on the field of battle, in a moment of extremity, was deemed, by universal acclamation, worthy of succeeding the fallen hero. Now the straight military frock-coat, buttoned tightly across the breast, the stock, tight pantaloons, boots, and straps, seemed to repress the free energies of the mountain warrior. Our guide introduced us, with an apology for our intrusion. The colonel received us with great kindness, thanked us for the honour done his brother's widow, and, requesting us to be seated, ordered coffee and pipes.

And here, on the very first day of our arrival in Greece, and from a source which made us proud, we had the first evidence of what afterward met me at every step, the warm feeling existing in Greece toward America; for almost the first thing that the brother of Marco Bozzaris said was to express his gratitude as a Greek for the services rendered his country by our own; and, after referring to the provisions sent out for his famishing countrymen, his eyes sparkled and his cheek flushed as he told us that, when the Greek revolutionary flag first sailed into the port of Napoli di Romania, among hundreds of vessels of all nations, an American captain was the first to recognize and salute it.

In a few moments the widow of Marco Bozzaris entered. I have often been disappointed in my preconceived notions of personal appearance, but it was not so with the lady who now stood before me; she looked the widow of a hero; as one worthy of her Grecian mothers, who gave their hair for bowstrings, their girdle for a sword-belt, and, while their heartstrings were cracking, sent their young lovers from their arms to fight and perish for their country. Perhaps it was she that led Marco Bozzaris into the path of immortality; that roused him from the wild guerilla warfare in which he had passed his early life, and fired him with the high and holy ambition of freeing his country. Of one thing I am certain, no man could look in her face without finding his wavering purposes fixed, without treading more firmly in the path of high and honourable enterprise. She was under forty, tall and stately in person, and habited in deep black,

fit emblem of her widowed condition, with a white handkerchief laid flat over her forehead, giving the Madonna cast to her dark eyes and marble complexion. We all rose as she entered the room; and, though living secluded and seldom seeing the face of a stranger, she received our compliments and returned them with far less embarrassment than we both felt and exhibited.

But our embarrassment, at least I speak for myself, was induced by an unexpected circumstance. Much as I was interested in her appearance, I was not insensible to the fact that she was accompanied by two young and beautiful girls, who were introduced to us as her daughters. This somewhat bewildered me. While waiting for their appearance, and talking with Constantine Bozzaris, I had in some way conceived the idea that the daughters were mere children, and had fully made up my mind to take them both on my knee and kiss them; but the appearance of the stately mother recalled me to the grave of Bozzaris; and the daughters would, probably, have thought that I was taking liberties upon so short an acquaintance if I had followed up my benevolent purpose in regard to them; so that, with the long pipe in my hand, which, at that time, I did not know how to manage well, I cannot flatter myself that I exhibited any of the benefit of Continental travel.

The elder was about sixteen, and, even in the opinion of my friend Doctor W., a cool judge in these matters, a beautiful girl, possessing, in its fullest extent, all the elements of Grecian beauty: a dark, clear complexion, dark hair, set off by a little red cap embroidered with gold thread, and a long blue tassel hanging down behind, and large black eyes, expressing a melancholy quiet, but which might be excited to shoot forth glances of fire more terrible than her father's sword. Happily, too, for us, she talked French, having learned it from a French marquis who had served in Greece and been domesticated with them; but, young and modest, and unused to the company of strangers, she felt the embarrassment common to young ladies when attempting to speak a foreign language; and we could not talk to her on common themes. Our lips were sealed, of course, upon the subject which had brought us to her house. We could not sound for her the praises of her gallant father. At parting, however, I told them that the name of Marco Bozzaris was as familiar in America as that of a hero of our own revolution, and that it had been hallowed by the inspiration of an American; and I added that, if it would not be unacceptable, on my return to my native country I would send the tribute referred to, as an evidence of the feeling existing in America toward the memory of Marco Bozzaris. My offer was gratefully accepted; and afterward, while in the act of mounting my horse to leave Missolonghi, our guide, who had remained behind, came to me with a message from the widow and daughters, reminding me of my promise.

"I do not see that there is any objection to my mentioning that I wrote to a friend, requesting him to procure Halleck's 'Marco Bozzaris,' and send it to my banker at Paris. My friend, thinking to enhance its value, applied to Mr. Halleck for a copy in his own handwriting. Mr. Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, evaded the application; and, on my return home, I told him the story of my visit, and reiterated the same request. He evaded me as he had done my friend, but promised me a copy of the new edition of his poems, which he afterward gave me, and which, I hope, is now in the hands of the widow and daughters of the Grecian hero.

"I make no apology for introducing in a book the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris. True, I was received by them in private, without any expectation, either on their part or mine, that all the particulars of the interview would be noted and laid before the eyes of all who choose to read. I hope it will not be considered invading the sanctity of private life; but, at all events, I make no apology; the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris are the property of the world."

## THE TWO MARINES IN INDIA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. LIGNIERES.

WHILE the grand imperial war was agitating all Europe, cannon were thundering over the distant waters of the Indian ocean, and glorious contests were carried on, from the coasts of the Isle of France and Bourbon to the shores of

the Ganges, and even to the numerous archipelagoes that terminate the eastern peninsula of the Indies. Fleets were not combating fleets; but adventurous corsairs and bold captains, often with a single ship, disturbed the English dominion of the seas, and, by isolated feats of arms, consoled the imperial navy for its inferiority.

Monsieur B., captain of the French corvette *L'Eclair*, one of the bravest French marines, had won a formidable name among the English; and such was the terror inspired by his audacity for many years, that the India Company at last offered fifty thousand piastres to any one who would take him. More than this royal recompense, the desire to conquer a glorious rival, and free from a scourge the commerce of his country, animated Commodore Corbett, the most illustrious captain in the English navy in India.

But chance had not yet brought them together, and the redoubtable cruiser of Corbett was fatal only to French merchantmen that sailed between the two colonies. At the time our story commences, *L'Eclair* was at anchor in the Isle of France, and her commander had not been seen for many days.

On the morning of the thirteenth of September, 1809, a small French vessel sailed out of the road of St. Denis at Bourbon, and steered towards the Isle of France. A large number of passengers crowded the deck with anxious faces, for most fortunate would they be should they escape the English cruisers. Many times already the inexperienced eyes of the passengers had taken for a sail the distant wave, or the wing of a sea-fowl as it skimmed along the surface of the waters. They laughed yet trembled at these deceptions, but, while the bravest and the most dissimulating affected a presumptuous security, the greater number cast looks of the most tender solicitude towards some mysterious bales, which they almost fancied they saw already within the rapacious grasp of the English.

"*Une voile au vent!*" was heard, cried out by a sailor.

"A sail!" exclaimed the merchants on board, jumping up in a fright, and eagerly directing their looks towards the point indicated.

"It is not a gull this time," sighed one.

The captain pointed his glass towards the place where the sail was seen.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed. "It is to be feared we shall not sleep for some time in the Isle of France or Bourbon. If there were only ourselves and babes here; but—" and, with anxiety in his countenance, he hurried precipitately to the cabin.

He returned the moment afterwards, preceded by a man whose aspect commanded attention. The stranger appeared about thirty, of the middling size, and well made. From his dress one would have taken him for a merchant, or perhaps a planter, while his distinguished manners announced his knowledge and intercourse with what is called the *beau monde*.

"Give me your glass, captain," said he, in a hurried tone.

"Here it is, M. Louis," replied the captain, with deference. M. Louis gave but one look through the glass, and said, as he returned it, "It is an English vessel; a man of war."

He turned from the coast with a gesture of resignation, for Saint Denis was too far, and to steer for the land would be dangerous, on account of the formidable bars around Bourbon; besides, the Englishman was approaching rapidly.

He then left the deck, descended to the cabin, and reappeared with a little packet, under whose envelope was seen the round form of a ball. He looked again at the vessel, now perfectly distinguishable, and flung his packet into the

sea. Then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he began to walk the deck and talk with the captain, who appeared as uneasy as his companion seemed tranquil.

This scene, which was transpiring in the offing, was observed on shore by a group of persons who, since the morning, had been watching the ship in the tracks she made along the coast. The same anxiety that affected the passengers seemed to agitate these distant spectators, as they passed a spy-glass from one to another, from time to time making remarks, and communicating the results of their observations.

"Oh! he cannot escape," said one. "There, he flings his packets into the sea. He must have discovered the most terrible of the enemy, and will try to get out of reach. See, the English hail them! Now they come up to the frigate! They board her! I see him going up the ladder! He is on deck! God preserve him!"

And the group retired sadly.

Let us return to the sea, where, as we have just seen, the fate of the small vessel was decided. The English frigate was the *Nereid*, commanded by the famous Corbett in person. He was a daring seaman, and, moreover, a perfect gentleman. He very politely seized the ship and passengers, and, after making them compliments of condolence, prayed them to accede to the arrangement he had to make for them, on board a prize that sailed under the cannon of his frigate with other captured vessels; while as for M. Louis, whom he had instantly distinguished from the rest of his companions, it was his wish to have him pass the time of his captivity on board the frigate. The prisoner at first sought to decline the honour, stating he was only a plain merchant, going to the Isle of France to dispose of a small quantity of goods; but, whether it was the effect of natural affability, or his intuitive judgment of an enlightened and superior man, the commodore, by all sorts of gentle violence, at last succeeded in retaining the merchant with him.

He invited his prisoner to dine with him, and M. Louis sustained the conversation with the utmost ease and freedom. Nevertheless, under the gayety he wore, a suspicious observer could have seen the most profound attention to everything around him, and a continual guard over himself, concealed by a happy disposition. The wine began to augment the good-humour of Sir Corbett.

"To your good health, M. Louis," said he, emptying his glass of champagne.

"To the accomplishment of all your wishes, commodore."

"That is a presumptuous toast, Monsieur; for my first wish is to meet and conquer the captain who does the most honour to your navy."

"If that is the case, commodore," said the prisoner, speaking somewhat louder, "I will restrict my toast. May you meet him, and may you both maintain the honour of your flags!"

At this moment a midshipman came and whispered a few words in the commodore's ear, who appeared to take the liveliest interest in what he was hearing. A shade of uneasiness covered the face of M. Louis until the midshipman left them.

"Do you know the commander of *L'Eclair*?" asked Sir Corbett.

"I have seen him once," replied M. Louis, finishing his glass with the utmost indifference.

"Well, when you return to the Isle of France, where he now is, tell him that Commodore Corbett sends him his compliments for the prize of fifty thousand piastres, which the company offer for his capture, and that he has a mind to get it. Tell him further, to take good care of himself, for if I

ever get him in my hands he will have no other table for a long while than the one where you are eating at this moment. Both of us are too much for the Indian seas, and I am tired of hearing his exploits recounted every day."

The eye of the commodore flashed as he said these words.

One moment the eye of his guest kindled also, but then instantly passed away.

"Bah!" said M. Louis, with his good-natured air, as he knocked the glass of the commodore. "I like this noise better than that of cannon."

The commodore smiled; but M. Louis had not finished the half of his wine when he replaced his glass on the table, and made a bitter grimace.

"What is the matter?" cried Sir Corbett.

"Nothing—nothing. A sickness, a slight nausea—the rolling, the unusual—"

"You are sea-sick!"

"Yes, commodore, it must be sea-sickness I feel coming on; perhaps the air will do me good. Allow me to go on deck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Englishman, laughing. "You are not as good a sailor as your countryman. Take my arm."

And the commodore, still laughing, assisted him on deck, led him between decks, and along the batteries. At every step M. Louis uttered cries of surprise and *naïve* exclamations, which might have created suspicion had not the marine thought it was quite natural to admire everything belonging to his sublime and perilous profession. The cannon, in particular, seemed to produce an extraordinary effect on him. Their enormous size and terrible aspect did not at all suit him.

"I had no idea cannons were so large!" said he, regarding them with astonishment. "What mouths! Why a man could easily get into one!"

His wonder and his comical remarks made the commodore wish to prolong the diversion his prisoner afforded him, he, therefore, proposed to fire a broadside.

"No, no, if you please, commodore," he replied, at the same time manifesting so much uneasiness that Sir Corbett was nearly ready to die with laughter. As they turned to leave the battery they met a sailor, whose appearance gave the prisoner evident concern, for he hastened his steps, and put up his handkerchief to his face.

"Hold, commodore," said he, frankly, "I have had my fill of the sea and of your frigate, and would willingly give a thousand piastres for one square foot of land. Can you not, then, find means to send me on shore?"

"Your company is so agreeable, M. Louis, that I have a mind to keep you a long time; yet, after all, I love you too well to be difficult with you about coming to any agreement you wish."

They were on the gallery, that served to lengthen the captain's apartment, and from whence they could see the vessels he had taken.

"Will you make a bargain with me?" asked the prisoner, as if struck by a sudden thought. "I would gladly buy one of your prizes. How much would you ask for the one with the broken mast?"

"Are you speaking seriously?"

"Very seriously, commodore."

"Well, if you will give me eleven thousand piastres for the *Sapajou*, you will make an excellent bargain."

"Agreed—eleven thousand piastres. But let us understand each other fully. I will give you eleven thousand piastres for myself and the vessel."

M. Louis said this so innocently, and with so much good-nature, that Sir Corbett exclaimed, laughing—



"The ship and yourself; it is understood."

"Very well, commodore. Have the goodness to give me materials for writing, and please to place a small boat at my disposal; to-morrow, at the break of day, my eleven thousand piastres will be on your deck, and I shall tread my dear earth once more."

Sir Corbett seated himself on his couch, gayer than ever. He showed his desk to the prisoner, who rapidly wrote a few lines. A servant came at the call of the commander, and the order was given to carry the letter on shore.

M. Louis left Sir Corbett, while, from politeness, striving to check some little indications of gaping, and went and flung himself on his bed, where he made three hearty signs of the cross, and slept not all night, notwithstanding he had appeared so much fatigued.

The next morning the boat returned, and M. Louis counted out the money agreed upon for the commodore, now and then stopping to smell a bottle of English salts, as a preventive of sea-sickness. A few moments after the Sapajou was detached from the frigate, and made sail for the island; but the pirogue which was to convey the prisoner was still fastened to the side of the ship. At last the commodore, still enchanted with his guest, allowed him to depart, and mingled many kind pleasantries with his adieux. M. Louis had placed his foot on the rope-ladder, while Sir Corbett, still holding his hand, happened to cast his eyes on the shore.

"I really believe," said he, "that your countrymen have never seen a frigate before. See them on the beach!"

"They are admiring your beautiful horror," said M. Louis, smiling. "I can soon say to them with the ancient: 'What would you have done if, like me, you had seen the monster near?'"

Then, letting go the commodore's hand, he descended the ladder, and the pirogue made its way from the frigate. Some sailors, on the deck and rigging, were looking on. Lifting his eyes, as he waved his hand to bid a last adieu to Sir Corbett, M. Louis recognized the sailor whose sight had given him some uneasiness the previous evening. This man seemed scrutinizing him attentively, at the same time speaking earnestly to his comrades.

"Bear away on your oars, but do not hurry," said M. Louis, in a low tone to the rowers; "and you, steer straight as possible for St. Denis. An inch gained may soon be of use to us."

The pirogue had made about a third part of her way, and all eyes were fixed on her, when, all at once, a great noise was heard on board the frigate. Every pinnace hanging at the sides of the vessel was instantly lowered; Sir Corbett was making the most frantic gestures; his speaking-trumpet was at his mouth, and his arms energetically stretched out towards the pirogue; at that instant one of the pinnaces darted forward like a bird of prey, under the redoubled efforts of twenty oarsmen.

"The miserable villain has spoken!" cried M. Louis, seizing the helm. "Now, my friends, my fate depends upon the vigour of your arms!"

The speed of the pirogue was accelerated, but the pinnace flew after her. M. Louis was no longer the good-natured citizen, unaccustomed to the sea; his whole person assumed the energetic attitude of a commander. His eye turned now on his pursuers, and then to those who watched for him on shore. A smile of mockery and defiance played on his lips and dilated his nostrils.

"Courage, my friends!" cried he.

But the pinnace gained on them rapidly; the city was too far; in three minutes the fugitives would be taken! There was no time to consider. At three hundred paces

on the right, on the way to St. Denis, advances Cape St. Bernard, where the boiling waves dash furiously. M. Louis directed his pirogue towards it. They risked being dashed in pieces; but in this attempt there was the only hope of escape left them. The pinnace followed, evidently gaining on them.

"Pull away! pull away!" cried M. Louis.

The pinnace was not more than thirty paces distant, but the pirogue had arrived at the barrier formed by the frightful waves. As they broke over the bars she leaped into the troubled waters, resisted a moment, then broke into pieces. The frightened pinnace stopped, with lifted oars, while the rowers looked on those of the pirogue fighting with the waves. They struggled courageously, as they were carried sometimes towards the shore and then again drawn back into the sea. At last a man reached the land, stood up, and proudly turned himself towards the English pinnace, and made it a salutation, half mocking, half noble. Immediately the eager crowd ran along the shore, and those who outran the others pressed the fugitives in their arms.

At that moment Sir Corbett, with rage, exclaimed:

"To be tricked in such a manner! To have him, and let him escape! The good-natured, honest citizen, *was he*! But I will have vengeance! I will yet take him! I will take him, I swear it!"

M. Louis was, indeed, the captain of *L'Eclair*; the hero of Bourbon, the terror of the English; he whose capture was worth fifty thousand piastres!

Just one year from that day, a ship that the English had captured entered the road of Bourbon. It was the African, a superb frigate of the first order, just returning from England, and bringing back Commodore Corbett. The remembrance of the comedy in which he had been the dupe the preceding year was not effaced from his memory; and more than once, during the voyage, he had looked upon his beautiful frigate with pride, while thinking of the pretended M. Louis.

He disembarked and proceeded to the governor's house, where a grand breakfast was given to celebrate his arrival. He found the governor, Sir Farquhart, in a large saloon, commanding a fine view of the sea, and delivered his despatches. While Sir Farquhart was turning them over, he walked to the window and looked out upon the road. At that moment a French vessel was turning from a long tack she had made at the extremity of the island.

"Sir Governor," cried the commodore, "if I mistake not, I know that frigate."

"You do not deceive yourself, commodore; it is the Nereid."

"The Nereid, with a tri-coloured flag?"

"She has carried that flag two weeks," replied Sir Farquhart, laying aside his papers.

He then related the last engagement at Grand-Port, and added:

"Yes, commodore, we have been beaten, four against two. It is true, that after the affair the conquerors were not much better off than the conquered. The Nereid received the least damage of all the frigates, so Captain B. took her, and has carried his flag on her ever since."

"What!" exclaimed Corbett, his eyes flashing. "B. on board the Nereid? B. command a squadron?"

"He has gained two promotions in two months. He is a bold marine."

Corbett stamped with anger.

"My frigate! The frigate in which I had him prisoner, and from which I let him depart! But, d—— me!" said

he, striking his forehead ; it is the same day on which he fooled me like a child—to-day is the anniversary of my shame. But this day I will be revenged ! Sir Farquhart, give our squadron at St. Paul's the signal to get ready. B. and I must celebrate this day with the firing of cannon."

An hour afterwards, Sir Corbett was traversing the port, followed by boats loaded with marines and soldiers. Five English vessels were ready. As soon as the commodore had reached the deck of the frigate, all the sails of the African were hoisted, and she bounded away as if animated by the impatient spirit of her master.

It was then that the Nereid seemed to perceive she was threatened. She instantly changed her course, made a signal to a French frigate without the road, whose sails filled and went off ; the Nereid sailed behind her, and took the post of honour. The English ships followed in the train of the African. It was a race of two rival flags. A crowd of English and French thronged the shore.

"They fly," said the English.

"Yes, they fly until further orders," replied the French.

Night descended on the sea ; a brilliant moon shone on the waves ; and the Nereid kept on her course, though at a long distance behind her companion. The English vessels were equally distanced, for the African, being a fast sailer, greatly outstripped them. Her superior speed soon left them still further behind, and in the same proportion brought her nearer the Nereid. Thus they ran on a greater part of the night. At three in the morning they were separated only by a short space.

On board the French vessel they had cleared away the hammocks, and were in readiness for action. Each man was at his post. Captain B. was standing on the quarter-deck, his night-glass in his hand. The dark mass of the English frigate appeared approaching rapidly by the pale moonlight. B.'s observations were suddenly interrupted. The English, eager to attack the enemy, did not wait till they had come up with the Nereid, but sent her a volley while pursuing her.

B. seized his speaking-trumpet—"Haul in the larboard braces before," cried he, in a thundering voice, "and hoist those behind."

While they were executing this manœuvre, he slapped his lieutenant joyfully on the shoulder—"What say you to attacking Corbett? In being the first to fire, he has lost twenty seconds. The imprudent man, to spare me the trouble of dismounting my cannon!"

In effect the forward sails of the Nereid were taken in, the others were hoisted, and the frigate, yielding to the recoiling movement, in an instant was at the side of the African. At this quick and unexpected manœuvre the English commander saw the great error he had made. He had pointed his cannon to strike the enemy, who were flying before him, and now his cannoniers were working to change their position, while those of the Nereid were pouring their broadsides into her. The French had lost some men, but corpses were heaped on the decks of the African.

Corbett chafed ; but his marines were brave as himself, and the combat was valiantly maintained. Deaths multiplied in the obscurity. Groans and cries mingled with the detonations. The balls made the blood spout, cut and broke the ropes and the ship ; then a fight with sabres and axes commenced on both sides.

Captain B. sprung upon the netting of his frigate. With one hand he held fast to the shrouds, with the other he held his speaking-trumpet. He was calm, but his eye kindled. Corbett was opposite him. The Englishman was furious. They saw each other for the second time. The commander

of the Nereid made a dignified and gracious inclination to him of the African, and, at the moment when one of the masts of the Englishman fell, he cried :

"Captain B.'s salutation to Commodore Corbett."

The cannon of the Nereid continued to thunder with unabated ardour, but the fire of the African began to languish. Three-fourths of her men were killed. She had no longer a mast left. The trumpet of Corbett was heard no more. His frigate moved like a warrior without arms. The last cannon-shot was heard and then his batteries were silent. Cries of victory were heard on the opposite deck.

"Take thirty men and go and man the African," said the French captain to his lieutenant.

The officer obeyed, and boarded the dismantled frigate. A moment after a call was given from the English vessel :

"The captain of the African prays the captain of the Nereid to come on board ; it is the last wish of a dying man."

Notwithstanding the extraordinary invitation, Captain B. did not hesitate to go.

A frightful spectacle, even for his intrepid heart, met his sight on reaching the deck of the captured vessel. More than three hundred men were weltering in their blood. The deck panting with the death-rattle under his feet. The commodore was lying extended on his quarterdeck, struck by two musket balls. His pale face and half-closed eyes indicated the approach of death. Major Barry supported his head.

On perceiving the French captain, his features grew animated ; he made an effort, and held out his hand.

"Thanks, captain," said he, with a sad smile. "You play tragedy as well as comedy. You have conquered, but do not dishonour me. I have only a moment to live. Wait till my eyes are closed before you hoist your flag on my ship."

"Honour to you, commodore," replied his enemy with emotion ; "it shall be as you desire." And, turning to his lieutenant—"Let the red flag be raised on the broken masts!"

"Thanks!" faltered Sir Corbett, pressing his hand, after which he sank back on the knees of Sir Barry, and expired.

"Sir," said Captain B. to the only English officer who had survived the engagement, "salute, with your last cannon, the corpse of your brave commodore!" When the funeral discharge had resounded, "Now," said he, "display my flag above the red one!"

In the meantime, the remainder of the English squadron had crowded sail, and when day dawned the Boadicea, who led the rest, was within cannon-shot of the Nereid. Captain B. returned to his own deck. His men rallied round him.

"Have we any more balls?"

"We have not more than enough for twenty shots!" replied the commander of the battery.

"Every one to his post, then, and hold himself in readiness to fight!"

"The Boadicea," wrote the captain of the Nereid, in his report of the engagement, "*contemplated the spectacle we had the honour to present her, and fell back on her division.*"

E. P.

#### AN IMPRACTICABLE MAN.

DURING one of the many debates upon the tariff bill, which took place about this time, Mr. Randolph was, as usual, very energetic in his opposition to any increase of the rates of duty on manufactured articles. In one of his speeches he took occasion to criticise, rather severely, the arguments of a gentleman with whom he was on terms of friendly intimacy. He ridiculed some of his positions, and caused a laugh in the house at the gentleman's expense. The latter,



having allowed his temper to get the better of his more sober judgment, arose with some warmth of manner, and after complaining of Mr. Randolph's mode of argument on so serious a national question, concluded by saying, that "however highly he estimated the gentleman's *head*, he would be sorry to take it if accompanied by such a *heart*."

This severe repartee created quite a sensation in the House, and everybody expected a bitter and angry retort from Mr. Randolph. To the surprise of everybody he arose calmly, and with a smile on his countenance said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am not offended at the harsh expressions which *my friend* (if he will still permit me to call him so) has used towards me in his reply to some harmless satire upon his previous speech. I say, Mr. Speaker, I am *not* offended, because I know that he does not really *feel* towards me as he now *thinks* he does, and that by to-morrow morning he will be sorry for what he has said. Neither shall I retaliate, Mr. Speaker, in the way that I *might* do, if I followed his example. For instance: I *might* say, (which, however, I do *not*,) that however highly I estimate the gentleman's *heart*, I would be very sorry to take it if accompanied by such a *head*!"

This philippic was uttered with such a mirthful countenance the whole House roared with laughter, and a speedy reconciliation between the two friends followed, which, I believe, was never again interrupted.

Mr. Randolph was what is termed an *impracticable* man. His temper depended a good deal on his state of health, and persons have often been astonished at the total change in his manner within twenty-four hours. One day, full of jokes, repartee and good-humour—the next, abstracted, morose and incommunicative. During our passage across the Atlantic he frequently expressed to me his deep regret that it was so, but he used to say that "when the fit was on him he could not break it." He was almost a constant sufferer from ill-health, was rarely two days without pain, and I, therefore, made great allowances for his infirmity of temper. The following anecdote will illustrate the uncertainty of his *social* qualities:—A gentleman was introduced to him one day at a dinner in Washington, when he was in a *bright* humour, and he found him irresistibly attractive. Mr. Randolph was very free and communicative, and the gentleman was quite delighted at having made his acquaintance. Next morning this same gentleman was on his way to the capitol, when he observed Mr. Randolph some distance ahead of him. He quickened his pace until he came up with him, when he exclaimed, puffing away for want of breath:

"Good morning, Mr. Randolph; how do you do, sir?"

"Good morning, sir," replied Randolph rather stiffly, and without stopping.

"You walk very fast, sir," said the gentleman; "I have had great *difficulty* in overtaking you."

"*I'll increase the difficulty, sir*," replied Randolph, and suiting the action to the word, he soon left his bewildered acquaintance far behind him.

This, of course, was one of his morose days, and no doubt he made some satirical hits in the House on that morning, whatever may have been the subject of debate.

He was once giving some good advice to a young relative, who was on the point of going to school for the first time, in the course of which he said to him:

"Now, my dear boy, if any of the other boys should ever *strike* you, before you return the blow, see if you cannot forgive him for the *love of God*; but take care that you do not mistake '*the love of God*' for the *fear of the bigger boy*."

He formed so strong a personal friendship for one of the

packet captains, with whom he crossed the Atlantic more than once, that he corresponded with him ever afterwards. I remember his once saying to me—"Sir, I esteem Captain — most highly. He is a self-made man—one of nature's noble-men, sir, and worthy of every success." This worthy captain has been, for many years past, enjoying the "*estremum cum dignitate*" in the country, esteemed by everybody who know him. His modesty would be shocked were I to mention his name, but I may be permitted to give some extracts from the numerous letters which he received from Mr. Randolph. The confidence and friendship which they portray were voluntarily proffered by Mr. Randolph, and they exhibit him in a very amiable light. Captain — had no favours to bestow on him, beyond the personal attentions on board ship, which it was his pleasure as well as duty to give to every passenger.

"WASHINGTON, April 7, 1826.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—The best news that I have heard for many a long day, is the safe arrival of your ship at her port of destination. Most heartily, my good friend, do I congratulate you and your family upon this event. It gives me pleasure to inform you that I have been the means of procuring you a passenger on the return voyage; and if I can make my arrangements to hit, I shall have the satisfaction of adding myself to the number of your outward-bound live two-legged stock, on the eighth proximo.

"Keep, if you can, a berth for me; a state-room rather; so as not to disappoint yourself. In any event, you shall know about the first (not later than the third or fourth) whether or not your friend Randolph of Roanoke, and his faithful John, shall again confide themselves to the only captain of a ship that I have sailed with for the last five years that left me nothing to regret except that he was not rich enough to lay himself up, not in ordinary, but in an extraordinary good berth.

"God willing, I shall write again in a few days. Meantime believe me to be, with the truest esteem and regard,

"Your obliged and steadfast friend, J. R. of Roanoke."

"WASHINGTON, April 27, 1826.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—I begin to entertain some fears that the state of the business before the Senate will not permit me to leave this place in time to join you by the eighth. I therefore give you the earliest intelligence, that I may not be the means of spoiling your market; in other words, of turning away one passenger, perhaps two, for the expectation of one that may be found wanting at his post when called upon. I could easily get away by the eighth, I think, but that you know would be to miss your ship; and much as I like her by report, I like still more her commander by experience, and am determined not to cross the Atlantic with any other this year. I had a beautiful young creature in my eye, (don't be alarmed,) to me a daughter, that I wished to take with me and show her the lovely scenery of England and Wales, and the sublime, natural objects that Switzerland presents to the traveller's view. But there is a cross-grained somebody that will not hear of it, so at least she says; but I wish that a young *Romeo* may not be, after all, at the bottom of it, instead of some old *Capulet*. My good friend, excuse my quoting Shakespeare to you, for if you do not read him, (as I hope you do,) you see him acted on the stage. Disappointed in the hoped-for fellow-passenger, I shall be less reluctant to stay until May, 1827, if it shall please the Author of all Good to spare us until then; when, if I am above ground, consider your state-room to be bespoke. As it is, if I can, I shall spend the summer in Europe, and return with you (God willing) as I did before; but if I can't be in New-York by the eighth, shall defer my voyage. It may seem presumptuous in me, who have just got one foot out of the grave, (I have just risen from a sick bed,) to talk of next year. But you know, my good friend, that we sailors (for I am not altogether a land-lubber) can submit with as much resignation as the Pharisees and hired preachers to His dispensations, who chasteneth us even as a father chasteneth his children. But enough of preaching.

"I am vexed that, in the report of my recent speech, the New-Bedford men have been omitted by the reporter as the *true whale-fishers*. I would not mention Nantucket, because she seemed disposed to join the Hartford Convention.

men last war, and make a separate peace with John Bull. But the New-Bedford men I did name, and said, that to a *New-Bedford man* (and I named him and his ship) I was more indebted than to any man beyond the Patapsco river.

"I have ordered a few articles round, which I trust will arrive in time for your ship. If I do not appear, 'when *them* you see, remember me;' although, as they are eatables, I hope you will not see them as long as I trust that you will remember your fast friend,  
RANDOLPH of Roanoke."

"WASHINGTON, December 30, 1826.

"DEAR CAPTAIN:—MR. C—— delivered me your kind message. Nothing has occurred to me since my landing in the United States, that has made a stronger and deeper impression upon my feelings, than your kind and affectionate conduct to me during my short stay in New-York. Be assured that I shall ever retain a due sense of your obliging deportment towards me, and that I shall watch the winds on the eighth of next month and for some time afterwards.

"God send you a speedy and pleasant passage, and a safe and happy return to your family. This is the sincere and earnest prayer of your friend,  
RANDOLPH of Roanoke.

"If my health does not get better, I shall try another voyage to Europe."

"CASTLESVILLE, ON JAMES RIVER, April 30, 1828.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—Just as I mounted my horse on Monday morning, at Washington, your truly welcome and friendly letter was put into my hands. I arrived here this evening a little before sunset, after a ride on horseback of thirty-five miles. Pretty well, you'll say, for a man whose lungs are bleeding, and with a 'church-yard cough,' which gives so much pleasure to some of your New-York editors of newspapers. But to me, a horse is what a ship is to you. (I am never so easy as when in the saddle.) Nevertheless, if 'a gentleman,' (we are all gentlemen now-a-days,) who received upwards of £300 sterling for me merely to hand it over, had not embezzled it by applying it to his own purposes, I should be a passenger with you on the eighth. I tried to raise the money by the sale of some property, that only twelve months ago I was teased to part from, (lots and houses in Farmville, seventy miles above Petersburg, on Appomattox river,) but could not last week get a bid for it. Such is the poverty, abject poverty and distress of this whole country. I have known land (part of it good wood land) sell for one dollar an acre, that, ten years ago, would have commanded ten dollars, and last year five or six. Four fine negroes sold for three hundred and fifty dollars, and so in proportion. But I must quit the wretched subject. My pay, as a member of Congress, is worth more than my best and most productive plantation, for which, a few years ago, I could have got eighty thousand dollars, exclusive of slaves and stock. I gave, a few years since, twenty-seven thousand dollars for an estate. It had not a house or a fence upon it. After putting it in fine order, I found that, so far from my making one per cent, or one-half or one-fourth of one per cent, it does not clear expenses by about seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum, over and above all the crops. Yet, I am to be taxed for the benefit of wool-spinners, &c., to destroy the whole navigating interest of the United States; and we find representatives from New-Bedford, and Cape Ann, and Marblehead, and Salem, and Newburyport, voting for this if they can throw the molasses overboard to lighten the ship Tariff. She is a pirate under a black flag.

"If I had ten pounds to spare, I would order one of Roakill's best watches (without second hands) in a silver case; a hunting-watch I mean; but I am as poor as a rat.

"I am glad the hams proved good. I ordered another barrel for Mr. —, but my stupid overseer, in answer to my reproof for not sending them, writes that 'he had sent the barrel of hams that I ordered.' The blockhead seems to think it impossible that I should order more than one.

"And now, my dear captain and my gallant ship, farewell. Pleasant and prosperous gales attend you, and God send the good ship safe to her port of destination. John, who is with me, humbly offers his respects.

"Once more, my good friend, fare thee well. Yours to the end of the chapter of life, which promises to be but a short one with me,  
JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke."

In the year 1828, Mr. Randolph was so very ill he thought himself near his end, and his friends also were

alarmed about him. In a letter which I received from him during that time, he says:

"I am bleeding at the lungs, and see no company; do not converse with my friends under this roof, and am incapable of conversation or anything else, except riding on horseback. You would hardly recognize your old acquaintance in my ghostly visage.

"Now spring returns, but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better days have known;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown."

He recovered, however, from this attack, and the next year (1829) he was elected a member of the convention, called together in Virginia, for the purpose of altering the constitution of that state. He was decidedly opposed to any changes, and more particularly to an extension of the elective franchise, and fought bravely, inch by inch, for the "old land marks," declaring that a constitution under which they had lived so happily for half a century, was good enough for him, and ought to be considered good enough for the next generation. Whilst the convention was still in session, I received the following letter from him:

"RICHMOND, November 27, 1829.

"Yesterday, I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the twenty-first, which reminds me that a former one has remained too long unanswered. In excuse, I may truly plead the wearisome nature of my present avocation. Age, disease, and worst of all, lassitude and languor, cause even my small correspondence, upon matters of business, to accumulate upon me.

"A very lame and crippled report of me has gone forth in the 'Enquirer,' one that I am ashamed to see, and which, in justice as well as mercy to me, I hope my friends will not read. I have not had time to do justice to myself in that particular.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear of our Irish and English friends, and when you write, I beg to be mentioned to them in terms of warm and grateful respect. I shall not fail to read the 'Collegians.' A 'County Limerick man' is, to me, a great recommendation.

"Our situation here is irksome to the most painful degree. Old ultra federalists, now new ultra jacobins, are tearing down all that is valuable and venerable in our institutions. Yours, faithfully,  
J. R. of R."

Several inquiries, made lately, for the following verses, induce us to give them a place in the New Mirror.

They may talk of love in a cottage,  
And bowers of trellised vine—  
Of nature bewitchingly simple,  
And milkmaids half divine.  
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping  
In the shade of a spreading tree,  
And a walk in the fields at morning,  
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation  
By the light of a chandelier—  
With music to play in the pauses  
And nobody very near;  
Or a seat on a silken sofa  
With a glass of pure old wine,  
And mamma too blind to discover  
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,  
Your vine is a nest for flies—  
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,  
And simplicity talks of pies!  
You lie down to your shady slumber  
And wake with a bug in your ear,  
And your damsel that walks in the morning,  
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,  
And mightily likes his ease—  
And true love has an eye for a dinner,  
And starves beneath shady trees.  
His wing is the fan of a lady,  
His foot's an invisible thing,  
And his arrow is upp'd with a jewel  
And shot from a silver string.

CASSIUS

## THE BAPTISM.

She stood up in the meekness of a heart  
Resting on God, and held her fair young child  
Upon her bosom, and with its gentle eyes  
Folded in sleep, as if its soul were gone  
To whisper the baptismal vow in heaven.

The prayer went up devoutly, and the lips  
Of the good man glow'd fervently with faith,  
That it would be even as he had pray'd ;  
And the sweet child be gather'd to the fold  
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on,  
Her lips mov'd silently, and tears, fast tears,  
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon  
The forehead of her beautiful child lay soft  
With the baptismal water. Then I thought  
That to the eye of God, that mother's tears  
Would be a deeper covenant, which sin,  
And the temptations of the world, and death,  
Would leave unbroken, and that she would know  
In the clear light of heaven, how very strong  
The prayer which press'd them from her heart had been  
In leading its young spirit up to God.

## MAN A MACHINE.—BY A CYNIC.

MAN is a machine. The true definition of the "quintessence of dust" is not to be found in the dictionary. In order to investigate his real character, mechanics and mechanism should be studied. Sometimes man is called a vessel. Is it because he sails down the stream of time, navigating the water of life and carrying his soul as freight from time to eternity? The wind frequently propels him, and he is turned about as easily as a weathercock whenever it listeth. These ideas, however, originated with the old imaginers, and are, therefore, to be received with the utmost caution, and carefully dusted of all absurdities.

Life is the main spring of action, and the moment a man is born, the machinery is set in motion, and its operation does not cease until he has run down, or is out of repair; then, being unfit for any other purpose, it is taken apart and shelved. An infant is a model, or a machine of small order; time and circumstances manufacture him into one of great power and ability, for a full grown man is a perfect work. An infant, in its way, shows the effect of its operation, but it requires the efforts of the principal to carry out the most extensive plans. Machines are continually wearing out, decaying, wanting repair, growing old, and are often found useless. After the same manner, man decays and wears out; therefore, and conclusively, it appears that man must be allied to machinery. This point being settled, the next inquiry is, what kind of a machine is man? Does he belong to the steamboat order? He cannot be a steamboat, for that goes upon the waters; besides, it moves horizontally; man moves uprightly, and only upon the face of the earth. It is true that he occasionally emits fire and smoke, and so do steamboats; but there is a vast difference in the smoke and the occasion of it. It appears, then, that he is not a steamboat, though the boat and the man may be near blood-cousins, or brothers—the one a sailor and the other a landsman. Is man a locomotive? A great writer has said he is; whether it is because he makes so much noise and mischief on the road of life, or whether it is on account of his rapidity and usefulness, is the dispute. For my part, deliver me from such a comparison, for a locomotive cannot be managed unless the track be well laid. Man goes without it, and is the only kind of machine that operates well everywhere. It is plain, then, that he is not a locomotive. Is he a windmill or a weathercock? No. They only operate when the wind blows.

Look at man as he walks. What a singular motion for "the paragon of animals." He appears to kick and claw the air, that it may make way for the king of all below heaven. I wonder why the earth don't sink under so sub-

lime a creature. Perfection on legs—who, but for reason, would be little more than an automaton, and, when reason is misused, is not much superior. Is man a machine? Do you find a patent for him at Washington or elsewhere? He either is not an invention, or is not worth patenting. Now, he may possibly be an infernal machine—that does much injury—a strong exterior within a grating, coarse and uncoiled machinery, fit only for destruction and those doomed to it. Hear him discourse. What a jargon it is, without any melody. I have heard as good language from a saw-mill, and better from parrots. Now, whether parrots imitate man, or he imitates parrots, is a question. That he talks, is certain; but how does he manufacture his words? Maelzel's automaton prated by machinery. Why may not Maelzel himself have talked in the same way? Why is it not possible that he may have adopted his own workmanship to the figure?

A watch may be made to discourse music. A watch and a man bear a very close resemblance to each other. Man is wound up the moment he comes into the world, and is run down when his chain is shortened by accident, or when a main-spring, like a blood-vessel, is broken. A good watch keeps even the seconds carefully. A good man is the most admirable of all nature's workmanship. I do not declare that man is a watch; but is he an automaton? Pull the wire and answer. Does the "paragon" feel insulted because he is compared to machinery—that he is accounted the greatest of all inventions? No matter what we are called, whether machines or animals: it is frequently in the power of us all to set our own works right, and his is best which answers the best purpose. If he prefers being called a steamboat, let him be an excellent one—if a locomotive, let him abstain from evil—if a steam engine, let him keep all his boiling water to himself—if a sawmill, let him see that he does credit to his machinery. The "great machine," however, is always capable of improvement, and it is our duty to pry into our own affairs, for they are morally responsible; and if we are not continually on the look out, we will find that, in passing through this closely navigated "sea of trouble," we may be run into by some more powerful fellow-machine and be stopped. Idlers and evil persons are those detestable snags that lie like rocks and shoals, concealed to wreck the well-deserving. So far as direction goes, every one is the builder and superintendent of his own works; therefore, like the patient engineer, he should ever be at his post. If he be found asleep, or trifling away his time, his destruction is sure, but merited. Let all honest and well-meaning machines take warning: let them keep oil constantly burning in their lamps, and they will last long and well, and the good qualities that they manufacture they will be enabled to preserve.

L. Y. W.

## THE SECRET OF SINGING.

Lady, sing no more!  
Science all is vain,  
Till the heart be touched, lady,  
And give forth its pain.

'Tis a hidden lyre,  
Cherished near the sun,  
O'er whose witching wire, lady,  
Faery fingers run.

Pity comes in tears,  
From her home above,  
Hope, and sometimes Fears, lady,  
And the wizard,—Love!

Each doth search the heart,  
To its inmost springs,  
And when they depart, lady,  
Then the Spirit sings!

## THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Poor autumn leaf! down floating  
Upon the blustering gale;  
Torn from thy bough, where goest now,  
Wither'd, and shrunk, and pale?

"I go, thou sad inquirer,  
As list the winds to blow,  
Sear, sapless, lost, and tempest-tost,  
I go where all things go.

"The rude winds bear me onward  
As suileth them, not me,  
O'er dale, o'er hill, through good, through ill,  
As Destiny bears thee.

"What though for me one summer,  
And threescore for thy breath—  
I live my span, thou thine, poor man!  
And then adown to death!

"And thus we go together,  
For lofty as thy lot  
And lowly mine, my fate is thine,  
To die, and be forgot!"

## THE MILLIONAIRE.

By a turn of fortune not worth describing, Mr. Goggins, a ship-chandler, became suddenly a millionaire. His half-score of grown-up children spread themselves at once to their new dimensions, and after a preliminary flourish at home, the whole family embarked for foreign travel. They remained but a fortnight in England—none in that land walking often invisible. Germany seemed, to the ship-chandler a "rubbishy" country, and Italy "very small beer," and, after a short residence in Paris, that gay capital was pronounced the Paradise of money's worth, and there the Gogginses took up their abode. To the apprehension of most of their acquaintance, Mr. Goggins was now in a speedy and fair way to return to his blocks and oakum, poorer for his fortune. No stint seemed put upon the extravagance of sons or daughters, and in dress and equipage their separate displays and establishments became the marvel of Paris. In Goggins himself there was for awhile no great change of exterior. His constitutional hardness of character seemed in no way disturbed or embellished by the splendours he controlled. He gave way to usages and etiquette with patient facility, bowed through the receptions at his first parties with imperturbable propriety, and was voted stolid and wooden by the gay world flaunting at his expense.

In the second year of his Parisian life, however, Goggins took the reins gradually into his own hands. He dismissed his sharp French butler, who had made hitherto all the household bargains, and, promoting to the servile part of his office an inferior domestic, dull and zealous, he took the accounts into his own hands, and exacted, of all the tradespeople he patronized, schedules of their wares in English, and their bills made equally comprehensible. Pocketing thus the butler's perquisite, he reduced the charges of that department one half, besides considerably improving the quality of the articles purchased. Rejecting, then, the intermediate offices of lease-agents and *hommes d'affaires*, he advertised in Galigani, in good plain English, for the most luxurious house in a certain fashionable quarter, conducted the bargain by a correspondence in English, and finally procured it at a large abatement, at least, from prices paid by millionaires. He advertised in the same way for proposals to furnish his house on the most sumptuous scale and in the prevailing fashion, and by dint of sitting quietly in his office and compelling everything to reach him through the medium of English manuscript, he created a palace fit for an emperor, by fair competition among the tradesmen and upholsterers, and at a cost by no means ruinous. He advertised in the same way for a competent man of taste to oversee the embellish-

ments in progress, and, when complete, the "Hotel Goggins" was quite the best thing of its kind in Paris, and was looked upon as the "folly" of the ruined lessee. With this groundwork for display, Mr. Goggins turned his attention to the ways and means of balls and dinners, concerts and breakfast, and having acquired a name for large expenditure he profited considerably by the emulation of cooks and purveyors for the material, and privately made use of the *savoir faire* of a reduced count or two who, for a "trifling consideration," willingly undertook the *manner* of the entertainments. He applied the same sagacious system of commissariat to the supplying of the multifarious wants of his children, economizing at the same time that he enhanced the luxury of their indulgences, and the Gogginses soon began to excite other feelings than contempt. Their equipages, (the production of the united taste of ruined spendthrifts,) outshone the most sumptuous of the embassies; their balls were of unexceptionable magnificence, their dinners more *recherchés* than profuse. How they should come by their elegance was a mystery that did not lessen their consequence, and so the Gogginses mounted to the difficult eminence of Parisian fashion—the plain business tact of a ship-chandler their mysterious stepping-stone.

Perhaps we should give more credit to this faculty in Goggins. It is possibly not far removed from the genius of a great financier or eminent state treasurer. It is the power of coming directly at values and ridding them of their "riders,"—of getting for less, what others, from want of penetration, get for more. I am inclined to think Goggins would have been quite as successful in any other field of calculation, and one instance of a very different application of his reasoning powers would go to favour the belief.

While in Italy, he employed a celebrated but improvident artist to paint a picture, the subject of which was a certain event of rather a humble character, in which he had been an actor. The picture was to be finished at a certain time, and at the urgent plea of the artist, the money was advanced. The time expired and the picture was not sent home, and the forfeited bond of the artist was accordingly put in suit. The delinquent, who had not thought twice of the subject, addressed one or two notes of remonstrance to his summary employer, and receiving no reply, and the law crowding very closely upon his heels, he called upon Goggins and appealed among other arguments to the difference in their circumstances and the indulgent pity due from rich to poor.

"Where do you dine to-day?" asked Goggins.

"To-day—let me see—Monday—I dine with Lady——."

(The artist, as Goggins knew, was a favourite in the best society in Florence.)

"And where did you dine yesterday?"

"Yesterday—hum—yesterday I dined with Sir George——. No! I breakfasted with Sir George, and dined with the grand chamberlain. Excuse me! I have so many engagements——"

"Ah!—and you are never at a loss for a dinner or a breakfast!"

The artist smiled. "No!"

"Are you well lodged?"

"Yes—on the Arno."

"And well clad, I see."

(The painter was rather a dandy, withal.)

"Well, sir!" said Goggins, folding up his arms and looking sterner than before, "you have, as far as I can understand it, every luxury and comfort which a fortune could procure you, and none of the care and trouble of a fortune, and you enjoy these advantages by a claim which is not liable to bankruptcy, nor to be squandered, nor burnt—without the slightest anxiety, in short."

The artist assented.

"So far, there is no important difference in our worldly condition, except that I have this anxiety and trouble, and am liable to these very casualties."

Goggins paused and the painter nodded again.

"And now, sir, over and above this, what would you take to exchange with me the esteem in which we are severally held—you to become the rich, uneducated and plain Simon Goggins, and I to possess your genius, your elevated tastes, and the praise and fame which these procure you?"

The artist turned uneasily on his heels.

"No, sir!" continued Goggins, "you are not a man to be pitted, and least of all by me. And I don't pity you, sir. And what's more, you shall paint that picture, sir, or go to prison. Good morning, sir!"

And the result was a painting, finished in three days, and one of the master-pieces of that accomplished painter, for he embodied, in the figure and face of Goggins, the character which he had struck out so unexpectedly—retaining the millionaire's friendship and patronage, though never again venturing to trifle with his engagements.

N. P. W.

The author of the following sweet flower of poetry has been dead some years. The reader will see that he was a man of genius.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE DIMPLE.

One day, as Love's queen was on Ida reclining,  
Where the fount and the vine woo'd the zephyr's warm sigh,  
She dreamed of Narcissus, his dark locks entwining  
Around his fair brow and his beaming blue eye.

Young Cupid thus found her at twilight reposing;  
With playful reproof, he cried,—“Wake mother! speak!  
Great Phoebus has gone, and night's curtains are closing!  
Awake!” and his finger imprinted her cheek.

“Befits it a goddess, all Heaven enchanting,  
On earth's lowly couch, among mortals to rest.  
The moon curbs her steeds, for thy star is still waiting!  
And Vesper looks out for thy smile in the west!”

As soft as the peach down, it sunk to his finger,  
And kept like that fruit its impression awhile,  
Unwilling to part, yet forbidden to linger,  
It flew with her frown, and returned with her smile.

Oh! just such an exquisite dimple enhances  
My own peerless Isabel's beauty and grace;  
Adds light to her lips and fresh fire to her glances,  
And shows that young Love has been fondling her face.

We were not sure when we wrote the following defence of the *pleasant ornamental* against the *respectable* useful, that we were doing the state good service. With this grain of salt on your tongue before you taste the story, however, dear reader, it may be palatable to your virtue.

Five hundred dollars a year!” echoed Fanny Bellairs, as the first silver gray of the twilight spread over her picture.

“And my art,” modestly added the painter, prying into his bright copy of the lips pronouncing upon his destiny.

“And how much may that be at the present rate of patronage—one picture a year painted for love?”

“Fanny, how can you be so calculating!”

“By the bumps over my eyebrows I suppose. Why, my dear coz, we have another state of existence to look forward to—old man-age and old woman-age! What am I to do with five hundred dollars a year, when my old frame wants gilding—(to use one of your own similes)—I shan't always be pretty Fanny Bellairs!”

“But, good heavens! we shall grow old together!” exclaimed the painter, sitting down at her feet, “and what will you care for other admiration, if your husband see you still beautiful, with the eyes of memory and habit.”

“Even if I were sure he would so look upon me!” answered Miss Bellairs more seriously, “I cannot but dread an old age without great means of embellishment. Old people, except in poetry and in very primitive society, are dishonoured by wants and cares. And, indeed, before we are old—when neither young nor old—we want horses and

ottomans, kalydor and conservatories, books, pictures and silk curtains—all quite out of the range of your little allowance, don't you see!”

“You do not love me, Fanny!”

“I do—and will marry you, Philip—as I, long ago, with my whole heart promised. But I wish to be happy with you—as happy, quite as happy, as is at all possible, with our best efforts and coolest, discreetest management. I laugh the matter over sometimes, but I may tell you, since you are determined to be in earnest, that I have treated it, in my solitary thought, as the one important event of my life—(so indeed it is!)—and, as such, worthy of all forethought, patience, self-denial and calculation. To inevitable ills I can make up my mind like other people. If your art were your only hope of subsistence,—why,—I don't know—(should I look well as a page?)—I don't know that I couldn't run your errands and grind your paints in hose and doublet. But there is another door open for you—a counting-house door, to be sure—leading to opulence and all the appliances of dignity and happiness, and through this door, my dear Philip, the art you would live by comes to pay tribute and beg for patronage. Now, out of your hundred and twenty reasons, give me the two stoutest and best, why you should refuse your brother's golden offer of partnership,—my share, in your alternative of poverty, left for the moment out of the question.”

Rather overborne by the confident decision of his beautiful cousin, and having probably made up his mind that he must ultimately yield to her, Philip replied in a lower and more dejected tone:

“If you were not to be a sharer in my renown, should I be so fortunate as to acquire it, I should feel as if it were selfish to dwell so much on my passion for distinction and my devotion to my pencil as the means of winning it. My heart is full of you—but it is full of ambition too, paradox though it be. I cannot live ignoble. I should not have felt worthy to press my love upon you—worthy to possess you—except with the prospect of celebrity in my art. You make the world dark to me, Fanny! You close down the sky, when you shut out this hope! Yet it shall be so.”

Philip paused a moment and the silence was uninterrupted.

“There was another feeling I had, upon which I have not insisted,” he continued. “By my brother's project, I am to reside almost wholly abroad. Even the little stipend I have to offer you now, is absorbed of course by the investment of my property in his trading capital, and marriage, till I have partly enriched myself, would be even more hopeless than at present. Say the interval were five years—and five years of separation!”

“With happiness in prospect, it would soon pass, my dear Philip!”

“But is there nothing wasted in this time? My life is yours—the gift of love. Are not these coming five years the very flower of it?—a mutual loss, too, for are they not, even more emphatically, the very flower of yours? Eighteen and twenty-five are ages at which to marry, not ages to defer. During this time the entire flow of my existence is at its crowning fulness—passion, thought, joy, tenderness, susceptibility to beauty and sweetness—all I have that can be diminished or tarnished or made dull by advancing age and contact with the world, is thrown away for its spring and summer. Will the autumn of life repay us for this? Will it—even if we are rich and blest with health, and as capable of an unblemished union as now? Think of this a moment, dear Fanny!”

“I do—it is full of force and meaning, and could we marry now, with a tolerable prospect of competency, it would be irresistible. But poverty in wedlock, Philip—”

“What do you call poverty! If we can suffice for each other, and have the necessities of life, we are not poor! My art will bring us consideration enough—which is the main end of wealth, after all—and of society, speaking for myself only, I want nothing. Luxuries for yourself, Fanny, means for your dear comfort and pleasure, you should not want if the world held them, and surely the unbounded devotion of one man to the support of the one woman he loves, ought to suffice for the task! I am strong—I am capable of labour—I have limbs to toil, if my genius and my present means fail me, and, oh, heaven, you could not want!”

“No, no, no! I thought not of want!” murmured Miss Bellairs, “I thought only—”

But she was not permitted to finish the sentence.

"Then my bright picture for the future *may* be realized?" exclaimed Philip, knitting his hands together in a transport of hope. "I may build up a reputation, with *you* for the constant partner of its triumphs and excitements! I may go through the world and have some care in life besides subsistence, how I shall sleep, and eat, and accumulate gold; some companion, who, from the threshold of manhood, shared every thought—and knew every feeling—some pure and present angel who walked with me and purified my motives and ennobled my ambitions, and received from my lips and eyes, and from the beating of my heart, against her own, all the love I had to give in a life-time. Tell me, Fanny! tell me, my sweet cousin! is not this a picture of bliss, which, combined with success in my noble art, might make a Paradise on earth for you and me?"

The hand of Fanny Bellairs rested on the upturned forehead of her lover as he sat at her feet in the deepening twilight, and she answered him with such sweet words as are linked together by spells known only to woman—but his palette and pencils were, nevertheless, burned in solemn holocaust that very night, and the lady carried her point, as ladies must. And to the importation of silks from Lyons was devoted, thenceforth, the genius of a Raphael—perhaps! Who knows?

The reader will naturally have gathered from this dialogue that Miss Fanny Bellairs had black eyes, and was rather below the middle stature. She was a belle, and it is only belle-metal of this particular description which is not fusible by "burning words." She had mind enough to appreciate fully the romance and enthusiasm of her cousin, Philip Ballister, and knew precisely the phenomena which a tall *blonde* (this complexion of woman being soluble in love and tears,) would have exhibited under a similar experiment. While the fire of her love glowed, therefore, she opposed little resistance and seemed softened and yielding, but her purpose remained unaltered, and she rang out "no!" the next morning, with a tone as little changed as a convent-bell from matins to vespers, though it has passed meantime through the furnace of an Italian noon.

Fanny was not a designing girl, either. She might have found a wealthier customer for her heart than her cousin Philip. And she loved this cousin as truly and well as her nature would admit, or as need be, indeed. But two things had conspired to give her the unmaliceable quality just described—a natural disposition to confide, first and foremost, on all occasions, in her own sagacity, and a vivid impression made upon her mind by a childhood of poverty. At the age of twelve she had been transferred from the distressed fireside of her mother, Mrs. Bellairs, to the luxurious roof of her aunt, Mrs. Ballister, and her mother dying soon after, the orphan girl was adopted and treated as a child; but the memory of the troubled hearth at which she had first learned to observe and reason, coloured all the purposes and affections, thoughts, impulses and wishes of the ripening girl, and to think of happiness in any proximity to privation seemed to her impossible, even though it were in the bosom of love. Seeing no reason to give her cousin credit for any knowledge of the world beyond his own experience, she decided to think for him as well as love him, and not being so much pre-empted as the enthusiastic painter by the "*besoin d'aimer et de se faire aimer*," she very composedly prefixed, to the possession of her hand, the trifling achievement of getting rich—quite sure that if he knew as much as she, he would willingly run that race without the incumbrance of matrimony.

The death of Mr. Ballister, senior, had left the widow and her two boys more slenderly provided for than was anticipated—Phil's portion, after leaving college, producing the moderate income before mentioned. The elder brother had embarked in his father's business, and it was thought best on all hands for the younger Ballister to follow his example. But Philip, whose college leisure had been devoted to poetry and painting, and whose genius for the latter, certainly, was very decided, brought down his habits by a resolute economy to the limits of his income, and took up the pencil for a profession. With passionate enthusiasm, great purity of character, distaste for all society not in harmony with his favourite pursuit, and an industry very much concentrated and rendered effective by abstemious habits, Philip Ballister was very likely to develop what genius might lie betwixt his head and hand, and his progress in the first year had

been allowed by eminent artists to give very unusual promise. The Ballisters were still together under the maternal roof, and the painter's studies were the portraits of the family, and Fanny's picture of course much the most difficult to finish. It would be very hard if a painter's portrait of his liege mistress, the lady of his heart, were not a good picture, and Fanny Bellairs on canvases was divine accordingly. If the copy had more softness of expression than the original, (as it was thought to have,) it only proves what wise men have for some time suspected, that love is more dumb than blind, and the faults of our faultless idols are noted, however unconsciously. Neither thumb-screws nor hot coals—nothing probably but repentance after matrimony—would have drawn from Philip Ballister, in words, the same confession of his mistress' foible that had oozed out through his treacherous pencil!

Cupid is often drawn as a stranger pleading to be "taken in," but it is a miracle that he is not invariably drawn as a portrait-painter. A bird tied to the muzzle of a gun—an enemy who has written a book—an Indian prince under the protection of Giovanni Bullette, (Tuscan for John Bull,)—is not more close upon demolition, one would think, than the heart of a lady delivered over to a painter's eyes, posed, draped and lighted with the one object of studying her beauty. If there be any magnetism in isolated attention, any in steadfast gazing, any in passes of the hand hither and thither,—if there be any magic in *ce doux demi-jour* so loved in France, in stuff for flattery ready pointed and feathered, in freedom of admiration, "and all in the way of business"—then is a loveable sitter to a love-like painter in "parlous" vicinity, (as the new-school would phrase it,) to sweet-heart-land! Pleasure in a vocation has no offset in political economy as honour has, ("the more honour the less profit,") or portrait-painters would be poorer than poets.

And *malgré* his consciousness of the quality which required softening in his cousin's beauty, and *malgré* his rare advantages for obtaining over her a lover's proper ascendancy, Mr. Philip Ballister bowed to the stronger will of Miss Fanny Bellairs, and sailed for France on his apprenticeship to Mammon.

The reader will please to advance five years. Before proceeding thence with our story, however, let us take a Parthian glance at the overstepped interval.

Philip Ballister had left New-York with the triple vow that he would enslave every faculty of his mind and body to business, that he would not return till he had made a fortune, and that such interstices as might occur in the building up of this chateau for felicity should be filled with sweet reveries about Fanny Bellairs. The forsworn painter had genius, as we have before hinted, and genius is (as much as it is any one thing,) the power of concentration. He entered upon his duties accordingly with a force, and patience of application which soon made him master of what are called business habits, and, once in possession of the details, his natural cleverness gave him a speedy insight to all the scope and tactics of his particular field of trade. Under his guidance, the affairs of the house were soon in a much more prosperous train, and after a year's residence at Lyons, Philip saw his way very clear to manage them with a long arm and take up his quarters in Paris.

"*Les fates sont les seuls hommes qui aient soin d'eux mêmes*," says a French novelist, but there is a period, early or late, in the lives of the cleverest men, when they become suddenly curious as to their capacity for the graces. Paris, to a stranger who does not visit in the Faubourg St. Germain, is a republic of personal exterior, where the degree of privilege depends with Utopian impartiality on the style of the outer man; and Paris, therefore, if he is not already a Bachelor of Arts (qui—*beau's Arts*), usually serves the traveller as an Alma Mater of the pompe and vanities.

Phil Ballister, up to the time of his matriculation in *Chausse d'Antin*, was a romantic-looking sloven. From this to a very dashing coxcomb is but half a step, and to be rid of the coxcombry and retain a look of fashion, is still within the easy limits of imitation. But—to obtain superiority of presence with no apparent aid from dress and no describable manner, and to display at the same time every natural advantage in effective relief, and, withal, to adapt this subtle philtre, not only to the approbation of the critical and censorious, but to the taste of fair women gifted with judg-

ment as God pleases,—this is a finish not born with any man, (though unsuccessful if it do not seem to be,) and never reached in the apprenticeship of life, and never reached at all by men not much above their fellows. He who has it, has “bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where,” for he must know, as a chart of quicksands, the pronounced models of other nations; but to be a “picked man of countries,” and to *have been* a coxcomb and a man of fashion, are, as a painter would say, but the setting of the palette toward the making of the *chef d'œuvre*.

Business prospered and the facilities of leisure increased, while Ballister passed through these transitions of taste, and he found intervals to travel, and time to read, and opportunity to indulge, as far as he could with the eye only, his passion for knowledge in the arts. To all that appertained to the refinement of himself, he applied the fine feelers of a delicate and passionate construction, physical and mental, and, as the reader will already have concluded, wasted on culture comparatively unprofitable, faculties that would have been better employed but for the meddling of Miss Fanny Bellairs.

Ballister's return from France was heralded by the arrival of statuary and pictures, books, furniture, and numberless articles of tasteful and costly luxury. The reception of these by the family at home threw rather a new light on the probable changes in the long-absent brother, for, from the signal success of the business he had managed, they had very naturally supposed that it was the result only of unremitted and plodding care. Vague rumours of changes in his personal appearance had reached them, such as might be expected from conformity to foreign fashions, but those who had seen Philip Ballister in France, and called subsequently on the family in New-York, were not people qualified to judge of the man, either from their own powers of observation or from any confidence he was likely to put forward while in their society. His letters had been delightful, but they were confined to third-person topics, descriptions of things likely to interest them, &c., and Fanny had few addressed personally to herself, having thought it worth while, for the experiment's sake or for some other reason, to see whether love would subsist without its usual *pabulum* of tender correspondence, and a *veste* on love-letters having served her for a parting injunction at Phil's embarkation for Havre. However varied by their different fancies, the transformation looked for by the whole family was substantially the same—the romantic artist sobered down to a practical, plain man of business. And Fanny herself had an occasional misgiving as to her relish for his counting-house virtues and manners; though, on the detection of the feeling, she immediately closed her eyes upon it, and drummed up her delinquent constancy for “parade and inspection.”

All bustles are very much alike, (we use the word as defined in Johnson,) and the reader will appreciate our delicacy, besides, in not intruding on the first re-union of relatives and lovers long separated.

The morning after Philip Ballister's arrival, the family sat long at breakfast. The mother's gaze fastened untiringly on the features of her son—still her boy—prying into them with a vain effort to reconcile the face of the man with the cherished picture of the child with sunny locks, and noting little else than the work of inward change upon the countenance and expression. The brother, with the predominant feeling of respect for the intelligence and industry of one who had made the fortunes of the house, read only subdued sagacity in the perfect simplicity of his whole exterior. And Fanny—Fanny was puzzled. The *bourgeoisie* and ledger-bred hardness of manner which she had looked for were not there, nor any variety of the “foreign slip-slop” common to travelled youth, nor any superciliousness, nor (faith!) any wear and tear of youth or good looks—nothing that she expected—nothing! Not even a French guard-chain!

What there *was* in her cousin's manners and exterior, however, was much more difficult to define by Miss Bellairs than what there *was not*. She began the renewal of their intercourse with very high spirits, herself—the simple nature and unpretendingness of his address awakening only an unembarrassed pleasure at seeing him again—but she soon began to suspect there was an exquisite refinement in this very simplicity, and to wonder at “the trick of it,” and af-

ter the first day passed in his society, her heart beat when he spoke to her, as it did not use to beat when she was sitting to him for her picture, and listening to his passionate love-making. And with all her faculties she studied him. What was the charm of his presence! He was himself, and himself only. He seemed perfect, but he seemed to have arrived at perfection like a statue, not like a picture—by what had been taken away, not by what had been laid on. He was as natural as a bird, and as graceful and unembarrassed. He neither forced conversation, nor pressed the little attentions of the drawing-room, and his attitudes were full of repose; yet she was completely absorbed in what he said, and she had been impressed imperceptibly with his high-bred politeness, and the singular elegance of his person. Fanny felt there was a change in her relative position to her cousin. In what it consisted, or which had the advantage, she was perplexed to discover—but she bit her lips as she caught herself thinking that if she were not engaged to marry Philip Ballister, she should suspect that she had just fallen irrecoverably in love with him.

It would have been a novelty in the history of Miss Bellairs that any event to which she had once consented, should admit of re-consideration; and the Ballister family, used to her strong will, were confirmed fatalists as to the coming about of her ends and aims. Her marriage with Philip, therefore, was discussed, *cœur ouvert*, from his first arrival, and, indeed, in her usual fashion of saving others the trouble of making up their minds, “herself had named the day.” This, it is true, was before his landing, and was then, an effort of considerable magnanimity, as the expectant Penelope was not yet advised of her lover's state of preservation or damages by cares and keeping. If Philip had not found his wedding-day fixed on his arrival, however, he probably would have had a voice in the naming of it, for with Fanny's new inspirations as to his character, there had grown up a new flower in her garden of beauties—timidity! What bird of the air had sown the seed in such a soil was a problem to herself—but true it was!—the confident belle had grown a blushing trembler! She would as soon have thought of bespeaking her wings for the sky, as to have ventured on naming the day in a short week after.

The day was named, however, and the preparations went on—*nam. con.*—the person most interested (after herself) accepting every congratulation and allusion, touching the event, with the most impenetrable suavity. The marbles and pictures, upholstery and services were delivered over to the order of Miss Bellairs, and Philip, disposed, apparently, to be very much a recluse in his rooms, or at other times, engrossed by troops of welcoming friends, saw much less of his bride elect than suited her wishes, and saw her seldom alone. By particular request, also, he took no part in the ‘plenishing and embellishing of the new abode—not permitted even to inquire where it was situated, and under this cover, besides the pleasure of having her own way, Fanny concealed a little secret, which, when disclosed, she now felt, would figure forth to Philip's comprehension, her whole scheme of future happiness. She had taken the elder brother into her counsels a fortnight after Philip's return, and, with his aid and consent, had abandoned the original idea of a house in town, purchased a beautifully secluded estate and *cottage ornée*, on the East River, and transferred thither all the objects of art, furniture, &c. One room only of the maternal mansion was permitted to contribute its quota to the completion of the bridal dwelling—the wing, never since inhabited, in which Philip had made his essay as a painter—and without the variation of a cobweb, and with whimsical care and effort on the part of Miss Fanny, this apartment was reproduced at Revedere—her own picture on the easel, as it stood on the night of his abandonment of his art, and palette, pencils and colours in tempting readiness on the table. Even the fire-grate of the old studio had been re-set in the new, and the cottage throughout had been refitted with a view to occupation in the winter. And to sundry hints on the part of the elder brother, that some thought should be given to a city residence—for the Christmas holidays, at least—Fanny replied, through a blush, that she should never wish to see the town—with Philip at Revedere!

Five years had ripened and mellowed the beauty of Fanny Bellairs, and the same summer-time of youth had turned into fruit the feeling left by Philip in bud and flower. She



was ready now for love. She had felt the variable temper of society, and there was a presentiment in the heart of receding flatteries, and the winter of life. It was with mournful self-reproach that she thought of the years wasted in separation, of her own choosing, from the man she loved, and with the power to recall Time, she would have thanked God with tears of joy for the privilege of retracing the chain of life to that link of parting. Not worth a day of those lost years, she bitterly confessed to herself, was the wealth they had purchased.

It lacked as little as one week of "the happy day," when the workmen were withdrawn from Revedere, and the preparations for a family breakfast, to be succeeded by the agreeable surprise to Philip, of informing him he was at home, were finally completed. One or two very intimate friends were added to the party, and the invitations (from the elder Ballister) proposed simply a *dejeuner sur l'herbe* in the grounds of an unoccupied villa, the property of an acquaintance.

With the subsiding of the excitement of return, the early associations which had temporarily confused and coloured the feelings of Philip Ballister, settled gradually away, leaving uppermost once more the fastidious refinement of the Parisian. Through this medium, thin and cold, the bubbles from the breathing of the heart of youth, rose rarely and reluctantly. The Ballisters held a good station in society, without caring for much beyond the easy conveniences of life, and Fanny, though capable of any degree of elegance, had not seen the expediency of raising the tone of her manners above that of her immediate friends. Without being positively distasteful to Philip, the family circle, Fanny included, left him much to desire in the way of society, and unwilling to abate the warmth of his attentions while with them, he had latterly pleaded occupation more frequently, and passed his time in the more congenial company of his library of art. This was the less noticed that it gave Miss Bellairs the opportunity to make frequent visits to the workmen at Revedere, and in the polished devotion of her betrothed, when with her, Fanny saw nothing reflected but her own daily increasing tenderness and admiration.

The morning of the *fête* came in like the air in an overture—a harmony of all the instruments of summer. The party were at the gate of Revedere by ten, and the drive through the avenue to the lawn, drew a burst of delighted admiration from all. The place was exquisite, and seen in its glory, and Fanny's heart was brimming with gratified pride and exultation. She assumed at once the dispensation of the honours, and beautiful she looked with her snowy dress and raven ringlets flitting across the lawn, and queening it like Perdita among the flowers. Having narrowly escaped bursting into tears of joy when Philip pronounced the place prettier than anything he had seen in his travels, she was, for the rest of the day, calmly happy, and with the grateful shade, the delicious breakfast in the grove, the rambling and boating on the river, the hours passed off like dreams, and no one even hinted a regret that the house itself was under lock and bar. And so the sun set, and the twilight came on, and the guests were permitted to order round their carriages and depart, the Ballisters accompanying them to the gate. And, on the return of the family through the avenue, excuses were made for idling hither and thither, till lights began to show through the trees, and by the time of their arrival at the lawn, the low windows of the cottage poured forth streams of light, and the open doors, and servants busy within, completed a scene more like magic than reality. Philip was led in by the excited girl who was the fairy of the spell, and his astonishment at the discovery of his statuary and pictures, books and furniture, arranged in complete order within, was fed upon with the passionate delight of love in authority.

When an hour had been spent in examining and admiring the different apartments, an inner-room was thrown open, in which supper was prepared, and this fourth act in the day's drama was lingered over in untiring happiness by the family.

Mrs. Ballister, the mother, rose and retired, and Philip pleaded indisposition, and begged to be shown to the room allotted to him. This was ringing-up the curtain for the last act sooner than had been planned by Fanny, but she announced herself as his chamberlain, and with her hands affectionately crossed on his arm, led him to a suite of rooms in a wing still unvisited, and with a good-night kiss,

left him at the open door of the revived studio, furnished for the night with a bachelor's bed. Turning upon the threshold, he closed the door with a parting wish of sweet dreams, and Fanny, after listening a moment with a vain hope of overhearing some expression of pleasure, and lingering again on her way back, to be overtaken by her surprised lover, sought her own bed without rejoicing the circle, and passed a sleepless and happy night of tears and joy.

Breakfast was served the next morning on a terrace overlooking the river, and it was voted by acclamation, that Fanny never before looked so lovely. As none but the family were to be present, she had stolen a march on her marriage wardrobe, and added to her demi-toilette a morning cap of exquisite becomingness. Altogether, she looked deliciously wife-like, and did the honours of the breakfast-table with a grace and sweetness that warmed out love and compliments even from the sober soil of household intimacy. Philip had not yet made his appearance, and they lingered long at table, till at last a suggestion that he might be ill started Fanny to her feet, and she ran to his door before a servant could be summoned.

The rooms were open, and the bed had not been occupied. The candle was burned to the socket, and on the easel, resting against the picture, was a letter addressed—"Miss Fanny Bellairs."

#### THE LETTER.

"I have followed up to this hour, my fair cousin, in the path you have marked out for me. It has brought me back, in this chamber, to the point from which I started under your guidance, and if it had brought me back unchanged—if it restored me my energy, my hope, and my prospect of fame, I should pray heaven that it would also give me back my love, and be content—more than content, if it gave me back also my poverty. The sight of my easel, and of the surroundings of my boyish dreams of glory, have made my heart bitter. They have given form and voice to a vague unhappiness, which has haunted me through all these absent years—years of degrading pursuits and wasted powers—and it now impels me from you, kind and lovely as you are, with an aversion I cannot control. I cannot forgive you. You have thwarted my destiny. You have extinguished with sordid cares a lamp within me, that might, by this time, have shone through the world. And what am I, since your wishes are accomplished? Enriched in pocket, and bankrupt in happiness and self-respect.

"With a heart sick, and a brain aching for distinction, I have come to an unhonoured stand-still at thirty! I am a successful tradesman, and in this character I shall probably die. Could I begin to be a painter now, say you? Alas! My knowledge of the art is too great for patience with the slow hand! I could not draw a line without despair. The pliant fingers and the plastic mind must keep pace to make progress in art. My taste is fixed, and my imagination uncreative, because chained down by certainties; and the short-sighted ardour and daring experiment which are indispensable to sustain and advance the follower in Raphael's footsteps, are too far behind for my resuming. The tide ebb from me at the accursed burnings of my pencils by your pitiless hand, and from that hour I have felt hope receding. Could I be happy with you, stranded here in ignoble idleness, and owing to you the loss of my whole venture of opportunity? No, Fanny!—surely no!

"I would not be unnecessarily harsh. I am sensible of your affection and constancy. I have deferred this explanation unwisely, till the time and place make it seem more cruel. You are, at this very moment, I well know, awake in your chamber, devoting to me the vigils of a heart overflowing with tenderness. And I would—if it were possible—if it were not utterly beyond my powers of self-sacrifice and concealment—I would affect a devotion I cannot feel, and carry out this error through a life of artifice and monotony. But here, again, the work is your own, and my feelings revert bitterly to your interference. If there were no other obstacle to my marrying you—if you were not associated repulsively with the dark cloud on my life, you are not the woman I could now enthrone in my bosom. We have diverged since the separation which I pleaded against, and which you commanded. I need, for my idolatry, now, a creature to whom the sordid cares you have sacrificed me to, are utterly unknown—a woman born and educated in circumstances where want is never feared, and where cal-



calation never enters. I must lavish my wealth, if I fulfil my desire, on one who accepts it like the air she breathes, and who knows the value of nothing but love—a bird with a human soul and form, believing herself free of all the world is rich in, and careful only for pleasure, and the happiness of those who belong to her. Such women, beautiful and highly educated, are found only in ranks of society, between which and my own I have been increasing in distance—nay, building an impassable barrier, in obedience to your control. Where I stop, interdicted by the stain of trade, the successful artist is free to enter. You have stamped me Plebeian—you would not share my slow progress toward a higher sphere, and you have disqualified me for attaining it alone. In your mercenary and immoveable will, and in that only, lies the secret of our twofold unhappiness.

"I leave you, to return to Europe. My brother and my friends will tell you I am mad and inexcusable, and look upon you as a victim. They will say that, to have been a painter, were nothing to the career that I might mark out for my ambition, if ambition I must have, in politics. Politics in a country where distinction is a pillory! But I could not live here. It is my misfortune that my tastes are so modified by that long and compulsory exile, that life, here, would be a perpetual penance. This unmixt air of merchandize suffocates me. Our own home is tintured black with it. You yourself, in this rural paradise you have conjured up, move in it like a cloud. The counting-house rings in your voice, calculation draws together your brows, you look on everything as a *means*, and know its cost; and the calm and means-forgetting *fruition*, which forms the charm and dignity of superiour life, is utterly unknown to you. What would be my happiness with such a wife? What would be yours with such a husband? Yet I consider the incompatibility between us as no advantage on my part. On the contrary, a punishment, and of your inflicting. What shall I be anywhere but a Tantalus—a fastidious *ennuyé*, with a thirst for the inaccessible burning in my bosom continually!

"I pray you let us avoid another meeting before my departure. Though I cannot forgive you as a lover, I can think of you with pleasure as a cousin, and I give you, as your due, ('damages,' the law would phrase it,) the portion of myself which you thought most important when I offered you my all. You would not take me without the fortune, but perhaps you will be content with the fortune without me. I shall immediately take steps to convey to you this property of Revedere, with an income sufficient to maintain it, and I trust soon to hear that you have found a husband better worthy of you than your cousin, PHILIP BALLISTER."

The following strange but touching story, entitled the "Soul in Purgatory, or, Love stronger than Death," is said to be from the pen of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer:

The angels strung their harps in Heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odours to the pavilions of the Most High; but the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of Heaven they see one Unsleeping Eye watching for ever over creation) was heard saying, "Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered, "There are in that place which men call Purgatory, which is the escape from Hell, but the painful porch of Heaven, many souls that adore thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins; grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!"

And the voice answered, "Thy prayer is heard, O gentlest of the angels! and it seems good to him who chastises but from love. Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praises of God; and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, flew to that melancholy orb, which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shriek of souls that by torture become pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings who, fresh from the mountains of immortality, walk amidst the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow; and this thought consoles amidst their torments, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock, and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demons ceased to torture, and the victims to wail. As sleep to the mourners of the earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star: only one voice amidst the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry—

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

The angel struck chord after chord, till its most skilful melodies were exhausted; but still the solitary voice cried out, "Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

Then Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by. And Seralim said to the demons, "Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said, in a voice which stilled her cry—for in what state do we outlive sympathy?—"Wherefore, O daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why doth the harp, that soothes the most guilty of thy companions, fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh, radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all that the demons can inflict."

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for him," replied the spirit simply.

The divine nature of the angel was touched; for love is the nature of the sons of Heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like and impalpable arms, and cried, "Give me, O give me to return to earth, but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his eyes—for angels may not weep in the sight of others—"I could, indeed, grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty; for the souls in purgatory may return to earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth, thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!"

"Is that all!" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah! surely they love not in heaven, or thou wouldst know, O celestial visitant! that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand ages of torture to ourselves! Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim—no matter what becomes of me."

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far-distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding Eye, and heard the voice of the Eternal One bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him; he uttered the word that loosens the bars of the gate of Purgatory, and lo! the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the lord of Adenheim, and he sat at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh and the merry jest that echoed round, and the laugh and the jest of the lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all; and by his right side sat a beautiful lady, and, ever and anon, he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And, oh," said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what ladye can believe? Didst thou not utter the same oaths to Ida, the fair daughter of Laden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my halidom," quoth the young lord of Adenheim, "thou dost thy beauty marvellous injustice. Ida!—nay, thou mockest me!—I love the daughter of Laden! Why, how then should I be worthy thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles—behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment the lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him; he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself? \*\*\*\*\*

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the wronged Ida returned to Purgatory.

"Recommence the torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas!" answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on earth, there seems to me but little terrible in a thousand years of Purgatory!"

## SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW-YORK, October 24, 1843.

TO THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER:

Music seems to be the passion of the hour in New-York. Wallack had a house that would hardly pay expenses last night—even the Ravels have somewhat fallen off as they were going off—while Damoreau, Wallace, and the "Hutchinson Family" draw well. The latter are four children of a New Hampshire patriarch—(four out of fifteen, as they say in an autobiographical medley which they sing)—and having been born with a singular natural talent for music, they are turning it to account in a musical tour. There are three brothers under twenty years of age, and a very young sister. Their voices are good, (particularly the girl's, who is about fourteen,) and they confine themselves to simple melody, such as would suit the least practised ear, while it cannot fail, from the truth and expression with which they sing, to please the most fastidious. Their concerts are exceedingly enjoyable.

Mrs. Sutton, well known everywhere as a most charming singer, is about to perform a short engagement as a *prima donna* to the Italian company at Niblo's. I wish the success of the experiment might bring Castellan and Cinti Damoreau upon the stage. The latter, by the way, is the daughter of a French door-porter, and might easily have been "the grave of her deserving," but for her perseverance and ambition. Maroncelli is preparing a memoir of her, under her own direction.

There is a particular season of the year, (this is it) when, as most people know, the law forbids the killing and vending of certain game—the zest of illegality, of course, giving great flavour to the birds, and, of course, more than nullifying the law. Not the least in connection with this remark—I was very much astonished a day or two since, dining with a friend at a neighbouring hotel, to find fairly printed in the bill of fare, "Second Course—Roast Owls." On the succeeding day, at another table, I was startled with the enrolment of a dish called "Just Try Me"—which, on experiment, I found to be a bird—(with an egg-shaped breast and a very long bill thrust through it—decently laid on his back, and covered with a pork apron! The latter name seemed very much to the point, and explained the bird's errand. The former I was puzzled with—but knowing the landlord of that hotel to be very much *ultra crepidam*, I was induced to look into ornithology for his meaning. I find that the peculiarity of the owl is "*an external toe which can be turned behind at pleasure*"—symbolical of the perverted beak of the woodcock, (as well as the making of false tracks to evade the law,) and serving in the same manner to prepare an orifice for the sauce of lemon-juice and cayenne. When this man *cozens*, you see, he cozens with edifying knowledge and discretion.

Appleton is publishing a very neat and handsome edition of *valuable religious books*. Among them is the *Disce Vivere* of Sutton, Prebend of Westminster, in 1626,—one of the choicest specimens of rich and pregnant English that I have lately seen. Two sentences from his Preface will give you an idea of his style, in which every word seems to drive a nail:—

"If to live were no other but to draw in and to breathe out the soft air, as the wise man speaketh, a needless labour were it, good Christian reader, to lay down any instructions to the world of "learning to live;" for this is done naturally, both of men and beasts, without any teaching or learning.

"If to live were no other but to cast about for the favour and riches of the world, as some men are wont to call it, the way to live, then would it soon follow, the greater Machiavellians, the better livers. Somewhat more than is required to live Christianly than so, and that all shall one day find, than either drawing in and breathing out the soft air, or the plotting to compass the pleasures and profits of the world."

Morris has written a song to the air of *Yankee Doodle*—a song "with a redound," as the Troubadours used to say—a drum and fife well played in every line of it.

A letter has been received in New-York from Miss Edgeworth, speaking very complimentarily of the papers published in the New Mirror under the head of "Recollections of John Randolph." They are by a very eminent scholar and merchant of this city.

A cold-water procession is going under my window at this moment, in a very propitious shower of rain. From my elevated look-out, the long line of umbrellas, two and two, gives the street the dress look of a fashionable Taglioni coat, with two rows of big buttons down the middle. I noticed yesterday, by the way, a most stalwart and gallant-looking company of firemen, in an undress military uniform, marching out for exercise at the target. Everything about them was all right, except that their guests of honour were placed before instead of behind—making of it a prisoner's guard instead of a military escort.

I see criticised, in one or two papers, a poem which was sent to me some time since as "printed, not published," called "Donna Florida," by Mr. Simms, the author of *Southern Passages*, &c. It is in the stanza and intended as an imitation of "Don Juan." The author says in his preface that he fancied "he might imitate the grace and exceeding felicity of expression in that unhappy performance—its playfulness, and possibly its wit—without falling into its licentiousness of utterance and malignity of mood. How he has succeeded in this object, it would not be becoming in him to inquire." One of the easiest things fancied possible, and one of the most difficult to do, is an imitation of the qualities of that same poem of Don Juan—and Mr. Simms, who has talent enough when he stumbles on his right vein, has made a woful mistake as to his capabilities for this. Two extracts will show his idea of the slap-dash-ery vein:

"One moment grows she most abruptly willing,  
The next—she sleeps the chaps that think of biling."

And speaking of woman again—

"Ev'n from his weakness and abandonment  
Had woman her first being. Thus bath grown  
Her power of evil since—still discontent  
Hath she explored his weakness and o'erthrown;  
And, in the use of arts incontinent,  
No longer pacified by one poor vein,  
She grapples the whole man, brawn, beef, and muscle,  
Helped by the same old snake, and flings him in the tussle."

We feel in the air to-day, the snow that has fallen on the Hudson. It is raw and cold, though the weathercock points south.

## WHILE WE HOLD YOU BY THE BUTTON.

We should have disclaimed, last week, in giving the portrait of the most ornate man of modern times, all approbation of dandyism—(as yet)—on this side the water. Dandyism, in the abstract, we delight in, glorify and rejoice over. But it has its scenery and its appertinances. A dandy, *in place*, is the foreground to a picture—the forward star of a troop untelescoped by the vulgar—the embroidered flower on the veil before a life of mystery. His superiour elegance is like the gold edge of a cloud unfathomable; or (to come to earth) like the soldier's uniform—tinsel but for its association with force and glory. What were the dandies of the firmament, for example—(comets)—without those uninterpretable tails!

But—to alight, in Broadway:

A dandy indigenous to New-York has no background—no untelescoped associations or connections—no power and glory—and no uninterpretable tail. He is like a docked comet. He is like Tom Fool in a uniform bought at the pawnbroker's. He is a label on an empty bottle. Count D'Orsay drives by you in the Park, and a long ancestry of tided soldiers and courtiers, and a present life of impenetrable scenery and luxury untold, arise up for background to his cab and tiger. Mr. James Jessamy drives by you in Broadway, and you know at what trade his glory was manufactured, and you know "what he does of an evening," and you know his "mechanical rogues" of relations, the tailor who made him, the hatter who thatched him, and the baker who sold him gingerbread when a boy. You admire, or envy, D'Orsay, as you happen to be constituted—but you laugh, you scarce know why, at Mr. Jessamy. The latter, perhaps, has the better right to his toggery and turn-out; but still you laugh!

Very far short of dandyism, however, lies the point of dressing judiciously—dressing, that is to say, so as to make the most of your personal advantages. The favour of women is of course the first of life-time ambitions, and the dear tyrants have a weakness for the exterior. "*Tu as du remarquer*," says Balzac; "*si toutefois tu es capable d'observer un fait moral, que la femme aime le fat. Sais-tu pourquoi la femme aime le fat? Mon ami! les faits sont les seuls hommes qui aient soin d'eux mêmes!*" And there are ladies, even on this plain side of the water, who adore a dandy, and of course there are cases where the dread laugh (mentioned at the close of the preceding paragraph) must be braved to aid a particular magnetism. If your dandy be a sensible man, and past the moulting age, depend upon it he is ticketed for some two eyes only, and can afford, for a consideration he has, to let "the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds," &c. Had Count D'Orsay been born in Common-Council-dom and gone home, sometimes by the Waverley Line, sometimes by the Knickerbocker, he never would have been a dandy—(except at least for a motive paramount to ridicule)—though, with his superb person, he could hardly have dressed cleanly without being called a fop by the shallow. D'Orsay is a man of sense, and knows too much to open the public oyster with his private razor. So don't come to America, dear D'Orsay! Stay among your belongings—your

"Tapestries of India; Tyrian canopies;  
Heroic bronzes; pictures half divine—  
Apelles' pencil; statues that the Greek  
Has wrought to living beauty; amethyst urns  
And onyx encased with the Persian rose;  
Couches of mother-pearl, and tortoise-shell;  
Crystalline mirrors; tables in which gems  
Make the mosaic; cups of argentry  
Thick with immortal sculptures."

## Stay where

"Your meat shall all come in, in Indian shells—  
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded  
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths and rubies;  
Your foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmon,  
Knots, godwits, lampreys. And yourself shall have  
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of salads,  
Oil'd mushrooms and the swelling unctuous paps  
Of a fat pregnant sow newly cut off,  
Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce."

Yet if you *should* take the whim to come over the water, Count, I need scarce suggest to your good sense that you had best come with a consignment of buttons from Brummagem!

A gentleman in Saco has taken upon himself some pains and postage to ask "our" two portraits served up in two plates. We don't think the public would stand it. That bold man, Mr. Graham, is to show an outline of one of us in his February number, and then anybody can have us, take and all, for two shillings—a cheap article, we *must* say! But we are surprised to get this petition from Saco! We "come from" close-by-there, and it strikes us our likeness would go East with the welcome of coals to Newcastle. Doubtless there are more like us in the same soil. We remember hanging over a bridge in Saco half one moonlight night, (somewhere in our fourteenth year,) and if rivers have any memory or gratitude for admiration, our likeness will be found in the water where we left it.

We wish our contributors would do us the favour to baptize their own bandings. Their delegation of godfatherhood costs us sometimes a five minutes' thought over a proof-sheet while the press is waiting, and time is "tin." But, by the way, be particular in naming your articles! Old Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, gives, by way of satire, what we think an excellent rule, ("experto crede Roberto,") and we will lend it you for your uses in the Mirror:—"It is a kind of policy in these days to prefix a phantastical title to a book which is to be sold; for, as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will stand gazing like silly passengers at an antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece."

An Extra of the Mirror will be published next week, containing all the Sacred Poems of one of the Editors—price one shilling. The other poems and plays of N. P. Willis will be published in successive Extras, at the same price. The author has been told, long and often, that there was a call for his Poems. As no publisher has seemed to hear the call, however, and as his poems have (really!) been pretty well paid for, first and last, he publishes them himself at a price to pay expenses and leave him a hundred to give away. And he begs that all of his friends, to whom a shilling is of more value than to himself, will call and take a copy, with his compliments and best wishes for their better prosperity.

"Sybil's" letter will lie on the top of our heart till she sends another to put over it.

A friend sends us some excellent verses "to his heart." We know a heart as like his "as two peas," and should like him to sit for our mutual daguerreotype. Truly—"our sentiments better expressed." Sent to the printer.

"X. Y." plagiarizes from the American poets generally, and from Halleck in particular.

"When every feather sticks in its own wing  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull."

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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1843.

NUMBER 6.

## THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

I glory in the sages,  
Who, in the days of yore,  
In combat met the foemen,  
And drove them from our shore;  
Who flung our banner's starry field,  
In triumph to the breeze,  
And spread broad maps of cities where  
Once waved the forest trees.  
—Hurrah!—

I glory in the spirit  
Which goaded them to rise  
And found a mighty nation  
Beneath the western skies.  
No clime so bright and beautiful  
As that where sets the sun;  
No land so fertile, fair and free  
As that of Washington.  
—Hurrah!—

G. F. M.

## SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

PORTRAIT OF BACCHUS—TAKEN AT AN EARLY AGE.

Thus young gentleman was the grandson of the inventor of letters, the respectable and lamented Cadmus. His mother Semele, in an unfortunate hour, became acquainted with one Jupiter, a most unprincipled person, who, after consummating her ruin, saved the life of her child some time before its birth "by concealing it in his thigh." The "removed deposite" came finally to light, and was committed to the care of two dry-nurses, Ino and Athamas, but was taken from them almost immediately and sent to school to the Nymphs of Nysa—(nicer nymphs, very likely, than the other two)—and living in India. Here he teethed, and outgrew his frocks and trousers, and, at a very early age, became a distiller, in partnership with Silenus, whose connection was not very reputable to him. His speculation in the wine-trade turning out very profitable, he took to driving a curricule with two tigers—an eccentricity which has been since imitated by Count D'Orsay. He then went upon his travels and was an immense lion—(so much so that he is commonly painted with a lion in the foreground)—and, indeed, was usually considered "quite divine." After several rather desperate flirtations, he chanced to fall in with Mrs. Ariadne Theseus, the wife of rather a celebrated military man, who had cruelly deserted her on the island of Naxos. This lady he subsequently married, but this sacred tie had not the salutary effect hoped for, upon his habits. He grew very intemperate, lost ground in public estimation, and finally went to Hades—game to the last, for he gave out that he was going to fetch his mother, who preferred Olympus for a posthumous residence! We are most happy to know, that while giving our readers his portrait before he became a distiller, his name and ill-fame are so obsolete as to require, for elucidation, the above detailed biography.

N. F. W.

## JULIANA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

RADIANT and beautiful as a sunbeam was Juliana, and, like the sunbeam, her presence diffused light and cheerfulness wherever she came—whether flitting from room to room in the old stone mansion; gliding through the meadows; under the hedges, among the trailing blackberry vines; or dimpling the brook with her little feet, as it ran coquettishly away from the clustering wild-flowers nodding

upon its brink, seeming to bid a playful good-morrow to each tiny wave as it gurgled past. Who, then, was so happy as Juliana? The joy of her fond father's heart—and too pure, too artless, for even Envy to approach—was, consequently, the pet and delight of the whole village.

Such was Juliana Morton, at the age of fourteen. Mrs. Morton had died while Juliana was but an infant; and, although years had passed, and the bud expanded into a beautiful flower, she was still regarded by her father, only as "*the pet*," "*the child*." Absorbed in the business of his farm, he gave but little attention to the education of his child. It was no matter, so long as he heard her merry laugh, and saw her bright, cheerful face—"Books cannot make her more happy," he would say; "there is time enough yet for the dull routine of study." And thus had passed the few brief years of Juliana's life, like some beautiful dream a moonbeam may dissolve, leaving nothing substantial to the waking sense.

Just as Juliana had attained her fourteenth year, a cloud rested on the stone mansion. Cupid, who, it seems, does not always content himself with battling youthful hearts, but, to use the words of one of the sweetest of our poets,

"Has all seasons of life for his own,"

in one of his vagaries, brushed his wings plump against poor Mr. Morton, completely upsetting the staid widower of fifty; from which position no hand could raise him but the fair hand of Miss Ruthy Solus, a still handsome maiden, of some thirty years; *un peu passée*, to be sure, but yet, as the mistress of the stone mansion, would be charming. And so, Mr. Morton wooed and won a bride. For the first time in her life, Juliana now felt herself neglected. She was no longer the sole object of her father's love; but, ere she had time to pine upon the discovery, a brother of her mother's, being in New-York, wrote a most urgent request that Juliana might be sent to him immediately.

Had this letter been deferred only a few months, how different might have been the lot of Juliana! But the letter *was* written; was received by Mr. Morton with indifference, by Mrs. Morton and Juliana with pleasure; and a consent which could not have been extorted from the fond father only a few short weeks before, was now freely given; and, like some beautiful wild-flower, Juliana was transplanted from the garden of rural life, to be placed with the frail exotics of the town. That charm which nature and innocence had stamped upon her brow, was to be effaced; that bloom, like the soft blush of the moss-rose, to wither under the breath of fashion; and that simplicity of manner, called, by her high-bred friends, *mauvaise honte*, to give place to the supercilious airs of a city belle, or the cobweb arts of the coquette.

Farewell, poor Juliana! Nature intended you for something better, but the hand of Fate has pushed you far from the path of "pleasantness and peace."

It is not always fortunate to have *rich relations*, as we shall see.

Mr. Wilson, (the uncle of Juliana,) in the course of thirty years had accumulated a large fortune, and moved in respectable society. Not contented with this, however, they were continually pushing *up—up—up*; and, as fast as they gained one more round on the ladder of grandeur, they thrust be-



nenth their feet each one they left behind, or had helped to raise them to their present eminence.

A splendid mansion arose in upper Broadway, and Mr. Wilson was both owner and occupant; an elegant equipage next rolled from the door, bearing a gorgeously-embazoned coat-of-arms. Happy age, when money can bestow *lions rampant*, and *leopards couchant*, ad-libitum! Mr. Wilson, to be sure, did not cross the Atlantic to consult the mysteries of heraldry, as did one of our ambitious countrymen, who returned with an *ass's ear* as the result of his researches! But, certain it is, the panels of the carriage, the plate, the lining, all told, as plain as they could speak, that he was descended from *dukes and lords*; and, if they were not believed, why surely it was not the owner's fault. Moreover, a very antique taste had Mr. Wilson! For with his ancestors, both *before* and *after* the Flood, the bump of reverence was enormous. As silver might be supposed rather a scarce article at the time these ancestors flourished, Mr. Wilson had imported a quantity of very old-fashioned plate, from nobility tumbled into decay, and was proud to exhibit it at his dinner-parties, as remnants of ancient grandeur, bequeathed by a *certain titled* relative.

"Yes, gentlemen," he would say, "this goblet, in which I now have the honour to drink your healths, has graced many a banquet in the days of good Queen Anne."

The sparkling cup of good luck, of which Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had so greatly quaffed, was still wanting one crowning bead. They were childless; and now, as old age crept on, they sighed to think no offspring would inherit their wealth, or bear about that heavily-embazoned *coat-of-arms*. They knew their niece Juliana to be beautiful, so they determined to adopt her as their own; perhaps her beauty might assist them to the very top round of the ladder they were so assiduously climbing.

With her appearance they were justly delighted. The *refining* process, however, immediately commenced. Nature was scouted back to the woods, and Art courteously invited to usurp her place. Unfortunately, the character of Juliana was passive and pliant as the willow; she bent as easily to all their wishes.

For two years she was placed at the school of Madame Chagarie; and, could the influence and advice of that most excellent woman have been allowed to effect its own results, it would have been well indeed for Juliana. But, even here, the constant whisperings, cautions, and admonitions of her rich relatives followed her, and pride and vanity struck their roots deep in her heart.

Thus, ere Juliana had attained her eighteenth year, the change was effectually completed; and forth she stepped into the saloons of Fashion, a perfect mistress of high life, a true woman of *her* world, with not even the corner of her heart left to breathe the freshness and loveliness of other days.

Steam-ships and *anticipated* flying-machines had not yet presumed to make a mere plaything—a finger-bowl, as it were, of the great Atlantic. Everybody *then* did not go to Europe; no, it was an affair to be talked about, to be known; and so, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson resolved to try the thing—to venture upon the *éclat* of trusting themselves and their niece to the frail waters—to dare the perils of sharks and shipwreck, for the notoriety of having it said by A. B. and C.: "The Wilsons are travelling in England," "in France," or "in Rome," or *anywhere*—no matter where.

Prior to their departure, Juliana, for the first time, revisited the home of her childhood.

Her arrival was anticipated with a degree of pleasure scarcely to be described. The village girls, with all the sim-

plicity of their affectionate hearts, assembled at her father's house to meet her; beautiful fresh flowers were placed on her toilet, and wreaths of primroses and honeysuckle festooned the white muslin curtains. Callous, indeed, must be the heart which can resist the sweet magic of flowers! There is something so pure, so lovely, in these beautiful tokens of God's love! With a "still, small voice," they appeal so touchingly to that spirit of love, with which we are all imbued, and exert such an indescribable charm over every scene, whether blooming by the road-side, or in the small bed wrested from the potato-patch, by the cottage maiden, or exhaling their fragrance in the highly-cultivated grounds of wealth. No matter how lowly the hut, how desolate its walls, gather but a few flowers and place them on that naked mantel-piece, and instantly what a charm breathes around! Their loveliness is sought to deck the bride. With smiles, the invalid turns his drooping eyes to greet their balmy beauty; and over the grave they wither not, but shed their fragrance around the last resting-place of those we love.

O the bright faces of those village girls, as the splendid equipage of Mr. Wilson rolled to the gate!

With eager, parental love, did Mr. Morton hasten to fold his long-absent child to his breast.

"My Juliana!" said he, tenderly kissing her.

"Ah—yes—father," coldly lisped the daughter.

"Juliana! dear Juliana!" burst forth from a dozen sweet voices; but, with haughty air and formal bow, Juliana passed by those beaming faces, and, entering the house, threw herself with perfect indifference upon a sofa.

"We have altered so much she does not know us," said Amy; "and she—how beautiful she is! Come, Lucy, let us hasten, and tell her *who* we are; for I dare say she is wondering even now, dear girl, that we are not here to meet her."

So, hand in hand, they advanced gently to Juliana.

"You do not know us, dear Juliana!" said Amy. "This is Lucy; and I—I am your own Amy."

"You are strangely familiar," replied the proud girl; "I believe I have not the *honour* of your acquaintance."

"Why, Juliana," replied Lucy, trying to smile, though her lip quivered and her voice trembled, "is it possible you do not remember us!"

Juliana did not reply, but requested her maid might accompany her immediately to her chamber.

"O, insufferable!" she exclaimed, as she entered her pretty sleeping-room, her friends had vied to deck for her reception; "*insufferable*!" and, taking the little glass vase, cast from the window its beautiful contents of rosebuds and mignonette upon the grass beneath. "And pray, miss," continued she, turning to Amy, who had followed her, "remove those horrible lilies; our doctor says all flowers are so unhealthy, and I am so nervous!"

"Poor thing!" said the simple Amy; and, with haste, the fragrant wreaths of primroses were taken down, and each bud and blossom removed from the chamber of the *city belle*. A few days (how long, how tiresome they seemed to Juliana!) were passed in her native home. Alas, how different were her feelings from those with which she had left its sheltering roof. How much are our characters formed by those scenes in which we are thrown in early life! Like the metals, we then take our impress, *base* or *pure*, as the case may be; the die is cast, and we are indelibly stamped.

Through the thick film with which fashion and art had shrouded her eyes, Juliana no longer saw any charms in nature. For her the noble forests vainly waved their luxuriant branches; the fragrant clover-field, where in childhood she had frolicked amid the new-mown hay, was to her as a

barren heath; and the roses, once the pride of her little garden, were all turned to thistles!

Poor Juliana! When the morning came for her departure there was a mutual feeling of relief and pleasure.

"Away to the great world!" cries Juliana.

"Let us haste to the grove, and weep for our lost friend!" said Amy.

Juliana departed for the continent. In one corner of her state-room, half-buried amid the luxurious cushions of a *fauteuil*, and wrapped in an elegant *robe-de-chambre*, ennui and listless complainings filled up the weary hours passed on ship-board. The vast expanse of ocean, rolling on in ceaseless grandeur; whether goaded by the tempest, the waves foamed in madness, or under the bright rays of the sun, each with its sparkling crest, danced and gambolled over the surface of the deep, playfully laving the sea-birds' wings; all were alike unheeded; and, the voyage ended, Juliana languidly laying aside the novel, with perfect *nonchalance* placed her foot on English ground.

Through all the beautiful scenery of England she passed like an automaton. Its time-honoured castles, its noble forests, its "poetry of rural life," even London, great London, failed to elicit more than a passing remark from our fastidious heroine. But, arrived in Paris—*voilà un autre chose!* for here the wand of fashionable recognizance had marked its own; and, like some waxen doll, whose eyes are made to move by wires, did those of Juliana open and shut under the hand of this leading power.

The Wilsons travelled through France, through Italy, and Germany; talked rapturously of Paris, St. Cloud, and the Tuileries; of Rome, and the Coliseum; and of Goëthe and Schiller. At length returned to Paris, they took a magnificent hotel en Rue Chaussée D'Antin, and, as value received for immense sums of money squandered upon "life in Paris," had the pleasure of being designated as the "*rich Americans*," or the "*rich Wilsons*;" and of seeing their niece courted and admired in high circles, as "*La belle Américaine*."

One year in such a life as Juliana's! What is it! A bubble—floating for an instant with rainbow hues, and gone!

As such we pass it by; but, behold, *another* is forming, blown with the breath of Cupid!

"Ah, *ma belle*, when thus I gaze upon thy beauty, I adore—for surely thou art like to the angels in heaven."

"Flatterer!"

"No, believe me, dearest Julia, I flatter not. Thinkest thou my lips could profane my heart, in the presence of such purity as thine! Ah, heavens! how much I love thee; and thou, most lovely girl—thou dost not despise the poor Leontine!"

"Leontine, I love thee; yes, thou well knowest I love thee! Didst thou not save my life, even at the peril of thine own!"

"Name it not, sweetest and best—name it not. O would thou hadst known me ere that blissful moment when I tore thee from the folding waters of the Seine; for now, *ma belle*, my heart chills when I think it may be *gratitude*—ah, heavens, not *love*!—which guides thy favour."

"Ah, *méchante—je t'aime—je t'aime—est tu content?*" and, passing her fair bejewelled hand through the dark locks of the youth at her feet, Juliana imprinted a kiss upon the fair brow. "Let *this* be the pledge, that, in restoring my life, thou didst but give me a new existence in *thee*! Yes, Leontine, I am thine!"

"Dearest Julie?" said he, at length, "would I had a kingdom to offer thee! Alas, thou well knowest I have nothing

but my sword! I am an orphan, solely dependant upon the kindness of a liberal uncle. He loves me as his son, and, *O ma belle*, with what ardour I wait the time to present to him my fair, my lovely Julie! He will adore thee, he will bless thee, for thou hast made life a heaven for me!"

Leontine D'Argencourt was descended from a younger branch of a noble house—a branch on which honour and renown ever had rested. But Poverty, alas! had also here taken her seat, an unwelcome but faithful attendant upon their fortunes; and thus Leontine, upon the death of his parents at the age of sixteen, found himself treading the highway of life, linked hand in hand with Pride and Poverty.

He was so fortunate, however, as to attract the notice of his relative, the Marquis D'Argencourt, which, by degrees, ripened into a warm and mutual affection; and Leontine, for several years, had resided almost entirely at the Chateau D'Argencourt, a few leagues from Paris.

The marquis was a singular compound of whims and kind-heartedness; of most capricious temper, ugly in person, and, withal, a determined, frowning bachelor, of not less than sixty years' maturity. For Leontine his kindness was unbounded, and, had not his young *protégé* been naturally endowed with great prudence and virtue, the large sums so lavishly bestowed upon him by his uncle would, doubtless, have proved his ruin.

Leontine first saw Juliana at the opera, and from that time peace fled from his bosom. Like some doomed spirit, did he daily and nightly wander around the Hotel De V—, blest as the gods if she but glided past; there was music even in the roll of her chariot-wheels.

Through the perseverance of a trusty valet, whom he had admitted into his confidence, he was informed that on a certain day a large party, *tout au fait recherché*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Wilson with their niece were included, were to embark upon the Seine, and, after enjoying a gentle sail along its banks, were to land at a chosen spot, and pass the day amid shady groves, regaled by music and the sweet breath of flowers. The more gross appetites by *pâtis* and *confitures*.

This was an opportunity not to be lost; and, with all the romance of a young lover, Leontine bribed one of the rowers to yield him his place; and, in the disguise of a waterman, did he quaff rich draughts of love, as, now so near the enchanting presence of his mistress, he heard the music of her voice, and could watch her every motion.

But Cupid that day was bent on mischief, and, at the instant when Juliana arose to exchange seats with one of the party, slyly tilted Leontine's elbow. *Crash* went the bateau against another that moment shooting past, and, in return, poor Juliana was tilted into the Seine!

Nay, scream not, Mrs. Wilson! wring not your hands, my good man! nor faint, *my charmante Henriette*! for see you not how unerringly Love has guided that bold young waterman to the very spot where the waves have just closed over her lovely form!

Behold, she appears for an instant! Ah, he cannot reach her! Again she sinks! But now—now, see he plunges deep! now he rises like some water-god! and ah—yes, he clasps the insensible form of Juliana close to his panting bosom! She is safe! She is safe! Put the boat about, and to the shore quickly!

It is almost needless to say that the agitation of Leontine soon betrayed his disguise. He accompanied the party on their return; and the indisposition of Miss Morton, for several days, proved an all-sufficient excuse for the frequent visits of Leontine to the Hotel De V—.

The nephew of a marquis! perhaps the heir!

The *talisman* was infallible. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were delighted, and Juliana was in raptures. Never was maid more charming—never was youth more in love! The soul of honour, Leontine hesitated not an instant to communicate his circumstances. But, when he spoke of his poverty, Juliana breathed a sigh, and talked of a cottage *ornée*; while her good uncle and aunt, looking far along the vista of high hopes, saw in the perspective the Chateau D'Argencourt rising majestically, each battlement and tower seeming to cry, "All hail to our mistress, the Marchioness D'Argencourt!"

While thus the rose-tinted hours were winging their rapid flight, the marquis was absent from Paris. Leontine, however, had not failed to open his heart to his uncle, and, with Love's own pencil, had portrayed the charms of his lovely mistress.

This rhapsody must be sealed—but the reply of the marquis lies open.

"*Que diable*, Leontine, what is it you tell me! *In love, mon ami!* Hardly out of leading-strings, and Cupid hold of you—*tant pis—tant pis!* An American, too! More likely some *peri* from heaven's gate, from thy description! Well, *grace au Dieu*, here have I abjured the whole race of bewitching creatures for sixty years! and, if I mistake not, *thou hast eaten partridges twenty-three seasons!* O brave *garçon!* Well, well! Purchase with the enclosed some toy, some *gag d'amour*, as brilliant as her charms. The approaching week will find me in Paris. *Au revoir.*"

The next week arrived, and with it came the marquis. So great was the impatience of Leontine to introduce him to his adored Julie, that he could hardly allow time for the duties of the toilet. It must be owned, however, he had some reason to knit his brows at the precision with which "each particular hair" was made to take its place, each fold, each ruffle its appointed station, for an occasion like the present called for all the punctilio of the *vieux* marquis.

Juliana was charming—reclining on a couch of dark blue velvet, arrayed in a white silk *négligée*, with the most studied negligence, and her beautiful tresses wreathed simply around her polished brow. Love, too, had lent a softness to her lustrous eyes, while the gentle hues of the rose-coloured drapery tinged her cheek with a beautiful blush; and, as she gracefully bent her head to receive the salutation of the marquis, well might he call her "some *peri* from heaven's gate."

Never before had such a picture of loveliness met his eye; and it was with the adoration of a slave that the gallant old marquis became almost as constant a visiter at the Hotel De V—, as Leontine himself; and soon, too, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson exclaimed—

"Pity our niece loves Leontine—she might be a marchioness in a week!"

Leontine was obliged to leave Paris for a day or two, to manage some important business for his uncle. With a heart of sadness did he take leave of his Juliana, telling her each moment of absence would count an eternity; and she, too, assuring him, with a sigh gentle as a butterfly's breath, that her heart would be shrouded in mourning until their blissful meeting.

Leontine gone! The marquis came to console her for his absence. Apparently, he soon succeeded; for a smile came to her lips, pride sparkled in her eyes, and a bright glow mantled her countenance while she listened.

"Yes, *charmante* Julie," continued the marquis, sinking upon his knee, "well wouldst thou adorn a coronet, whose gems would dim so near those matchless orbs. Ah, renounce

Leontine; he is not worthy thy transcendent beauty! See, thy slave, thy lover is at thy feet! Be mine—my fortune, my title, are but poor offerings, but they shall be thine. Ah, beautiful Julie! become Marchioness D'Argencourt. Honour that name in thy lovely person!"

Juliana smiled, blushed and faltered.

"But Leontine—"

"Ah, *pauvre garçon*, it is his destiny. Glory should be his proper mistress; but, vex not thy little head in the matter; and here, here bestow this fairy hand."

Again Juliana smiled, and begged one day for consideration.

Ah, happy marquis! Ah, poor Leontine!

Again, we repeat, it is not always fortunate to have rich relations!

Juliana loved Leontine with all the tenderness such a heart as hers was capable of feeling. In that one day of consideration what torments were hers! She pictured the marquis gouty, ugly, and old; then the graceful form of Leontine arose before her. The princely fortune she weighed in the scale with love and poverty; and, while she shuddered at the thought of becoming the bride of the marquis, her imagination was dazzled with the rank, the diamonds, the splendour attached to this poor old man.

The next morning a perfumed billet, *couleur de rose*, with a battalion of Cupids on the margin, was handed the marquis. That it contained the seal to all his most ardent wishes, there is no doubt; yet could any one have been an eye-witness of its reception, they might have been puzzled to account for the behaviour of the happy marquis, for, instead of pressing it to his lips, according to the established code of lovers, or placing it next his heart, he threw it from him with an appearance of contempt, exclaiming—

"*Pauvre Leontine*—it is as I thought."

Ah ha, marquis, conscience pinches you, does she! *Nous verrons.*

The next day Leontine arrives, and hastens to his Juliana. He is told she is too unwell. Ah, heavens! *too unwell* to see her Leontine! And, all the night, he paces before the dwelling which contains that *suffering angel*.

The next day Juliana is still sick! Alas!

The third, poor Leontine, haggard and dejected, is informed she had gone to ride with the marquis. Considerate uncle! In the evening she had gone to the opera! Half-distracted, Leontine flies thither. He rushes to Juliana. She bows coldly to him, and smiles enchantingly upon the marquis.

"Ma Julie!"

"Monsieur!"

"O Ciel! *est ce tu*, Julie!"

But the marquis speaks, and Juliana is all loveliness.

That evening Leontine was summoned to a conference with his uncle, and the veil slowly lifted from his eyes.

Ah, is it not a delusion—a dream! What, Julie—his lovely, his beautiful Julie, to *renounce* him! Julie, who loved him so intensely! Julie to barter *her* love for *gold*, for a miserable title! It cannot be—it is false!

Swifter than the arrow from the bow of the huntsman, did his fancy wander through all those scenes of bliss passed with her, while the charmed words she had uttered fell on the ear of his memory, sad and distinct, like notes of melancholy music. He raves—he beats his breast—he is distracted—he rushes upon the marquis, and, with difficulty, refrains from plunging his dagger into the bosom of that treacherous friend, who is now regarding him with such melancholy features.

"Leontine, my good boy, sit down," at length said the

marquis; "compose yourself and listen to me. Do not interrupt me. When you first presented me to Mademoiselle Morton, I was in raptures. She was, to my eye, the most lovely of beings; but soon, my dear boy, I found that it was beauty, *beauty alone* she possessed. I am an old man, and may be an odd one; through life I have made *character* my study; and an interest for you prompted me to look *within* the beautiful casket, in which you were about to lock your future happiness. My eyes were not blinded by love as yours were; I saw your Julia as you could not. I was soon convinced she had no heart; no feeling, but for aggrandizement and riches; and that you, Leontine, could never have obtained her favour, but as the *nephew of a marquis*! A whim seized me, (for, after all, I might be mistaken,) and I resolved to put her love to the test. If she could refuse my hand and the wealth it bestowed, and remain constant and firm to you, then would I proclaim you at once *my heir*, and establish you in splendour befitting so lovely a bride. But if, as I feared, she would perjure her love—her faith, so lately pledged—and yield up the rich treasure of your heart in exchange for age and decrepitude—linked, I grant you, with a fair fortune—then I resolved—what think you?"

"To marry her," replied Leontine, in a voice hoarse with emotion.

"No, never," rejoined the marquis, "never! I have continued the game, that you might see for yourself of how much worth is such a heart as hers! Yet, Leontine, if you still love her, if you still wish to make her your bride, do so. You shall have gold—yes, all that can satisfy the ambition of a vain woman. Tell her this—she will as readily renounce me as she did *thee*!"

It was some moments ere Leontine replied, but, at length, taking the hand of his uncle, he said—

"This is indeed a bitter cup, but it is received with gratitude. Mention her no more. I still love her—yet, never can I unite myself to one who, though dearer to my heart than the life-blood which feeds it, has proved herself thus reckless of truth and honour. I will never see her more!"

"Nor will I," cried the marquis, pressing Leontine to his breast; "forget her—she is unworthy thy thoughts."

To picture the horror, the amazement, the mortification of Juliana and the Wilsons, at the sudden denouement of the splendid pageant, which had figured though all their thoughts by day and dreams by night, now vanishing like the "baseless fabric of a vision," would be impossible.

"Had an earthquake shook the globe, and the Chateau D'Argencourt been swallowed before their eyes within the yawning abyss, they could not have been more astounded. It was, indeed, an *earthquake* of all their aspirations of power and grandeur!"

The next morning there was unusual bustle at the Hotel De V—. There was running to and fro of servants, ringing of bells, screaming of maids and yelping of lap-dogs.

Coming events, it is said, often cast their shadows before; even so did all these movements betoken that, ere night, the Wilsons were on their way to Havre, again to dare the dangers of the "deep—deep sea."

C. R. B.

(The conclusion of this original and beautiful story in our next.)

#### A CHAPTER OF ECCENTRICITIES.

In the year 1830, Mr. Randolph, unsolicited on his part, was appointed minister to Russia by General Jackson. He remained in St. Petersburg a very short time, as the climate did not agree with him, and crossed over to England, where he spent some months recruiting his health. He returned to the United States in the autumn of 1831.

I called on him immediately after his arrival, and was greatly shocked at his emaciated appearance. His eagle eye detected, by my countenance, what was passing in my mind, and he said, in a mournful tone of voice:

"Ah, sir, I am going at last; the machine is worn out; nature is exhausted, and I have tried in vain to restore her."

"Why," replied I, forcing a smile, "you told me the same thing some years ago, and yet here you are still."

"True," rejoined he; "but I am seven years *nearer the grave*."

I changed the conversation, and he very soon recovered his usual animation; told me some amusing anecdotes of his adventures in St. Petersburg; declared solemnly, that he had *not* gone down on his knee to the empress, as was stated in the newspapers; said that the heat was so oppressive there, it had given 'Juba' the regular '*yellow fever*,' which induced him, in addition to the state of his own health, to hurry over to England.

During his absence, the revolution in France, the change of ministry in England and the introduction of the Reform bill, and the disruption of General Jackson's cabinet, owing to *petticoat* quarrels, had all taken place. In allusion to the former great changes, I said:

"Well, Mr. Randolph, since you left us, *great* events have occurred in Europe."

"Yes, sir," replied he in his sarcastic manner, "*great* events have occurred abroad, and *very small ones at home*. They sent me the Washington papers, containing the letters, but I could not read them. I blushed for my country. The affair *told* badly in Europe, sir."

I asked him if he had attended the debates on the Reform bill.

"Yes," replied he, "night after night, during the whole of them, sick as I was, sir. I wanted to see how they intended to repair the old building, and glad I was, sir, to find that the foundation was not to be touched. King, lords and commons, and a *property franchise*, are to be maintained in their integrity; no universal suffrage, no vote by ballot, sir, and, therefore, old England is safe."

"Pray," said I, "who did you consider the greatest orator in the house of commons?"

"Your countryman, O'Connell, sir, by all odds. He is a giant among pigmies; he is full of rich Munster brogue, and carries the house with him, sir."

I then asked him whether the newspaper reports of the dangerous state of the king's health were true? He replied, "They are all tory lies, sir. He was in excellent health when I left London. I had the honour of breakfasting

under a tent with his majesty, at the opening of the new bridge, a short time ago, and he appeared to me to be as likely to live as any of the company; a much better life than *mine*, sir."

This proved true to some extent, as King William IV. outlived Mr. Randolph four years.

Mr. Randolph was very anxious to get home, but he was so weak and emaciated, I really did not think he would live to reach Virginia. His mind was troubled about the political affairs of the country. The nullification movement in South Carolina was beginning to look serious, and he seemed determined to side with his brethren "south of the Potomac." He was in doubt as to the course the President would pursue, but expressed a firm hope that he would denounce the tariff, and that Congress would immediately alter it, to meet the views of the southern leaders. He deeply deplored his state of health, which would prevent his taking any part in the debates, even if elected again by his old constituents.

## LIGHT VERVAIN.

"And thou light vervain, too—thou next come after,  
Provoking souls to mirth and easy laughter."

Old Somebody.

Rome, May 30, 1832.

DINED with F—, the artist, at a *trattoria*. F— is a man of genius, very adventurous and imaginative in his art, but never caring to show the least touch of these qualities in his conversation. His pictures have given him great vogue and consideration at Rome, so that his daily experience furnishes staple enough for his evening's chit-chat, and he seems, of course, to be always talking of himself. He is very generally set down as an egotist. His impulse to talk, however, springs from no wish for self-glorification, but rather from an indolent aptness to lay hands on the readiest and most familiar topic, and that is a kind of egotism to which I have very little objection—particularly with the mind fatigued, as it commonly is in Rome, by a long day's study of works of art.

I had passed the morning at the Barberini palace with a party of picture hunters, and I made some remark as to the variety of impressions made upon the minds of different people by the same picture. *Apròpos* of this remark, F— told me a little anecdote, which I must try to put down by way of a new shoal in the chart of human nature.

"It is very much the same with everything else," said F—; "no two people see with the same eyes, physically or morally: and faith, we might save ourselves a great deal of care and bother if we did but keep it in mind."

"As how?" I asked, for I saw that this vague remark was premonitory of an illustration.

"I think I introduced young Skyring to you at a party somewhere?"

"A youth with a gay waistcoat and nothing to say?—Yes."

"Well—your observation just now reminded me of the different estimate put by that gentleman and myself upon something, and if I could give you any idea of my month's work in his behalf, you would agree with me that I might have spared myself some trouble—keeping in mind, as I said before, the difference in optics."

"I was copying a bit of foreshortening from a picture in the Vatican, one day, when this youth passed without observing me. I did not immediately recollect him. He was dressed like a figure in a tailor's window, and with Mrs. Stark in his hand was hunting up the pictures marked with four notes of admiration, and I, with a smile at the waxy dandyism of the man, turned to my work and forgot him. Presently his face recurred to me, or rather his sister's face, which some family likeness had insensibly recalled, and getting another look, I recognised in him an old, though not very intimate playmate of my boyish days. It immediately occurred to me that I could serve him a very good turn by giving him the *entrée* to society here, and quite as immediately it occurred to me to doubt whether it was worth my while."

"And what changed your mind," I asked, "for of course you came to the conclusion that it was not?"

"Oh, for his sake alone I should have left him as he was, a hermit in his varnished boots—for he had not an acquaintance in the city—but Kate Skyring had given me roses when roses were, to me, each a world; and for her sake, though I was a rejected lover, I thought better of my demurrer. Then I had a little pique to gratify—for the Sky-rings had rather given me the *de haut en bas* in declining the honour of my alliance, (lucky for me, since it brought me here and made me what I am,) and I was not indisposed to show that the power to serve, to say the least, was now on my side."

"Two sufficient, as well as dramatic reasons for being civil to a man."

"Only arrived at, however, by a night's deliberation, for it cost me some trouble of thought and memory to get back into my chrysalis and imagine myself at all subject to people so much below my present vogue—whatever that is worth! Of course I don't think of Kate in this comparison, for a woman one has once loved is below nothing. We'll drink her health, God bless her!"

(A bottle of Lagrima.)

"I left my card on Mr. Skyring the next morning, with a note enclosing three or four invitations which I had been at some trouble to procure, and a hope from myself of the

honour of his company to a quiet dinner. He took it as a statue would take a shower-bath, wrote me a note in the third person in reply to mine in the first, and came in ball-dress and sulphur gloves at precisely the canonical fifteen minutes past the hour. Good old Thorwaldsen dined with me and an English viscount for whom I was painting a picture, and between my talking Italian to the venerable sculptor and Skyring's be-lording and be-lordshiping the good-natured nobleman, the dinner went trippingly off—the Little Pedlington of our mutual nativity furnishing less than its share to the conversation.

"We drove, all together, to the Palazzo Rossi, for it was the night of the Marchesa's *soirée*. As sponsor, I looked with some satisfaction at Skyring in the ante-room, his tog-gery being quite unexceptionable and his *maintien* very up-ish and assured. I presented him to our fair hostess, who surveyed him as he approached with a satisfactory look of approval, and, no one else chancing to be near, I left him to improve what was rather a rare opportunity—a *tete-a-tete* with the prettiest woman in Rome. Five minutes after I returned to reconnoitre, and there he stood, stroking down his velvet waistcoat and looking from the carpet to the ceiling, while the marchioness was quite red with embarrassment and vexation. He had not opened his lips! She had tried him in French and Italian, (the dunce had told me that he spoke French too) and finally she had ventured upon English, which she knew very little of, and still he neither spoke nor ran away!

"Perhaps Monsieur would like to dance," said the marchioness, gliding away from him with a look of inexpressible relief, and trusting to me to find him a partner.

I had no difficulty in finding him a partner, for (that far) his waistcoat "put him on velvet"—but I could not trust him alone again; so, having presented him to a very pretty woman and got them *vis-a-vis* in the quadrille, I stood by to supply the shortcomings. And little of a sinecure it was! The man had nothing to say: nor, confound him, had he any embarrassment on the subject. He looked at his varnished pumps and coaxed his coat to his waist and set back his neck like a goose bolting a grasshopper, and took as much interest in the conversation as a footman behind your chair—deaf and dumb apparently, but perfectly at his ease. He evidently had no idea that there was any distinction between men except in dress, and was persuaded that he was entirely successful as far as he had gone: and as to my efforts in his behalf, he clearly took them as gratuitous on my part—probably thinking, from the difference in our exterior, that I paid myself in the glory of introducing him.

Well—I had begun so liberally that I could scarce refuse to find my friend another partner, and after that another and another—I, to avoid the odium of inflicting a bore on my fair acquaintances, feeling compelled to continue my service as chorus in the pantomime—and, you will scarce believe me when I tell you that I submitted to this bore nightly for a month! I could not get rid of him. He would not be let go. Without offending him mortally, and so undoing all my sentimental onlay for Kate Skyring and her short-sighted papa, I had nothing for it but to go on till he should go off—ridden to death with him in every conceivable variety of bore."

"And is he gone?"

"Gone. And now what thanks do you suppose I got for all this?"

"A present of a pencil-case?"

No, indeed! but a lesson in human nature that will stick by me much longer. He called at my studio yesterday morning to say good-bye. Through all my sense of his boredom and relief at the prospect of being rid of him, I felt embarrassed when he came in, thinking how difficult it would be for him to express properly his sense of the obligation he was under to me. After a half hour's monologue (by myself) on pictures, &c., he started up and said he must go. "And, by the bye," said he, colouring a little, "there is one thing I want to say to you, Mr. F—! Hang it, it has stuck in my throat ever since I met you! You've been very polite and I'm obliged to you, of course—but I don't like your devilish patronizing manner! Good-bye, Mr. F—!"

The foregoing is a leaf from a private diary which I kept at Rome. In making a daily entry of such passing stuff as

interests us, we sometimes, amid much that should be ticketed for oblivion, record that which has a bearing, important or amusing, on the future; and a late renewal of my acquaintance with Mr. F—, followed by a knowledge of some fortunate changes in his worldly condition, has given that interest to this otherwise unimportant scrap of diary which will be made apparent presently to the reader. A vague recollection that I had something in an old book which referred to him, induced me to look it up, and I was surprised to find that I had noted down, in this trifling anecdote, what turned out to be the mainspring of his destiny.

F— returned to his native country after five years study of the great masters in Italy. His first pictures painted at Rome procured for him, as is stated in the diary I have quoted, a high reputation. He carried with him a style of his own which was merely stimulated and heightened by his first year's walk through the galleries of Florence, and the originality and boldness of his manner of colouring seemed to promise a sustained novelty in the art. Gradually, however, the awe of the great masters seemed to overshadow his confidence in himself, and as he travelled and deepened his knowledge of painting, he threw aside feature after feature of his own peculiar style, till at last he fell into the track of the great army of imitators, who follow the immortals of the Vatican as doomed ships follow the Flying Dutchman.

Arrived at home, and depending solely on his art for a subsistence, F— commenced the profession to which he had served so long an apprenticeship. But his pictures sadly disappointed his friends. After the first specimens of his acquired style in the annual exhibitions, the calls at his rooms became fewer and farther between, and his best works were returned from the galleries unsold. Too proud to humour the popular taste by returning to what he considered an inferior stage of his art, he stood still with his reputation ebbing from him, and as his means, of course, depended on the tide of public favour, he was soon involved in troubles before which his once-brilliant hopes rapidly faded.

At this juncture he received the following letter:

"You will be surprised on glancing at the signature to this letter. You will be still more surprised when you are reminded that it is a reply to an unanswered one of your own—written years ago. That letter lies by me, expressed with all the diffidence of boyish feeling. And it seems as if its diffidence would encourage me in what I wish to say. Yet I write far more tremblingly than you could have done.

"Let me try to prepare the way by some explanation of the past.

"You were my first lover. I was not forbidden, at fourteen, to express the pleasure I felt at your admiration, and you cannot have forgotten the ardour and simplicity with which I returned it. I remember giving you roses better than I remember anything so long ago. Now—writing to you with the same feeling warm at my heart—it seems to me as if it needed but a rose, could I give it you in the same garden, to make us lovers again. Yet I know you must be changed. I scarce know whether I should go on with this letter.

"But I owe you reparation. I owe you an answer to this which lies before me: and if I err in answering it as my heart burns to do, you will at least be made happier by knowing that when treated with neglect and repulsion, you were still beloved.

"I think it was not long before the receipt of this letter that my father first spoke to me of our attachment. Till then I had only thought of loving you. That you were graceful and manly, that your voice was sweet, and that your smile made me happy, was all I could have told of you without reflection. I had never reasoned upon your qualities of mind, though I had taken an unconscious pride in your superiority to your companions, and least of all had I asked myself whether those abilities for making your way in the world which my father denied you, were among your boyish energies. With a silent conviction that you had no equal among your companions, in anything, I listened to my father's disparagement of you, bewildered and overawed, the very novelty and unexpectedness of the light in which he spoke of you, sealing my lips completely. Perhaps resistance to his will would have been of no avail, but had I been better prepared to reason upon what he urged, I might

have expressed to you the unwillingness of my acquiescence. I was prevented from seeing you till your letter came, and then all intercourse with you was formally forbidden. My father said he would himself reply to your proposal. But it was addressed to me, and I have only recovered possession of it by his death.

"Though it may seem like reproaching you for yielding me without an effort, I must say, to complete the history of my own feelings, that I nursed a vague hope of hearing from you until your departure for Italy, and that this hope was extinguished not without bitter tears. The partial resentment that mingled with this unhappiness aided me doubtless in making up my mind to forget you, and for a while, for years I may say, I was possessed by other excitements and feelings. It is strange, however, that, though scarce remembering you when waking, I still saw you perpetually in my dreams.

"And, so far, this is a cold and easy recital. How shall I describe to you the next change, the re-awakening of this smothered and slumbering affection! How shall I evade your contempt when I tell you that it awoke with your renown! But my first feeling was not one of love. When your name began to come to us in the letters of travellers and in the rumour of literary circles, I felt as if something that belonged to me was praised and honoured; a pride, an exulting and gratified pride, that feeling seemed to be, as if the heart of my childhood had been staked on your aspirations, and was borne up with you, a part and a partaker of your fame. With all my soul I drank in the news of your successes in the art; I wrote to those who came home from Italy; I questioned those likely to have heard of you, as critics and connoisseurs; I devoted all my reading to the literature of the arts, and the history of painters, for my life was poured into yours irresistibly, by a power I could not, and cannot now, control. My own imagination turned painter, indeed, for I lived on reverie, calling up, with endless variations, pictures of yourself amid the works of your pencil, visited and honoured as I knew you were, yet unchanged in the graceful and boyish beauty I remembered. I was proud of having loved you, of having been the object of the earliest and purest preference of a creature of genius; and through this pride, supplanting and overflowing it, crept and strengthened a warmer feeling, the love I have the hardihood to avow. Oh! what will you think of this boldness! Yet to conceal my love were now a severer task than to wait the hazard of your contempt.

"One explanation—a palliative, perhaps you will allow it to be, if you are generous—remains to be given. The immediate impulse of this letter was information from my brother, long withheld, of your kindness to him in Rome. From some perverseness which I hardly understand, he has never before hinted in my presence that he had seen you in Italy, and it was only by needing it as an illustration of some feeling which seemed to have piqued him, and which he was expressing to a friend, that he gave the particulars of your month of devotion to him. Knowing the difference between your characters, and the entire want of sympathy between your pursuits and my brother's, to what motive could I attribute your unusual and self-sacrificing kindness.

Did I err—was I presumptuous, in believing that it was from a forgiving and tender memory of myself?

"You are prepared now, if you can be, for what I would say. We are left alone, my brother and I, orphan heirs to the large fortune of my father. I have no one to control my wishes, no one's permission to ask for any disposition of my hand and fortune. Will you have them? In this question is answered the sweet, and long-treasured, though long-neglected letter lying beside me. "KATHERINE SKYRING."

Mrs. F—, as will be seen from the style of her letter, is a woman of decision and cleverness, and of such a helpmeet, in the way of his profession as well as in the tenderer relations of life, F— was sorely in need. By her common sense counsels and persuasion, he has gone back with his knowledge of the art to the first lights of his own powerful genius, and with means to command leisure and experiment, he is, without submitting the process to the world, perfecting a manner which will more than redeem his early promise.

As his career, though not very uncommon or dramatic, hinged for its more fortunate events on an act of high-spirited politeness, I have thought, that in this age of departed chivalry, the story was worth preserving for its lesson. N. P. W.

"BE QUIET, DO! I'LL CALL MY MOTHER!"

[In the "Farnesse des Dames" there is a song, of which the burden is "Tenez-vous coi, j'appellerai ma mere." It does not, however, deserve translation, and nothing of it has been preserved in the following, but the refrain.]

As I was sitting in a wood,  
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,  
Musing in pleasant solitude,  
Who should come by but John, my lover!  
He press'd my hand and kiss'd my cheek;  
Then, warmer growing, kiss'd the other,  
While I exclaim'd, and strove to shriek,  
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He saw my anger was sincere,  
And lovingly began to chide me;  
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,  
He sat him on the grass beside me.  
He feign'd such pretty amorous woe,  
Breathed such sweet vows one after other,  
I could but smile, while whispering low,  
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,  
And swore he meant not to deceive me;  
I felt more grief than I can tell,  
When, with a sigh, he rose to leave me;  
"Oh! John," said I, "and must thou go?"  
I love thee better than all other;  
There is no need to hurry so;  
"I never meant to call my mother!"

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

LET others think as they may, friend Willis, we hold to our opinion, that in the stir and the turmoil of this great city, the necessity, to a mind like yours, of observing the human face divine in all the endless variety afforded by a saunter through that "road of ruin," Broadway—the anxieties and emulation of your present undertaking, and, above all, the regrets induced by an exile from the paradise you had selected for your earthly sojourning, have done more towards stirring up the depths of your heart, and calling forth the brilliancy of your fancy, than if you had remained in Glenmary until your bridge had become a ruin, your favourite trees fallen prostrate, and the race of your sprightly and musical pets become extinct.

Had you remained in your solitude, that beautiful and heart-touching bequest to your successor had not been penned. Hard must be the heart, and ruthless the hand, that dares violate or refuse your petition. That lament for your lost Eden, is worth a life's scribbling "under the bridge;" so do not imagine that our hand would, for a moment, be placed on the "grindstone" to your disadvantage. On the contrary, were we a princess in disguise, the proof of our munificence and favour would be, a deed in fee simple of Glenmary to you and your heirs forever. All we *can* do, is to offer a ray or a shadow, as it happens, for reflection in your sparkling Mirror.

By way of commencement, we present to your acquaintance our—

NEIGHBOURS.

On both sides of the way, back and front, as far as the eye can reach, all are neighbours; a watchful eye, in a short time, may read their history; but let us begin with the last house in the row. Be it understood, we know not one of them, but an out-of-the-window-glance at intervals, and putting this and that together, in our observation, enables us to arrive at pretty correct conclusions.

The family are early risers; several daughters are seen in the piazza, talking and laughing; one of the sons is domestic in his habits, if one may judge from the careful arranging of flowers on their stand, the delightful showers imparted to them, when all nature beside is parched with thirst. The mother is a plain, good woman, of industrious habits, which habits have not been laid aside upon a removal to a better

house than the one formerly occupied. She does not array herself in the neat, matinal costume of one accustomed to be waited upon; the loose gown, carelessly capped head, brush in one hand and duster in the other, denote the busy housewife.

Every morning, at an early hour, the middle back window is thrown open, and the old gentleman seats himself before it; from this, we judge he is no longer in business; always intent upon a book, he must be intelligent, but he is not a professional man, otherwise, so long a time would not be uninterruptedly spent before this window; he is of infirm health, his slow step betrays this, but of a kind, good heart, as the cheerful word, and hand laid gently on the head of that sweet child, betokens.

This is a quiet, happy family. More quiet is it now, for Death has been among them, and the light word and gay laugh are hushed. The old man is no more; so we judge from the vacant window, the familiar clothes hung out to air, the closed blinds, the array of carriages, with the gloomy hearse at their head. May they be enabled to erect an altar to

"Time, the Comforter."

"Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!"

A romping, tearing beauty lives next door—an only child, we judge, and a spoiled one, we are certain. Tall in stature, perfectly proportioned, of a clear, dark complexion, flashing or languid eyes, as the occasion requires, agile, and daring as the chamois, (a leap from the piazza to the ground being no mean specimen,) graceful as the fawn in motion and attitude, and as careless of consequences in her mad-cap pranks.

The youth who follows her so pertinaciously up and down the piazza is not her brother, we opine; there is too mocking an air about her, and too determined an endurance about him. Take care, fair lady, the humbler the slave now, the more overbearing the tyrant hereafter. He is either very good-tempered, or very determined on success, else would not that malicious blow on the cheek be received so meekly.

This mad-cap has her good qualities, however. Judging from appearance, the family is not rich, but the mother is saved all unnecessary fatigue, by the active, energetic spirit of the daughter. Attired in a morning dress, spiders and cobwebs find no mercy at her hands; and as she passes the mother occasionally, without warning, she lifts her in her arms, and deposits her carefully out of the way, the ringing laugh and loving look deprecating reproof, for the seeming want of reverence.

But why is this? Closed blinds again, and the unusual airing of bedding, clothes, &c.! Days pass, and we see her not; has the lovely one been wafted by her own light and innocent heart to a brighter and happier sphere? Or, have either of the heads of the house bowed to the Conqueror? Both are gone, and the untamed spirit, fearing no danger and dreading no reverse, is left without guide to direct, or beacon to warn her, in this world of shallows and of miseries.

A change again. A "mourning bride" is she, as to habits, and no doubt in all sincerity of heart, but the love of mischief will show itself. After an early breakfast, the lover—husband we presume—takes his departure for down-town, and with a more thoughtful air and down-cast eye, the lady commences the duties of the day; she is an excellent housekeeper, if one may judge from the regularity of her arrangements. And now that all is in order, behold her seated at the window, with book in hand—not very intent on the contents though, as the uplifted eye and listening air betrays.

It is now the dinner hour, and the whilome lover, now liege-lord, may momentarily be expected. Her toilet is complete, with the exception of her dress; the heat of the weather is a suffi-



cient excuse for lingering in the graceful *robe de chambre*. The bell sounds. Springing from her seat, her small head thrown back, a bright and joyous smile lights up every feature. What shall she do? Run to meet him, or hide, to provoke a search? No, she will do neither. Knowing that he will cast off the oppressive broad-cloth, and assume a lighter garment until dinner is announced, she tears off her own *robe de chambre*, and hastily dons that of her lord and master. With a smile and determined wilfulness, she salutes him, retains the coveted *deshabille*, and leaves him to cool himself as best he may.

May they prove that

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom." E. K.

### STORIES OF THE SOUTH

HUNTING is a capital diversion and a glorious exercise. It is as invigorating as it is amusing. I have laughed at many an animal-joke, while bounding through the forest, and my heart has often risen in my throat at the sight of a fine panting buck waiting to be shot. In South Carolina there are some very wild lands, through which course romantically the most dismal-looking creeks, filled with snakes, alligators and snapping-turtles.

Occasionally, by the spread of the water, these creeks form beautiful lakes, with drooping willows on their banks; and the water is rippled with many a duck, on the watch for the murderous hunter. Through the woods is heard the whistle of a chorus of slaves at work; and the shriek of the frightful owl and the scraping of the wood-pecker, disturb the silence which would otherwise be that of the grave.

Early one frosty morning, a party of a dozen set out on an expedition. The hounds, at the sound of the horns, ran about in all directions, in ecstasy, jumping up to kiss the horses, show they were always ready for a rouse. The cry was for the hunt, and when we got everything ready, we set out in great glee. We had not gone a mile when we decried a large black fox-squirrel, as huge in size as any of our dogs. We put them upon the pursuit, and followed. The squirrel bounded from tree to tree, and dodged the most dexterous hunter. In vain did we take aim, and many shots were fired without effect. Being of kin to the fox, the squirrel had no notion of being "*cothched*;" and, when within fifty yards of one of the largest horses, as he stood gaping in astonishment, the wily animal *jumped* down his throat, and the horse ran away with him! People of the north wont believe this, but I appeal to Colonel Nimrod Wildfire whether it is not a fact.

Our next encounter was with a rattle-snake, that lay folded on a tuft of grass. He maintained his curling position, with a kind of contempt for his inferior man. He amused himself with the plaything nature had put upon his tail, that struck terror to dogs and men; and we all stood in mute astonishment, gazing upon "the end of creation." It gradually raised itself, stood erect, danced about with a diversion that pleased us, took its tail in its mouth and swallowed itself! It surpassed all the magic I ever saw.

We left this place suddenly, when we spied, crossing the road at full speed, a buck of immense size. We started eagerly in pursuit. Many guns were fired, in anticipation of the death of this noble fellow; others were let off behind him, supposing that the deer was making a circuit, and that he and the shot would come in contact. We were all anxiety. I tried to discharge my gun several times, and found I had no cap. One of the hunters started off on a spirited

horse, and crossed the path of the animal, which overleaped him; another ran with a severe concussion against a tree, and spoiled all our provisions. The dogs seemed to partake of the stupidity of the rest of the party, for they went off together in a pack, and mixed up so materially that one mistook the barking of the others for his own. They ran as if they were tied together, and in the utmost confusion. The horns sounded, though in vain; the dogs were evidently out of their *mind*! Whistles were ineffectual; they increased the speed of the deer; and, when he had fairly escaped, one of us fired after, by way of expressing the chagrin of the party, and to save us the trouble of gritting our teeth. After all our guns were discharged, a brazen-faced buck crossed the road, within a hundred yards of us. He walked as leisurely as a gentleman surveying his plantation, with his hands under his coat-tail. A forward dog made after him—the buck quietly received him on his horns, and ran off with this crown for a triumph, to vent his spleen at pleasure.

We soon came to the Pedee; and, waiting to receive us, were a number of very gentlemanly-looking alligators. They wagged their ends, by way of "how are you?" and "how is all the family?" The dogs responded by dashing into the water, and were received with an open mouth. One of the dogs was swallowed whole, and kept up his barking for an hour after; the rest escaped with the loss of limbs, et ceteras.

The hunters began to grow disheartened; but we had sworn to get something, and would not be disappointed. We next came up to a possum, hanging by his "fly-driver" on the decayed branch of a gum-tree. The green one among us took him by the tail, and the possum waked up, and, rising as one suddenly disturbed in his sleep, bit the green one severely on his finger. The possum might have jumped down; but I was under the impression that the green gentlemen dropped him. We then procured a stick, and, laying it over his neck, pulled him upwards until the bones cracked. The pressure would have killed a "nigger," and we left him for dead. No sooner had we turned our back than he got up and ran for his hole.

Next we spied a fox-track. The dogs began to scent and bark. We were in the agony of bliss. Our hearts beat the tattoo of pleasure. I was never on a fox-chase before. I thought I scented him out, and could have sworn I saw him. We spurred our horses, and slowly followed the dogs. Full of anxiety and hope, I dashed forward in earnest, and my horse soon came to a very muddy brook; being at full speed, both dashed headlong in. I was immediately congratulated by a thousand bull-frogs and turtles, who jumped upon me as though I had been King Log. I got up in haste, looking like—no simile will satisfy me. I remounted, not even scraping myself, and dripping like roasting beef, followed on. "The fox! the fox!" arose in full cry. The hounds bounded and yelped, and seemed to say, "We spy the pysin sarprint! There he goes! there he goes!" I put spurs to my horse, got my foot anywhere except in the stirrups, lost my balance and fell off. The animal did not care to wait, for he spied sport ahead, and had felt as much interest in the matter as his master. I ran after a coon, overtook him, remounted, and again dashed off. The cry increased, the dogs were in a foam, the hunters were in a raging fever. Our horses came together; and, what with the dodging of dogs, trees and stumps, we made sad work of it. I thought I would exercise some spryness, and endeavoured to head the hunters off. I was run against, and horse and man were overturned in an instant. I was soon up—I dashed on and saw the fox. "There he goes! there he goes! there goes the fox!"



He was in sight. The dogs ran against each other, and at last secured the crafty rogue. A concluding chorus of yells was sung by the dogs, like a pack of Indians rejoicing over a fallen foe. We soon came up, and discovered that our joy was incomplete. The yellow rascal had jumped out of his skin, and left that for the dogs, and saved his bacon for himself. When we had expressed our surprise and thrown down the skin, the dogs agreed on a mutual curse for such an insinuating sly rogue, and then went after the body. Coming up with that, they were so galled at the former deceit that they devoured him in an instant. I was glad of it, for I hate to be set skinning foxes. They are as bad as eels. We concluded to give up the chase that day, for there was something wrong in the moon; and, when we returned home, the infatuated, heaped-up-face niggers collected around us, yaw-yawing merrily, and said they knew we "ar'n't got nuffin." When we asked why, "'Cause Black Wally hadn't put no salt in the corn-bread." I. Y. W.

### WOMEN ARE SOMETIMES FICKLE.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the French of De Maynard.*

It was ten o'clock when the countess awoke. With her beautiful fair hand she removed the curtains of the bed, and rang for her chambermaid.

"You have been a long time coming, Marguerite?"

"I was admitting the Viscount Charles d'Atry, madam."

"What, before noon! For a gallant, of yesterday, it is showing a great deal of *empressement*. But I am not anxious to see him. I am going to write."

"But he is waiting, madame?"

"Let him wait, mademoiselle!"

Marguerite prudently retired, and her capricious mistress improvised the letter, or rather the following extravagance:

MATHILDE, MON AMIE—You are a happy woman not to be living in this great city. I almost bear you a grudge for leaving me in it. There is a perpetual noise here, enough to kill any one; and never such a thing as repose is to be found, even in the hours most suitable for one to have a little quiet. Pity me, *ma belle amie*. We have pleasure at Paris—happiness in the country. Yours is the best lot. But, in a short time, I shall share this charming fortune with you; if you have got through with embellishing the hermitage in which we are going to retire. I send you the pieces of the last opera; if it was less *enrayeux* it would be more beautiful. Do you know, my dear, that our retreat will make scandal enough! Two pretty widows, who have twenty-five thousand francs rent, and count only twenty-five years, to break with society and renounce the world, Satan, and vanities, for nothing at all, like Saint Francis or Saint Jerome, setting off, some fine morning, to go and live in the desert, and weep and pray in the depths of solitude! When I write, weep and pray, I let myself be carried away by *ma muse*, as the old academician would say, who has deposed his *jetons* and his homage at my feet; two treasures out of which I shall not try to wrong any one of my sex. Have no fear, Mathilde, you know whom I love.

"Have no fear; I know men do not really love, except in romances. Werter has disgusted me with the whole species. Love in this world is impossible. On this subject I have theories so clear, so just, so firm, that I fear very little what is called falling in love, and brave, in all safety, the crowd of dandies who besiege my steps!"

"But I hope the hermitage will soon be ready for our reception. I am growing more and more impatient to be out of this hateful city. Mathilde, I want to run about the fields with you, and gather violets and pull off the leaves of the daisies together, to see if we love each other a *great deal*, or *not at all*. Mathilde, I feel more than ever that true happiness consists in being seated at evening under an oak, as M. de Lamartine says, and looking at the peasants dancing on the green before us.

"To think of love! Out upon it, when one has friendship, Mathilde! I am at your service. As soon as I get

your answer I shall set out to join you, and then we will take possession of our hermitage. We must find a pretty name for it. Ah! I came near forgetting! You must visit, my angel, every part of the garden with attention, to select the most suitable place—a safe spot, shady, mysterious, far from all noise; for it is my intention to erect a small temple to friendship. My architect has taken the model from that of Trianon, which I will give you for the wonder of wonders. You shall see it! I have thrown so much money out of the windows, that I must now begin to think a little about the useful.

"Adieu, my sole, my only love. We shall soon be in each other's arms. Receive, in the meantime, as many kisses as there are leagues that separate us.

Yours ever,

HENRIETTE DE SALIGNAC."

After sealing this epistle, the countess commenced her toilette.

"Madame," said Marguerite, timidly, "this viscount has not seemed willing to leave without seeing you. He is still here, with his letter in his hand; he has even informed me that he is your cousin."

"Cousin, Marguerite, or second cousin?"

"It is all the same, madame. He resembles you a little. He has black hair, and a famous pair of moustaches. He is tall, young and handsome. However, I do not like moustaches."

"What is all this leading to?" asked Henriette.

"It is to tell you, madame, that I caught him in ecstasy before your portrait."

Madame de Salignac did, indeed, surprise her morning visiter, with his arms folded, and his eyes so attentively fixed on her portrait that he did not hear her enter. It is true that, in walking, the pretty feet of the countess made no more noise than falling snow. This gift is given to young and beautiful women, whose presence is known only by their perfume; we respire them, we do not hear them. The interview was of short duration. The count gave her his letter of introduction; and, thanks to the powerful intercession of Henriette's uncle, thanks to his title of cousin, and, perhaps, to his very prepossessing manners and appearance, he obtained the difficult, the rare privilege of presenting himself at her house at any hour he pleased. A week afterwards, he was numbered among the most fervent, the most assiduous adorers of this inhuman beauty. His friends lamented his infatuation.

"What is the use," they repeated again and again, "to transform yourself into a Celadon, for a coquette who will only amuse herself with your transports, and who is preparing for herself a kind of convent? Will you be satisfied to swell the crowd whom she treats with smiles and contempt? Do you hope to metamorphose her, and all at once to soften her heart of adamant? Charles, adore the countess, as we admire the pictures of Raphael's virgins; but, if you think of getting a wife, choose one among those who do not pique themselves in abhorring love. The kingdom of Madame de Salignac is not for this world."

The unfortunate young man acknowledged that they were right; still he grew paler and paler, and became more and more a prey to his devouring passion. He returned every evening where the preceding night had left him; every evening, a submissive slave, he resumed the chains which he thought he had broken in the morning. But, to combat love without conquering it, is to increase its violence. Fatigued, however, with this struggle, ashamed of raileries, and feeling the term of Henriette's abode at Paris approaching, Charles determined to deal courageously with this woman. He swore that if, at the end of eight days, he had not married her, it should be reported throughout the city that a young man had blown out his brains at the feet of a fair lady.

This resolution calmed him, the colour returned to his cheeks, and his livid eyes sparkled as formerly. This same day he put on his cravat with extreme care, went out and ordered marriage presents, and bought a pair of pistols. After loading them he directed his steps towards the mansion of his lady-love.

It was eleven o'clock. Henriette de Salignac was walking in a vast saloon among twenty *modistes*; some with hats, others with pelerines, others with flowers, laces, and numerous articles of ladies gear. For a woman who had renounced the vanities of the world, she would have been accused of contemplating, with very eager looks, these futile trophies of fashion. But there is a Satan, which no daughter of Eve can ever renounce in her life. This Satan is called dress. The coquette was adjusting, sometimes with one hand, sometimes with the other, an English scarf, of new material; and, with her inclined head, and neck elongated, her heart swimming in the intoxication, she betrayed, by her *aise* and frequent exclamations, how interesting the spectacle was to her, and which, to fascinate her completely, had only to unfold its pomp to her eyes. The viscount entered abruptly.

"Henriette," said he to her in a low tone, "Henriette, I have come to a firm determination; you shall be mine, or I will be death's!"

"Of the two brides," replied she, "I fear, my fine cousin, you will be obliged to take the last; but, look at this pelerine! Is it not a wonder? There was never anything embroidered so beautifully!"

"Shall we not have time to speak of these trifles?"

"You, monsieur, what have you to speak to me about? Say?"

"I have to speak to you of my existence, my life, my happiness, my future. I have to speak to you of my love. Listen to me, then. If you reject my hand you will kill me. Do not jest. I shall die, cousin; I shall die, if you do."

"Confidence for confidence, Charles. Very seriously, I desire this pelerine."

"No, no, you desire to kill me. You shall be satisfied, madame. Buy pelerines, buy pelerines. Let there be no further consideration on my account. I only demanded of you a very little thing—to decide between a man and a pelerine! A pelerine quite new! I was a fool."

"That is the truth, *ma foi*; I would much rather have this pretty little robe. I am going to the opera day after tomorrow, and I did not know what I should wear. Is not this robe charming? Its colour is of such exquisite taste. But, Charles, do not be so gloomy; when a woman is making purchases, one should never come to speak to her of love and suicide. I shall take this embroidered muslin."

Charles could not help smiling. He who was going to kill himself for this frivolous creature, so unconcerned about his life, and so solicitous about robes and gewgaws!—he assisted silently at the solemn decision on thread and needles, calm in appearance but devoured with inquietudes, cruelly pre-occupied in the whimsical game that was to determine his fate. The unmoved countenance, and the cold and complaisant look of the countess when she addressed him from time to time, either from pity or to discharge her duties of mistress, her enthusiasm for a piece of lace, her joyous exclamations at a plume, her profound attention given to *un semé de boutons de roses*, so much seriousness expended on frivolities, whilst there existed at her side a fervent and devoted lover, to which she paid no regard; whilst there was a man at her feet, praying for life and happiness, and of whom she asked if this tulle was preferable to a satin scarf! So many horrible and pleasing contrasts bruised the *naïf*

heart of the young lover, making him in the same moment pass from grief to joy, from happiness to despair; for what is love if it is not the essence of all these things! The *modistes* at length departed, and Charles resumed—

"How long and cruel this last hour has been for me! This hour has been a hundred minutes. Do you really intend, Henriette, to doom me to despair?"

"My friend—"

The door opened suddenly. A tall footman, in green, announced M. le Baron de Mouval, Madame Christian, M. le General Derville. Poor Charles fled, with fury in his soul. There was one chance less, one day lost, the first step made towards the tomb. The rest of the day he watched the continual pouring of the rain, wrote many letters, and often took up the pistols lying on the table.

The next day he presented himself at one o'clock to Madame the Countess de Salignac; madame was dressing for the woods. The day following, at two; but madame was occupied in preparations for her departure. The third day, at three; Madame had gone shopping for her friend. These circumstances had not been thought of. Charles contented himself in loading and unloading his pistols. There remained some chances for him yet.

"I shall make the attempt," said he; "but how can I insinuate myself in a life so well arranged? How break its symmetry, how arrive apropos, how guess the hour when this woman is weak?"

Her heart remains inaccessible behind the fashions, visits, courses, promenades, toilettes, theatres, and operas. Always occupied, she is always invulnerable; and our lover tore his hair, then calmed himself, dressed with extreme *recherche*, and went out to see her pass, smiling, and loaded with camellias.

One morning, after meditating a long while, he imagined it would be a good plan to offer himself to her regards about five in the afternoon. He thought that Henriette, on her return from the wood, her ears still filled with the praises of her beauty, a little weary, having, perhaps, seen some loving couples straying under the trees, would reflect that she was single, young, and unmarried; that she would be plunged, when he arrived, into that dangerous ecstasy of one in revery, who reflects that to crown the happiness of a lover is, after all, to insure at least half of her own. He felicitated himself greatly for having made this discovery.

"Five o'clock," exclaimed he, "is the right hour! I shall go, and return at six a conqueror!"

For joy, he discharged one of the pistols in the air. I know not by what sad presentiment he kept the other.

At six, he returned as he went. The countess, on his arrival, was reclining voluptuously on a sofa, reading, or feigning to read. He depicted, with more ardour than ever, the frightful state of his soul; but she felt none of those emotions he expected to find in her heart. She simply felt a great appetite. To all that he could recite of his flame she replied, that dinner was delayed too long, and it would be a wise thing to go and hasten it.

Charles dined, but Charles despaired. They agreed, however, to go the next day to hear a new opera; but on condition he should be silent on the subject of his fearful passion, and, if possible, conceal it. He promised to be as proud as she was disdainful. At eight, Henriette was dressing; he could not be admitted to her chamber. It was his last card; he threw it, and lost the game. The pistol he had had the precaution not to fire in the air remained for him.

But, scarcely was he seated at her side, in the dazzling saloon of the French opera, before he became gay, and forgot that a pistol awaited him at midnight in his chamber. He look-

ed and wept no longer. Sympathizing with the heroine of the play, he thought no more of his own miseries, which were not, however, the less real and poignant. Man is ever thus. His look, if it is dull, is relighted by eyes which are burning; his sadness dissolves and vanishes when surrounded with gay and exciting scenes.

Henriette, seeing Charles so consoled, took alarm; her heart of marble was softened and felt anxiety in its turn. It is true, the theatre had never been more brilliant, the audience more select; the women set in the gold and velvet of the boxes, more beautiful, more affable, more celestial! They seemed like a thousand virgins painted by Raphael. Pleasure sparkled in every eye; enchanting music penetrated the senses like poison, like a philter. They sung love on the stage, they celebrated its miracles; the pretty dances formed, in giving each other's hands, circles and garlands, broke them, then mingling, joined each other again, grouping themselves in a thousand fanciful, a thousand voluptuous figures.

When the countess reached home it was late.

"Charles," said she to the young man, "are you, then, so eager to leave me?"

"It is midnight, Henriette. Midnight is a villainous hour."

"Why is it villainous, my good cousin? Stay, stay and tell me why you do not like the charming hour of midnight."

"They rob at midnight, fair cousin; they kill, they murder at midnight; they commit suicide at midnight. Have not all the poets called midnight a fatal hour, an hour for crimes and spectres? They are right."

"Charles, they are wrong. Poetry is all imagination. But, tell me, Monsieur Mentor, at what hour you have the theatres, balls, concerts, and *fêtes*; at what hour your joyous bands surround the table, and break the seals of the bottles! You are jesting. Midnight, the hour for ghosts! You mean to say for wine and frolic. Come, I will wager you are going to leave me for a late supper."

"You are right, madame. For a private supper."

"And you dare confess it to me, Charles! Ah! henceforth I will say like you, and with you, that midnight is a villainous hour! But that hour in which I shall see you remain with me without regretting the world, that in which you shall sacrifice for me the noisy dissipations of giddy youth, that in which you shall weep on my hands, as you have done heretofore, that in which you shall swear, that if I do not listen to you, you will kill yourself for me, that is the hour which I shall love and bless. Charles, that is the hour which, as it strikes every day, will, in spite of me, find an echo in the centre of my heart."

"Pardon, Henriette; I have been mistaken, I knew not what I said. Now, I repeat with you, that midnight is, of all hours, the most joyful, the most enrapturing. It is the signal of happiness; the only hour in which the heart of woman, mysterious flower of night, unfolds itself. I was crazy, I was foolish. What! to think of the morning, to think of noon, of evening, when there is midnight. To forget midnight, to go and beset you in the midst of the fastidious details of the day! I was a fool, *ma belle*. But do not withdraw thy fair hand, fair cousin; it is midnight! Thou hast said it. And presently, on returning home, I was to shoot myself! Henriette, I will die! My arms await me—"

"Let them wait. You shall not go, Charles. I will not be an accomplice in your murder."

During all this time the hands of the clock did not remain on the adored cipher, which, by turns, they blessed. The hours glided away one after another, and day appeared at last, blushing and pale as a bride of yesternight. This time,

when the countess rang, she was visibly embarrassed. Marguerite entered with a letter in her hand. Henriette blushed still more, for it was the reply of Mathilde.

But, alas! we are in a world of deceptions, where the best things are only of momentary duration; where man passes quickly away, and his oaths quicker still; we are in a frightful world, in which every evening gives the lie to every morning. Mathilde delivered herself, on the first page, to many philosophical reflections of this kind. On the last she wept greatly; she begged a thousand pardons of her friend; and at last told her, with some confusion, that their project was devoid of common sense. She learned her, at the same time, that the bans of her marriage with a young advocate, was going to be published at the eleven o'clock mass, on the following Sunday.

E. F.

THE value to our country, of sending scholars and literary men to foreign courts as secretaries of embassy, is strikingly shown in a work from which we extract the sketch below—Mr. Brantz Mayer's "*Mexico*." The matter and style are of the best quality of *interesting* book-making, and Mr. Mayer may take up the profession of authorship, we confidently say, and be excelled by no one in success and saleableness. His book is on the eve of publication from the office of the New World.

For some time after the installation of General Santa Anna as Provisional President of Mexico, under the system known in the political history of that country as the "*Plan of Tacubaya*,"\* a difficulty existed between the government, and ministers of foreign nations, as to the etiquette which was to be observed on public occasions, when it became necessary for them to meet ceremoniously. To such an extent had this variance of established rules been carried, that upon the consecration of the present archbishop, the envoy from France deemed it proper to mark his disapprobation, by retiring with his legation from the cathedral.

These matters, which to us republicans seemed of no very great moment, except as they had been rendered so by the Mexicans themselves, were, however, at length satisfactorily arranged; and on the first of January, 1842, the members of the different missions were invited to meet the president in the morning, for the purpose of exchanging the usual courtesies of the day, and to partake of a dinner in the evening. This invitation was sent with all due form through his Excellency, Mr. De Bocanegra, the minister of foreign affairs. As the system of entertainment at table is quite a novelty in Mexican diplomacy, the invitation was entirely unexpected, and it was hailed by the whole corps as indicative of an agreeable change in our future intercourse.

Accordingly, at noon on the first of January, the diplomatic body, in full uniform, met at the apartments of the minister of foreign relations in the palace. Here again, some trifling question of etiquette was started relative to the precedence of the archbishop, which being arranged, the corps, as soon as it had been joined by the ministers of state, was ushered to the hall of audience by an aid-de-camp of the president. Passing along several balconies hung against the wall of the inner court-yard, we soon reached an antechamber filled with all the chief personages, both military

\* The revolution of 1841, after several fruitless battles, in which victory seems to have crowned neither side, and several as fruitless interviews of the chiefs and messengers of the different parties, was at length terminated by a meeting of commanding officers at Tacubaya on the 28th of September, when a plan was agreed upon and signed by one hundred and ninety-one persons, by means of which the existing constitution of Mexico was superseded. By this system or "*Plan of Tacubaya*," consisting of thirteen articles, a general amnesty was proclaimed—a call of a new Congress to form a constitution agreed upon—and a *Junta* created, to be named by the General-in-chief of the army. The *Junta* was to elect the provisional president, who, by the seventh article, was clothed "*with all the powers necessary to reorganize the nation and all the branches of administration*;" or, in other words, with supreme power. That general was Santa Anna. He selected the *Junta*, and the *Junta* returned the compliment by selecting him.

and civil, of the republic, and we were at once conducted to the reception-room. This is a large and newly furnished apartment, plainly painted in fresco; its walls are hung with ordinary oil pictures of the history of Napoleon, and the floor is covered with a rather common carpet.

At the south end of the room a chair of state, with the flags and arms of Mexico richly embroidered in gold and colours on its velvet cushions, was placed for the President, under a canopy of crimson edged with gold. On either side of this, against the wall, were chairs for the four Ministers, and, immediately in front of the president's seat, running the length of the room, beneath the great chandelier, were ranged two rows of chairs facing each other, for the diplomatic corps. Here we took our stand, according to the rank and length of residence of the respective Envoys in the country.

In a few moments, the Ministers of state (who had retired after we were placed) entered from a room behind the audience-chamber, and were directly followed by General Santa Anna, in the full uniform of the chief of the army—blue and red, richly embroidered with gold. You are aware, that at the battle of Vera Cruz with the French, in the year 1838, one of his legs was shattered by a cannon-ball, as he pursued the enemy on their retreat to their boats. The limb was badly amputated, and of course, he limps along on a wooden substitute, with the aid of a cane. But the defect does not take from the manliness of his air and carriage.

He advanced to his chair under the canopy; his ministers placed themselves on either side of him, and the room, which had hitherto been only occupied by ourselves, was, at a signal to the aid-de-camp in waiting, filled with a brilliant *cortège* of officers in full dress uniforms.

As soon as silence and order were obtained, the president bowed gracefully to us, and received an obeisance in return. Mr. Pakenham, the British envoy, as the oldest resident minister, then advanced, and in the name of the diplomatic body, made an address of congratulation in Spanish.

The General listened with attention and interest, and when the minister had concluded, replied briefly, but with considerable hesitation of manner and an awkward twisting of his cane and chapeau, showing that he was, at least on that occasion, more of the soldier than the speaker. As he seated himself after concluding his reply, he motioned us to our chairs, while the rest of the spectators still remained standing. A short conversation then followed between him, Mr. Pakenham, and Mr. Olivé, the Spanish envoy, who were immediately in front of him, and at the first pause we rose, advanced to him singly and bowed; walking slowly to the door at the north end of the apartment, we turned on its sill and bowed again, both of the salutations being gracefully returned by him; and thus ended the morning visit of ceremonious congratulation.

I have been so minute in repeating to you the details of this ceremony, not because I deem any account of bows and formal speeches interesting to a reader; but because such a scene has occurred in a *republic*, before the President of a *republic*, and in a national palace surrounded with soldiery, amid the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, and all the paraphernalia of a court. Such a detail sounds oddly to one—who entering a door often opened without a porter—passing through no lines of grim guards—amid no military pomp or parade—approaches the President of our own more favoured land, and finds him seated in his plain parlour, by a comfortable grate, habited in neat but homely dress, and ready, without ceremony, to grasp your hand and welcome you to his fireside.

We left the palace at one o'clock, and entering our carriage, proceeded to pay the customary visits of form to all our friends, on the first of January. We found numbers of people at home, and left a corresponding quantity of cards for those who were engaged in the same duty as ourselves.

It was a delight to reach home once more, and get rid of the stiff uniform in which my limbs had been cased for several hours. Accustomed all my life to the plain and easy coat of civil life, and donning gold lace that day for the first time, I felt, I suppose, very much the sensations of "the hog in armour;" and I was glad after that essay, to find but few occasions on which full dress was requisite.

As the bell tolled for Oracion, Mr. Ellis and myself mounted the carriage once more, and soon reached the palace.

In the anteroom, two aids-de-camp of the president met

and conducted us to the audience-room, now brilliantly lighted with lamps and chandeliers. The saloon was sprinkled over with a gay company of officers and diplomats in full dress. Santa Anna soon entered from his private apartments, and taking a seat near the upper end of the room, his friends gathered sociably around him. As soon as all were seated, Mr. Ellis presented me privately to him. He took my hand in both of his, and with an air of great cordiality and a winning smile, addressed me some complimentary words, inviting us to take seats near him.

The total repose and quietness of the company was precisely what I desired. It afforded me an opportunity to take a sort of *mind portrait* of the warrior president; and seated for an hour within the sound of his voice, at the distance of a few feet, I had an excellent opportunity to do so. His demeanour in conversation is mild, earnest and gentlemanly. He uses much gentle gesture as soon as he becomes animated, and seems to speak with all his soul, without losing command over himself and his feelings.

I have since seen Santa Anna in his coach, surrounded with guards and all the pomp of the military; at the review of eight thousand troops; in church, at prayer; in the ball-room; in the cock-pit, betting; in the audience-room; at the banquet; and in private interviews of delicate diplomacy, when the political interests of the two nations were at stake. No one can easily forget him; and I have delayed describing him until now, because I have been unwilling to deceive myself or others. According to public opinion, he is a riddle in *character*; he surely is not so in *appearance*, and if his person and his manners are not, as with others, to be taken as a fair index of the man, he is either an arch-hypocrite, or a capital actor.

In person, General Santa Anna is about six feet high, well made, and of graceful bearing, though he stumps along on an old-fashioned wooden peg, rejecting as uncomfortable, all the "mock legs" with patent springs and self-moving inventions, which have been presented to him by his flatterers from all parts of the world. His dress, as I have said before, is, on all public occasions, that of a high officer of the army; and his breast is covered with richly-gemmed decorations.

His brow, shaded with black hair somewhat sprinkled with gray, is by no means lofty, but narrow and smooth. Although his whole head is rather small, and perhaps rather too long for its breadth, it has, however, a marked and boldly-defined outline, indicating talent and resolution. His nose is straight and well shaped, and his brows knit in a line over close and brilliant eyes, which are said to flash with fire when aroused to passion. His complexion is dark and sallow, and his temperament evidently bilious. His mouth is the most remarkable feature. Its prominent expression, when at rest, is that of mingled pain and anxiety. In perfect repose, you would think him looking on a dying friend, with whose sufferings he was deeply but helplessly sympathizing. His head and face are those of an attentive, thoughtful, melancholy, but determined character. There is no ferocity, vindictiveness, or ill-temper in his expression; and when his countenance is lighted up by pleasant conversation, in which he appears to enter eagerly though with a timid and subdued voice; and when he puts on that sweetly wooing smile, which seems too tranquil ever to ripen into a laugh, you feel that you have before you a man who would be singled from a thousand for his quiet refinement and serious temper; one who would at once command your sympathy and your respect; a well-bred gentleman, and a resolute soldier, who can win by the solicitation of an insinuating address, or rule by the authority of an imperious spirit.

Such is a portrait of the person who, since the outbreak of the Mexican revolution, has played a chief part in the drama of the time, and has fought and forced his way to eminence from the humblest rank. The destroyer and builder up of many systems and men, he has not always been on the side of republicanism, according to the liberal and enlightened notions of the north; but it is sincerely to be hoped, that he is too deeply pledged as an old soldier and brave fighter in the cause of liberty, now to shrink back into the folly of despotism.

While the hour passed in which I sat looking at and listening to this remarkable person, the company in the saloon gradually thickened. Here a newly made colonel, the child of the *new* revolution, in as new and bright a uniform; there

a veteran general, in the time-stained dress, tarnished trappings, and old cut coat of the *ancient régime*. Here a knot of European diplomats, blazing with their stars; and there the old archbishop, with his venerable gray locks falling on his violet robes, while another dignitary of the church stood by him in velvet and lace, with a cross of large diamonds and topazes hung round his priestly throat by a collar of gems, and "ever and anon" taking snuff, in a manner that displayed a finger which almost blinded by the flash of its diamonds. The dress of every person in the room, in fact, was rich and tasteful, except that of one distinguished citizen of Mexico, and a priest in attendance on the archbishop—who adhered, amid all the show, to humble and respectable black.

After an hour's delay, which added to the sharpness of our poorly stayed appetites, dinner was announced. Santa Anna led the way, and in the dining-room we found our places indicated by cards on the soup-plates.

The table-service was tolerably good, although there was no such display either of silver, porcelain, or cut-glass, as we see on hundreds of less courtly tables in the north; nor were there any "gold spoons" for Congressmen to cavil with. The cookery (French and English) was capital, and the courses innumerable. The wines and the conversation went off with spirit; and, indeed, the whole entertainment was most agreeable, except that during the repast *six of the president's aids-de-camp stood behind his chair*. Their position was, I feel confident, most painful, (at least to all the foreigners;) and although they performed no menial offices, yet the act was inelegant, unrepugnant, unnecessary, and in excessively bad taste. I hope never again to be forced to witness such a scene, nor to sit at table while such men stand.

Thus passed two hours and a half, enlivened by the military bands of the palace, playing gay airs with remarkable taste and skill in the pauses. Near ten, we all retired (without the *universal cigar*) to the reception-room, where tea and coffee were handed before we departed.

#### SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MESSRS. GALES AND SEATON:

I observe, looking from my window, that the Park theatre hangs out a large American flag with a tri-color banner appended to each of the two lower corners, (looking altogether very much like a pair of Oriental trousers), symbolical, probably, of the two arrivals from France which made yesterday memorable. The *more interesting* of these twin events, of course, was General Bertrand's advent by the Boston boat at seven; but the one *which excited the more interest*, was the opening of the winter fashions at "Madame Lawson's in Park Place," at eight. The latter ceremonial had been duly heralded for some days previous by notes addressed to the leaders of fashion, and (as far as can be known) the secrets of the Graces' unopened cases had been impartially and unexceptionably kept. Having "a friend at court," I had been for some days invited to witness the effulguration, but was privately advised that there would be a rush, and that six in the morning would not be too early to take a stand upon the steps of the grand milliner in Park Place. Some unfinished business in dream-land obliged me to waive to the sun the privilege of rising first, however, and to my misfortune I did not arrive at Park Place till the *premices de la mode* had been ravished by the most intrepid first-comers. The street was lined with carriages, and the house was thronged. On the stair-case we met two or three ladies descending, flushed with excitement and murmuring millinery; and on arriving at the landing on the second floor, the sharp *soprano* of the hum within, betrayed how even the sweetest instruments may outrun modulation, played on with a *crescendo troppo furioso*. The two saloons of the second floor were crowded with the ladies of fashion, and the walls lined all around with a single shelf covered with snowy damask, on which stood the white rods support-

ing the (*as yet*) brainless, though already fashionable bonnets. And (begging pardon of Greenwich and William-streets) they *were* unapproachably exquisite! There were some forced marriages of colours among them—some juxtapositions Heaven would not have ventured upon in bird-millinery—but the results were happy. The bonnets are small, and would probably divide, for the nose, a perpendicular rain drop; and the shape of the front edge would be defined by the shadow on the wall of an egg truncated at the smaller end—the choice of colours riotously uncontrollable. Feathers, ruinous feathers, are absolutely indispensable. No fashion this winter in a bonnet without feathers—dyed feathers harmonious with the satin. The *plush* bonnets were the first seized on. *Drab satin* with very gay fineries, was the colour most complimented. The prices varied from twenty-two dollars to fifty. It was very charming to see so many pretty women trying on so many pretty bonnets, and I feared that the two or three venturesome gentlemen present might be seized upon as intruders upon vestal mysteries; but thanks to the "*vestalis maxima*," Miss Lawson, we escaped *with credit*.

I have seen General Bertrand several times. He is of a very noble presence, though, like Napoleon, below the middle height. His features express honesty, firmness, and rapid intelligence—the latter expression aided by eyes of unusual brilliancy. His hair is quite white. He is a man of few words, very collected, but withal very courteous. These, at least, are my impressions of him.

It is curious to remark, how the burning of our fingers with Dickens makes us hold back from the fire of enthusiastic receptions. If the General had been *ante* instead of *post*-Dickens, he would have been overwhelmed with popular acclamation. As it is, the dues of honour are only paid *à rigueur*. One or two brigades of artillery are ordered out to-morrow to escort the General on his rounds to visit the objects of curiosity, and the different staffs accompany him to the theatre in the evening. This morning he is visiting the Fair of the Institute. The beautiful company of the Light Guards made him a guest of honour at their dinner last evening. Mr. Stetson, of the Astor, (who gave the dinner on his appointment as an officer in the corps,) complimented General Bertrand very felicitously in his speech, and the applause was rapturous. Stetson is naturally an "orator, as Brutus is," and has acquitted himself on several such occasions with great credit.

An artist of well-known talent is about making a voyage abroad, for the professed purpose of painting a portrait of Miss Bremer. He will extend his travels while over the water, and, for a moderate sum, will visit and paint any celebrated person whose likeness is wished for by an admirer. I consider this an excellent opportunity for persons who have wishes for this kind of luxury. Orders may be sent to the care of the editors of the Mirror.

I visited, the other evening, the beautiful rooms of the *Mercantile Library Association*, and was exceedingly interested in the history of its foundation and progress. An advertisement expressing "a call for a meeting of clerks" was the first germ. The paper containing this was preserved and presented to the Association by William Wood, of Canandaigua, a very zealous benefactor of the institution. It has at present a library of nearly twenty thousand volumes, and it has four thousand members. The late report of the librarian shows that eight times the number of volumes is annually taken from the library—an activity of use for a library almost unparalleled. It is, without doubt, one of the most useful institutions of the country, and donations to it of books or money would be admirably well bestowed.

Dr. Lardner has grown very much on the public esteem in his last visit to New-York. His clear, simple, graphic talent, making abstruse science easy and comprehensible, has never been equalled by another lecturer. He goes hence to Boston.

Much honour and glory to the Boston publishers for the beauty of their editions, and the credit (not small) which that brings to this country. The most exquisite edition of the exquisite Songs of inspired Barry Cornwall, published by Ticknor, should be between every four walls where resides the relish for poetry or taste in a book. It is a gem of poetry set in a gem of printing, and most fit for a loving man's gift to a sensible woman.

I find that "doctors differ" about Macready, and the graphic and gay correspondent of the Providence Journal, more particularly, gives as his great excellence that you forget the man in the character he plays—just what I do not think. Heaven, it seems to me, has done so little and Macready so much in making himself the actor he is, that he deserves infinite credit, and, as a piece of mechanism, his playing is a fine thing to me, though more curious than overcoming. Young Wheatley has turned over quite a golden leaf of opinion with his personation of Ulric, a very fine part in Byron's play of Werner.

I saw yesterday, among the daguerreotypes of Chilton & Edwards, a most perfect one of Dr. Linn, whose death was mentioned in a late paper. The value of these things struck me forcibly—for to any one who had ever seen the fine countenance of Dr. Linn, this is a perfect remembrancer. They colour them skilfully now, and the gentlemen I speak of particularly, (Chilton & Edwards, who are to have a room in the Capitol this winter,) are daily making improvements in the art. Some witty man corrupts the word into *derogatory-types*, but they are derogatory no longer.

We are likely to know something of Mexico between the three authors who are about publishing books on the subject, and the charming book of Madame Calderon. Mr. Prescott's Mexico will of course be a classic. Brantz Mayer and Kendall are up to their elbows in proof-sheets—both producing works on Mexico, and both excellent writers.

I never saw, in New-York, an audience of better quality, for so large a quantity, than was assembled to welcome the perfected Cinti. I presume there were few "ears polite" any where else. At a dollar the pair (long and short alike) Madame must have delighted these fastidious organs to the amount of five thousand francs, to be diminished only by the expense of room-light and accompaniment—a transmutation of "evening wind," that throws Bryant's coinage of that commodity quite into the shade.

Mr. Timm (as is wise and usual) played the audience into tune with an overture, and then the screen gave up its prima donna—Madame Cinti Damoreau in pink satin—three large roses on her breast—the dress, air, and graces of 'teens, the composure, plentitude, and alas! the parenthesized smile of 'ties. Madame Cinti has been a good animal resemblance of the beautiful Mrs. Norton. The general mould of the face, and the low forehead, the dark hair, and the unfathomable dark eyes are like in each to the other.

With a trepidation which lasted only through the first bar, she commenced the *aria* of "Fatal Goffredo," (from Donizette's opera of Torquato Tasso,) and sang it to the breathless delight of the audience. No such finished music has ever been breathed before upon American air, I am persuaded. With not a fourth of the power and volume of Castellan, and none of the passion-lava of Malibran, she reaches a finer fibre of the ear than either. The quality of her voice is exceedingly sweet, and the mingled liquidness

and truth of her chromatics could never have been exceeded. The ladder of harmony seemed built a round or two nearer to heaven by her delicious music.

Madame Damoreau, in the beginning of her career, was hissed from the French stage for singing false—a lesson in study and perseverance which I wish could be laid softly into the memory of Castellan. The latter wonderfully organized creature, with anything like the same skill, would be the world's queen of song. The New Orleans people, by the way, who are Parisians in their nice appreciation of operatic talent, consider Castellan a remarkable *actress*; and so great was the enthusiasm for her there that the necessary sum to engage her was made up by private subscription. It is several thousand pities at least that, in the first capital of the country, there is not operatic enthusiasm enough to bring this dormant genius upon the stage.

Monsieur Artot, who accompanies Madame Damoreau in her tour, alternated performances with her. He is a very gentlemanly looking young man, with a figure that would make a very good case for his own violin—a very long neck and a very small waist—and he plays with execution enough for all practical purposes, but with taste unsurpassed. Wallace knows several heavens of the violin to which Monsieur Artot has not yet ascended, but the latter knows enough to give all the pleasure which that instrument can give to ordinary listeners. The audience applauded Mons. Artot very long and loudly. I think, by the way, that a series of musical contentions between Wallace and Castellan "on the first part," and Artot and Cinti "on the second," would be a most charming and exciting tournament.

Madame Damoreau had the good sense not to desire a musical contention with a performance on the paving-stones by cabs and omnibusses, and the street in front of Washington hall was coated with tan.

There seems to be a kind of appendix-dawn of literature in Italy. Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella is about being published at Florence in the Italian translation. Sparks' Life of Washington, translated by a young Neapolitan, is also nearly ready. A society has been formed at Florence called *Societa Editrice Fiorentina*, for the publication of translations of the best foreign works, including those of American literature. The Marquis Gino Capponi, one of the most prominent names in Florentine history, has put our country under obligation by his enthusiasm for our literature, and his aid to the publication of the works I have just mentioned. He is himself a remarkable scholar. Our Consul at Rome, Mr. George Greene, has had a large agency in the same cause. Mr. Greene, by the way, has devoted a labour of some years to a history of Italy, which is still in progress. He, as is known very well, is a credit to the talent and scholarship of our country. The Marquis Capponi has furnished Mr. Prescott with materials for his history of Philip II.

Weir's picture of the "Embarcation" is now exhibiting to throngs of admirers at Philadelphia. Its wonderful ingenuity and beauty of grouping, and the variety and individuality of the faces of the pilgrim company, are the excellencies most dwelt upon. I really must venture to record an opinion expressed of this picture by Inman—who (as the artist of a rival panel in the Rotundo, and hindered in his work by ill health and other obstacles,) is in a position to speak invidiously, if he were capable of envy. Inman was asked what he thought of it. "It is a glorious picture," he replied, "and its faults, if it has them, are comparatively so trifling that it would be ungenerous to mention them." And if that speech did not come from a noble heart, I have read of such things with slender profit to my judgment.

## A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER.

DEAR READER—A volume of poems goes from us in an Extra of the Mirror this week, which leaves us with a feeling—we scarce know how to phrase it—a feeling of timidity and dread—like a parent's apprehensiveness, giving his child into the hands of a stranger. It is not Pliny's "*quam sit magnum dare aliquid in manus hominum*," nor is it, what the habitual avoidance of grave themes looks like, sometimes—a preference

"to let the serious part of life go by  
Like the neglected sand."

We are used to buttering curiosity with the ooze of our brains—careful more to be paid than praised—and we have a cellar as well as many stories in our giddy thought-house; and it is from this cave of privacy that we have, with reluctance, and consenting far between, drawn treasures of early feeling and impression, now bound and offered to you for the first time in one bundle. Oh, from the different stories of the mind—from the settled depths and from the effervescent and giddy surface—how different looks the world!—of what different stuff and worth the link that binds us to it! In looking abroad from one window of the soul, we see sympathy, goodness, truth, desire for us and our secrets, that we may be more loved; from another, we see suspicion, coldness, mockery and ill-will—the evil spirits of the world—lying in wait for us. At one moment—the spirits down and the heart calm and trusting—we tear out the golden leaf nearest the well of life, and pass it forth to be read and wept over. At another, we bar shutter and blind upon prying malice, turn key carefully on all below, and mounting to the summit, look abroad and jest at the very treasures we have concealed—wondering at our folly in even confessing to a heartless world that we had secrets, and would share them. We are not always alike. The world does not seem always the same. We believe it is all good sometimes. We believe, sometimes, that it is but a place accursed, given to devils and their human scholars. Sometimes we are all kindness—sometimes aching only for an antagonist, and an arena without barrier or law. And oh what a Procrustes' bed is human opinion—trying a man's actions and words, in whatever mood committed and said, by the same standard of rigour! How often must the angels hovering over us reverse the sentence of the judge—how oftener still the rebuke of the old maid and the pharisee.

But—a martingale on moralizing!

Yours affectionately, DOUBLEYOU.

P. S. These poems, dear reader, (if you are one of those who

"cannot spare the luxury of believing  
That all things beautiful are what they seem,")

these poems, we may venture to say to you, are chickens of ours that still come home to roost. They have not been turned out to come back to a locked door and a strange face at the postern. We still put such eggs under our hen of reverie. We cherish the breed—but privately—privately! Take these, and come to us for more.

"Mr. Newbegin" must excuse us. We like grammar even in a pun. His night ride in the omnibus is pretty fair, but it won't do to jolt pronouns out of place. That

"Dark as winter was the flow  
Of I, sir, rolling rapidly,"

would shock our friend Wright into a new edition of "Exercises."

We like "Kuhl's" ghost story, but he "cuts it a little too fat." The idea of *beginning* a tale with a description of a

youth eating his soup out of the skull of his grandmother! There is no keeping "Kuhl," and he may send for his manuscript.

There is but one good couplet in "Tiskins's" communication:—

"His whiskers were like night, coal-black,  
His hair like morn, coal-red!"—

but his rhythm grounds at the overslaugh. He must throw over his ballast of consonants, before his metre-craft will swim buoyant enough to *pass*.

One of the Sunday critics (we hope he "got to press" soon enough to have leisure for confession,) sneers at "one of us" for "quoting nothing" of Morris's in our critique of his songs. As if it were necessary in a periodical where Morris makes, of everything he writes, a Corinthian capital for a column! Truly the public are not likely to die in ignorance of songs which stand on every piano-rack in the country and are sung in every concert-room and theatre, and are being endlessly copied. Besides, we believe we can tell "what manner of thing is your crocodile" without bringing the monster bodily in. How the folks find fault with us! We shall really have to proclaim ourselves an "object," and

"boast of nothing else  
But that we are a journeyman to grief!"

or, better still, we shall be driven to get up a crusade against the whip-poor-willises, and "bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in orange-tawny."

To the kind old lady who "knit us a pair of stockings after reading some poetry" of ours, but "was afraid to send them and gave them to a beggar," we must say, in the words of the old ballad

"Twere better give a thing,  
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,  
Than to a rude or barba'rous swain, but bad or basely born  
For gently takes the gentleman what oft the clown will scorn."

So thanks for the good will, dear madam, and pray knit us a pair of mittens against we make our fortune and turn farmer.

"Aunt Charity" wishes us to write an article on the "love of the intellect and the possibility of a tender affection for the old." We will tell you a little story out of an old book:—"It is reported of Magdalen, Queen of France, that walking forth, an evening, with her ladies, she spied Monsieur Alanus, one of the king's chaplains, an old hard-favoured man, fast asleep in a bower; and kissed him sweetly. When the ladies laughed at her for it, she replied that it was not his person she did embrace, but, with a Platonic love, the divine beauty of his soul."

Three pages of poetry, oh Mr. "Proteus," and all plagiarism after all—direct and beaten out into thin laminae from the gold of Letitia Landon. Here is the original:

"Love! oh young Love!  
Why hast thou not security? Thou art  
Like a bright river, on whose course the weeds  
Are thick and heavy; briars are on its banks,  
And jagged stones and rocks are 'mid its waves.  
Conscious of its own beauty, it will rush  
Over its many obstacles and pant  
For some green valley as its quiet home.  
Alas! it rushes with a desperate leap  
Over its barriers, foaming passionate,  
But prison'd still; or winding languidly,  
Becomes dark like oblivion; or else wastes  
Itself away.—This is Love's history!"

SATURDAY,

NOVEMBER 18, 1843.

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NUMBER 7.

## THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

(From the "Maid of Saxony.")

Hark! 'tis the deep-toned midnight bell,  
That bids a sad and long farewell  
To the departed hour;  
How like a dirge its music falls,  
Within these cold and dreary walls  
Where stern misfortunes lower.

Ah! vainly through these prison bars  
Glide the pale beams of moon and stars,  
To cheer this lonely tower:  
From evening's close to dawn of day  
Hope's star sheds not a single ray  
To light the solemn hour.

Alas! what pangs must guilt conceal,  
When innocence like mine can feel  
So crush'd in such an hour!  
I know not whether love be crime,  
But if it is, in every clime,  
'Tis woman's fatal dower!

G. F. M.

THE picture illustrates a historical incident that occurred in the Carolinas during the great struggle between Gates and Cornwallis, in the American revolution; and represents one of the most thrilling incidents related in the "Partisan," a novel of William Gilmore Simms:

"The shanty in which Clough lay stood on the edge of the island, and was one of those simple structures which the Indian makes in his huntings. A stick rested at either end between the crotch of a tree, and small saplings, leaning against it on one side, were covered with broad flakes of the pine bark. A few bushes, piled up partially in front, completed the structure, which formed no bad sample of the mode of hutting it, winter and summer, in the swamps and forests of the south, by the partisan warriors. In the rear of the fabric stood a huge cypress, from the hollow of which, at the moment when the sentinel and Porgy seemed most diverted, a man might have been seen approaching. He cautiously wound along on all-fours, keeping as much out of sight as possible, until he reached the back of the hut; then lifting from the saplings a couple of the largest pieces of bark which covered them, he introduced his body without noise into the tenement of the wounded man. Clough was in a stupor—a half-dozing consciousness was upon him—and he muttered something to the intruder, though without any fixed object. The man replied not, but, approaching closely, put his hand upon the bandages of the wound, drawing them gently aside. The first distinct perception which the prisoner had of his situation was the agonizing sense of a new wound, as of some sharp weapon driven directly into the passage made by the old one. He writhed under the instrument, as it slanted deeper and deeper into his vitals; but he had not strength to resist, and but little to cry out. He would have done so, but the sound had scarcely risen to his lips, when the murderer thrust a tuft of grass into his mouth and stifled all complaint. The knife went deeper—the whole frame of the assailant was upon it, and all motion ceased on the part of the sufferer with the single groan and distorted writhing which followed the last agony. In a moment after, the stranger had departed by the way he came; and it was not till he had reached the thick swamp around, that the fearful laugh of the maniac Frampton, for it was he, announced the success of his new effort at revenge. The laugh reached Porgy and the dragoon—they heard the groan also, but that was natural enough. Nothing short of absolute necessity could have moved either of them at that moment—the former being busied with a rasber of bacon and a hoe-cake hot from the fire, and the latter indulging in an extra swig of brandy from a canteen which Porgy, with characteristic providence, had brought well filled along with him."

## JULIANA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.

THE voyage to Europe (in those days by no means a trip) produced the desired effect. Faces more bland than ever now shone upon Mr. Wilson in Wall-street; while Mrs. Wilson no longer found difficulty in filling her splendid rooms with the *élite*; rendered, perhaps, no less securely her set, by certain hints and confidential whispers that her niece had refused a marquis! Actually refused a *bona fide* marquis—who, poor fellow, had doubtless ere now been dragged from the Seine, merely "a body"—having quenched both love and life with one despairing plunge!

"But why—why should Miss Morton refuse a marquis?"

"Oh," would Mrs. Wilson reply, with a solemn shake of the head, and a shudder of pious horror, "Oh, he was a Voltaire man!"

Conscientious Juliana!

The pride and haughtiness of our heroine was, however, by no means subdued by her late humbling disappointment. On the contrary, these characteristics seemed but to have strengthened; for now, more confident of her personal charms, of her travelled air, and (should these fail) secure in the title of "*heiress*," she plunged with eagerness into the whirlpool of dissipation, reckless of aught save conquest and notoriety.

True, conscience would, now and then, whisper the name of Leontine—of him she had so betrayed; yet, if "a few natural tears she shed," it must be presumed she "wiped them soon," as *sensibility* was not her forte.

As a matter of course, many were the competitors for her favour. Some who, like poor Leontine, were duped by her brilliant charms; others, with the penetration of the old marquis, soon discovered the falsity of the gem; while not a few courted the money-bags of the rich *parvenue*, through marriage with his niece—thus clothing the little god of Love in the vestments of Mammon.

Juliana, in the meanwhile, professed a most fastidious choice, treating her lovers with supreme contempt; allowing them, to be sure, the honour of handing her to or from her carriage; of carrying her fan, or her *mouchoir de poche*, (than which the wing of a zephyr could not be more delicate,) now and then adding to these favours an enchanting smile, or condescending word, or (which was more frequently the case) receiving them, in her capriciousness, with an *hauteur* and disdain perfectly petrifying.

Of those who worshipped the golden god, and sighed at the feet of Juliana, was Vincent Delancy. He was of that *genus* who, though brainless and penniless, yet glide securely into every circle by the simple fact of having a name! Shakespeare asks, "What's in a name?" Ah! much lies within the magic *spell*; and, although the great bard goes on to insist, that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," yet it is much to be doubted whether Mr. Vincent Delancy, shorn of this appendage, could have secured so easily the favour of Juliana.

The name of Delancy once shone proudly in the annals of our country; but each succeeding generation had witnessed the gradual fading of its lustre, and the present, of which Mr. Vincent Delancy was almost the sole representative, bid fair to extinguish its light forever; for, although left with a handsome fortune, this young gentleman seemed

to consider his sole duty consisted in releasing it from the narrow confines of banks and trust-offices, from the thralldom of wood and water, and to cast it forth to the freedom of the winds. And, thanks to the exceeding urbanity of his manners, his wit, his *politesse*, and the kindness of a thousand friends, he contrived, at the age of twenty-five, to have perfectly fulfilled his duty—every dollar was gone! The name of Delancy, however, was one to grace a visiting-list; he was also what the misses might term “a beautiful man;” with fine blue eyes, light curling hair, a smile of ravishing beauty, and manners *en suite*. In short, he was a “love;” and, although it was acknowledged by all, that he was a decided *roué*, and even (to use good Mrs. Wilson’s words) might be “a Voltaire man,” yet he was so *delightfully* wicked as to be perfectly irresistible. Such was Vincent Delancy.

Juliana received his attentions with far more favour than she had evinced for any of her suitors. His soft, beseeching eye, his graceful, insinuating manners quite subdued her obdurate heart, and she smiled upon him at last as only love can smile.

Not so her uncle. He was keen-sighted enough to perceive that, so far as the gentleman was concerned, *love* had but little to do in the matter; and that the sighs and tender looks had their origin as much for the *golden* as personal charms of his niece. Mr. Wilson loved his money; it was his own; the reasonable reward of early industry and economy; and, although he had himself lavished thousands upon vain display, and to obtain their present position, yet to have it squandered by another, by a *fortune-hunter*, was by no means his intent, for even the name of Delancy could now add nothing to their standing.

Most resolutely and determinately, then, did he frown upon this growing intimacy. Yet little did Vincent heed this, so long as his fair mistress whispered such fond encouragement. Thus still at the feet of Juliana knelt Delancy, and still she smiled enchantingly upon him, *malgré* the sour looks and menacing frowns of both uncle and aunt.

Finding, however, his niece heedless of all his wishes, and even commands, Mr. Wilson one day closed the door boldly in the very teeth of Delancy, and positively forbade Juliana from ever receiving him again, even as an acquaintance.

Indignant was she at such resolute proceedings on the part of her relatives, her self-love was too deeply wounded. Wrapped in the security of her personal charms, the idea of her lover being a *fortune-hunter* had never once entered the vanity-room of her imagination, and not for a moment would she allow that ought save her own exquisite self had charmed Delancy. For some days she refused all terms; and it was not until after perusing a note, artfully concealed amid a bouquet of flowers, that she consented even to see her uncle, and at length to banish Vincent Delancy from her thoughts and presence.

Flitting along, like huge butterflies, in the bright moonlight, go the gaily-bedecked sleighs; merrily, merrily jingle the bells, and *ha, ha!* shout the prancing steeds, as they are reined in before the illumined mansion of Mrs. L——; while over the carpeted *paré*, wrapped in robes of fur, glide fair and lovely forms, to sparkle amid the brilliant galaxy of stars Mrs. L—— has this evening drawn around her.

All that wealth can procure, that taste can devise, or art accomplish, are here displayed. From groves of myrtle and jessamine beams the soft, mellow, moonlike light of the Argand; tiny lamps arranged amid their branches, gleam and twinkle, as though a thousand flashing *fireflies*, tired of the

cricket’s chirp, and frogs’ more doleful music, had hither flown from the dark green woods, to sport awhile at pleasure’s court; while over those rooms, arranged for dancing, blazes the superb chandelier. Hark to the inspiring music! and see, over the tessellated floor, glide youth and beauty!

Near one of the windows, opening into a conservatory, filled with the most fragrant plants, and where the gentle murmur of a fountain seems to invite the gay throng to list to its quiet music, reclines a beautiful maiden. Apparently heedless of what is passing around her, her eyes are fixed on the silvery fount. In vain does suitor after suitor solicit her hand to join the dance—coldly and disdainfully she repulses them all. Still the music sounds, still float around those airy forms, and still does the maiden gaze upon the fountain.

Suddenly she starts—bends slightly forward—a low, hissing noise is heard; and a flame, transient as the lightning’s flash, plays for an instant over the surface of the fountain. The maiden casts one look around the brilliant saloon, and, with noiseless step, glides through the open casement; swiftly she speeds her flight across the marble floor; a door leading to the balcony is softly opened; a gentleman hastily advances, a cloak is thrown around her trembling form—and she is gone! Need we say it is Delancy and Juliana.

St. Mark’s was just striking twelve on the same night with the foregoing scene, when a close-covered sleigh, containing a lady and gentleman, whirled rapidly to the door of Mr. Wilson. The bell rang, the door opened, and Juliana stood again in the house of her uncle. But how? As a criminal—fearing to meet that kind old man, she had so irrevocably injured. With slow and trembling steps, therefore, she proceeded to the little sitting-room, where she well knew she should find her uncle; for it was a kind habit of his always to await the return of his niece from those gay scenes, where, evening after evening, life was flitting away, to listen for half an hour, with a parent’s pride, to all those little incidents, through which, of course, the narrator had figured triumphantly, and to imprint upon her brow a fond good-night. As was his custom, then, there sat the old gentleman in his French dressing-gown and slippers; (the same, by-the-by, worn *en Rue Chassée D’Antin*;) and, as he heard her step approaching, he briskly stirred the fire, until the grate sent forth a bright and cheerful glow, then, drawing a little ottoman close to his feet, he turned to give her welcome.

Leaning on the arm of Delancy, Juliana entered the room. Starting from his chair in amazement, Mr. Wilson exclaimed:

“What means this—why this intrusion, sir? Juliana, speak.”

“It means,” replied Delancy, as, with a respectful air, he led Juliana forward, “that I have now the honour to present to you Mrs. Delancy—my wife.”

Mr. Wilson spoke not, but fixed his eyes upon the countenance of the erring bride, who now, kneeling at his feet, cried:

“Your pardon, uncle. I have deceived you. Will you forgive me?”

“Never,” replied the enraged old man, turning pale with anger as he spoke, “never! Away, ungrateful girl, away! Kneel not to me! And you, sir,” (turning to Delancy,) “quit my house, now and forever. Base robber! look at that girl; look at her in her glorious beauty! You have stolen her from me—and had she been the veriest deformity that nature ever framed; had she had been old, decrepit, idiotic, still would you have done the same, for it was *gold—gold*!”

you thought to wed. Think you I saw not your sordid views! But, mark me, sir—never shall dollar of mine glide through your fingers! Take your *portionless* bride, as the reward of all your intrigue, and quit my house forever."

Delancy, trembling with passion, advanced a step toward Mr. Wilson, and raised his arm—but Juliana caught it.

"O forbear, Delancy; be calm; he may yet forgive us." Then, once more approaching her uncle, she seized his hand. "Say not so, uncle! You will forgive us—you will forgive your Juliana."

Long and sorrowfully did Mr. Wilson regard the suppliant; at length, in a voice of tenderness, he said:

"Yes, Juliana, I can forgive you—but not as the wife of Delancy. As such you can never have my pardon. But let him depart—*alone*—and all shall be forgotten."

Juliana made no reply, but, casting a look of withering scorn upon the old man, she took the arm of Delancy, and turned from the door. It closed forever on the erring pair.

Such was the bridal of Juliana.

What a feast for the *gourmands des nouvelles* was this elopement! With what zest it was nightly served up in the gay circles, and with what *gusto* it was received! All for one week; and then, like many a better thing, was cast aside, forgotten—for some more novel, and therefore more exciting, topic.

At the end of a few weeks, Delancy and his beautiful bride re-appeared in society; more dashing, more brilliant than ever. They lived in the best style, gave dinners, suppers, and the most elegant parties. But the stream from which all these fine doings originated, was hidden by a thick mist—a mist, however, which none cared to penetrate. Delancy's wine was excellent, so was his venison; and his entertainments magnificent. What mattered it, then, from what source they sprung!

In marrying, Juliana had for once consulted her heart. She really loved her husband. But, although Delancy had never wholly thrown off the mask of a fond husband, yet there were times when his wife wept in bitterness of spirit, for a taunting speech or cold insulting look. Had Delancy truly loved Juliana, what a change might have been effected in her character, and in his own! but, unfortunately, he loved her not.

Hoping, however, time might yet soften the feelings of Mr. Wilson, he would at times feign the most devoted love; and at others, as he saw this hope growing more and more faint, it would seem, with all his cunning, he could not wholly conceal his true feelings.

In this manner months passed away. Delancy, in the meanwhile, repeatedly urging, and even commanding, his wife to seek a reconciliation with her uncle. Juliana was too proud to consent willingly thus to *humble* herself, as she styled it; nor, as long as she cared not for his money, *why* should her husband. She even began to entertain suspicions that, after all, she might have been the dupe of a fortune-hunter; but, the instant Delancy saw, by her countenance, she had taken the alarm, he would soothe and kiss away her tears and frowns, protesting, with *honeyed* words, that it was only for her *sake* he was thus anxious. Consenting, at length, Juliana wrote a most penitential letter to both Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. It was returned unopened; again, but with the like success. An interview was next attempted; but she was refused admittance even by the hired servant.

When, therefore, Delancy found all attempts at reconciliation fruitless, he strove no longer to dissimulate. He now absented himself almost entirely from his home; even whole days would pass without Juliana seeing her husband; and when they did meet, it was with mutual reproaches and re-

crimination. In private such was the state of affairs, but in public they managed to appear the best friends in the world, (no difficult matter for such adepts in dissimulation,) and it would seem as if Juliana partook, more engrossingly than ever, the Circean cup of pleasure.

Delancy, under repeated promises and assurances that his wife would soon come into possession of immense wealth, had accomplished at various times loans of considerable amount; but, finding this story could no longer pass, and creditors grew clamorous, he had recourse to the gaming-table. But even here Fortune deserted him; and one evening, after a vain attempt to resuscitate his fortunes in that way, he returned home half distracted, without one penny in his purse he could call his own—or *any one's else*.

The wine he had drank perhaps had somewhat confused his brain; certain it is, that, upon that eventful night, Mr. Vincent Delancy committed the slight mistake of writing another man's name, in lieu of his own, to a check for a large amount.

Wall-street grew pale. The banks trembled.

It is needless to say he was detected. "*What's in a name,*" indeed!

Sad and lonely were now Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in their desolate home. The elopement of their niece, whom they loved and considered as a child, had deeply affected them both. They missed her continually; and, although Juliana had never, it must be confessed, done much to deserve their tenderness, she had done much to call forth their pride—and for this they had loved her. Alas, poor human nature, that can base an altar of love on such a foundation!

Mr. Wilson, however, manifested the same wrath against both Delancy and Juliana as from the first; but poor Mrs. Wilson felt differently, and what with her affection for Juliana, her concern for the increasing debility of Mr. Wilson, and the *cutting* condolences of friends for the misconduct of her niece, the poor woman had fretted herself almost to a shadow.

Towards the latter end of May, on a cold, gloomy morning, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had just seated themselves to their solitary breakfast, when a loud ring was heard at the door, and in rushed Juliana, pale and breathless. Casting herself at the feet of her uncle—

"Save, save my husband!" she cried, and fainted.

Mr. Wilson sat as if turned to stone; but Mrs. Wilson, with the aid of a servant, bore her to the sofa; and, while she used every means to restore animation, the tears fell fast over the pale cheeks of her niece, repeatedly kissing and calling her by name.

Juliana soon revived, and, clasping her hands together, she slid from the sofa upon her knees.

"O save my husband—save Delancy! Haste—they are taking him to prison! O, he is not guilty! A *forged*—a *forged*!" she shrieked, and again fainted.

"Poor thing," sobbed Mrs. Wilson; "what can we do—what does it mean?"

"Here is what it means," answered Mr. Wilson, pointing to the newspaper; "here it is—it is all true. Delancy has forged. Wretched, wretched girl!"

Juliana had now recovered, and, tottering to her uncle, she fell on his neck.

"My dear uncle—O save us, save us! Do not let my Vincent go to prison! Let not those horrid wretches tear him from me! O he is not guilty! My Vincent is innocent!" and the poor girl wept in agony.

"I can do nothing for you," replied her uncle, disengaging himself from her embrace, "nothing, wretched woman!"



Nor, were he as innocent of this crime as the unborn babe, would I stir from this room to save him. But he is *guilty*—yes, miserable woman, your husband is *guilty*!”

Juliana stood for an instant, proudly regarding her uncle; her tears ceased, her eyes flashed, while the blood mounted to her temples.

“It is false! base, covetous man, you know it is false! It is to save your dross, you call *him*—the noble-hearted Delancy—guilty. You cannot spare a few dollars from that shining heap to save the child of your sister from perdition! No, better that my Delancy should be sent to prison—an exile, perhaps for life, from all that life holds dear—than that one penny of your *lowly earned* wealth should be missed in the nightly enumeration! Ay, *lowly earned*—by the sweat of the brow—the labour of the hands!”

Vainly did Mrs. Wilson strive to stop this torrent of words.

“You must not talk so to your uncle, child,” cried the amazed woman; “perhaps he will yet do something for you.”

“Never!” interrupted Mr. Wilson—“depart instantly! My *lowly-earned* wealth would but disgrace so noble a lady, the honoured wife of a forger! Ha! ha!”—and, with a smile, the old man motioned Juliana to leave the room.

Without again speaking, the wretched wife obeyed. Her aunt followed her into the hall.

“Here, poor child,” said she, slipping into her hands a well-filled purse, “take this—perhaps it may aid you.”

But, with scorn, Juliana threw it from her, and spurned it with her foot. Then, with proud step and queenly bearing, turned from the door.

A dense multitude thronged the Park. Every avenue leading to the City-hall was crowded, and the court-room was filled to suffocation. It was evident some more than usually exciting cause was now before the tribunal of justice.

It was the trial of Vincent Delancy for forgery. One week had already been given to this trial, and this morning was expected to seal the fate of the prisoner.

Calm and collected sat Delancy before his judges. His arms were closely folded over his bosom, his eyes now and then roving carelessly around that vast assemblage of human faces. But scarce one of all that throng looked with a pitying eye upon the prisoner; scarce one of those who had feasted at his board, drank of his wine, and, may be, thrived from his purse, but turned with cold indifference away—away from the very man whom they had aided to bring to his present hapless situation.

The trial was over. The jurors retired. The feelings of the criminal during the awful period which preceded their return, who can paint! At last slowly, and with melancholy features, these arbiters of fate re-entered and took their places. A breathless silence reigned throughout that dense multitude. Delancy fixed his eyes with firmness upon the judge, and every eye followed his.

He was pronounced *guilty*! The officers conducted him to prison, where, next morning, he was found dead in his cell!

Alas, poor wretched wife!

The unfortunate Juliana, attended by an old family servant of Delancy, faithful to them in all their show of prosperity and in adversity, was present throughout the trial of her wretched husband. Who can describe her feelings at that last awful scene! With one piercing, agonizing shriek, the poor wife fell senseless, and was borne from the court to the dwelling of the servant, where, for weeks, she remained totally unconscious of what was passing around her. The thread of life chafed seemingly to a single ligament. Yes, there, on the lowly bed, in that humble room, was Juliana—once the pride, the leading-star of Fashion!

But fond eyes were watching her, kind hands were smoothing her pillow, and warm, affectionate hearts were throbbing with anxiety for *life or death*. At last, with a look which denoted Reason had resumed her sway, the poor sufferer opened her eyes. And on whom do they rest? Whose arm supports her head? It is a father's. And whose those tearful eyes so fondly fixed upon her? Whose hand now wipes the moisture from her brow? It is Amy—Amy, the friend, the companion of her childhood.

After the tragic end of Delancy, Mrs. Wilson earnestly besought her husband to forgive the unfortunate Juliana. But in vain. He remained inflexible, forbidding his wife even to go near the sick bed of the sufferer. He wrote, however, the sad particulars to Mr. Morton, who, half-distracted, lost not a moment in coming to the relief of his unfortunate child, accompanied by Amy, that kind, lovely friend. But we will now allow the latter to speak for herself.

#### FROM AMY TO LUCY.

Rejoice with us, my dear friend—Juliana will live. Yes, a most favourable change has now taken place, and the physician assures us we have nothing more to fear. How happy I am—*she will live*!

It was only this morning she first returned to consciousness. But O, my sweet Lucy, it was heart-rending to see that first, eager, inquiring look she cast around; then murmuring, “Vincent,” “husband,” sank back again on the pillow insensible. For some moments we feared life was indeed gone, but, after a while, she began to revive. I persuaded Mr. Morton to leave me alone with her. Again she opened her eyes, and fixed them upon me with an expression so mournful, so sad—as if they looked from a soul darkened by despair.

“You know me, dear Juliana,” said I. She pressed my hand, and once more the name of Vincent trembled on her lips. Suddenly she raised her feeble hand, pressed it to her forehead, and with a shudder exclaimed, “O tell me—tell me all—where is Delancy? Ah!” she almost shrieked, “I remember—it is no fancy. O Vincent, Vincent—my husband—tell me,” cried she, looking wildly in my face, “tell me—is he dead?”

“He is,” I replied, while I strove vainly to repress the tears.

She turned her face from me, and for some time wept bitterly. I took her hand and tried to soothe her distress, to whisper consolation. I spoke of her father, and told her we had come to take her back to her own happy home. She made no reply, but motioned me to leave her. I stepped back, and for a time her sobs and groans were overpowering. At length, exhausted, she sank to rest. She still sleeps—her pale cheek wet with tears, and her hands clasped tightly over her brow.

I tremble lest this agitation may prove too much for her feeble strength. Adieu, my friend. AMY.

#### FROM THE SAME.

Juliana is now able to leave her bed; but grief, my dear Lucy, has wrought sad changes in her beautiful person. She is but a shadow of *our* Juliana. She has never again mentioned the name of her husband, and manifests the most perfect indifference for everything. She will remain for hours weeping, or with her face buried in her hands, apparently unconscious of what is passing around her. Her father speaks to her fondly, tenderly. She scarcely answers, although his heart is breaking; and at times she repulses my little offices, even with rudeness. But then, dear girl, she is so very miserable! She will yet learn to love us all.

By the last of the week we shall be with you. Dear Lucy, I like not the city, but pine for our own lovely village. Juliana, too, will be with us again, and we will try to lose her sorrows in our kindness and affection.

You know that beautiful sweet-brier we taught to climb over her chamber-window—it must be removed, for she likes not, you remember, the perfume of flowers. And the honeysuckle over the little summer-house, where we have all been so happy together—and we will be again!—we must twine an ivy there—it shall be an emblem of our enduring friendship.

Farewell until our happy meeting.

AMY.

## CONCLUSION.

Mount now the wing of Time, and pass a few brief years, as the wind whirls the autumn leaf, and, as he pursues his ceaseless flight, turn and cast a look behind, and mark the tokens of his silent course.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson attained, as has been seen, the top round of the ladder; but, alas, for earthly greatness! Death made his narrow house at the bottom, and summoned them down!

The ruling passion strong within, Mr. Wilson still strove to perpetuate his name. His large estate, therefore, he bequeathed to build churches, hospitals, and schools; each and all destined to stand to future generations, bearing up the name of the munificent donor.

Juliana he never forgave.

From the cold marble of the dead now turn and glance along that quiet lane, shadowed by lofty elms, which leads to the old stone mansion. There, in the little portico, which gleams like a dove-cot amid their branches, sits Mr. Morton, and by his side the still comely Mrs. Morton.

By her graceful form and lofty bearing, yonder lady must be Juliana. It is so. She is pale, and her brow bears sorrow's impress; but, methinks, her countenance wears a more lovely, a more softened expression. And see her employment—she is now stooping to gather a cluster of budding roses. Happy omen! Their sweetness was once irksome to her; may not their new-sought fragrance again bring back to her the purity and freshness of early life. Near her is Lucy; and look, yonder advances, along the shadowy path, a familiar form—it is Amy, dear Amy—now the wife of the young clergyman. See, she is in chase of a little “toddling thing,” of two years old, who is striving to run from her—now falling down, half-buried among the deep clover, and then, with tiny feet, peeping up like snow-berries through the green grass, away starts, laughing, to the chase again.

The chastened expression, beaming from the countenance of Juliana, does truly type the gradual reform taking place in her character.

Her grief for the loss of her husband was sincere—her horror at his sudden and awful death beyond description. But still all failed to subdue her proud and haughty spirit. For months she remained cold, repulsive, ungrateful; refusing all kindness, showing none. Alone she remained with her own troubled thoughts.

By degrees, the loveliness pervading everything around her—the murmur of the brook, the wind-music playing through the trees at her window,

“As though an angel, there concealed,  
The harp-strings gently swept;”

the matin and evening chant of the birds, the humming of the bees, the cheerful twittering of insects, have all combined to soften and subdue her feelings. Insensibly she now finds herself taking pleasure in this sweet communion with nature; her manners are becoming more gentle; she receives, with a pleasure which speaks from her eyes, the kindness of friends, and returns with gratitude and affection the caresses of her fond, delighted father.

Speed on again, Time; and, as you fly, may you waft from your wings increasing peace and happiness to the inmates of the stone mansion.

C. H. B.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS OF RANDOLPH.

In the year 1832, some of Mr. Randolph's political friends wished him to take a more active part in the approaching presidential election than he was willing to do. He expressed his hopes that General Jackson might be re-elected,

at the same time protesting against the opinions of some of his then cabinet, which favoured a rechartering of the United States bank. In one of his letters, written at this period, he thus describes what a president of the United States *ought* to be:

“ROANOKE, February 9, 1832.

“No man should be president who is wanting in that weight and dignity of character and manners which are more essential than the greatest abilities, and which General Washington alone, (in my opinion,) of all our presidents, possessed. An epitaph on one of my own ancestors, at our old family seat on James' River, (now passed into the hands of hucksters, and the noble mansion burned down,) describes him thus: ‘The native gravity and dignity of his person and behaviour, his integrity above all calumny or suspicion, together with that solidity of sense and judgment which were ever predominant in all he said or did, rendered him not only equal, but an ornament, to the high office he bore, and have made him universally lamented. Neither was he less conspicuous for a certain majestic plainness of sense and honour, that carried him through all parts of private life with equal dignity and reputation.

‘Natus November 15, 1681.

‘Mortuus October 19, 1742.’

“N. B. He was the first Randolph born in North America. This is the very character of Washington, drawn to the life.

“Yours truly,

J. R. of R.”

It will be remembered that the cholera raged very extensively over some parts of the United States in the summer and autumn of 1832, and the public were favoured with all kinds of speculations upon that terrific disease. It may not be out of place to give my old friend Randolph's notions of it:

“ROANOKE, July 15, 1832.

“It is painful to me to trouble you at this period of time, when, no doubt, all New-York is in a bustle about the cholera, which, I am firmly convinced, has been brought by north east winds to America, as it was from China to the west of Europe. Quebec was the nearest spot where there was food for it. The emigrants, of course, bringing the atmosphere with them, and suffering from poverty and filth, would furnish the largest quota of victims. All quarantine regulations and restrictions upon trade and travel, are useless, foolish and oppressive. It will run its course; and all that we can do is, by cleanliness, good food, the aid and comfort of our friends, who cannot be scared from our bedside, and, above all, a *quiet conscience*, to resist the assault. This is the thirteenth week of my confinement here, but I am resolved to make a desperate effort to get to England.”

In the following letter he gives a gloomy description of the trade of Richmond, and of the want of energy of the Virginia planters:

“ROANOKE, July 19, 1832.

“I have got into the habit of considering myself in a *fourfold* state: 1st, As a dead man; 2d, As a living one; 3d, As a resident of Roanoke; 4th, As residing on the south coast of England, at some point between the South Foreland and the Land's End, and I try to provide for each contingency. . . . .

“Although I am but one hundred miles from Richmond, it is an affair of ten days, and a wagon and five or six horses, to get any thing from thence, and it is such a poor place (its sole proper trade being in tobacco) that it is seldom I can procure any but the ordinary necessities of life. Some few merchants import goods on their own account, but they are chiefly the staple articles of salt, iron, blankets, German linens, all of excellent quality, which *poor planters* are compelled to buy. In every other point of view, it may be regarded as a place of deposit and warehouse, or lumber-house of New-York.

“The new states are far better supplied with means of transportation, with mail-roads and post-offices, than the old southern states of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. It is all one to our planters whether they get the ‘newspaper’ this week or the next; and, living as they do, apart from each other, without concert or combination, they have fallen a prey to the superior activity and intelligence (on



such subjects) of the manufacturing population of the north and east. But in proportion as they are slow to act, will be the energy of their resistance to manufacturing cupidity and oppression. Yours, J. R. of R."

In the month of August, he had an attack of something akin to the dreaded cholera, but he scouted the idea of its being the *real* thing:

"ROANOKE, August 19, 1832.

"I am very ill, confined, and if I had been in New-York my case would have been pronounced to be *Asiatic cholera*. It was a *dry stomach-ache*, without '*intus susceptie*,' ending in our old-fashioned cholera after paroxysms of five days, with little interval of comparative ease.

"I send a barrel of hams, which I hope will be found very good, for they have been cured by a process not generally practised here, and with *hickory ashes*, without which Dr. Physick cannot cure dyspepsia, or a Virginia lady of the old school cure *bacon*, (as we call it.) Yours, J. R. of R."

Mr. Randolph's kindness to his slaves was proverbial. He clothed and fed them well, and respected their feelings and prejudices. When any of them died, he gave them a Christian burial. In the following letter he alludes to the loss of one of them:

"ROANOKE, September 11, 1832.

"I could not reply to your letter by return of mail, being engaged on Sunday (our fast day) in the funeral service of a faithful slave, drowned accidentally *last spring*, when, in consideration of my low state, the fact was humanely concealed from me.

"The Chateaux Margaux is very dear, if I can read the shop-note. If the *schoolmaster* be abroad, as my Lord Chancellor Brougham has declared, I wish he would take the *writing-master* with him, for I am puzzled to read my letters of business and tradesmen's bills. You will perhaps say, 'physician, heal thyself,' and I do acknowledge that *this* manuscript is execrable; but then I am pressed for time, blind, and have nobody to make or mend my pens, which I cannot do for myself, or to clean the inkstand.

"Yours, J. R. of R."

Mr. Randolph was a "state-rights man," and hence, as might be supposed, the celebrated "proclamation" of General Jackson, against the nullifiers of South Carolina, issued in December, 1832, called forth his loudest anathemas. His very weakness of body seemed to add fire to his spirit, and, sinking though he was daily, he took a deep interest in the political movement of the times. In the following letters he expresses himself very freely:

"ROANOKE, January 4, 1833.

"My life is ebbing fast. What will the New-York Evening Post say to Ritchie's apology for the proclamation in his 'Enquirer' of the first instant. Never was there so impudent a thing. It seems, then, that the president did not know, good, easy man, what *his* proclamation contained. Verily, I believe it. He is now all for law and the civil power, and shudders at blood. 'Save me from my friends,' is a good old Spanish proverb. But his *soi-disant* friends are his bitterest enemies, and use him as a tool for their own unhallowed purposes of guilty ambition. They have first brought him into odium, and then sunk him into contempt. Alas! alas!"

"January 31, 1833.

"I am now much worse than when I wrote you last, and see no probability of my ever recovering sufficiently to leave this place. The springs of life are worn out. Indeed, in the abject state of the public mind, there is nothing worth living for. It is a merciful dispensation of Providence, that death can release the captive from the clutches of the tyrant. I was not born to endure a master. I could not brook military despotism in Europe, but *at home* it is not to be endured. I could not have believed that the people would so soon have shown themselves unfit for free government. I leave to General Jackson, and the Hartford men, and the ultra federalists and Tories, and the office-holders and office-seekers, *their triumph over the liberties of the country*. They will stand damned to everlasting fame. Yours, J. R. of R."

#### A FAREWELL TO POESY.

Another weary day was past,—  
Another night was come at last,  
Its welcome calm diffusing:  
Without a light, without a book,  
I sat beside my chimney nook,  
In painful silence musing.  
The cricket chirped within the gloom,  
The kitten gambled round the room  
In wild and wanton gladness;  
While I, a thing of nobler birth,  
A reasoning denizen of earth,  
Gave up my soul to sadness.  
My children were resigned to sleep,  
My wife had turned aside to weep  
In unavailing sorrow;  
She mourned for one lost, lost for eye,—  
Pined o'er the troubles of to-day,  
And feared the coming morrow.  
I turned the glance of memory back,  
Along the rude and checkered track  
Which manhood set before me;  
Then forward as I cast my eye,  
Seeing no gleam of comfort nigh,  
Despairing dreams came o'er me:—  
I thought of all my labours vain—  
The watchful nights, the days of pain,  
Which I had more than tasted;  
Of all my false and foolish pride,  
My humble talents misapplied,  
And hours of leisure wasted:  
Thus, after twenty years of life  
Made up of wretchedness and strife,  
Tired hope and vain endeavour,  
I smote my brow in bitter mood,  
My mind a peopled solitude,  
Remote from peace as ever.  
"Hence!" I exclaimed, "ye dazzling dreams!  
Nor tempt me with your idle themes,  
Soft song and tuneful story:  
I'll break my harp, I'll burn my lays,  
I'll sigh no more for empty praise,  
And unsubstantial glory.  
"Tis true, I've sat on Fancy's throne,  
King of a region call'd my own,  
In fairy worlds ideal:  
But, ah! the charms that Fancy wrought,  
Were apt to make me set at naught  
The tangible and real.  
"I've loved 'not wisely but too well,'  
The mixed and soul-dissolving spell  
Of poetry and passion;  
I've suffered strangely for their sake,—  
Henceforth I'll follow in the wake  
Of feelings more in fashion.  
"Farewell to Shakspeare's matchless name,  
Farewell to Milton's hallowed fame,  
And Goldsmith's milder measures;  
Farewell to Byron's thrilling powers,  
Farewell to Moore's resplendent flowers,  
And Campbell's polished 'Pleasures.'  
"Farewell, sweet Poet of the Plough,  
Who wandered with a thoughtful brow  
By Coila's hills and fountains;  
Farewell to thee, too, Shepherd Bard,  
Whose strain was wild, whose lot was hard,  
On Ettrick's barren mountains.  
"Farewell, young Keats, whose luscious lore  
With beauty's sweet excess runs o'er,  
And all that Genius giveth;  
Farewell to Shelley, with a sigh,  
Whose strengthening fame can never die  
While Truth or Freedom liveth.  
"Farewell to all the needy throng,  
Who waste their energies in song,  
And bright illusion cherish:  
Here I renounce the Muse divine,—  
Why should I worship at her shrine,  
To please the world—and perish?"

#### OUTLINE SKETCH OF EUGENE SUE.

THE French novelists of the present day may be divided into three distinct classes. The first is composed of those whose bright and undoubted genius has raised them to a high, social and literary standing: in the second must be placed those who, possessing both a moderate share of social advantages and a moderate portion of talent, have coupled them together, and

from their twofold power have derived an equally comfortable place in the hierarchy of literature, and of society. The third, and less numerous body, is formed of those writers who, like Paul de Kock, furnish works which—in France at least—are never read out of the porter's lodge, or the grisette's work-room; and the nature of which precludes all possibility of their authors being admitted into reputable society.

Eugene Sue, strictly speaking, belongs to neither of these categories. Combining in himself alone their faults and their merits, he may be justly regarded as a compound medley of the three. His father was a physician of reputation; at his death he left such a fortune as enabled his son to begin life with many advantages of position. But at the outset of his career, Eugene gave no possible indication of being likely to attain that degree of literary celebrity which he now undoubtedly stands possessed of. Some nymphs of the *corps de ballet*, sundry horse-dealers, a first-rate cook, and plenty of friends, assisted him in running through his fortune, and effected his ruin. The force of circumstances then made a writer of him; and a writer who, notwithstanding many faults and blemishes, must be regarded as of no common calibre.

The most powerful of Sue's early productions was not the one which made his reputation, although he rises in it to the summit of those dramatic horrors of which France is so voracious. What ensured to Eugene Sue the reputation of one of the best novelists of the day, were his maritime romances; at the head of these we must unquestionably place the "*Salamander*."

This style of romance, to which, during some years, he exclusively confined himself, shows his immense power as a writer, in bringing the human mind to receive and admire images which are in point of fact totally beyond the limits either of probability or possibility, but which, when viewed through the prism of his extraordinary imagination, succeed in exciting a degree of interest of which the facts themselves are by no means deserving.

His success both in the world of letters and the world of fashion contributed to engender in Sue a spirit of fatuity which has furnished many an anecdote and jest respecting him. Being one evening at the Duchesse d'E——'s, she, or some other equally fine lady, began to reproach him in the most flattering terms for leaving so much time between each of his visits. He listened with great complacency, and then justified himself by saying, that visiting was a bore in general, but more especially so when the visit was paid to a woman. A bystander, disgusted at the impudent puppyism of this reply, turned towards the novelist and said, "It is a lucky thing for you, sir, that your father was not of the same opinion."

The first work in which he ventured to lay aside the style so peculiarly his own, and to depict the morals and customs of the higher circles, was "*Matilda*." The success of this novel was undoubted. The principal characters were traced with a pencil so true to nature, that every one recognised the originals at the first glance. The Countess de P——e sat for the portrait of the heroine, and, both physically as well as morally, she has every reason to be satisfied with the portraiture which the author gives of her. The resemblance is striking in some respects, but I have penetrated too deeply into the private life of the fair original, to give entire faith to the moral qualities with which he endows her. It is generally supposed that, actuated by that ruling passion of most women, vanity, Madame de P——e not only made the most flattering advances to Eugene Sue, but admitted him to the high honour of being her cavalier servant. The main object of such a step was to become the heroine of a novel. She succeeded in obtaining her end; and it is said that scarcely had she done so, than she most cavalierly discarded the cavalier. Ursule—the crafty, wily, fascinating Ursule—is an admirable compound of Madame C——e L——e and Madame Lafarge. She possesses the seductive loveliness of the former; and, like the latter, she conceals all the turpitude of a most depraved nature under an appearance of candour and simplicity but too well calculated to blind the judgment of those around her.

But the best drawn character in "*Matilda*" is that of Lugarto. It has, nevertheless, been cried down fiercely, upon the plea of great exaggeration in its conception. Lugarto is evidently meant to represent the late Count Demidoff—a man whose almost fabulous fortune was only equalled by the whims and vagaries of a mind satiated to the utmost degree, and on the constant look-out for any kind of excitement which could procure him the pleasing novelty of a passing emotion. The character of Lugarto, and the incidents which his agency brings about in the course of the novel, are generally regarded as a series of over-drawn improbabilities. Such, however, is not the case. Exaggerated though these incidents may seem, they are unquestionably both true to nature, and founded upon facts. The power of such exhaustless wealth as Count Demidoff's is unbounded in a country like France, where, if you have but the means of paying them, you may dispose of agents for any and every purpose. It is well known that, amongst other things, he had in his pay a kind of secret police, which, in point of address, might have vied with that of Vidocq himself. The only difference between them was, that the object of the one was to pry into the peccadilloes of women of the world, and to

enable the possessor of their secrets to hold them at his mercy; whilst the other restricted its operations to the arrest of thieves and vagabonds, and to the maintenance of public order.

The vogue of "*Matilda*" was immense, and the author rose high in the public mind after its appearance. "*Paoli Movie*" succeeded "*Matilda*," which, although in itself a failure, managed to borrow a species of success from the lustre reflected upon it by its predecessor.

Sue's last work, the "*Mysteries of Paris*," has made more sensation than any other in the annals of the circulating-library literature of the day. It has excited many and various opinions, according to the nature and mind of its readers. As a mere work of imagination, it is decidedly inferior to most of its predecessors. It contains, however, many thrilling and graphic sketches of the present state of morals in France, which are calculated to add to the author's reputation as an observer. These sketches are generally derived from facts and events, but they lose both their character and their charm by being interlarded with a series of fanciful improbabilities, which have not even the merit of connecting the circumstances they are intended to join.

Eugene Sue affects to have had a great moral object in view when he wrote this work. The scenes he depicts, the characters laid before the reader, all tend—by his own account—to bring the public mind to bear upon the system of abuses which exists both in the prison and hospital discipline of France, and thus to open a path to their correction. Whatever may have been the intention of the writer in reality, his work looks wonderfully like a wager, to put under the eyes of the select Parisian society such images and language as no modest person, man or woman, ever thought or dreamt of. The very fact of having laid before his readers a revolting picture of every vice and every crime, is, in itself alone, an offence against morality and good taste.

Sue's choice of the once most read and most respectable of daily papers, as a medium for his wanton lucubrations, betokens a rare dose of audacity, and the consent of Messrs. Bertin to become the accomplices of the foul deed, proves, clearly enough, that the "*Journal des Debats*" is anxious to deserve the imputation of corruption so often thrown in its teeth by its enemies. It has not entirely escaped without punishment, however. One morning, after the appearance of one of the grossest of the many gross scenes contained in the book, the "*Debats*" was seized. Messrs. Bertin hastened to the Tuilleries, and, forcing their way into the King's presence, prevailed with great difficulty in obtaining the liberation of their paper, which was distributed to its subscribers three hours beyond the time. Sue was hailed up, and, after receiving a sound lecture, was dismissed, upon a promise of writing with more propriety thenceforward.

A French nobleman, attached to the staff of the National Guard, called upon Sue shortly after the appearance of the "*Mysteries of Paris*," and reproached him with having endeavoured to cast a ridicule upon the corps in the character of *Le Commandant Robert*. "I perfectly recognize the original," said the Viscount, "and I warn you that he is a very ticklish person upon such matters, and that you had better beware of what you write." Poor Sue began to vow and protest that he had never meant to draw any portrait at all, and that, at all events, it had always been his firm intention to make the said *Commandant* fight a duel and behave very nobly. The next day, most of the periodicals contained letters from Sue, stating that it had never been, was, or would be, his intention to make portraits or personal allusions in his novel.

#### THE DAUGHTER OF BEAUTY.

Sweet daughter of Beauty,  
Fair sister of Love,  
Thine eyes are the load-stars  
That kindle above;  
Like the mantle of Night,  
As it floats on the air,  
Is the clustering cloud  
Of thy dark raven hair.

On a fair sunny isle,  
A gem of the sea,  
There would I live ever  
With thee, love, with thee;  
No shadows might dim  
Such an Eden of joy—  
For nought but delight  
Should our moments employ.

Oh might I but dwell, love,  
In that fairy place,  
I never would weary  
To gaze on thy face;  
Bewildered with pleasure,  
I'd linger for aye  
'Neath the radiant glance  
Of thy beautiful eye.

B. H. B.

## FRAGMENT FROM A MANUSCRIPT DRAMA.

*Albert.*—And thou, fair Madeline—  
Hast heard Love's wildering music, and hast felt  
Its delicate breathings on thy spirit's harp?  
*Madeline.*—I know the thralldom of its melody!  
In the heart's spring-time, when life's shadows moved  
Like fairy pearl-clouds o'er the stainless blue  
Of my young spirit's heaven, voiceless and low  
The witching echoes of its silver tones  
Came to my senses so deliciously,  
I thought they had to bright Elysium won me!  
I laughed in glee amid the rosy crowd  
Of the enwreathed imaginings, portrayed  
Like houris, Iris-robed and beautiful,  
That did like angel-visitants beguile  
Those blissful hours of dreamy ecstasy,  
And from Love's fragrant garden ministered  
The odorous blessings of its blossoming gems.  
*Albert.*—Love is a mystery, lady—and, in sooth,  
I marvel if among the thousand chords  
That thrill unto the heart's strange harmony  
There be a wilder one. It lureth us  
To bow unto its silken vassalage,  
And lulls us to a world-forgetfulness,  
By the low music of its siren spells,  
Sweeter than Eden's zephyr-murmurs,  
Breathed o'er beds of ruby Asphodel—  
Than charm of balmy, odour-laden winds,  
That wooed the tuneless dells of Arcady;  
Or at the dawn the glittering dew-spheres, kissed  
From Tempe's blossoming "broidery of flowers."  
Yet Love hath aye its twofold destinies—  
Darkness to light and grief to joy succeeds;  
And Love now cometh with a flowery troop,  
With song, and glee, and snowy pennon waving,  
And with its vassals holds high revelry  
Within the very heart's own citadel;  
Anon it strife and discord gendereth—  
And now there goeth out a gloomy train,  
Above whose fallen crests is floating high  
The banner of despair. A mystery  
Is Love's "unwritten music," and as oft  
Upon the soul's frail harp it gaily sweeps,  
Careless in its bewildering harmony,  
Those light and viewless chords will vibrate ever  
In sadness and in joy alternate. R. H. D.

## BYRON'S DEATH-LOVE AND WARNING.

(Told the writer by a lady who had been Byron's intimate friend.)

It was getting towards midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James-street. The servant of each, as he stepped upon the pavement, threw up the wooden apron of the cabriolet, and sprung to the head of the horse; but, as to the destination of the equipages for the evening, there seemed to be some dissensions among the noble masters. Betwixt the line of coronetted vehicles, stood a hackneycoach, and a person in an attitude of expectancy pressed as near the exhilarated group as he could without exciting immediate attention.

"Which way?" said he whose vehicle was nearest, standing with his foot on the step.

"All together, of course," said another. "Let's make a night of it."

"Pardon me," said the clear and sweet voice of the last out from the club; "I secede for one. Go your ways, gentlemen!"

"Now, what the deuce is afoot?" said the foremost, again stepping back on the sidewalk. "Don't let him off, Fitz! Is your cab here, Byron, or will you let me drive you? By Jove, you shan't leave us!"

"But you shall leave me, and so you are not forsworn, my friend! In plain phrase, I won't go with you! And I don't know where I shall go; so spare your curiosity the trouble of asking. I have a presentiment that I am wanted—by devil or angel—"

"I see a hand you cannot see."

"And a very pretty hand it is, I dare swear," said the former speaker, jumping into his cab and starting off with a spring of his blood horse, followed by all the vehicles at the club-door, save one.

Byron stood looking after them a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand hard on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed willing to leave him for a moment to his thoughts, or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his halting step to descend the steps, however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My lord!" he said, and was silent, as if waiting for permission to go on.

"Well," replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely into his face by the light of the street-lamp.

"I come to you with an errand which perhaps—"

"A strange one, I am sure; but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me? for I am ready!"

"This is strange?" exclaimed the man—"Has another messenger, then—"

"None except a spirit—for my heart alone told me I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."

"My lord, a dying girl has sent for you!"

"Do I know her?"

"She has never seen you. Will you come at once—and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though, indeed, when it is told you, you know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackneycoach, and Byron entered it without further remark.

"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we shall scarce be in time, I fear!"

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's church struck twelve as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the now lonely street, and though so far from the place from whence they started, neither of the two occupants had spoken. Byron sat with bare head and folded arms in the corner of the coach; and the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed repressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in a street close upon the river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage-wheels.

"She was—a moment since—but be quick!"

Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of a back-room, they entered. A lamp, shaded by a curtain of spotless purity, threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which lay a girl, watched by a physician and a nurse. The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light, he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron passed the edge of the curtain, however, the dying girl moved the fingers of the hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on him her languid eyes—eyes of inexpressible depth and lustre. No one had spoken.

"Here he is," she murmured. "Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him."

Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. An apparition from the other world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the worldly and scornful under-current of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, and his knees trembled beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head towards the proud, noble poet, standing by her bedside, and a slight blush overspread her

features, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile the face re-awakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who now gazed breathlessly upon her, looked on such spiritual and incomparable beauty. The spacious forehead and noble contour, still visible, of the emaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all feminine in its language; and in the motion of her hand, and even in the slight movement of her graceful neck, there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal passing away—humble as were the surroundings, and strange as had been his summons to her bedside.

"And this is Byron?" she said at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet even through its weakness. "My lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has long been burthened. Come nearer—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die! Beautiful," she said, "beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me! the intellect and the person of a spirit of light! Pardon me, my lord, that a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of an earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression."

She paused a moment, and the bright colour that had shot through her cheek and brow faded, and her countenance resumed its heavenly serenity.

"I am near enough to death," she resumed—"near enough to point you almost to heaven from where I am; and it is on my heart like the one errand of my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgment. Oh, my lord! with your glorious powers, with your wondrous gifts, be not lost! Do not, for the poor pleasures of a world like this, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe; do not, on this one momentous subject of human interest—on this alone be not short-sighted!"

"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort, as if struggling with a death-pang, he again drew up his form and resumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to those around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to her bedside, but with his hand in his breast, and his head bowed, he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.

She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness unnatural and almost fearful kindled in her eyes. She seemed endeavouring to speak, and gazed steadfastly at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly she sank back again upon her pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and her eyelids dropped, she murmured, "Come to heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled. N. P. W.

#### THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

A BRIGHT-EYED, fearless boy once dwelt in the fair land of the Rhine. Gay and joyously he sported, careless of sorrow; but ever, close by his side, sleeping or waking, there stalked a grim and shadowy spectre, though he knew it not. The boy looked forth, one clear summer night, and lo! a fair star met his dark eye; and, with its strange and mysterious lustre, kindled a thought in the spirit of the child, and,

for the first time in his dream-life, he felt that he had a soul within him.

As he grew older, he loved and adored the star more and more, for it guided him to deeds of nobleness and daring, and seemed to inspire him with a strength superiour to his own. And then, when he strove to be pure, and holy, and fearless, like the bright star, the grim spectre became visible to him, and with the mists of falsehood, luxury and fear, would fain blot the star from his sight for ever.

But his soul was akin to the star, and not to the foul spectre, and in trembling hope he waited for its re-appearing. And not in vain; for at length the star shone forth more brightly than before; and, where the light rested before him, there lay a talisman of peerless worth, and the name of the talisman was FAITH. And it read for him the dark riddle of this life he led. It told him that his home was above, and with the pure bright stars, not on this murky earth; that the spirit-life was the true life; that this grim spectre that so tormented him was the gross, corporeal, prosaic demon of this earth, which ever seeks to fetter the divine spirit, and make it mortal, like itself. It told him, too, that if continually he strove with the spectre, and did not hearken to his lying words, one day he would vanish, and afterwards, with the bright star, would be his home forever.

Then grew he strong and joyous, and fought the phantom fearlessly; and the talisman was of such potency that it dispelled the dark mists the spectre raised, and caused his darts to fall harmless. And, after a long, fearless, conquering life, as the boy, become an old man, bade farewell to his friends, and told them of the phantom-fight, in which he had striven all his days, the spectre vanished forever, and he found his home with the holy star. ADA.

#### TO A LADY I MET IN AN OMNIBUS LAST SATURDAY.

As on the azure brow of even,  
You beacon-star first abed its light,  
To guide the glorious troop of heaven  
Up to the watch-towers of the night,  
Thy beauty on my vision shone,  
Thou bright and beautiful unknown!  
I've gazed on fair and lovely faces,  
Born of the sunlight and the flower—  
Where beauty drew her mystic traces,  
To teach the heart her wondrous power—  
Where love and truth harmonious met,  
And innocence its seal had set.  
Beneath the eye where passion dances,  
I've stood till dazzled by the view—  
I've basked beneath the softened glances,  
Of eyes that stole from heaven their hue,  
And dreamed I dwelt 'neath Eden skies,  
And mid the flowers of Paradise.  
I've gazed on forms with wild devotion,  
Where grace in every movement dwelt;  
To the unwritten charm of motion,  
In humble worship oft have knelt—  
With every thought in rapture bound,  
Like one who treads enchanted ground.  
I've gazed on fairy things, but never  
On such rare loveliness as thine;  
Oh, that I might kneel for ever,  
At such a pure and spotless shrine;  
Thine eyes alone could deck with gems,  
Earth's thousand thrones and diadems!  
When first thy beauty glittered o'er me,  
Fond memory stole with faithful art,  
Thy image as it flashed before me,  
And stamped the picture on my heart;  
And now each thought and wish of mine  
Bends down in homage at its shrine.  
As day long o'er the mountain lingers,  
In many a gleam of rainbow light,  
Twined by some spirit-artist's fingers,  
In garlands for the brow of night—  
O'er life's lone path thy beauty throws  
A beam that sweetens all my woes.  
Lady, Oh may my heaven but be  
To worship, and to gaze on thee!

W. W. W.

We know a heart as like this as two peas.—Ed.

#### TO MY HEART.

Yes, still the same fond, foolish thing,  
Weak sport of joy or grief,  
As when young hope on tireless wing,  
Brought visions bright as brief;  
Nor time hath worn one hue away,  
Nor treachery dimmed the fairest ray,  
That lured thy first belief—  
Thou dope of life's delusive dove  
That brings no branch of faith or love.

Is there one charm of woman-kind  
Thou had'st not thrilled before?  
A grace of soul, a gift of mind,  
Not worshipped o'er and o'er?  
Truth, virtue, genius, friendship, fame—  
All fled—all fooled thee with a name:  
Yet would'st thou still adore  
Those idols of fond boyhood's day,  
With form of gold, but feet of clay.

Even late thou'st vowed at sorrow's shrine,  
No future loss to mourn;  
But with that heart that lived in mine,  
Thy hopes, thy griefs inurn;  
Yet with fresh tears those cheeks are wet,  
New fears betray some new regret,  
And thoughts long buried, turn  
From love, within the hopeless grave,  
To friendship on the treacherous wave.

They were, in truth, so like in life,  
Twin-sisters from above—  
That to regret th' accomplished wife  
Seems tribute to the love;  
In soul, sense, softness, sweetness—all,  
That wove thy first, thy fastest thrall;  
Then how should I reprove  
That charms late lost, had waked again  
Wild memories through my breast and brain.

But, like each born of ruthless heaven,  
She too is gone, from thee,  
Not as thy love, by death was riven,  
But worse—by Fate's decree:  
Hush, then, those vain, forbidden sighs,  
Pray that kind waves and cloudless skies,  
To wait her home be given;  
And parting, breathe one deep farewell,  
How deep those tears alone could tell.

#### THE MARSHAL'S WIFE.

It was in the summer of that year in which Europe was all but lost by the Allies, that the Emperor Napoleon was seated in the Grand Salon of the Lacksen Palace, playing at cards with his marshals, while, at an adjacent table, the Empress Josephine was similarly engaged with the ladies of the court. Some chamberlains, and several generals, were standing behind the ladies' chairs, and betting largely on the game rather than taking a principal part therein. Among the ladies was the beautiful wife of the Marshal S—, a woman whose personal loveliness, mental accomplishments, unsullied character, and genuine goodness of heart, were in a great measure tainted by her incorrigible love for play. Immediately behind this lady's chair, and leaning a little over the back of it, stood a weather-beaten warrior, bronzed by the "Sun of Austerlitz," and with a breast one constellation of stars. This was the future antagonist of Wellington at Vittoria, the Marshal Jourdan, whose fortune at the card-table was more propitious, than his subsequent luck "at the Game of Kings in Spain." Madame la Marechale S— was rising rapidly, for which amusement, indeed, the brilliant madcap possessed a surprising talent. Jourdan, on the contrary, was sweeping the Naps and double-Naps from the table, for which pleasing operation he had frequently been obliged to pass his arm over the alabaster shoulders of Madame S—. At last he made more than an extraordinary haul, and, in order to land the golden prey more expeditiously, he was obliged to use both hands, shovel-fashion. This he did; and now, when the richly-laden hands were passing just over the Marechale's neck, some one touched rather smartly Jourdan's elbow—his hands separated, and the golden shower fell—not into the lap of this modern Danae, but between her stooping shoulders, where the *covrage* closed upon the treasure.

"Ah! Marshal," exclaimed the lively lady, standing up, and endeavouring to shake the gold from her dress, "I am no Danae." Then, continuing rather angrily, as the gold would not evacuate its position—"Twenty-four hours, you know, are allowed to pay debts of play; and, Marshal, you must wait till to-morrow."

"Madame," replied Jourdan, bowing with infinite grace, "I never had money so well invested."

The imperial party laughed—made a few *mots*—continued the game, and on Madame S— entering her carriage for Brussels, she had not one franc remaining out of the three hundred Napoleons which she had received from her husband that same morning.

It was midnight. An old clergyman was seen walking with hurried steps towards the hotel of Madame S—, situated in the Rue Royale. With a trembling hand he rings the bell, is immediately admitted, and stands with quivering lips before the fair being who was formerly his pupil, and never ceased to be his friend.

"How! Monsieur l'Abbe—you make a visit at this hour?" exclaimed la Marechale.

"When Madame has known the cause of this visit she will pardon the breach of decorum."

"Bon Dieu! then tell it at once. Be quick! Your looks frighten me."

"You know, Madame," said the Abbe, as soon as they were alone, "that my young brother has embraced the profession of arms."

"Yes, yes—a charming fellow, who will make his way."

"Thanks to the Marshal's protection, he is already paymaster in a cavalry regiment. But unhappily he is inexperienced, and easily led by others into—vice. He has played, and the wretched youth has lost the money which belonged to his regiment. To-morrow he must give in his accounts, and if he cannot make up the deficit, he has sworn to blow his brains out. He will keep his oath." And the poor Abbe covered his face with both hands, and wept bitterly.

The beautiful Marechale winced beneath the stings of her own conscience. Her unbridled passion for play deprived her utterly of the power to obey the dictates of her generous heart; and she heard the half-stifled sobs of her supplicant, she felt that she should be virtually a murderess if she found not means to prevent the threatened catastrophe.

"What sum do you require, my poor friend?" she asked, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Five hundred francs. It would be a trifle if we only had time. But to-morrow—to-morrow—at dawn of day, the regiment's *caisse*, and my brother's accounts, will be examined."

"He is saved!—he is saved!" suddenly exclaimed Madame S—, as she bethought her of the golden shower. "Quick, quick. Help to us—make my toilet." And without waiting for an answer, the fair Marechale, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, rapidly removed her neckerchief and sash. The astonished Abbe began to think he was in a dream.

"If Madame la Marechale will permit me I will call her maids," stammered the old priest, going to the door.

"Not for the world! No one but you shall know where I shall find the money you want. Remove this pin! Very good. Now these hooks and eyes. Excellent. Now this cordon de taille. Bon!"

The poor Abbe trembled from head to foot. When the gown was loosened behind, he meditated a precipitate flight. His trials, however, were only beginning.

"Let us lose no time, my good friend. Undo this knot. Good! Now this other—and then—but hold! That will save time. Take these scissors and cut my stay-lace."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, poor old Desclairs had scarcely been more astounded. The old man changed colour. His knees trembled under him. A cold perspiration bedewed his venerable forehead, as his pale lips scarcely pronounced—"Madame la Marechale must pardon me—it is utterly impossible—I cannot."

"What! not to save the life and honour of your brother?"

"But what has the life or honour of my brother to do with—"

"Gold will save him, and, in order to have that, you must loosen my corset. Here, take the scissors. Be quick!"

And he took the scissors with a trembling hand, and he cut the stay-lace, and immediately Jourdan's Napoleons fell at the feet of the laughing, kind-hearted woman.

"Bravo! bravo!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands, and throwing a Cachmere round her shoulders, "eight Napoleons more than you want. Take them all—nay, not a word! And now to explain. This evening, while seated at cards with the Empress, Marshal Jourdan, by some awkwardness, dropped the pieces between my shoulders. I have twenty-four hours to return them, and I bless my stars for the Marshal's blunder. But go at once and calm the mind of that young hairbrain. Spare not rebuke; overwhelm him with advice. Alas! it is more easily given than received."

The Abbe gained his lodgings, where his brother awaited his return, a prey to his distracting anxiety. The deficit was supplied; and the young Desclairs, who possessed all the qualities necessary to ensure success in the profession he had embraced, vowed eternal gratitude to his benefactress, and resolved to make for himself a name worthy of her esteem.

Events, at the period of our historieuse, hurried on so rapidly that people had not time to think of everything; and so, the day following the scene just described, the giddy Marechale

S— had forgotten the debt she had so involuntarily contracted with Jourdan. When she subsequently remembered it, Jourdan was no longer in France. In short, matters proceeded after such a fashion, that the debt existed till the fourth year from its birth.

In 1809, Marshal Jourdan had the command in Spain. The French army, attacked at Vittoria by the allies, was at one juncture upon the point of being utterly put *hors de combat*. Vainly did Jourdan and King Joseph rush along the yielding or broken lines, imploring the soldiers of France not to bring dishonour upon their banners. All, all in vain. Borne away by his desperate courage, the Marshal flung himself into the centre of a hussar regiment, or rather the vestige of one, and with a handful of gallant fellows charged the dragons of Wellington. All, all in vain. His officers are slain by his side; Jourdan himself, already wounded, is on the point of being surrounded and cut to pieces, when a young officer throws himself between the Marshal and his enemies.

"General!" he exclaimed, "the debt of honour is discharged!"

And the young soldier was immediately smitten to the smoking earth; but his noble self-devotion gave time for the arrival of a French squadron of heavy cavalry. The Marshal was rescued, discipline re-established, and the army saved from complete destruction.

On his return to Paris, Jourdan was one evening at a *soirée*, where also shone the brilliancy of Madame la Marechale S—. The Marshal was narrating the noble trait which had saved his life, when the lady, struck with a sudden recollection, demanded—

"Is not Deaclaire the name of this officer?"

"It certainly is, Madame la Marechale."

"The wretched man! It is I who have slain him!"

"In that case, Madame," rejoined the Marshal, applying a line of Moliere's—

"The folk you have kill'd are in excellent health;"

for M. Deaclaire soon recovered from his wounds—he is in excellent health—and, besides, he is a lieutenant-colonel. To-morrow I shall have the pleasure to present him to Madame."

Scandal is very busy in every part of the world, but, beyond all question, Paris is her favourite head-quarters. The exclamation of Madame S— about her having killed young Deaclaire, became, of course, the exhaustless subject of tittle and *perilage* even in the highest circles. Some kind friend was even so very kind as to whisper the matter to Marechal S—, who knew perfectly well all about it.

"What very droll people those must be," replied the brave veteran with a smile. "who pretend to know better than I do myself about matters which affect me so vitally. Bah, bon jour!"

### BLANCH BEAUFIN.

"LOVE, once lost, is never found again," said Clay, "I wonder how it is with a flirtation!" He threw the volume aside in which he had found this time-saving apophthegm, and, taking up "the red book," looked for the county address of Sir Harry Freer, the exponent (only) of Lady Fanny Freer, who, though the "nicest possible creature," is *not* the heroine of this story. Sir Harry's ancestral domain turned out to be a portion of the earth's surface in that county of England where the old gentry look down upon very famous lords as *too new*, and proportionately upon all other families that have not degenerated since William the Conqueror.

Sir Harry had married an earl's daughter; but as the earldom was only the fruit of two generations of public and political eminence, Sir Harry was not considered in Cheshire as having made more than a tolerable match; and if *she* passed for a "Cheshire cheese" in London, he passed for but the *ring* in the county. In the county therefore there was a Lord Paramount of Freer Hall, and in town, a Lady Paramount of Brook-street; and it was under the town dynasty that Miss Blanch Beaufin was invited up from Cheshire to pass a first winter in London—Miss Beaufin being the daughter of a descendant of a Norman retainer of the first Sir Harry, and the relative position of the families having been rigidly kept up to the existing epoch.

The address found in the red book was inscribed upon the following letter—

"DEAR LADY FANNY:—If you have anything beside the ghost-room vacant at Freer Hall, I will run down to you. Should you, by chance, be alone, ask up the curate for a week to keep Sir Harry off my hands; and, as you don't flirt, provide me with somebody much prettier than yourself for our mutual security. As my autograph sells for eighteen pence, you will excuse the brevity of Yours truly,

ERNEST CLAY.

N. B. Tell me in your answer if Blanch Beaufin is within a morning's ride."

Lady Fanny was a warm-hearted, extravagant, beautiful

creature of impulse, a passionate friend of Clay's, (for such women are,) without a spice of flirtation. She was a perennial belle in London; and he had begun his acquaintance with her by throwing himself at her head in the approved fashion—in love to the degree of rose-asking and sonnet-writing. As she did not laugh when he sighed, however, but only told him very seriously that she was not a bit in love with him, and thought he was throwing away his time, he easily forgave her insensibility, and they became very warm allies. Spoiled favorite as he was of London society, Clay had qualities for a very sincere friendship; and Lady Fanny, full of irregular talent, had also a strong vein of common sense, and perfectly understood him. This explanation to the reader. It would have saved some trouble and pain if it had been made by some good angel to Sir Harry Freer.

As the London coach rattled under the bridged gate of the gloomy old town of Chester, Lady Fanny's dashing ponies were almost on their haunches with her impetuous pull-up at the hotel; and returning with a nod the coachman's respectful bow, she put her long whip in at the coach window to shake hands with Clay, and in a few minutes they were again off the pavements, and taking the road at her ladyship's usual speed.

"Steady, Flash! steady!" (she ran on, talking to Clay and her ponies in the same breath,) "doleful ride down, isn't it?—(keep up, Tom, you villain!)—very good of you to come, I'm sure, dear Ernest, and you'll stay; how long will you stay? (down, Flash!)—Oh, Miss Beaufin! I've something to say to you about Blanch Beaufin! I didn't answer your *Nota Bene*—(go along, Tom! that pony wants bleeding)—because, to tell the truth, it's a delicate subject at Freer Hall, and I would rather talk than write about it. You see—(will you be done, Flash!)—the Beaufins, though very nice people, and Blanch quite a love—(go along, lazy Tom!)—the Beaufins, I say, are rated rather crockery in Cheshire. And I am ashamed to own, really quite ashamed, I have not been near them in a month. Shameful, isn't it? There's good action, Ernest! Look at that nigh pony; not a blemish in him; and such a goer in single harness! Well, I'll go round by the Beaufins now."

"Pray consider, Lady Fanny!" interrupted Clay deprecatingly, "eighteen hours in a coach."

"Not to go in! oh, not to go in! Blanch is very ill, and sees nobody;—and (come, Tom! come!)—I only heard of it this morning—(there's for your laziness, you stupid horse!)—Well just call and ask how she is, though, Sir Harry!"

"Is she very ill, then?" asked Clay, with a concern which made Lady Fanny turn her eyes from her ponies' ears to look at him.

"They say, very! Of course, Sir Harry can't forbid a visit to the sick."

"Surely he does not forbid you to call on Blanch Beaufin!"

"Not 'forbid' precisely; that wouldn't do—(gently, sweet Flash! now, Tom! now, lazy! trot fair through the hollow!)—but I invited her to pass the winter with me without consulting him, and he liked it well enough, till he got back among his stupid neighbors—(well done, Flash! plague take that bothering whippie tree!)—and they and their awkward daughters, whom I might have invited—(whoa! Flash!)—if I had wanted a menagerie, set him to looking into her pedigree. There's the house; the old house with the vines over it yonder! So then, Sir Harry—such a sweet girl, too—set his face against the acquaintance. Here we are!—(Whoa, boys! whoa!) Hold the reins a moment while I run in!"

More to quell a vague and apprehensive feeling of remorse than to wile away idle time, Clay passed the reins back to the stripling in gray livery behind, and walked round Lady Fanny's ponies, expressing his admiration of them and the turn-out altogether.

"Yes, sir," said the lad, who seemed to have caught some of the cleverness of his mistress, for he scarce looked fourteen, "they're a touch above anything in Cheshire! Look at the forehead of that nigh 'un, sir!—arm and withers like a greyhound, and yet what a quarter for trotting, sir! Quite the right thing all over! Carries his flag that way quite nat'ral; never was nicked, sir! Did you take notice, begging your pardon, sir, how mildy put through that hollow? Wasn't it fine, sir? Tother's a goodish nag, too, but nothing to Flash; can't spread, somehow; that's Sir Harry's picking up, and never was a match; no blood in 'em, sir! Look at his fetlock: underbred, but a jumpy nag for a roadster, if a man wanted work out on him. See how he blows, sir, and Flash as still as a stopp'd wheel!"

Lady Fanny's reappearance at the door of the house interrupted her page's eulogy on the bays; and with a very altered expression of countenance she resumed the reins, and drove slowly homeward.

"She is very ill, very ill! but she wishes to see you, and you must go there; but not to-morrow. She is passing a crisis now, and her physician says, will be easier if not better, after to-morrow. Poor girl! dear Blanch! Ah, Clay! but no—no matter; I shall talk about it with more composure by and by—poor Blanch!"

Lady Fanny's tears rained upon her two hands as she let out her impatient horses to be sooner at home, and, in half an hour, Clay was alone in his luxurious quarters, under Sir Harry's roof, with two hours to dinner, and more than thoughts enough, and very sad ones, to make him glad of time and solitude.

Freer Hall was full of company—Sir Harry's company—and Clay, with the quiet assurance of a London star, used to the dominant, took his station by Lady Fanny on entering the drawing-room, and when dinner was announced, gave her his arm, without troubling himself to remember that there was a baronet who had claim to the honour, and of whom he must simply make a mortal enemy. At table, the conversation ran mainly in Sir Harry's vein, hunting, and Clay did not even take the listener's part; but, in a low tone, talked of London to Lady Fanny—her ladyship, (unaccountably to her husband and his friends, who were used to furnish her more merriment than reverie,) pensive and out of spirits. With the announcement of coffee in the drawing-room, Clay disappeared with her, and their evening was a *tele-a-tele*, for Sir Harry and his friends were three-bottle men, and commonly bade good-night to ladies when the ladies left the table. If there had been a second thought in the convivial squirearchy, they would have troubled their heads less about a man who did not exhibit the first symptom of love for the wife—civility to the husband. But this is a hand-to-mouth world in the way of knowledge, and nothing is stored but experiences, life-time by life-time.

Another day passed and another, and mystery seemed the ruling spirit of the hour, for there were enigmas for all. Regularly, morning and afternoon, the high stepping ponies were ordered round, and Lady Fanny (with Mr. Clay for company to the gate) visited the Beaufins, now against positive orders from the irate Sir Harry, and daily, Clay's reserve with his beautiful hostess increased, and his distress of mind with it, for both he and she were alarmed with the one piece of unexplained intelligence between them—Miss Beaufin would see Mr. Clay when she should be dying! Not before—for worlds not before—and of the physician constantly in attendance, (Lady Fanny often present,) Clay knew that the poor girl besought with an eagerness, to the last degree touching and earnest, to know when hope could be given over. She was indulged, unquestioned, as a dying daughter; and, whatever might be her secret, Lady Fanny promised that at the turning hour, come what would of distressing and painful, she would herself come with Mr. Clay to her death-bed.

Sir Harry and his friends were in the billiard-room, and Lady Fanny and Clay breakfasting together, when a note was brought in by one of the footmen, who waited for an answer.

"Say that I will come," said Lady Fanny, "and stay, George! See that my ponies are harnessed immediately; put the head of the phaeton up, and let it stand in the coach-house. And, Timson!" she added to the butler who stood at the side table, "if Sir Harry inquires for me, say that I am gone to visit a sick friend."

Lady Fanny walked to the window. It rained in torrents. There was no need of explanation to Clay; he understood the note and its meaning.

"The offices connect with the stables by a covered way," she said, "and we will get in there. Shall you be ready in a few minutes?"

"Quite, dear Lady Fanny! I am ready now."

"The rain is rather fortunate than otherwise," she added, in going out, "for Sir Harry will not see us go; and he might throw an obstacle in the way, and make it difficult to manage. Wrap well up, Ernest!"

The butler looked inquisitively at Clay and his mistress, but both were preoccupied, and in ten minutes the rapid phaeton was on its way, the ponies pressing on the bit as if the eagerness of the two hearts beating behind them was communicated through the reins, and Lady Fanny, contrary to her wont, driving in unencouraging silence. The three or four miles between Freer Hall and their destination were soon traversed, and under the small *porte-cochere* of the ancient mansion the ponies stood panting and sheltered.

"Kind Lady Fanny! God bless you!" said a tall, dark man, of a very striking exterior, coming out to the phaeton. "And you, sir, are welcome!"

They followed him into the little parlour, where Clay was presented by Lady Fanny to the mother of Miss Beaufin, a singularly yet sadly sweet woman in voice, person and address; to the old, white-haired vicar, and to the physician, who returned his bow with a cold and very formal salute.

"There is no time to be lost," said he, "and at the request of Miss Beaufin, Lady Fanny and this gentleman will please go to her chamber without us. I can trust your ladyship to see that her remainder of life is not shortened nor harassed by needless agitation."

Clay's heart beat violently. At the extremity of the long and dimly-lighted passage thrown open by the father to Lady Fanny, he saw a white curtained bed—the death-bed, he knew, of the gay and fair flower of a London season, the wonder and idol of difficult fashion, and unadmiring rank. Blanch Beaufin had appeared like a marvel in the brilliant circles of

Lady Fanny's acquaintance, a distinguished, unconscious, dazzling girl, of whom her fair introducer (either in mischief or good nature) would say nothing but that she was her neighbour in Cheshire, though all that nature could lavish on one human creature seemed hers, with all that high birth could stamp on mien, countenance and manners. Clay paid her his tribute with the rest—the hundred who flattered and followed her; but she was a proud girl, and though he seized every opportunity of being near her, nothing in her manner betrayed to him that he was not counted among the hundred. A London season fleets fast, and, taken by surprise with Lady Fanny's early departure for the country, her farewells were written on the corners of cards, and with a secret deep buried in the heart, she was brought back to the retirement of home.

Brief history of the breaking of a heart!

Lady Fanny started slightly on entering the chamber. The sick girl sat propped in an arm chair, dressed in snowy white; even her slight foot appearing beneath the edge of her dress in a slipper of white satin. Her brown hair fell in profuse ringlets over her shoulders; but it was gathered behind into a knot, and from it depended a white veil, the diamonds which fastened it, pressing to the glossy curve of her head, a slender stem of orange-flowers. Her features were of that slight mould which shows sickness by little except higher transparency of the blue veins, and brighter redness in the lips, and as she smiled with suffused cheek, and held out her gloved hand to Clay, with a vain effort to articulate, he passed his hands across his eyes and looked inquiringly at his friend. He had expected, though he had never realized, that she would be altered. She looked almost as he had left her. He remembered her only as he had oftenest seen her—dressed for ball or party, and but for the solemnity of the preparation he had gone through, he might have thought his feelings had been played upon only; that Blanch Beaufin was well—still beautiful and well; that he should again see her in the brilliant circles of London; still love her as he secretly did, and receive what he now felt would be under any circumstances a gift of Heaven, the assurance of a return. This and a world of confused emotion, tumultuously and in an instant, rushed through his heart; for there are moments in which we live lives of feeling and thought; moments, glances, which supply years of secret or bitter memory.

This is but a sketch—but an outline of a tale over true. Were there space, were there time to follow out the traverse thread of its mere mournful incidents, we might write the reverse side of a leaf of life ever read partially and wrong—the life of the gay and unlamenting. Sickness and death had here broken down a wall of adamant between two creatures, every way formed for each other. In health and ordinary regularity of circumstances, they would have loved as truly and deeply as those in humbler or in more fortunate relative positions; but they probably would never have been united. It is the system, the necessary system of the class to which Clay belonged, to turn adroitly and gaily off every shaft to the heart; to take advantage of no opening to affection; to smother all preference that would lead to an interchange of hallowed vows; to profess insensibility equally polished and hardened on the subject of pure love; to forswear marriage, and make of it a mock and an impossibility. And whose handiwork is this unnatural order of society? Was it established by the fortunate and joyous—by the wealthy and untrammelled, at liberty to range the world if they liked, and marry where they chose, but preferring gaiety to happiness, and lawless liberty to virtuous love? No, indeed! not by these! Show me one such man, and I will show you a rare perversion of common feeling—a man who under any circumstances would have been cold and eccentric. It is not to those able to marry where they will, that the class of London gay men owe their system of mocking opinions. But it is to the companions of fortunate men—gifted like them, in all but fortune, and holding their caste by the tenure of forsworn ties—abiding in the Paradise of aristocracy, with pure love for the forbidden fruit! Are such men insensible to love? Has this forbidden joy—this one thing hallowed in a bad world; has it no temptation for the gay man? Is his better nature quite dead within him? Is he never ill and sad where gaiety cannot reach him? Does he envy the rich young lord, (his friend,) everything but his blushing and pure bride? Is he poet or wit, or the mirror of taste and elegance, yet incapable of discerning the qualities of a true love; the celestial refinement of a maiden passion, lawful and fearless, devoted because spotless, and enduring because made up half of prayer and gratitude to her maker? Does he not know distinctions of feeling, as he knows character in a play? Does he not discriminate between purity and guilt in love, as he does in his nice judgment of honour and taste? Is he gaily dead to the deepest and most elevated cravings of nature—love, passionate, single-hearted, and holy? Trust me, there is a bitterness whose depths we can only fathom by refinement! To move among creatures embellished and elevated to the last point of human attainment, lovely and unallied, and know yourself (as to all but gazing on and appreciating them) a pariah and an outcast! to breathe their air, and be the companion and ap-



parent equal of those for whose bliss they are created, and to whom they are offered for choice, with the profusion of flowers in a garden—the chooser and possessor of the brightest your inferior in all else—to live thus; to suffer thus, and still smile and call it choice and your own way to happiness—this is mockery indeed! He who now stood in the death-room of Blanch Beaufin, had felt it in its bitterest intensity!

“Mr. Clay! Ernest!” said the now pale creature, breaking the silence with a strong effort, for he had dropped on his knee at her side in ungovernable emotion, and, as yet, had but articulated her name; “Ernest! I have but little time for anything—least of all for disguise or ceremony. I am assured that I am dying. I am convinced,” she added firmly, taking up the watch that lay beside her, “that I have been told the truth, and that when this hour-hand comes round again, I shall be dead. I will conceal nothing. They have given me cordials that will support me one hour, and for that hour—and for eternity—I wish—if I may be so blest—if God will permit—to be your wife!”

Lady Fanny Freer rose and came to her with rapid steps, and Clay sprang to his feet, and in a passion of tears exclaimed, “Oh God! can this be true?”

“Answer me quickly!” she continued, in a voice raised, but breaking through sobs, “an hour is short—oh how short, when it is the last—I cannot stay with you long, were you a thousand times mine—tell me, Ernest!—shall it be?—shall I be wedded ere I die?—wedded now?”

A passionate gesture to Lady Fanny was all the answer Clay could make, and in another moment the aged vicar was in the chamber, with her parents and the physician, to all of whom a few words explained a mystery which her bridal attire had already half unravelled.

Blanch spoke quickly—“Shall he proceed, Ernest?”

Her prayer-book was open on her knee, and Clay gave it to the vicar, who, with a quick sense of sympathy, and with but a glance at the weeping and silent parents, read without delay the hallowed ceremonial.

Clay’s countenance elevated and cleared as he proceeded, and Blanch, with her large suffused eyes fixed on his, listened with a smile, serene, but expressive of unspeakable rapture. Her beauty had never been so radiant, so angelic. In heaven, on her bridal night, beatified spirit as she was, she could not have been more beautiful!

One instant of embarrassment occurred, unobserved by the dying bride, but, with the thoughtfulness of womanly generosity, Lady Fanny had foreseen it, and drawing off her own wedding-ring, she passed it into Ernest’s hand, ere the interruption became apparent. Alas! the emaciated hand ungloved to receive it! That wasted finger pointed indeed to heaven! Till then, Clay had felt almost in a dream. But here was suffering—sickness—death! This told what the hectic brightness and the faultless features would fain deny; what the fragrant and still unwithering flowers upon her temples would seem to mock! But the hectic was already fading, and the flowers outlived the light in the dark eyes they shaded!

The vicar joined their hands with the solemn adjuration, “Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder;” and Clay rose from his knees, and pressing his first kiss upon her lips, strained her passionately to his heart.

“Mine in heaven!” she cried, giving way at last to her tears, as she closed her slight arms over his neck; “mine in heaven! Is it not so, mother! father! is he not mine now? There is no giving in marriage in heaven, but the ties, hallowed here, are not forgotten there! Tell me they are not! Speak to me, my husband! Press me to your heart, Ernest! Your wife—oh I thank God!”

The physician sprang forward and laid his hand upon her pulse. She fell back upon her pillows, and with a smile upon her lips, and the tears still wet upon her long and drooping lashes, lay dead.

Lady Fanny took the mother by the arm, and with a gesture to the father and the physician to follow, they retired and left the bridegroom alone.

Life is full of sudden transitions; and the next event in that of Ernest Clay, was a duel with Sir Harry Freer—if the Morning Post was to be believed—“occasioned by the indiscretion of Lady Fanny, who in a giddy moment, it appears, had given to her admirer, Sir Harry’s opponent, her wedding-ring.”

N. P. W.

## SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MESSRS. GALES AND SEATON:

The up-town door-plates and bell-handles are shining once more, and open shutters, clean windows, and parted curtains, acknowledge, at last, the reluctant truth that the fashionables have returned from travel and are open to paste-board and personal call. The ice has been broken with a

“jam,” echoed by one musical *soirée*, and now—*voilà la galère* till the ice melts again! There is a talk that this is to be more an intellectual winter than the last—more recitations, more *tableaux vivants*, more *conversations*, more finding and producing of new lions in the lambkindom of poetry. There is also a murmur—a “shadow cast before”—of the “coming out” of a very extraordinary beauty, whose name and educational cocoon are wrapt in profound mystery. As the rumour started about a week since, and as “pretty moths” are but twenty days in their chrysalis, we may expect the emergence of her bright wings to light in about a fortnight. She is said to be moulded after the (supposed) lost type of the seven belles of Philadelphia, whose culmination occurred under the autocracy of Jackson—eyes furnished by Juno, mouth by Hebe, and teeth and feet by the smaller fairies. No corresponding Hyperion that I can hear of.

There is great fluttering and dismay among the Bowery girls and the less alert followers of the fashions. The remarkable splendour of the “spring goods,” and the really beautiful and becoming style of the new fabrics, left no doubt in most minds that these were to be “the mode.” The autumn pin-moneys of all the moderately-“established” ladies and their daughters “went the way of all” earnings accordingly, and Broadway grew as splendid as a tulip-bed, bright as the bazaar of Smyrna. The exclusives were at their invisible period meanwhile, but, from their carriages, they probably saw “what was worn.” Down dropped the mercury of the mode-ometer to extreme simplicity! The few ladies who appeared, crossing the pavement from their equipages to the shops, were dressed in quiet silks, costly and neat, and the nameless and the “unnamed,” at the same moment, seemed to flaunt by in the choicest and gayest of the new patterns. Studied simplicity, out of doors at least, is high fashion now, and those who cannot afford to convert their new purchases into chair-covers and bed-curtains are left stranded, as it were, on a petrified rainbow.

Ten thousand copies of the “Mysteries of Paris” have been poured into our caldron of morals by a single press in this city, and probably fifty thousand will be circulated altogether. It is a very exciting book, and at this moment making a great noise. The translators are busily at work on other saleables of French literature, and there will soon be little left unknown of the arcana of vice. Eugene Sue, the author of the “Mysteries of Paris,” is a *connoisseur* of pleasure, and when I saw him, ten years ago, was an elegant voluptuary of the first water. He was just then creeping through the crust of the Chaussée d’Antin into the more exclusive sphere of the Faubourg St. Germain—fat, good-looking, and thirty-two. He is, by this time, “sloped” from his meridian, and apparently turning his experiences into commodity. I observe that he borrows my name for a wicked Florida planter who misuses a lady of color—a reproach which I trust will not stick to “us.”

The publishers hang back from American fictions now-a-days, possibly finding the attention of the reading public occupied with the more highly-spiced productions of the class just alluded to, and it is impossible to induce them to give anything for—hardly, indeed, to look at—an indigenous manuscript. Accident threw into my hands, a few days ago, a novel which had lain for some time unread in a publisher’s drawer, and after reading a few chapters I became convinced that it was far above the average of modern English novels, and every way worthy of publication. It was entitled “The Domine’s Daughter,” by Adam Mundiver, Esq., and would have lain forgotten and unexamined till doomsday, but for a friendly Orpheus who made it his Eurydice



and went to Lethe after it. Such a book should surely represent money in a country where literature is acknowledged.

I very seldom can find it in my backbone to sit out a five-act play, but I saw Macready's "Richelieu," and I have seen Forrest's, throughout. Forrest began rather ineffectively, probably disturbed by the defence he was obliged to make against an aspersion, before the play commenced. He soon warmed into it, however, and, to my thinking, played the character far better than Macready. The details—the imitation of decrepitude—the posturing and walking the stage—were better done by Macready; but the passion of the play, the expression, the transference of actor to character, the illusion, the effect—these were all vastly better achieved by Forrest. A line drawn across the tops of Macready's "points" would leave Forrest below in all matters of detail, but it would only cut the base of the latter's pyramids of passion. Forrest runs sometimes into the melo-dramatic, seduced by the "way it takes," but he has fine genius, and if he played only to audiences of "good discretion," he would (or could) satisfy the most fastidious.

Wallack's friends, myself among the number, have been annoyed at the many *contretemps* which have conspired to make his latter engagement at the Park so unsatisfactory. In genteel comedy, of which he is the master-player now on the stage, he was unable to do anything, from the lack of materials in that stock-company for a cast; and, indeed, he played always at the disadvantage of the one free horse in a slow team. Mr. and Mrs. Brougham (both first-rate players of high comedy, and the latter a very beautiful and effective woman, into the bargain) might have been engaged at the Park for the winter with great ease, and then we might have seen (what is the most agreeable kind of theatricals) comedies well cast and played. I hope there will be some combination among the actors to give us a "go," with a wheel with more than one spoke in it, and then we might have Wallack as he should be—a dramatic gem in proper setting.

General Bertrand is winning admiration on all sides, and his visit to this country will grow into an ovation after all.

The weather is so fine that it is probably a direct plagiarism from the upper sky—a composition of balm and light quite celestial.

I am not sure that I shall be able to make out a letter this morning, or, if I do, it will be in spite of an accompaniment of military music. My friend Gen. Morris has his battalions in arms for review, and my pen "marks time," as if its forked nib were under the General's orders—and as, perhaps, it should be, coming from a very military bird, whose father's feathers have seen service under him.)

*Apropos* of procession, by the way, I have had a moderate laugh at the effect of a typographical blunder in Dr. Julius's German edition of his travels in this country. The Doctor is giving an account of an abolition procession in Cincinnati, and he records in English the inscriptions on the banners. One, he says, had the reproachful and pathetic sentiment: "*Although our skins are black our souls are white.*" For "skins" read skins.

The Sultan of the Comoro Islands has addressed a letter to a gentleman in Wall-street, a translation of which by a very accomplished and self-taught linguist (Mr. Cotheal) may be amusing to your readers. The Comoro Isles, as you know, lie in the Indian Ocean, off the north end of Madagascar, and are inhabited by a very friendly race of Mahometan Arabs. The king resides in Johanna, the largest of the Islands, and (in London slang) he is a slap-up old trader, getting ivory and gold dust from Madagascar, and swapping these and his cows, pigs, and poultry for

Lowell factory-stuffs or any other freight of American vessels. He writes a very worshipful letter:

"To the American city of New-York: For the beloved Sheikh Aaron H. Palmer, No. 49 Wall-street. May Allah be his guide! Amen! Badooh!

By the grace of the Most High:

To the dearest, the most glorious, the most generous Sheikh Aaron H. Palmer, the honoured, the exalted, the magnificent, the contented. May Allah, the Most High, be his guide! Amen!

Now, after offering thee honour and protection from the Henzoonee city (Johanna) and its inhabitants, this is what I tell thee. Thy noble letter arrived and we read it. Thy friend understood its contents. May Allah reward thee well! Thou sayest in thy letter that thou desirest selling and buying in our land, and that thou wishest friendship with us. Thou art welcome. We thank thee, and accept thy offer. Thou didst tell us that we should advise thee of any thing that we should need from thee. Again we thank thee, and inform thee that thou mayest send to us a person on thy part that shall dwell in the Henzoonee country. In order that thy business may be complete, a shop of the merchants, and every thing that there is in the country, shall be made ready, on our part, if it please God. Whatever shall be wanted in these regions shall be paid for on delivery.

I and all my Henzoonee tribes request that thou unite us with the American tribes in friendship and good fellowship, like as we are united with the English, and we will serve you all as we serve them. Now, we have conceived here a great desire for the American tribes. Tell them to send us their letters, or a man-of-war ship\* on their part, and we will bind ourselves by a binding treaty. Now, the thing we need and want from thee are sealed letters of advice for our assurance; and in order that thou mayest know that this letter is from us, we stamp it with our seal. We request that thou send us all kinds of linen goods and cottons, both white, and brown, and fine stripes, and all kinds of woollen clothes; and ten bedsteads and sixty chairs; all kinds of glass; lamps, large and small, and some for placing on the table; and fine silk handkerchiefs. This is what we tell thee. Now salutation and prosperity be with thee for ever!

Dated the 10th of the month of Dool Heggeh, 1252, (corresponding to about the 16th of March, 1837.)

From thy friend the Sooltan the sublime, son of the Sooltan, Abd-Allah the sublime, Shirazy."

As a long lesson in civilization, I have advised my friend Palmer, "the magnificent, the contented," to send out to his friend, the Sultan of the Comoros, a youth accomplished in compounding the following drinks, (copied from the bill of fare of a new restaurant in Boston):

"Plain mint julap, fancy do., mixed do., peach do., orange do., pine-apple do., claret do., capped do., strawberry do., arrack do., racehorse do. Sherry cobler, rochelle do., arrack do., peach do., claret do., Tip and Ty, fiscal agent, veto, I. O. U., Tippe Na Pecco, moral suasion, vox populi, ne plus ultra, Shambro, pig and whistle, citronella jam, egg-nog, Sargent, silver-top, poor man's punch, arrack punch, iced punch, spiced punch, epicure's punch, milk punch, peach punch, Jewett's fancy, deacon, exchange, stone-wall, Virginia fancy, Knickerbocker, smasher, floater, sifter, soda punch, soda, mead, mulled wines of all descriptions."

After this array of compounds, I think the vexed question of the ingredients of Fallstaff's sack must sink into insignificance. I understand that a shop is opened in the Strand, London, for the sale of these potations—one instance at least of a vice of civilization going eastward. We must wear it for our feather—since our drinks are the only feature of our country for which Dickens gives us unqualified praise.

Albert Pike, the "hymner of the Gods" and lawyer in Arkansas, has recovered his health, and left our hotel this morning on his route westward. He would be an honour to our poetical literature if the law did not "stand betwixt the wind and his nobility."

\* It is refreshing to know that there is an island where "letters" and a "man-of-war ship" are convertible equivalents.

The "Life Preserving Coffin," lately exhibited at the fair of the Institute, it is so constructed as to fly open with the least stir of the occupant, and made as comfortable within as if intended for a temporary lodging. The proprietor recommends (which, indeed, it would be useless without,) a corresponding facility of exit from the vault, and arrangements for privacy, light and fresh air—in short, all that would be agreeable to the *verecund* on first waking. Not being, myself, a person wholly incapable of changing my mind, I felt, for the first time in my life, some little alarm as to the frequency of trance or suspended animation, and, seeing a coffin-shop near Niblo's, I ventured to call on the proprietor (Mr. D——, a most respectable undertaker) and make a few inquiries. Mr. D. buries from one to three persons a day, averaging from six to eight hundred annually. He has never been called upon to inter the same gentleman twice, in a professional practice of many years. He has seen a great number of coffins re-opened and never a sign of the person's having moved, except by sliding in bringing down stairs. I mentioned to him an instance that came to my own knowledge, of a young lady, who was found turned upon her face—disinterred the day after her burial to be shown to a relative. But, even this, he thought, was the result of rude handling of the coffin. Mr. D. seemed incredulous as to any modern instance of burial alive. He had spent much time and money, however, in experiments to keep people dead. He thought that in an exhausted receiver, made of an iron cylinder to resist the pressure of the air, the body could be kept unchanged for fifty years, and that, immersed in spirits and enclosed in lead, the face would be recognizable after twenty years. (The process seems both undesirable and contradictory, by the way—for the posthumous drowning of a man makes his death sure, and he is *kept in spirits to prevent his vegetating*—as he would naturally after decay.)

Incidentally, Mr. D. informed me that a respectable funeral in New-York costs from two hundred to eight hundred dollars, being rather more expensively done in New-York and Boston than in any other city except New Orleans, (where they say a man may *afford to live* who cannot *afford to die*.) In Philadelphia they make the coffin with a sloping roof, which, he remarked, is inconvenient for packing in vaults, though it seems accommodated to the one epitaph of the Romans—*sit illi terra levis*. They line their coffins more expensively in Philadelphia than elsewhere—with satin or velvet instead of flannel—and bury the dead in silk stockings and white gloves. We have not yet arrived at the ceremony of hired mourners, as in England, nor of plumes to the hearse and horses.

Notwithstanding the incredulity of my friend the undertaker, however, asphyxia, or a suspension of life, with all the appearance of death, is certified to in many instances, and carefully provided for in some countries. In Frankfort, Germany, the dead man is laid in a well-aired room and his hand fastened for three days to a bell-pull. The Romans cut off one of the fingers before burning the corpse or otherwise bestowing it out of sight. The Egyptians made sure by embalming, and other nations by frequent washing and anointing. Medical books say we should wait at least three days in winter and two in summer, before interring the dead. It has been suggested that there should be a public officer who should carefully examine the body and give a certificate, without which the burial should be illegal.

The embellishment of burial grounds is one of the most beautiful and commendable features of our time and country. There always seemed to me far too much horror connected with the common idea of death and burial. The Moravians

make flower-gardens of their graveyards, and inscribe upon the stone at the head of the buried man the "day he came hither and the day he went home"—his birth-day and time of death. This is clothing with the proper aspect an event which is only an unlinking of a chain, no part of which can decay—the spirit to return to its fountain and the body to be re-produced in other forms of life—and it is a curious thing that most Christians represent Death as a frightful skeleton, while the Greeks, who had no happiness in their hereafter, painted him as a sleeping child or a beautiful youth. Death in the East was formerly attributed to the attachment of a particular deity, who took his favourite to a better world; to the love of Aurora, if the death happened in the morning; of Selene, if it happened at night; of the water-nymphs, if drowned; of Jupiter, if killed by lightning. The caverns where the martyrs were laid were called "chambers of repose." And this, surely, is the better impression to give of death to those whose minds are forming. Query—whether a society for the purpose of embellishing cemeteries and brightening all the common surroundings of death and burial would not be worthy the attention of some philanthropic enthusiast? The solemnities connected with a future life need not make the gate to it always so dreadful; and, for one, I should be content to put the separation of soul and body on a level with the unlinking of a friendship or a change of opinion—erecting a cenotaph for either of the three changes, as the Pythagoreans did to the memory of those who left their sect. But this is more an essay than an epistle.

A beautiful printed copy of a "*Translation of Ten Cantos of Dante's Inferno*" has been sent me. The translator is Mr. Parsons, of Boston. It is done with a great deal of scholarship and labour, and an uncommon facility of language—all of which, expended on an original poem, might, with his talent, have produced something as good as his translation, though not as good as Dante's *Inferno*. It strikes me that any transfer of a work of genius from one language to another—professing more than a simple rendering of the meaning and yet giving a deteriorated copy—is a loss of time and an injury to the original author. Mr. Parsons has done his translation in double rhyme, depriving Dante of the beauty of the *terza rima*, and at the same time weakening the literalness of the translation by the fetters of rhyme, and this seems to me ill-advised. There is no medium, I think, between a translation of absolute fidelity and a refusion and recasting of the subject-matter by a genius almost equal to the original author; and, after the comparative failure of Byron at this, Mr. Parsons might hesitate. I hope he will try something of his own.

Mrs. Ellis's "*Housekeeping Made Easy*" has been Americanized (adapted to the habits of our people, that is to say) by a very distinguished lady of New-York, and it is *the* COOKERY-BOOK—they say, who know. Burgess & Stringer are selling it by thousands. Like every thing else, almost, our cookery is a compound of French and English practice, taking (as intended by this lady in her book) the excellencies of both.

Crawford's Statue of Orpheus is being treated with due honour in Boston—Boston all-praiseworthy for its warmth in fostering the arts! The Athenæum was found to have no room which could show this fine work to advantage, and the committee are now putting up a separate building for its exhibition.

Mr. Gould's new work, "*The Sleep-Rider in the Omnibus*," is very amusingly written, and is making a stir.

The city is depleting somewhat—strangers departing daily south and west in large troops. Broadway loses a considerable attraction thereby.

## HERE-AND-THERE-ITIES.

Thanks to the increase of our readers, we are now enabled to withdraw our contributions from the magazines, and shall hereafter write for no monthly or weekly except the *NEW MIRROR*. We have sent our last tale to our liberal friends, Graham and Godey, and have of course a spacious pasture to add to the freehold of the homestead. We have had some praise for our magazine-writing, and we are therefore emboldened to think that the mention of our transfer of this particular talent to the use of the *NEW MIRROR* only may commend it more to your liking.

A gentleman in New-Jersey has sent us some "Lines on the death of a young lady," and they express very natural feelings; but with neither novelty or force enough to entitle them to print. He should be aware, that while grief is new, the most commonplace expression of it seems forcible to the sufferer. The ear to which

"The pine boughs sing  
Old songs with new gladness"

has the gladness in itself, as the wounded heart has in its wound the eloquence of an old monotone of grief. If he is disposed to soothe his sorrow by an exercise of the imagination, however, he should brood upon such pictures as Shelley draws in the *Witch of Atlas*:

"For, on the night that they were buried, she  
Restored the embalmer's ruin, and shook  
The light out of the funeral lamps to be  
A mimic day within that deathly nook.  
And there the body lay, age after age,  
Mute, breathing, beating, warm and undecaying,  
Like one asleep in a green hermitage,  
With gentle dreams upon its eyelids playing."

"T." a Virginian, has one good touch in his "Reminiscence,"

"That fascinating, lustrous eye  
Which lighted up a shady spot,"

that is to say, if he meant to express the beauty of a bright eye set in a dusky eyelid—a thing we exceedingly admire. But the remainder is of a quality inferior to what he sent us before, and we "put on the break" rather than let him go down hill.

"A friend" wishes us to "do our part" toward putting down the abuses and perversions of criticism. La! man! you can't reform the age! Besides, criticism has killed itself by overdoing the matter. Who judges of a book by a criticism upon it! The best way is to *keep* overdoing it—to knock down the bull *the way he is going*, not to keep him on his legs by ineffectual opposition. Nobody is hurt by criticism now—nobody mended. And what Utopia could make it better? Coleridge was over-sensitive on the subject, though he laments the degradation of authors very eloquently. "In times of old," he says, "books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next become venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and, as their numbers increased, they sunk still lower to that of entertaining companions; and, at present, they seem degraded into culprits, to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected judge who chooses to write from humour or interest, enmity or arrogance."

That our leaf

"By some o'er hasty angel was misplaced  
In Fate's eternal volume"

we have long known and often lamented. There was a good horse-jockey spoiled, in the making a poet of us, and we took to the swing of an axe like a tadpole to swimming. But we were not aware that we were appreciated. Some man, who sees through our poetic visor, writes thus to the "Ohio Statesman."

"The Rev. Mr. Maffit is in town exhorting sinners to repentance. N. P. Willis has taken up his quarters at the Astor-house for the winter, I suppose. I think Willis would do better in the backwoods than at the Astor, for he is a stout, able-bodied man, and could maul his hundred rails a day like a knife. I have no notion of these overgrown, lazy fellows laying around the flash hotels, idling away their precious time."

First correcting this gentleman's facts and cacology—(as we do not "*lay*" either eggs or wagers, and are not "*overgrown*," being six feet high to a hair)—we entirely agree with him as to our original destination. We *are* a crack chopster, and for several winters have fulfilled our destiny with delight—chopping an avenue through some woods that we thought belonged to us, (which avenue we finished, for somebody else, before we discovered our mistake,) and never so happy as when up to the knees in snow and letting it into the hickories with a woodman's emphasis and discretion! No steam-boiler ever rejoiced in its escape-valve, no hawser in the captain's "let go!" as we have done in swinging our *heart* round and banging it into a tree—for the axe was but a vicar and a vent! "Woodman, spare that tree!" was the bitterest *veto* ever laid upon our pleasures.

But we didn't make money at it. We *saved* almost three shillings a day,—(as to a "penny saved" being "equal to a penny got," we scorn the improbability!)—and the principal profit was the willingness it gave us to sit still in our chair and scribble. No! we loved our axe with a passion. We feared that it might somehow turn out to be a sinful indulgence, it was so tempting and pleasurable—but alas! we make more with a quill—

("would half our wealth  
Might buy this for a lie!")

and while that is the case, the "correspondent of the Ohio Statesman" must pity, not blame, our exile from the woods to the Astor. Set us up—give us a clean deed of Glenmary and its woods, a horse and saddle and our old axe—and never boy watched the darkening of his beard with the delight with which we shall see thicken again the vanished calluses in our palm! Fie on a life with neither resistance nor antagonism—with close air, pent lunge, arms aching and muscles manacled and numb! Horses to break and trees to chop down are Paradise to it—we chance to know—but our axe is rusty and our quill is busy. *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas*.

"M. G. L." of Trenton writes us a strong letter, urging the republication in the *Mirror*, of the "Letters from under a Bridge." He is at least the twentieth subscriber who has taken the trouble to write to us with the same request. But we cannot do it. We *will* do another thing, however—publish them (with the additional letters, since written) in an *Extra* of the *New Mirror*. The American edition is out of print, and the superb quarto edition, published in London (and embellished with steel engravings at an expense of several thousand dollars) is no longer to be found. We cannot publish an edition that would pay us, in the present state of the copyright law, but we can, perhaps, clear our expenses and supply our readers, by means of an *Extra*. If possible we will procure, for its embellishment, the exquisite view of Glenmary which forms the vignette to the London edition.

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*Why don't she come?*

Engraved for the New Mirror





*Why don't he come?*

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NUMBER 8.

## WHY DON'T HE COME?

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

"Why don't he come?  
Why don't he come?  
In Roalyn's rocky glen  
I sit my lane,  
In waefu' mane,  
And look, and look again.  
  
"The day is fair,  
And calm the air,  
The flower blooms on the lee;  
All, all is gay,  
While I am wae,  
Nae sunshine beams on me!  
  
"But why thus fear?  
He'll soon be here!  
Though poor my Lindsay be,  
His heart is great  
As my estate,  
Truth lights his manly e'e!  
  
"Were he a lord,  
Wi' casque and sword,  
And owned yon ancient tower,  
Aye mony a knight  
And lady bright  
Would envy me this hour!"  
  
Nay, lady fair,  
Few, few would dare  
To win thee and thy land;  
For, lack-a-day,  
Thy lover gay  
Dies by thy father's hand!  
  
Now, sad and meek,  
Fond lovers seek,  
His grave by yon hill-side;  
And pitying tell  
What there befell  
Young Lindsay and his bride.

J. G. C.

## THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the French of S. H. Berthoud.*

TOWARDS the end of the month of November, 1813, an old man was walking slowly along the quay of St Michel, apparently directing his steps towards the poor and populous quarter, which then, far more than at present, was found in the gloomy vicinity of Notre Dame. His figure was a little bent as he walked, leaning on an ivory-headed cane; a broad-brimmed hat covered his head. Although night was approaching, it was easy to distinguish his mild, venerable countenance, and the profound expression of dejection blended in it. The movement of the crowd, the salutary effect of the walk, and the beauty of the evening, at intervals seemed to afford him some consolation; then his gloomy sadness would return, and his features again assumed their former bitterness. He then struggled against the fixed, the fatal thoughts which harassed him; he raised his head; he looked round him; he tried to give his attention to what was passing before his eyes; but nothing could remove the misery he suffered, and he soon fell back into despondency.

Notwithstanding his age, for he numbered not less than sixty-five years, the old man soon reached the Place Notre Dame, entered successively several houses, went into the garrets of three or four poor lodgings, visited families where there was the sick, and consoled, with kind and gentle words, all who were afflicted. To the suffering he gave the prospect of a speedy cure; to those who attended them, encouragement, and praises for their perseverance and good

care; and rarely did he depart without leaving, on the mantel-piece, the money to purchase the medicine he had prescribed, or to buy bread for the day.

When he had ended these works of charity, when he had no longer gratuitous consultations to give, nor alms to distribute, he prepared to return to his home; and, being weary, was going to call a carriage, when he heard a voice, as if ashamed, soliciting alms, in a low tone. He turned and saw a young man.

"Why do you not work?" said he. "I am not rich enough to help those who can help themselves."

The beggar made no reply, but, quickly turning, hurried to the Greve; and there, after a short hesitation or prayer, was going to fling himself into the Seine, when he felt himself arrested by the arm—it was the old man. He comprehended the fatal resolution of the unfortunate, and ran as fast as his aged limbs would permit him, to prevent the rash man from committing suicide.

"Pardon me a moment's harshness and forgetfulness," said he, presenting a five franc piece to the young man.

The latter gently repulsed the crown.

"I may as well die to-day as to-morrow," he replied.

"This charity, which in a moment of weakness, I solicited, would only serve to prolong my agony."

He tried to go away, but fell, weak and overcome, on the Greve.

"Give, Monsieur," said he, extending his hand, "give! The malady which is preying upon me will kill me in a few days. Thanks to your alms, I can appear before God without his reading the reprobate word, suicide, written on my forehead! Give, that I may die without crime, and without remorse."

The old man took his hand and placed his finger upon the artery of his wrist. He felt his pulse beat with the violence of a burning fever; and, by the rapid light of a passing carriage, he saw his countenance change, and take the impression of those fatal characters that indicate grave maladies. He further discovered, from the habiliments and manners of the unfortunate, that he did not belong to the labouring class.

"Your situation demands the aid of a physician," said he.

"Trust to me, Monsieur, and I will give it."

"Death, rather than the hospital," replied the sick man.

"It is not my intention to take you there, but to carry you among honest people, who are devoted to me, and who would treat you like a son. Come, do not despair, but give me your arm. Old as I am, I can easily support you."

He gave his arm to the young man, who permitted himself to be conducted to a neighbouring house, and led up to the third floor, into a small apartment occupied by honest artisans.

"Madame Jeanne," said the physician, addressing a woman about forty, "you have often expressed the wish of being of some service to me, in gratitude for the assistance I have given you. Now is the time to do it. My young friend is ill. Take him as a boarder until he gets well. Here is a purse, in which you will find wherewith to make the acquisition of the indispensable articles to lodge your new guest."

"We would give up our own bed sooner than lodge badly any one brought here by you," interrupted the artisan; and

both set about preparing a couch for the young man, who could hardly support himself. The doctor aided the artisan and his wife to undress him, after which he bled him, wrote prescriptions, and departed, promising to return early the next day.

The next morning the condition of the poor young man was worse; the fever assumed an alarming character; delirium had seized him, and he was uttering a thousand extravagant things in a foreign tongue, which the doctor recognized as German. He called his mother to his aid; he mingled, with complaints and despair, his national songs, and promised his betrothed he would soon marry her. Never had illness produced a more complete disorder of ideas.

For eight days and nights the two faithful persons, to whom the doctor had confided the stranger, watched at his pillow. The old physician visited him many times every day, and, at length, so much care and devotion received their reward. The delirium was removed, the fever lost its serious aspect, and light aliments were permitted to be given the convalescent.

That day was a day of great rejoicing in the humble lodgings of the artisan, for Antoine, as well as his wife, had taken a parental affection for him, who owed his life to their affectionate care and attentions.

The first words of the convalescent were to thank them for their kindness, and to ask the name of the charitable old man, to whom he owed his life. To his great surprise, they replied they knew not his name. He was attending one of their neighbours, and when this neighbour learned that Jeanne was sick, he begged him to cure her, and the old man had undertaken and happily effected it. One day, as the savant was leaving their dwelling, into which he had carried health and happiness, Antoine slipped two or three pieces of gold, wrapped up in a bit of paper, into his hand. One ought to have seen the severe look the doctor immediately gave him.

"Do you think," said he, "that I practise my art for the price of a month of your toil? You have already lost too much time in taking care of your wife!"

He went off as if the artisan had offended him, and it was only eight days after when he returned with the sick man.

This recital, which the good folks gave him with affectionate simplicity, accompanying every sentence with a graceful eulogy on the old man, sensibly touched the heart of the young German, and added to his gratitude to his benefactor. When he came in at evening he took his hand, and raised it respectfully to his lips.

"I owe my life to you!" said he. "I owe it to you, for having saved me from crime!"

"A crime! yes, my child; for it is always a great fault to try by suicide to escape from the trials that God imposes; or even from the injustice which we receive from society in exchange for the service we have rendered. God holds us accountable for the first; as to the second, we must avenge ourselves by contempt, or, what is better, by pardon."

The old man sighed at these words, with so much sadness that it was easy to understand how bitter was the application of the words to himself.

"What!" demanded the young man; "you, so noble, so generous, so learned, have you to complain of men and of society?"

"Leave the wound, which the hand even of a friend may not touch," interrupted the old man. "Come, let us speak of your projects, now that you are fully convalescent. What do you wish to do, and how can I be useful to you?"

"I should tell you the whole history of my life, even if it had secrets, but it is only simple and ordinary. I was born

at Vienna; my father was a physician, and gained more reputation than fortune in its practice. He died poor, about four years since, leaving my mother no other resources than the very moderate income of a small house, his only patrimony, and the hope of obtaining an inheritance in litigation at Paris. I studied with Soemmering, famous for his great scientific studies. Nothing would have been wanting to my wishes, had I only a small practice, to live by the product of my labour, and to marry my cousin Mina, whom I loved. But young physicians have little chance of getting either patients or fortune. After a year of useless endeavours, of vain attempts and disappointed hopes, my mother advised me to come to Paris, to try to recover the inheritance, the only chance of rendering my marriage possible. I obeyed. I left Vienna. I came to Paris. I looked into the affair. My rights were incontestable; but it was necessary to advocate them, and I had not funds sufficient to carry on the suit. Furthermore, I was in a strange country; I knew nobody in Paris, and was recommended by no one. To these difficulties others, more adverse, still succeeded. War was declared against France by Germany, so that it was impossible for me to return to my country; and, fortunate would I be if my obscurity would save me from being arrested and made a prisoner of war! I lived for some time by giving lessons in German to some students, but sickness came on and deprived me of this last resource. Vanquished, broken, almost crazy—you know the rest. I begged, Monsieur, and had it not been for you I would have died—died by suicide! My God!"

"The name of your father is known to me, notwithstanding the ignorance in France of the great labours of foreigners. I know that medicine and natural history owe important discoveries to him."

"My father more particularly directed his studies to the nervous system. It is owing to him that the works undertaken by Mojou, Castel, Cabanis, Petit, and Doctor Sue, were verified and completed."

"And what was the result of these works?"

"That, of all punishments invented by men, there is none more painful than beheading," replied the young German.

The doctor arose, as if to master the agitation he felt, then fell back on his chair and attempted to speak; but his lips only murmured some unintelligible words.

"Yes, sir," continued the convalescent, "my father had the courage to prove all the experience of the physicians I have just named. To penetrate into the secrets of nature, he went to the scaffold to examine the heads as they came from the axe of the executioner; and thus was convinced, that after decollation, the intellect remains unimpaired, with all its power in the brain, and without losing any of its perceptions. He has seen the heads of criminals, after they were separated from the trunk, shut their eyes when exposed to the light. After raising the eyelids, he has assured himself that these heads were sensible to the action of stimulants; that the tongue, drawn out and being pricked with a needle, was rapidly withdrawn, and the features took an expression of pain. He proved also that the organ of hearing retains its faculty. Twice I saw, when with him, the heads of two prisoners, decapitated, turn their eyes to the side where they were called!"

The old man concealed his face with both hands; he was weeping.

"My recital makes you shudder. My father pursued these terrible investigations only to refute the French physician, who invented that cruel instrument of punishment; that instrument to which, by a just chastisement, his name remains, and will still remain attached—Guillotin!"

The old man arose majestically.

"Young man," said he, mildly but with authority, "leave calumny to the vulgar, and do not accuse an honest man on account of popular and false rumours. Guillotin, the Guillotin, whom you scorn and your father hated; Guillotin, whose name is repeated only with disgust; Guillotin, whose name will remain, as you have said, eternally affixed to an instrument of punishment, does not merit this contempt, nor this shame, nor this ignominy. Listen attentively, for what I am going to tell you should be heard and believed, for once at least, by a pure and loyal heart.

"When the national assembly were occupied in reforming the ancient penal system, they proclaimed, as the principal basis of this labour, equality of punishment for all classes of people, personality of crimes, whose shame should no longer fall upon the family of the criminal; in a word, the abolition of torture and unnecessary torment. Guillotin, this Guillotin, who is the object of execration even in your Germany, for six years pursued the same studies which your father did, and, whether erroneous or true, arrived at the totally opposite conviction, and substituted beheading for the different punishments in use until then, the wheel, the rope, and the stake. The nervous movements that feebly agitate the corpse are mechanical, and do not proceed from consciousness. Firm in this conviction, he offered his proposition, which was unanimously received; nothing remained for him but to complete his work, his philosophical work, for it was designed to render the last moments of the victims of the law less painful. He then proposed, as the surest and least excruciating, the employment of a machine, known in Italy by the name of *manica*, described by Father Labat, and invented centuries ago, as is attested by an old picture of the Byzantine school. Such is the crime of Guillotin! This is the reason why execution has followed him. If his whole life was known—his life, he can say it with a just pride, is without blemish or reproach; his life is pure before God and before men! But, alas! he is known only to be scorned and calumniated!

"Since you have heard the justification of his misfortune, since you no longer detest him—is it not so, you do not detest him, Monsieur?—you must hear his whole life, so that you can defend him, justify him, and at least one voice may for once be raised in his favour! Born at Saintes, he entered at first, in the capacity of Jesuit, the Irish college at Bordeaux; but a life, consecrated to such pitiful teaching, soon wearied him with its confinement and limited room for exertion. He, therefore, abandoned the cassock, and came to Paris to pursue the passionate inclination he felt for the medical science, or rather (I speak here as I would speak before God; I will not conceal good or evil) that which caused him really to devote himself to the study of surgery, was the desire he felt to relieve and console poor sufferers, and render himself useful to mankind. Conscientious and important labours attracted attention towards him, and, in the exercise of his honourable profession, he obtained success and renown, until the moment when the French revolution broke out. The physician of the regiment wished to become an intelligent physician, and take part in the grand movement, which he hoped would emancipate the nation. He, therefore, wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled, '*Petition of the inhabitants of Paris and the six regiments.*' The pamphlet demanded that the representation of the *tiers-état*, at the assembly of the states-general, should at least equal that of the two privileged orders, taken together.

The pamphlet greatly excited public attention; parliament was alarmed, and called to the bar the bold citizen who had

dared to write it. He did not retract any of his principles, and came off acquitted by the grand body of the state, and almost with its approbation. And then, Monsieur, the crowd awaited him at the tribunal, an immense crowd, who clapped their hands; a crowd, who carried him home in triumph; a crowd, who repeated his name with transports of enthusiasm and gratitude; his name, since become so fatal! the name which I dare not pronounce myself! the name which my lips refuse to stammer!

"The author of this pamphlet retained his popularity and the favour of the public for a long time. He was then nominated by the *tiers-état* of Paris as one of the electors, who were to appoint the members of the states-general. He assisted also in drawing up the *declaration of the rights of man*; and, afterwards, received the honourable appointment to write a work on the reform of the board of health in Paris, to organize the medical schools, of surgery, and pharmacy. It was then he conceived the fatal thoughts of reform in criminal jurisprudence.

"For recompense he was thrown into prison, and in prison his companions in misfortune shunned him with disgust, or loaded him with sarcasms. He awaited death with resignation, almost with joy, when the ninth thermidor, and the revolution that followed, restored him to liberty. He then wished to leave France and find an asylum in America, where he could live unknown, and escape from the anathema which the most absurd prejudice had heaped on his head. He was ordered, in the name of the country, to remain in France, and consecrate the remainder of his life to the service of the public. He did not hesitate to do so, and laid the foundation of the celebrated association known by the title of *Academy of Medicine*, which has already been of great service, and will in time be of far more benefit. He was offered places and honours, but he refused all notoriety, and chose to act as an obscure citizen, suffering, and unfortunate for having been benevolent. Since then he has introduced vaccination, and carried consolation from garret to garret; and, if he is unhappy on account of the painful thought which predominates in his mind, at least he sometimes is of service, and dries up many tears. Now, my friend, do you still accuse Guillotin?"

"He is an angel!" cried Jeanne.

"If I ever hear any one speak ill—" said her husband, rolling up his shirt-sleeves and baring his nervous arms.

"I shall devote my life in his defence, and in combating the criminal prejudice," added the young German.

"There is nothing can destroy this prejudice," interrupted the old man, with grief. "The injustice has lasted to this day, and will be perpetuated from year to year, from age to age! My name is immortal! But alas! my God, what immortality! No matter!" added he, after a moment's silence and meditation; "no matter! I shall find justice in heaven, where I shall be soon! There yet remains but little bitterness for my lips in the sad cup in which they have long been steeped."

His presentiment did not deceive him; the young Soemmering, on his return to Vienna the following year, thanks to the protection and assistance of the old man, learned that on the twenty-sixth of May, 1814, Doctor Joseph Ignace Guillotin died at Paris, aged seventy-six years. x. r.

#### THE MAN OF STRAW.

As this is the era of "facts and particulars," wherein every species of ingenuity is catered up for the gratification of the palate of those who are hungering and thirsting after matters of importance, and, having a fond desire to season the dish with a taste of that variety, which some wag as-

sure us is "the spice of life," we have little hesitation in declaring, that it is with no small degree of pride and satisfaction that we introduce to the society of every "court-teous reader" our highly-respected fellow-citizen in black, Cæsar Darkus Johnson; which, by way of brevity, and, perhaps, with a little of that feeling associated with a "touch above the vulgar," he subscribes "C. Darkus Johnson," to say nothing of the additional intimation of "dealer in straw," &c.

It is very certain that our "man of straw" is a black man, a term which is more properly soothed into a "man of colour;" and, it is reasonable to suppose, that those who are not advocates for universal amalgamation may be induced to turn up their noses at this new acquaintance; nevertheless, our venerable Cæsar was never found guilty of defrauding an insurance company, or robbing the patrimony of the widow and the orphan; and, as he bought straw at cash prices and paid the money for it, we can safely recommend him as a more suitable companion than many a fashionable white man we wot of.

Presuming that these preliminaries will be satisfactory, even to the most fastidious, we shall endeavour to proceed, with that caution the magnitude of the subject demands, in placing before the world a biography of the man whom the "people delight to honour."

Tradition, we regret to say, has failed to furnish us with the circumstances attending the earlier history of C. Darkus Johnson; but it is presumed that he is the legitimate descendant of that dingy yet numerous and illustrious family of the Johnsons, whose ancestors were pre-eminently distinguished as a hardy and industrious race of whitewashers, carpet-shakers, and wood-sawyers.

In fact, so little attention was given to matters of pedigree, that the genealogical tree once planted in this family of the Johnsons has long since dried up and withered.

It is, perhaps, sufficient for our present purpose to say, that Cæsar commenced his education under the fostering care of the far-renowned Adam Minsey, M. C., (which, being interpreted, reads, man of colour,) of whom we need only remark that, after many years of ceaseless reflection, finally succeeded in inventing, and subsequently of introducing, the patent mode of sweeping chimneys, by wires and other fixings, to the total annihilation of blankets, black boys and scrapers. It was in this school that Cæsar attained the noble art of ascending a chimney, in the least possible time; and so accomplished had he become in this branch of science, that he not only secured the confidence and obtained the partiality of his tutor, but naturally excited the envy of his Ethiopian associates.

Often as they might trudge along the by-ways of our city, before sunrise, would the attention of travellers be arrested by the sonorous and musical voice of our hero, as he passed them, enveloped in his sooty blanket, or while exercising his lungs at the summit of some respectable gentleman's chimney-top.

But circumstances too frequently diversify the affairs of men, and Cæsar was necessarily compelled to yield to the vicissitudes which subsequently beset him. From that elevated position, which his occupation had so frequently summoned him, he was obliged to grovel amidst the filth of more mundane matters; we are, therefore, grieved to say, that the introduction of the invention of the late Adam Minsey, M. C. &c. &c., gradually monopolized the traffic of dispersing soot under the old process, and temporarily put a period to the success of our illustrious Cæsar.

Adversity too frequently conceals its victim from human compassion; and destitute and unfriended Cæsar, in his mo-

ments of depression, might have been justified in proceeding to extremes, either by immolating himself in some apothecary's ingredient, or of discharging a carbine into the more vulnerable part of his corporeal system. But far more laudable aims had arrested the purpose of our ebony associate; ambition fixed his eye and soothed and warmed his heart, and his conscience, happily, rose above the fascinations of laudanum, or the smell of gunpowder.

Yes, "there was one other moving cause, dark to Plato, dark to Xenophon, and dark to Plutarch, which we shall here claim the merit of disclosing."

About this period the light of genius had so far dawned upon the mind of Cæsar, that he lost no time in becoming a convert to the shining qualities of Day & Martin's beet, which the newspapers significantly assure us is "equal to any and second to none."

Levying contributions among the more liberal of those by whom he had been the means of seeing better days, which, together with the munificent offerings of his former patron, Adam Minsey, M. C. &c. &c., he soon found himself the lawful possessor of some few odd shillings, *lawful money*, &c. &c., whereby he was enabled to furnish himself with a liberal outfit, consisting of all useful and labour-saving materials for opening an establishment, and for polishing leather.

The basement, or rather the cellar, of the premises in Chatham-street, opposite the old jail, was the spot destined for a display of Cæsar's qualifications at the blacking-brush; and where might have been seen a sign, evidently of domestic manufacture, intimating that "shews, And Boots are Polished hear;" and, we need scarcely add, (especially of a Sunday morning,) that this was long the chosen resort of clerks and pawnbrokers, then and there abiding in that delightful vicinity.

The question might be started, and perhaps with a great deal of propriety, why Cæsar did not place his name on his signboard; and, although we cannot flatter ourself that we have a plausible solution to offer, yet, as Cæsar had had occasion to make himself acquainted with the nature of those documents commencing with, "To the People of the State of New-York," &c. &c., and residing so near a certain building which had not yet fallen a sacrifice to the Stilwell act, he might fairly, and without reproach, have regarded modesty and caution as proper subjects of prudence and discretion.

How long Cæsar continued to shine in this popular vocation is to this date uncertain, and we are grieved when we confess that we have thus far been compelled to dwell, more or less, upon vague conjecture, in placing before the community this impartial history.

But, "dear reader," we come now to our own knowledge of Cæsar's biography, the first impressions of which convey us back, some twenty years or more ago, to those halcyon days when we and our fellow-loafers (alas, that veracity compels us to the humiliating confession!) used to meet, barefooted, at the "tea-water pump," near St. John's Park, for the laudable and useful purpose of thrusting a fist or two in the mouth-piece of the pump aforesaid, to cause the water to run over the top. Yes, it was in that happy neighbourhood that we first remember joining in the chorus with our associate loafers in mimicking the old straw-man, who, as he trudged along with his venerable nag, (perhaps once the favoured roadster of some renowned oyster-dealer,) hitched with oakum before a shackley go-cart, the rocking evolution of whose wheels showed that it was long since they had firmly revolved in their own proper axis.

Nothing daunted by our juvenile impertinence, Cæsar

continued to make the air vocal with the sonorous sounds of "yaw haw—yaw haw"—which (from early education, perhaps,) was made to assimilate so nearly to "sweep, ho," that it was with difficulty strangers could detect the difference. Whatever may have been the impressions conveyed upon the minds of others, we assume the responsibility of assuring the world that Cæsar intended to convince the "generous public" that he had straw for sale; thereby intending that all those who were afflicted or distressed, for the want of straw as aforesaid, could have an opportunity of purchasing either at the "lowest market value," or at such "rates as might suit the purchaser."

Straw, about those days, was a commodity mostly in demand, and fluctuated, more or less, as fires might occur in the region of Corlaer's Hook, or the purlieus of Bancker-street; although it was a supposition with many, and the authorities before us certainly entitle the supposition to great respect, that the straw market was influenced, to a more or less extent, on or about the first day of May, as the same might annually appear; when certain tidy housekeepers were presumed to throw the contents of mattresses, &c., to say nothing of straw, before some unsuspecting man's door; the consequences of which, at least, afforded my loafer-like associates a chance at a first-rate bonfire; or, one of those hasty attempts at corporeal exercise, which is usually attendant upon hunting fleas.

But those scenes have changed, those glorious days have passed by, and new scenes and new associations present themselves in the busy panorama before us, yet that "longing, lingering" feeling, which induces us to look behind the curtain, prompts us to turn, with sickened disgust, from the putrid combination which it presents, to seek anew those early pleasures and child-like attachments over which the black mantle of time is gradually descending.

And although magnetism, Millerism, and Mormonism, and a host of other *isms*, may serve to afford pity and disgust, or even to add a scene of merriment to the melo-drama of this dull existence; and, although politicians may quarrel and churchmen continue to fight; and, although every original movement may be resorted to, to add pleasure to variety, enthusiasm to taste, and even enchantment to reality, give us the old times yet.

Give us the times when Johnny MacAlpin, with that powerful auxiliary, the rattan, infused into the youthful mind the varied combinations of A B C, to the total ignorance of the steam process patented by Lancaster; and when the old school-bell used to jingle in Collister's-lane, as it arrested the attention of the passer-by, to one of Plum's best signs of "academy," with the further necessary hint, that

"Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Give us the times when Monsieur Bancel "showed how fields were won," and when his *pige* (i. e. his pupils) might occasionally be observed with straws in their mouths, as a forerunner of an approaching storm; when the old milestone, still standing this side of Houston-street, bore truth on its face, of "one mile to New-York;" when Frog-town was the seat of government; when the "third regiment" and the "iron grays" paraded in Hudson-street. Give us the times when the smallest school-going lad made himself familiar with the vocal attainments of our friend and fellow-citizen, C. Darkus Johnson, when weathercocks were scarce, and when "straws showed which way the wind blew."

Unlike many of our more fickle and restless neighbours, Cæsar still continues to glory in the straw traffic. In fact, stability is one of his numerous virtues. We recognized him and his familiar voice during one of those roasting days in

September last; and, although it was full twenty years since we had the honour of appreciating a movement in the straw market, yet here he came in all his original splendours, opening upon our vision an indistinct colouring of many of those pleasing reminiscences which once added their importance to the shadows of this life's dream,

"Long time ago."

It is true, he came not (down Dey-street) enriched with the gilded trappings of luxury, nor with the thunders of ecstasy which add to the fame of the warrior; but, consistently with the tenor of his whole career, he came with meekness, with reverence, and straw-man-like submission. The outward man was partly changed; the long, curly locks of black wool, which once had scattered themselves in various directions around and about the pericranium of the sable veteran, had dispersed before the wintry touch of time, and had given place to that snowy peak, whose altitude is attained only through the devious pilgrimage of threescore and ten.

He had also exchanged his Bucephalus for some other animal "hard on the bit;" but, as Cæsar was never accused of any amateur propensities in the trotting line, we are unable to say to what extent he may have been jockeyed.

Yet the shackle old go-cart, (the *dearest* idol, by-the-way, that Cæsar ever knew,) the dingy white hat, and the thrice-venerated camblet cloak and its red velvet collar, appeared to be unaltered and the same, unless we may be permitted to take exceptions to the aforesaid hat, which, although not much the worse for wear, by means of certain dents and bruises had, nevertheless, been often subjected to certain repairs in the vicinity of the crown.

But we must leave our hero encircled, as it were, in the halo of his own glory, viz. with a bundle of straw on one side and a bundle of straw on the other, consigning him, in all charity, to the tender mercies of the public, trusting that if ever they should see the day when it may be necessary to ascertain the true direction of the wind, that they will not fail to supply themselves with a lot of Cæsar's patent weathercocks.

E. C. W.

JULES JANIN, the most brilliant newspaper writer in France, has written two numbers of an Annual, called "The American in Paris"—and makes believe that he translates from the MS. of an American. This is one chapter of it, translated into English:

My first visit was naturally due to that charming and beautiful Madame de R—, whose hospitality had been so unreserved and complete. It was the same benevolent lady who constantly said to me last winter, "But you work too hard; you push your observations and your study too far; if, as it is said, *Paris was not built in a day*, it will be impossible to understand Paris in less than a century; be calm then, do not attempt what you cannot perform, but profit simply by what passes before your eyes." Thus she spoke, with the most affable smile and the kindest look. All that I know of Parisian conversation, I have learned at the house of this amiable woman; for, in her saloon, sheltered from literary and political disputes, the most friendly and the most delightful chatting has taken refuge. Alas! since my departure, this lady, so beloved by her friends, has been ill. She had been seized with fever, without being able to tell whence came this invisible shudder; but the Parisian is so delicate a being. Wavering health, languishing beauty, large eyes full of fire, but the fire of which suddenly disappears and is effaced, beautiful pale cheeks, a soft, melancholy smile. Let lightning flash through the heavens, let a little wind howl in the air, let a dog bark at night, let a door be noisily shut, and our Parisian is immediately trembling, enervated, incapable of exertion. A mere nothing is sufficient to make her pass from joy to grief, from laughter to tears. A knitting of the brow, a pin badly placed, an unpleasant look or gesture; no one knows what has caused it,

nor, indeed, do they themselves, unhappy creatures. At any rate, Madame de R—— had suffered much; not so much, however, but that she had found strength enough to dress herself, time to make herself beautiful, and to give her drawing-room an air of *fête*. Oh these women, the honour of elegance! I know not how they die; but assuredly, they cannot do like the rest of their fellow-creatures. With their last sigh, they must think it is necessary to be lovely, even in death. More than one, I imagine, ponders beforehand, the embroidery of her winding-sheet. Poor creatures, distressed and yet courageous, devoted to their beauty, as Cato was devoted to virtue. For the rest, there is a French line which expresses exactly what I wish to say:

"Elle tombe, et tombant, range ses vêtements."

The Parisian ladies have another good quality, which is, that nothing astonishes them. Madame de R—— had bade me farewell, as if she were never to see me again. She had even had the kindness to present to me a cheek already feverish; she thought me far distant by this time, and yet—"It is you!" said she, giving me her hand, just as if we had only parted the evening before. "I had a presentiment that you were not really gone; you were attracted to Paris by too great a curiosity and admiration; and, besides, what is there to hasten you? You return to us; you are quite right." "You see," replied I, "that when once a person enters Paris, it is impossible to quit it." Thereupon the conversation became general. There was present an old gentleman of title, of elegant life, of clear lively thoughts, a friend of General Lafayette's, a brother in arms of Washington, who, both for his intelligence and want of other occupation, played an important part in the first revolution. The conversation naturally turned upon the last century, which this nobleman loudly regretted, as one always regrets the happy moments and the extravagancies of youth; then he began to speak of all the men of former days, and all the women also; of the Duke de Richelieu and M. de Voltaire, of the painter Greuze and of Sophia Arnould, of whom Greuze made so beautiful a portrait. According to this good gentleman, this famous Sophia Arnould,—to whom the eighteenth century lent all its bon mots, for the very good reason that people lend only to the rich,—was not the shameless woman that she is represented to us in all the memoirs. He then attempted to defend the character of Madame Dubarry, by showing that she was not the *origin* of all the vice of the age. The poets of the last century were discussed. They spoke also,—but of what did they not speak? of the private life of King Louis XV., of the great and little Trianon, of the prisoners in the chateau de Pignerole and the chateau de Vincennes. M. de Richelieu was not forgotten in these histories, of which he was the central point, as a lover, as a soldier, and as a nobleman. The whole evening passed in this friendly and intimate chatting, of which France alone, amongst all polite nations, has still preserved the secret. After which, as it was near midnight, a very late hour for our invalid: "Come," said Madame de R——, "it is time for all to retire; we must separate. And you, my lord," added she, looking at the old gentleman, "ask pardon of these ladies for you and for myself, for our having involuntarily carried them back to this history, which is too far from the history of our own times. Alas!" But again, I repeat, that nothing can equal Parisian *causerie* in grace, vivacity and wit. Sparkling and animated, its arrows are pointed, its very good nature is satirical. No one is better acquainted with the anecdotes and the ideas, the passions and the poets, the poems and the tales which agitate the world, than the Parisian gentleman, and with yet more emphasis may it be said, that no one knows them better than the Parisian lady. In this respect, Europe is like a vast saloon, all the members of which seem to be acquainted, from the fact of their living in the midst of the same elegancies. London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Naples, Florence, those noble cities of intelligence and mind, are occupied, almost at the same day and the same hour, with the same poems, the same books, nay more, with the same dress and the same gauze cap. He who writes the history of a drawing-room in St. Petersburg, writes, very nearly, the history of a drawing-room in Paris; and, therefore, in spite of the reality of my emotions, I am not without uneasiness for the book which I write amidst Parisian flowers and shade, so well do I remember that every where there are the same pleasures, the same mind, and the same spring.

THE private history of Madame Georges Sand, the popular French novelist, presents one of the most remarkable instances in modern times of *genius gone mad*. The daguerreotype portrait which follows is from the pen of a contributor to the English magazines, who uses the signature of the "Devil upon two sticks." It will be read with interest by the novel-loving Americans.

GEORGES SAND, the subject of the present sketch, has excited a greater share of universal interest than perhaps any other writer of the present day. The extraordinary vicissitudes of her career, the dauntless audacity with which she has placed at defiance the rules and habits of society, to accept a private code of morality of her own, naturally render her an object of keen and curious interest. Whatever may be the errors of her private life, or the dangerous moral tendency of her works, as a mere writer she decidedly stands alone, unparalleled, and far above every other of the present day. Chateaubriand is, perhaps, the only one who approaches in some degree to the exquisite purity of her style.

No writers, however, since the days of Rousseau and his "Heloise," have done so much harm as Georges Sand, or have tended more to demoralize society at large. She has made of her works a means by which to give vent to the outpourings of her soul. Totally without either principle or religion, her whole object seems to be to cast a stigma upon every feeling we are taught to value—upon every institution we hold sacred. Like most French women, she was married at an early age, and without her own feelings or judgment being consulted in the slightest degree. In nine cases out of ten, this system of legal prostitution produces the most unfortunate results, and in none more so than in the present. Madame Du Devant was endowed by nature with depth of feeling, a generous heart, a mind of the very highest order, and an unequalled vivacity of imagination; and had she been united to a man capable of appreciating such a nature as hers, she would, doubtless, have become something very far superior to what she now is. Unfortunately, her husband was in every way unfitted to guide her through the thorny path of life, and her first errors may be wholly attributed to him. Her own fiery and ungovernable character, the great disparity in their ages, and the natural antipathy which they mutually imbibed for each other, contributed to produce endless dissension, which was wound up by a legal separation.

When she first began to write she was smarting under the effects of an unfortunate marriage, and, mistaking the effects for the cause, she vented all the bitter acrimony of her feelings against the institution itself. *Leila* and *Jacques* seem written with the sole and express purpose of proving that the present state of society is just what it ought not to be—that the laws of God and man are bad—and that Georges Sand hath a code, both of religion and morality, which ought to supersede the existing ones. A mighty convenient system this, which consists in making rules according to individual position and private feeling, and then expecting the world at large to adopt them. Georges Sand reminds one, in this instance, of the fable of the fox who had lost his tail, and who wanted all the other foxes to follow the fashion which had been imposed upon him by necessity. Georges Sand first runs away from her husband, changes her lovers just as often as she does her gloves, and finally sits down to prove that lovers are better than husbands, and concubinage superior to marriage. Such opinions, avowed in all the naked crudity of ordinary language, would excite disgust and ridicule, and that would be all; but breathed forth with all the artful sophistry for which this woman is so celebrated, they are frightfully pernicious in their effects. It is an unquestionable fact that the writings of Georges Sand have paved the way to many a crime, and produced an unusual degree of occupation for the gentlemen of the long robe.

The author personifies herself, more or less, in all her works, and in none more so than in the two which first created her reputation—*Jacques* and *Leila*. The former is full of the feelings and sentiments predominating in her own mind shortly after her separation. In one passage she says, "Marriage is an absurd institution imposed upon us by society, but which engages us in no way. No living being can be made responsible for the feelings of his or her heart, or be regarded as weak, by yielding to its impulse." In

this sentence Georges Sand's object is clearly to open to other women the false path she herself had taken. To this purpose she exerts all the immense power of her wonderful mind, and with the greater chance of success from the singular charm of her writing. All her false ideas and her sophistical reasonings are vanished over by the most exquisite language, and possess an irresistible fascination, which produces the greatest moral evil.

Although she embodies her own thoughts, more or less, in all the characters she depicts, Jacques, more than any other of her works, may be regarded as the touchstone of her own character. The hero is a soldier, who, at thirty-six years of age, has exhausted every feeling, every sentiment, and every passion but that of love. Worn out in mind and body, he seeks to obtain the affection of a young, artless, and innocent girl, Fernande, whom he expects to revive in him all those feelings which he has squandered heedlessly away. Notwithstanding his general skepticism, he has, however, a bosom friend, Silvia, who manages to bring about a marriage between him and Fernande. Silvia is the personification of another shade of the author's character, beheld in the most favourable point of view. It is Georges Sand in boots and breeches, with their *obligato* accompaniments of a cigar. Silvia is represented as a creature so utterly unfeminine, that, were it not for the consciousness that she is more a type of the author than an ideal character, she would have no claim whatever upon the interest of the reader. The youthful Fernande, having no feeling in common with her husband, soon transfers the affection she owes to him upon Octave, who, like herself, is young and full of illusions. Jacques, in order to act up to the author's anti-matrimonial ideas, looks upon his wife's infidelity as a matter of course, and makes up his mind to commit suicide, in order to leave her a still greater degree of liberty. Nothing can be more false than the line of reasoning kept up throughout this work from beginning to end, nothing more dangerous than its effect on general readers.

The other works of this author have the same immoral tendency, the same charm of style, and the same force of imagination which are to be found in Jacques. We need scarcely enumerate them; no novels of the present day have excited more general and lasting interest than *Indiana*, *Andre*, *Mauprat*, or *Spiridon*; and these comprise but a fraction of the library for which France—and indeed all Europe, for her works have been translated into our own and every continental language—are indebted to Georges Sand. In *Eelie*, she perhaps dwells more upon the history of her private life, and of her individual feelings, than in the others. Many passages in it are most strikingly illustrative of herself, and bring, in the most forcible manner, before the reader the passionate, wild, and roving disposition, which has made her so remarkable. She says, "I feel within me the most ardent wish to be able to adore and worship my lover; I would fain make a god of him, and I find nothing but a man." This sentiment recalls to my mind that, some years back, a very clever man said to her, that he could not comprehend the fickleness of her disposition, manifested by the almost daily change of her adorers. The reply was characteristic of herself; it was—"Hitherto I have never yet met with a being I could love, and I take my lovers upon trial, in the hitherto vain hope of meeting with one worthy of my regard." This systematic trial has been very literally put into practice, without either discrimination or choice. *Tout le monde a passe par la*, high and low, rich and poor, bright and dull, and all to no avail.

Nothing can exceed the extreme eccentricity of this woman's character. On her *début* in the world of letters, she adopted the name she now bears, and which is composed of the first syllable of that of her first adorer, *Jules Sandeau*. Not satisfied with assuming this masculine denomination, she adopted at the same time the dress of a man, and was often seen abroad in the garb of a dandy, smoking a cigar. Latterly, she has appeared in a more feminine costume. Her life is passed in the greatest retirement, and her society is exclusively composed of literary or scientific men. At the outset of her career, she published all her works in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*;" but a pecuniary squabble with the editor of that review made her seek other means of publication. During some time, she wrote in a paper edited by l'Abbé de Lamennais. Her articles were couched in the very highest strain of republican feeling, but, like all her writings, were full of energy.

As a novelist and a philosopher, she is deservedly criticised and dreaded; but as a narrator and an observer, she is peerless. Her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, addressed to her private friends, and published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," are superiour to any recent publication in the French language. If at times they contain some of the blemishes of her mere works of imagination, they are likewise teeming with beauties of the highest order. Strong and vigorous thoughts lay before the reader what the mind of Georges Sand was before the false vanity of forming a new order of things had induced her to taint her pen and her imagination by the turpitudes she has poured out upon the world. She now edits, conjointly with Pierre Leroux, the *Revue Indépendante*. There is in her latter publications a more subdued and reflective tone, which augurs well for the improvement of her mind, and which, if persevered in, will unquestionably raise her to the very highest pitch of literary celebrity. Hitherto, the injudicious employment of her great and undoubted genius, which none can contest, has inclined one to look upon it with the sorrowful regret with which we must ever regard—*Genius gone mad*.

Here is a bit of poetry, that would be poetry without the mask of antique spelling. It runs off the tongue and into the heart, smoothly and sweetly.

#### THE SCHOLAR TO HIS MISTRESS.

I give thee, maiden, Faith and Love,  
The richest gifts that be,  
I wis no golde could pile above  
My tenderness for thee.  
And yet it is not fram'd of teares,  
But I would fain be hurt'd,  
Amid the rushe of rendynge speares,  
To prove it to a worlde.

But since the shynynge of the sunne  
Of knightlinesse is o'er,  
And that which once a maiden wonne  
Can charme her heart no more;  
"I'll serve thee in the noblest waye"  
Inglorious man can finde,  
And struggle for a conq'rour's swaye  
Upon the felde of minde.

My lance shal be the clerkis quille,  
My starre shal still be Fame,  
And all the conquestes of my skille  
I'll twine arounde thy name.  
I'll goe where Truth and Errour meete,  
Where Glorie may be wonne,  
And stande a lighte for freindes to greet,  
A rocke for foes to shunne.

I cannot promise thee base golde,  
Nor robes that fade and rot,  
But that which ne'er was bought or solde—  
A name without a spotte.  
And though no provids ones thronge thy gate,  
Nor meane ones courte thy views,  
Thou shalt have rev'rence from the greates,  
And honour from the trow.

As turne the children of the east,  
To greet the risynge sunne,  
As stirs the love in mother's breast  
Toward her onlie one,  
As stoops to kisse their parent solde  
The gratefulle flowre and tree,  
So shal my soule be turn'd to God,  
My hearte be trow to thee.

J. M. H.

#### TO LOUISE —,

##### ON HEARING HER COMPLAIN OF DEAFNESS.

If the sounds that we hear were all of gladness,  
If the voices of earth were not sadness,  
Were professions all candid and vows all sincere,  
Oh! then, dear Louise, 'twould be sad not to hear.

Were the hope in our heart that we cherish  
Less frail than the flowers that perish,  
Had childhood no sorrow and manhood no tear,  
Oh! then, dear Louise, 'twould be sad not to hear.

Wouldst thou listen to music unceasing?  
To melody ever increasing?  
Be deaf to the world—to God give thine ear;  
Oh! then, dear Louise, 'twill be rapture to hear.

N.



*Bitterly beautiful. Written by the star however—not by the lily.*

#### THE LILY'S DELUSION.

A cold, calm star looked out of Heaven,  
And smiled upon a tranquil lake,  
Where, pure as angel's dream, at even,  
A lily lay but half awake.

The flower felt that fatal smile,  
And lowlier bowed her conscious head;  
"Why does he gaze on me the while?"  
The light, deluded lily said.

Poor, dreaming flower! too soon beguiled,  
She cast nor thought, nor look elsewhere,  
Else she had seen the star but smiled,  
To find himself reflected there.

F. S. O.

#### THE LAST HOURS OF RANDOLPH.

In the spring of 1833, it was very evident to Randolph's friends that his days were numbered. Indeed, he had himself given up nearly all hopes of recovery, and yet he still talked of another voyage to England; but when he reached Philadelphia his strength completely failed him, and he sent for the late Dr. Parish, a physician in whom he had implicit confidence, and who was also his personal friend.

The doctor, finding him grow weaker and weaker, and not wishing to have the whole responsibility of attending him himself, suggested the propriety of calling in another physician. To this Mr. Randolph objected, saying:

"In a multitude of counsellors there is not *always* wisdom, but *sometimes* confusion; and, sir, the patient may die whilst the doctors are looking at each other."

In the course of the morning, Dr. Parish requested Randolph to permit him to go away for an hour or two, to visit some of his other patients. Randolph objected, and turning to his faithful man John, he said:

"John, do not you let the doctor leave me. I cannot spare him."

After a short time he added: "Did you understand me, John?"

John replied, "Oh yes, master; I have locked the door and put the key in my pocket."

This prompt attention to his orders brought forth a smile of approbation, especially when Dr. Parish very good-humouredly and kindly seated himself at the bedside, and made no further effort to get away.

Sometime later in the day, Randolph turned towards the doctor and said:

"I wish you to remember, sir, that I confirm all that I have done in emancipating my slaves, for whom I have made provision."

Dr. Parish expressed his sincere gratification at hearing this declaration, but expressed a wish to call in some other witness, who might afterwards share with him the responsibility of making it public after his decease. Randolph then assured him that he had already mentioned it to others. The next day, however, in the presence of another gentleman, he again said:

"I confirm all that I have done respecting the freedom of my slaves, and making provision for them," adding emphatically, "and especially for this man!" laying his hand on the shoulder of his faithful John.

Finding himself growing weaker, and believing his end to be approaching, he called to John and desired him to bring his father's brooch or shirtpin, and place it in the bosom of his shirt, which was done, and evidently gave him pleasure. During the morning, he said to Dr. Parish:

"I am afraid, sir, you do not understand exactly about my slaves?"

The doctor replied, that he believed he understood him fully.

"No, sir," said Randolph, "you do not quite comprehend the case; for, according to our Virginia laws, you must not leave me until I die, or my declaration may lose its force, as you could not prove that I had not subsequently made a counter declaration."

Whilst the doctor was reading for Randolph, the word "impetus" occurred. Dr. Parish pronounced it "impetus," laying the accent on the second syllable. Randolph, weak and dying as he was, immediately interrupted him with—

"Wrong, doctor; 'impetus' if you please."

Shortly afterward, while reading a chapter in the bible, he read the word "omnipotent," accenting the third syllable. Randolph exclaimed:

"Wrong again, doctor; 'omnipotent,' is the word."

Randolph lay very quiet for some time, and then repeated the word "remorse!" with great emphasis. Turning to Dr. Parish, he added solemnly:

"Bring me a dictionary, doctor, *you* do not understand that word; *you* cannot comprehend its full meaning."

There was no dictionary in the room, and he then requested Dr. Parish to write it down on paper. No paper being at hand, the doctor asked him if he should write the word on one of his (Randolph's) old cards, which lay on the table, to which he replied:

"Nothing more proper, sir."

When this was done, Randolph looked at it, and after a pause desired his man John to draw a line ——— under the word. When this was finished, Dr. Parish not knowing what it meant, or what Randolph wished to be done with it, asked him if he should put the card in his pocket; to which he simply assented, without any further directions.

After Dr. Parish had finished reading the bible to him, he said:

"I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy, and have hope, sir."

Next day he gradually grew weaker and weaker, until death at length released him from his sufferings.

It is a pleasing reflection to his friends, that almost his last wishes were expressed on behalf of his slaves. And I may add here, that when we crossed the Atlantic together in 1822, he told me expressly that he was determined to free his slaves and provide for them after his death; and that he would have made them free during his lifetime, if he could be convinced that their real happiness would be increased by it; but he said he thought they were happier under his own paternal government whilst he lived.

Thus died John Randolph of Roanoke, and it may truly be said that Virginia lost, in him, one of her most faithful children and brightest ornaments. That he had his faults and his failings, his best friends must admit; but they who knew the nature of his physical sufferings, were ever willing to cast the mantle of charity over these weaknesses of poor human nature. No matter what difference of opinion there may be as to the erratic nature of his political course, there can be none as to his extraordinary talents. Friends and foes alike bear witness to the charms of his eloquence and the potency of his satire. In conversational powers he was surpassed by none, and rarely equalled by any of his distinguished cotemporaries. He had a memory of adamant, and a classical taste for the beauties of English literature. Quotations were always at his command, and almost invariably aptly applied. If such a thing were possible, I cannot imagine a greater delight than it would be to me to repeat our voyage of 1822. In the preceding numbers of the *New Mirror* I have endeavoured to recall some of our conversations, but they afford a very imperfect idea of the rich storehouse of his mind. Those who have heard his fascinating

eloquence in the Senate or in the parlour, can never forget him; and by them, perhaps alone, these anecdotes will be appreciated, for they alone can picture to themselves his peculiar manner and voice, such as they remember them.

I must confess my surprise, that ten years have been allowed to pass away since his death without any biography having appeared from the pen of some distinguished Virginian. There are yet living, among his intimate friends, several gentlemen who hold "the pen of a ready writer," and I wish their state pride would induce them to do full justice to his memory.

In these pages I have pretended to nothing more than to give a simple narrative of our adventures together in days gone by. I make no pretensions to authorship, nor am I either a "distinguished lawyer or scholar," as a kind correspondent has dubbed me, but a quiet matter-of-fact merchant, who at present takes all *risks* but those of literature. Wishing the "New Mirror" every possible success, I must make my bow for the present.

HIBERNICUS.

THE following letter (from Richard Willis, a younger brother of one of the editors, who is at present studying musical composition in Germany) was addressed to an intimate and honoured friend, and not intended for publication. It describes a vacation-trip to the mountains with a German friend, and gives a sketch of a man very celebrated in Germany, Rink the composer.

FRANKFORT, August 10th, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I received and read your most welcome and interesting letter of the fourth of July, in the romantic mountains of the "Odenwald;" and I must tell you by what means and how I came there. The last week in July, I composed my last exercise in harmony, a long and difficult choral-piece for seven voices. I had been, I think I may safely say, an industrious piper, and had squeezed my bag-pipe very perseveringly for the past twelve months. Just at the close of the finale, I received an invitation from a good-hearted friend of mine, and messmate at our family table, who is himself an "Odenwalder," to visit with him his relatives, in his native mountains. These mountains and the country around are celebrated throughout Germany as the garden of the land. I was very glad of this opportunity to visit them; they lie about a day's ride from Frankfort, behind Darmstadt. We shook hands with the charming old veteran, *Rink*, on our passage through Darmstadt, and in a few hours were deep in the mountains. Here I greeted, for the first time, the forest and the mountains of the "wild hunter," so celebrated in German song and story: who traces the shadow of coming events, in a flight upon his steed through the air with his pack of hounds, from his own castle, over a deep valley, to a neighbouring mountain-castle. The hills in the vicinity are well suited to the legend; very irregular, and thrown together in a very tumbled manner; and, resolute in my romance, I shut my eyes to matter-of-fact conviction, and forgot the circumstance that the fearful old hunter was born of the immense flocks of *birds*, in their passage over the valleys, and the roaring winds, in these deep and exposed forests; and the baying of his hounds were the shrieks of these wild migrators. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the drive. The divinest old castles, built as though to storm heaven, and strong, if not imperishable, still in their dotage; the greenest of green valleys, and sleeping meadows; the ever-shifting cloud-shadows on the mountains, and the old shepherds among them, leading their flocks to the "green pastures;" and then the graceful and ever-varying slopes of the proud old hills

of Odin; this, with the deeply-romantic tinge of every thought that suggested itself, dimmed my eyes and made me giddy with excess of happiness. But whither did these old scenes and these beautiful objects lead me? Over the hills and far away—but to Switzerland, or to Italy? Oh no—to *America*! I was still, in fancy, in sight of the mountains, *as* wild, and the meadows *as* beautiful, in my own fatherland, in my own beautiful native state, Western Massachusetts. Let me assure you, my best friend, that we, *as* Americans, live in a beautiful land. Beautiful, not in itself alone, but in comparison *as* well, with *other* lands. We should, and must be both of us, very contented. We have not, it is true, the imposing objects of mortal workmanship, and mortal passion—castles, and the ruins of castles; neither have we the mystical mantle of association and feudal romance; but what *God* has done for us is much, very much. *More*, in this *old* land, I have not yet found, and no longer expect to find. I have in my fancy too constantly and too vividly the outlines of a land, whose flowing arteries are *seas*, whose strong-marked features tower proudly up and look on the stars, whose voice talks to the world of freedom in her Niagara, and whose strong heart beats faithful time to the measure. He is no true American who, coming abroad, does not become still *more* an American. But I am reading you a very long sermon, on a subject upon which it is not possible for us to disagree. I always begin to be prosy when the *national* fit comes over me.

We came at last to *Erbach*, which is the heart of the Odenwald, and was our temporary home. This little place is the seat of a court, and the residence of the Count of Erbach; a very old, but very decayed family. The first Count of Erbach was secretary to Charlemagne, and ran away with his daughter, who fell in love with him. The family live in an old castle of a *thousand* years. *Conceive* of such an old pile of stones, my dear friend, for I cannot. Most of the castle is taken up with antiquities, collected by an ancestor of the family, who, by the way, was a bit of a thief, and stole a great many curiosities from other collections, particularly from the Pope's collection in Rome. The fact is well known, for the valuables were missed shortly after his presentation to his highness, and the gates of the city were closed to catch the thief, just after his successful exit from one of them. The principal apartment is the "Knight's Saloon," filled with colossal statues on horseback; all the armour, of course, being such as had known service some hundred or thousand years ago. The collection is really *most* remarkable and interesting; but, as the interest is confined naturally more to the sight than the description, I will not occupy your time with it. I was much more interested in a mountain ramble which I made, to visit the ruins of an old Roman fortress, eighteen hundred years old! I shudder, well-nigh, as I write it; and, the more so, because it is true. In the days of Christ, the Romans were in possession of Germany. Tacitus wrote their history here. Their principal post was *Mainz*, on the Rhine, (not far from Frankfort.) From this main post were sent always bands into the Odenwald, to occupy these high mountains; and, through their whole range, ran their line of defence. Every half a mile was a fortress, and between each fortress a watch-tower. Such a fortress was that which I visited; in ruins, of course, but the form was distinctly visible. A mist came before my eyes as I saw the very stones which the old Romans had hewn and piled, whose romantic history I had read in the classics. On the stones was the name of the legion which principally occupied this post, the twenty-second. It is well known this legion was in service at

the *siege of Jerusalem*, and was afterward sent to Germany and the Odenwald; a fact which is corroborated by the *Jewish coins* which have been found in the vicinity, no doubt brought over by the soldiers and lost here. We saw also a Roman grave, in a very tolerable state of preservation; connected formerly, no doubt, with the garrison, and near the grave, the mound where the bodies were burned. The ashes were placed in the urns, which stand in the grave.

My first and last thought always is, in visiting such interesting scenes—were you but with me here to enjoy them! I am impatient till you have seen them as well as I.

During our stay in Erbach, the annual Odenwald festival occurred, called the "Erbach market;" that is, an occasion when all classes in the Odenwald, high and low, come together to have a merry time—bearing some resemblance to a carnival. Near Erbach is the greenest, perhaps, of the green meadows of the Odenwald; and, on this occasion, it is encircled by a line of booths. A band of music is always at hand, and on Sunday after service commences the ceremonies. The common classes of poor peasants possess the ground for this day, and the others look on. Every lover seizes his sweetheart around the waist, and away they go over the meadow to the merriest measure of the fiddle. Waltz, gallopade, and a new kind of step, very much in vogue just now in Germany, called "Schottisch," or *Scotch* dance, succeed each other with lightning velocity. All is fun and frolic. To be sure, the girls look like crazy casks in their antics, (for there are no *waists* in Germany,) and show very thick ankles, and the boys like capering walruses; but, nevertheless, anybody can see that their *hearts* are dancing much lighter than their bodies. On the second day, Monday, the silk-stocking gentry possess the field. You may be sure I was on the ground. Unfortunately, however, it *rained*; but this is always anticipated in these mountainous regions, and we had merely to adjourn to a huge wooden booth, erected upon the edge of the meadow. The floor was none of the smoothest, and, on returning home late at night, I found my shoes in rather a dilapidated condition. Such waltzing as *German* waltzing can *never* be "conceived," and much worse "described." Let him who is accustomed to the American steps beware the first time he seizes a German "fraulein" by the waist, and trusts his feet to the measure of a German band. I want an epithet to describe the velocity of one's gyrations. Suffice it to say, that soul, thought and sensation are all centered necessarily in the feet, your only absorbing care being, that they come as seldom as possible to the ground. I shut my eyes, for I found them of no sort of use, and followed mechanically the circling draught of air created by the dancers, and my own indistinct impressions of a circumference. But it would require much paper to describe all I saw, and heard, and enjoyed in the Odenwald. The week I passed there was one of the highest physical and intellectual happiness. We left a few days after the "market," and came to Darmstadt. Here I had long promised a visit in the family of my kind and lovely landlady. I found she had come to Darmstadt to meet me, and hold me to my promise. I passed a week there, at the side of the distinguished old master, and faultless man. He is honoured and beloved by his countrymen and his king, to a degree which the highest order of merit, personally and intellectually, could alone have won for him. The royal family do him every honour; they visit him unattended, as a respected and a beloved friend; and, lately, his king sent him, upon his birthday, the order of knighthood. He is, nevertheless, modest and unaffected as a child. In person, he is strikingly handsome; the snowiest of silver

hair, and the most elevated features; he is, however, bodily, now very infirm, having been twice struck by apoplexy, induced by excessive labour. His hands, which have already worked out so much inspiration, and his limbs generally, are almost stiff and useless. While I was there, however, he allowed me to lead him to his old piano, and, with trembling fingers, he played me one of his own touching chorals. He shook his head melancholy when he had finished, that the chords flowed no more out with the accustomed promptitude; and, seating me at the piano, he selected chorals for me, and for some hours accompanied me with a trembling voice, as I played them for him. I gained much valuable information and instruction from him in the time that I was there; the gist of which was, that in music the *heart*, directed by a clear head, must do the work, in opposition to the new doctrines of the new school, that the *fingers* alone suffice for all musical purposes. But I am at the close of my sheet.

### THE POET AND THE MANDARIN;

BY N. F. W.

THE moon shone like glorified and floating dew on the bosom of the tranquil Pei-ho, and the heart of the young poet Le-pih was like a cup running over with wine. It was no abatement of his exulting fulness that he was as yet the sole possessor of the secret of his own genius. Conscious of exquisite susceptibility to beauty, fragrance and music, (the three graces of the Chinese,) he was more intent upon enjoying his gifts than upon the awakening of envy for their possession—the latter being the second leaf in the book of genius, and only turned over by the finger of satiety. Thoughtless of the acquisition of fame as the youthful poet may be, however, he is always ready to anticipate its fruits, and Le-pih committed but the poet's error, when, having the gem in his bosom which could buy the favour of the world, he took the favour for granted without producing the gem.

Kwonfootse had returned a conqueror, from the wars with the Hwong-kin, and this night, on which the moon shone so gloriously, was the hour of his triumph, for the Emperor Tang had condescended to honour with his presence, a gala given by the victorious general at his gardens on the Pei-ho. Softened by his exulting feelings (for though a brave soldier, he was as haughty as *Luykong* the thunder-god, or *Hwuyloo* the monarch of fire,) the warlike mandarin threw open his gardens on this joyful night, not only to those who wore in their caps the gold ball significant of patrician birth, but to all whose dress and mien warranted their appearance in the presence of the emperor.

Like the realms of the blest shone the gardens of Kwon-footse. Occupying the whole valley of the Pei-ho, at a spot where it curved like the twisted cavity of a shell, the sky seemed to shut in the grounds like the cover of a vase, and the stars seemed but the garden-lights overhead. From one edge of the vase to the other—from hill-top to hill-top—extended a broad avenue, a pagoda at either extremity glittering with gold and scarlet, the sides flaming with coloured lamps and flaunting with gay streamers of barbarian stuffs, and the moonlit river cutting it in the centre, the whole vista, at the first glance, resembling a girdle of precious stones with a fastening of opal. Off from this central division radiated in all directions alleys of camphor and cinnamon trees, lighted with amorous dimness, and leading away to bowers upon the hill-side, and from every quarter resounded music, and in every nook was seen feasting and merriment.

In disguise, the emperor and imperial family mingled in the crowd, and no one save the host and his daughters knew what part of the gardens was honoured with their presence. There was, however, a retreat in the grounds, sacred to the privileged few, and here, when fatigued or desirous of refreshment, the royal personages laid aside disguise and were surrounded with the deferential honours of the court. It was so contrived that the access was unobserved by the people, and there was, therefore, no feeling of exclusion to qualify the hilarity of the entertainment; Kwonfootse, with all his pride, looking carefully to his popularity. At the foot of each descent, upon the grassed banks of the river, floated

gilded boats with lamps burning in their prows, and gaily dressed boatmen offering conveyance across to all who required it; but there were also, unobserved by the crowd, boats unlighted and undecorated holding off from the shore, which, at a sign given by the initiated, silently approached a marble stair without the line of the blazing avenue, and taking their freight on board, swiftly pulled up the moonlit river, to a landing concealed by the shoulder of the hill. No path led from the gardens hither, and from no point of view could be overlooked the more brilliant scene of imperial revel.

It was verging toward midnight when the unknown poet, with brain floating in a celestial giddiness of delight, stood on the brink of the gleaming river. The boats plied to and fro with their freights of fair damsels and gaily-dressed youths, the many-coloured lamps throwing a rainbow profusion of tints on the water, and many a voice addressed him with merry invitation, for Le-pih's beauty, so famous now in history, was of no forbidding stateliness, and his motions, like his countenance, were as frankly joyous as the gambols of a young leopard. Not inclined to boisterous gaiety at the moment, Le-pih stepped between the lamp-bearing trees of the avenue, and folding his arms in his silk-vest, stood gazing in reverie on the dancing waters. After a few moments, one of the dark boats on which he had unconsciously fixed his gaze drew silently towards him, and as the cushioned stern was brought round to the bank, the boatman made a reverence to his knees and sat waiting the poet's pleasure.

Like all men born to good fortune, Le-pih was prompt to follow the first beckonings of adventure, and asking no questions, he quietly embarked, and with a quick dip of the oars the boat shot from the shore and took the descending current. Almost in the next instant she neared again to the curving and willow-fringed margin of the stream, and lights glimmered through the branches, and sweet, low music became audible, and by rapid degrees, a scene burst on his eye, which the first glimpse into the gate of Paradise (a subsequent agreeable surprise, let us presume) could scarcely have exceeded.

Without an exchange of a syllable between the boatman and his freight, the stern was set against a carpeted stair at the edge of the river, and Le-pih disembarked with a bound, and stood upon a spacious area lying in a lap of the hill, the entire surface carpeted smoothly with Persian stuffs, and dotted here and there with striped tents pitched with poles of silver. Garlands of flowers hung in festoons against the brilliant-coloured cloths, and in the centre of each tent stood a low tablet surrounded with couches and laden with meats and wine. The guests, for whom this portion of the entertainment was provided, were apparently assembled at a spot farther on, from which proceeded the delicious music heard by the poet in approaching; and, first entering one of the abandoned tents for a goblet of wine, Le-pih followed to the scene of attraction.

Under a canopy of gold cloth held by six bearers, stood the imperial chair upon a raised platform,—not occupied however, the august Tang reclining more at his ease, a little out of the circle, upon cushions canopied by the moonlight. Around upon the steps of the platform and near by, were grouped the noble ladies of the court and the royal princesses, (Tang living much in the female apartments and his daughters numbering several score,) and all, at the moment of Le-pih's joining the assemblage, turning to observe a damsel with a lute, to whose performance the low sweet music of the band had been a prelude. The first touch of the strings betrayed a trembling hand, and the poet's sympathies were stirred, though from her bent posture and her distant position he had not yet seen the features of the player. As the tremulous notes grew firmer, and the lute began to give out a flowing harmony, Le-pih approached, and at the same time, the listening groups of ladies began to whisper and move away, and of those who remained, none seemed to listen with pleasure except Kwonfootse and the emperor. The latter, indeed, rivalled the intruding bard in his interest, rolling over upon the cushions and resting on the other imperial elbow in close attention.

Gaining confidence evidently from the neglect of her auditory, or, as is natural to women, less afraid of the judgment of the other sex, who were her only listeners, the fair Taya, (the youngest daughter of Kwonfootse,) now joined her voice to her instrument, and sang with a sweetness that

dropped like a plummet to the soul of Le-pih. He fell to his knee upon a heap of cushions and leaned eagerly forward. As she became afterwards one of his most passionate themes, we are enabled to re-conjure the features that were presented to his admiring wonder. The envy of the princesses was sufficient proof that Taya was of rare beauty; she had that wonderful perfection of feature to which envy pays its bitterest tribute, which is apologized for if not found in the poet's ideal, which we thirst after in pictures and marble, of which loveliness and expression are but lesser degrees—fainter shadowings. She was adorably beautiful. The outer corners of her long almond-shaped eyes, the dipping crescent of her forehead, the pencil of her eyebrow and the indented corners of her mouth,—all these turned downward; and this peculiarity which, in faces of a less elevated character, indicates a temper morose and repulsive, in Taya's expressed the very soul of gentle and lofty melancholy. There was something infantine about her mouth, the teeth were so small and regular, and their dazzling whiteness, shining betwixt lips of the brilliant colour of a cherry freshly torn apart, was in startling contrast with the dark lustre of her eyes. Le-pih's poetry makes constant allusion to those small and snowy teeth, and the turned-down corners of the lips and eyes of his incomparable mistress.

Taya's song was a fragment of that celebrated Chinese romance from which Moore has borrowed so largely in his *Loves of the Angels*, and it chanced to be particularly appropriate to her deserted position, (she was alone now with her three listeners,) dwelling as it did upon the loneliness of a disguised Peri, wandering in exile upon earth. The lute fell from her hands when she ceased, and while the emperor applauded, and Kwonfootse looked on her with paternal pride, Le-pih modestly advanced to the fallen instrument, and with a low obeisance to the emperor and a hesitating apology to Taya, struck a prelude in the same air, and broke forth into an impulsive expression of his feelings in verse. It would be quite impossible to give a translation of this famous effusion with its oriental load of imagery, but in modifying it to the spirit of our language, (giving little more than its thread of thought,) the reader may see glimpses of the material from which the great Irish lyrist spun his woof of sweet fable. Fixing his keen eyes upon the bright lips just closed, Le-pih sang:

When first from heaven's immortal throngs  
The earth-doom'd angels downward came,  
And, mourning their enraptured songs,  
Walked sadly in our mortal frame;  
To those, whose lyres of loftier string  
Had taught the myriad lips of heaven,  
The song that they forever sing,  
A wondrous lyre, 'tis said, was given.  
"And go," the seraph-warrior said,  
As from the diamond gates they flew,  
"And wake the songs ye here have led  
In earthly numbers, pure and new!  
And yours shall be the hallowed power  
To win the lost to heaven again,  
And when earth's clouds shall darkest lower  
Your lyre shall breathe its holiest strain!  
Yet, chastened by this inward fire,  
Your lot shall be to walk alone,  
Save when, perchance, with echoing lyre,  
You touch a spirit like your own;  
And whatsoever the gulf your wear,  
To him, 'tis given to know you there."

The song over, Le-pih sat with his hands folded across the instrument and his eyes cast down, and Taya gazed on him with wondering looks, yet slow, and as if unconsciously, she took from her breast a rose, and with a half-stolen glance at her father, threw it upon the lute. But frowningly Kwonfootse rose from his seat and approached the poet.

"Who are you?" he demanded angrily, as the bard placed the rose reverently in his bosom.

"Le-pih!"

With another obeisance to the emperor, and a deeper one to the fair Taya, he turned, after this concise answer, upon his heel, lifting his cap to his head, which, to the rage of Kwonfootse, bore not even the gold ball of aristocracy.

"Bind him for the bastinado!" cried the infuriated mandarin to the bearers of the canopy.

The six soldiers dropped their poles to the ground, but the emperor's voice arrested them.

"He shall have no violence but from you, fair Taya," said the softened monarch; "call to him by the name he has just pronounced, for I would hear that lute again!"

"Le-pih! Le-pih!" cried instantly the musical voice of the fair girl.

The poet turned and listened, incredulous of his own ears.

"Le-pih! Le-pih!" she repeated, in a soft tone.

Half-hesitating, half-bounding, as if still scarce believing he had heard aright, Le-pih flew to her feet, and dropped to one knee upon the cushion before her, his breast heaving and his eyes flashing with eager wonder. Taya's courage was at an end, and she sat with her eyes upon the ground.

"Give him the lute, Kwonfootse!" said the emperor, swinging himself on the raised chair with an abandonment of the imperial *avoidsupois*, which set ringing violently the hundred bells suspended in the golden fringes.

"Let not the crow venture again into the nest of the eagle," muttered the mandarin between his teeth as he handed the instrument to the poet.

The sound of the bells brought in the women and courtiers from every quarter of the privileged area, and, precluding upon the strings to gather his scattered senses, while they were seating themselves around him, Le-pih at last fixed his gaze upon the lips of Taya, and commenced his song to an irregular harmony well adapted to extempore verse. We have tried in vain to put this celebrated song of compliment into English stanzas. It commenced with a description of Taya's beauty, and an enumeration of things she resembled, dwelling most upon the blue lily, which seems to have been Le-pih's favourite flower. The burthen of the conclusion, however, is the new value everything assumed in her presence. "Of the light in this garden," he says, "there is one beam worth all the glory of the moon, for it sleeps on the eye of Taya. Of the air about me there is one breath which my soul drinks like wine—it is from the lips of Taya. Taya looks on a flower, and that flower seems to me, with its pure eye, to gaze after her for ever. Taya's jacket of blue silk is my passion. If angels visit me in my dreams, let them be dressed like Taya. I love the broken spangle in her slipper better than the first star of evening. Bring me, till I die, inner leaves from the water-lily, since white and fragrant like them are the teeth of Taya. Call me, should I sleep, when rises the crescent moon, for the blue sky in its bend curves like the drooped eye of Taya," &c. &c.

"By the immortal Fo!" cried the emperor, raising himself bolt upright in his chair, as the poet ceased, "you shall be the bard of Tang! Those are my sentiments better expressed! The lute, in your hands, is my heart turned inside out! Lend me your gold chain, Kwonfootse, and, Taya! come hither and put it on his neck!"

Taya glided to the emperor, but Le-pih rose to his feet, with a slight flush on his forehead, and stood erect and motionless.

"Let it please your imperial majesty," he said, after a moment's pause, "to bestow upon me some gift less binding than a chain."

"Carbuncle of Budha! What would the youth have?" exclaimed Tang in astonishment. "Is not the gold chain of a mandarin good enough for his acceptance?"

"My poor song," replied Le-pih, modestly casting down his eyes, "is sufficiently repaid by your majesty's praises. The chain of the mandarin would gall the neck of the poet. Yet—if I might have a reward more valuable—"

"In Fo's name what is it?" said the embarrassed emperor.

Kwonfootse laid his hand on his scimitar, and his daughter blushed and trembled.

"The broken spangle on the slipper of Taya!" said Le-pih, turning half indifferently away.

Loud laughed the ladies of the court, and Kwonfootse walked from the bard with a look of contempt, but the emperor read more truly the proud and delicate spirit that dictated the reply; and in that moment probably commenced the friendship with which, to the end of his peaceful reign, Tang distinguished the most gifted poet of his time.

The lovely daughter of the mandarin was not behind the emperor in her interpretation of the character of Le-pih, and as she stepped forward to put the detached spangle into his hand, she bent on him a look full of earnest curiosity and admiration.

"What others give me," he murmured in a low voice, pressing the worthless trifle to his lips, "makes me their slave; but what Taya gives me is a link that draws her to my bosom."

Kwonfootse probably thought that Le-pih's audience had lasted long enough, for at this moment the sky seemed bursting into flame with a sudden tumult of fire-works, and in the confusion that immediately succeeded, the poet made his way unquestioned to the bank of the river, and was re-conveyed to the spot of his first embarkation, in the same silent manner with which he had approached the privileged area.

During the following month, Le-pih seemed much in request at the imperial palace, but, to the surprise of his friends, the keeping of "worshipful society" was not followed by any change in his merry manners, nor apparently by any improvement in his worldly condition. His mother still sold mats in the public market, and Le-pih still rode, every few days, to the marsh, for his panniers of rushes, and to all comers, among his old acquaintances, his lute and song were as ready and gratuitous as ever.

All this time, however, the fair Taya was consuming with a passionate melancholy which made startling ravages in her health, and the proud mandarin, whose affection for his children was equal to his pride, in vain shut his eyes to the cause, and eat up his heart with mortification. When the full moon came round again, reminding him of the scenes the last moon had shone upon, Kwonfootse seemed suddenly lightened of his care, and his superb gardens on the Pei-ho were suddenly alive with preparations for another festival. Kept in close confinement, poor Taya fed on her sorrow, indifferent to the rumours of marriage which could concern only her sisters; and the other demoiselles Kwonfootse tried in vain, with fluttering hearts, to pry into their father's secret. A marriage it certainly was to be, for the lanterns were painted of the colour of peach-blossoms—but whose marriage?

It was an intoxicating summer's morning, and the sun was busy calling the dew back to heaven, and the birds wild with entreating it to stay, (so Le-pih describes it), when down the narrow street in which the poet's mother piled her vocation, there came a gay procession of mounted servants with a led horse richly caparisoned, in the centre. The one who rode before held on his pommel a velvet cushion, and upon it lay the cap of a noble, with its gold ball shining in the sun. Out flew the neighbours as the clattering hoofs came on, and roused by the cries and the barking of dogs, forth came the mother of Le-pih, followed by the poet himself, but leading his horse by the bridle, for he had just thrown on his panniers, and was bound out of the city to cut his bundle of rushes. The poet gazed on the pageant with the amused curiosity of others, wondering what it could mean, abroad at so early an hour; but, holding back his sorry beast to let the prancing horsemen have all the room they required, he was startled by a reverential salute from the bearer of the velvet cushion, who, drawing up his followers in front of the poet's house, dismounted and requested to speak with him in private.

Tying his horse to the door-post, Le-pih led the way into the small room, where sat his mother braiding her mats to a cheerful song of her son's making, and here the messenger informed the bard, with much circumstance and ceremony, that in consequence of the pressing suit of Kwonfootse, the emperor had been pleased to grant to the gifted Le-pih, the rank expressed by the cap borne upon the velvet cushion, and that as a noble of the Celestial Empire, he was now a match for the incomparable Taya. Furthermore the condescending Kwonfootse had secretly arranged the ceremonial for the bridal, and Le-pih was commanded to mount the led horse and come up with his cap and gold ball to be made forthwith supremely happy.

An indefinable expression stole over the features of the poet as he took up the cap, and placing it on his head, stood gaily before his mother. The old dame looked at him a moment, and the tears started to her eyes. Instantly Le-pih plucked it off and flung it on the waste heap at her side, throwing himself on his knees before her in the same breath, and begging her forgiveness for his silly jest.

"Take back your bauble to Kwonfootse!" he said, rising proudly to his feet, "and tell him that the emperor, to whom I know how to excuse myself, can easily make a poet into a noble, but he cannot make a noble into a poet. The male bird does not borrow its brighter plumage from its mate, and she who marries Le-pih will braid rushes for his mother!"

Astonished, indeed, were the neighbours, who had learned the errand of the messenger from his attendants without,

to see the crest-fallen man come forth again with his cap and cushion. Astonished much more were they, ere the gay cavalcade were well out of sight, to see Le-pih appear with his merry countenance and plebeian cap, and, mounting his old horse, trot briskly away, sickle in hand, to the marshes. The day passed in wondering and gossip, interrupted by the entrance of one person to the house while the old dame was gone with her mats to the market, but she returned duly before sunset, and went in as usual to prepare supper for her son.

The last beams of day were on the tops of the pagodas when Le-pih returned, walking beside his heavy-laden beast, and singing a merry song. He threw off his rushes at the door and entered, but his song was abruptly checked, for a female sat on a low seat by his mother, stooping over a half-braided mat, and the next moment, the blushing Taya lifted up her brimming eyes and gazed at him with silent but pleading love.

Now, at last, the proud merriment and self-respecting confidence of Le-pih were overcome. His eyes grew flushed and his lips trembled without utterance. With both his hands pressed on his beating heart, he stood gazing on the lovely Taya.

"Ah!" cried the old dame, who sat with folded hands and smiling face, looking on at a scene she did not quite understand, though it gave her pleasure, "Ah! this is a wife for my boy, sent from heaven! No haughty mandarin's daughter she! no proud minx, to fall in love with the son and despise the mother! Let them keep their smart caps and gift-horses for those who can be bought at such prices! My son is a noble by the gift of his Maker—better than an emperor's gold ball! Come to your supper, Le-pih! Come, my sweet daughter!"

Taya placed her finger on her lip, and Le-pih agreed that the moment was not yet come to enlighten his mother as to the quality of her guest. She was not long in ignorance, however, for before they could seat themselves at table, there was a loud knocking at the door, and before the old dame could bless herself, an officer entered and arrested the daughter of Kwonfootse by name, and Le-pih and his mother at the same time, and there was no dismissing the messenger now. Off they marched, amid the silent consternation and pity of the neighbours,—not toward the palace of justice, however, but to the palace of the emperor, where his majesty, to save all chances of mistake, chose to see the poet wedded, and sit, himself, at the bridal feast. Tang had a romantic heart, fat and voluptuous as he was, and the end of his favour to Le-pih and Taya was the end of his life.

#### Lines to Fanny.

Nay, breathe not thus a lay of sad repining,  
Thou gifted child of genius and of fame;  
For round thy steps, thy palm with theirs entwining  
Are those who love and reverence thy name.

For thou can'st hush the stormiest pulse of sorrow,  
And wake to joy the rent chords of the heart;  
From Life's to-day cull chaplets for to-morrow,  
With native grace beyond the pow'r of art.

Young, cherished, beautiful! the smile reposing,  
Within the pearly chambers of thine eye—  
Like to the leaflet of the flower unclosing,  
May with the glory of that flow'ret vie.

Bright and all-valued! in thy mind pourtraying,  
All that yields worth and sovereignty to youth;  
Now in Parnassian paths with free step straying,  
Anon, the priestess at the shrine of truth.

Long have I watched, and joyed to note thy soaring,  
Long scanned with pride thy pure and lofty mind,  
My heart's best incense on the altars pouring,  
Where thou, the Bona Dea, sit'st enshrined.

Then let the cup, even though it tell of parting,  
Evoke no sigh the present's sky to cloud;  
Nor let the memories to its surface starting,  
Along thy soul with saddening influence crowd.

Joy's sun in noon-tide splendour rides above thee,  
The path is strewn with flowers that woo before;  
To pledge thee rally fast the friends that love thee,  
Like waves that chase each other to the shore.

What though the glance that erst met thine in gladness,  
Be now in farewell meaning on thee cast;  
The future may requite the present's sadness,  
And sweeter make "the memory of the past." c. c.

#### SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MESSRS. GALES AND SEATON:

NEW-YORK, November 4, 1843.

DRUMS are beating in the Park, and the time and finery of the industrial classes, who form the industrious "forces" of New-York, are under contribution to glorify the killer of Tecumseh. Of those who see the show, probably few will turn over a thought which the ghost of the old warrior would not consider complimentary to himself, and so perhaps it is one of those cases in which two birds are killed with one stone—as the drum, covered with Zisca's skin, both incited to battle and commemorated Zisca. Tecumseh, though a brigadier-general in the British service, should figure as an honoured American ghost, and doubtless will be so appropriated in poetry, especially should there be written a poem on *moral courage*, of which his running away in his first fight, and being indomitable ever after, shows, I think, a very natural and striking example. There is another poetical feature in his history—his being persuaded against his will to marry a beautiful girl, after mature age, and making so good a husband. Altogether he is a fine hero for an epic, and a great deal more glorious for not surviving to engage in a political campaign.

I observed that in one of your late papers you copied the magnificent "*Ode to the Deity*" by Derzhavin, and with a doubt whether there was such a poet. Your correspondent had probably not seen Dr. Bowring's "Translations from the Russian Poets," from which this is taken, and in which is given a biography of Derzhavin. It is a volume of delicious poetry, and was my *vade mecum* when a boy at school. By the way, it would pay for republishing, and Ticknor should include it in his geode of elegant reprints.

One of the most approvable novelties that I have seen of late is a library of six volumes upon *Needlework*. It is a set of miniature hand-books for the use of schools and families, most neatly printed and illustrated, and letting the reader into all the mysteries of "baby linen, plain and fancy needlework, embroidery, knitting, netting and tatting, millinery and dress-making," and all very cheap and portable. Redfield, of Clinton-hall, is the publisher, and the admirers of the *notable* in woman-worth should be the purchasers.

Mr. Riker has issued the first of his *Series of Annals* called "*The Opal*," of which Mr. Willis is to be the editor. The present volume, which contains some fine gems of literature and is beautifully illustrated by Chapman, was prepared by Mr. Griswold, though contributed to and prefaced by the editor subsequently employed for the series. The character of the work is religious, and the preface states truly that "the mirth and the playful elegancies of poetry and descriptive writing are as truly within the paths of religious reading as any thing else which shows the fullness and variety of the provision made for our happiness when at peace with ourselves. Nothing gay, if innocent, (the preface continues,) is out of place in an Annual intended to be used as a tribute of affection by the good; and in this Annual, hereafter, that view will be kept before the eye. Its contents will be *opal-hued*—reflecting all the bright lights and colours which the prodigality of God's open hand has poured upon the pathway of life."

Edward S. Gould, one of the most distinguished of the *merchant-author* class so honourable to our country, has put forth an abridgment of "*Alison's History of Europe*." In a terse and strongly-written preface he gives a *résumé* of the whole work, with a pungent criticism on its faults and injustices, showing that he (Gould) has not done his work "like a horse in a bark-mill," but with a proper spirit and with a clear insight. Of Alison's chapter on the American

war he says, very justly, that "it is destined to a most unenviable notoriety as a tissue of misrepresentation. As it has no legitimate connection with the history of Europe, it is a gratuitous libel on the people and institutions of the United States, and as it could not be admitted into an American book without alterations contradictory to the title-page of this volume, it has been wholly omitted." Mr. Gould is the son of the eminent jurist, Judge Gould, of Connecticut, and is happy in having the energy (in addition to his business pursuits) to turn to account his fine natural powers and good education. He is one of the best of our translators, also, and the author of the new and humorous work, "The Sleep-Rider in the Omnibus."

The procession and escort of Colonel Johnson has just passed under my window. There were two or three military companies, a mounted officer or two, and some fifty persons marching in couples. The good-natured colonel rode with his hat off, bowing right and left.

A great deal of fun, and as much genius and private worth, have just left the city in the person of Harry Placide, bound to New Orleans for a winter engagement. The people of the cis-atlantic Paris are to be congratulated with all emphasis thereupon. It is equal to a day's allowance of sunshine to see him play at night. He knows humour, from elegant high comedy to irresistible farce—from a hair-line delineation of the ridiculous to a charcoal-sketch; and fails in nothing he undertakes. With the exception of Farren, who is only his equal, Placide is unrivalled on the English or American stage. I wish him well, and well back again—God bless him!

I see copied into the "Literary Gazette and Quarterly Advertiser" an article on "Macaulay's Miscellanies," which appeared some time since in a Boston periodical, and struck me at the time as somewhat remarkable. A lecture on the habits and characters of literary men, which was quoted from in the Boston papers, has also attracted great attention by its brilliancy and originality of view, and both these are by a very young business-man in Boston, Mr. E. P. Whipple. His mind is of the cast and calibre of the writers for the English Magazines of ten years ago, and I consider him a mine to be worked with great profit by the proprietors of the reviews. His kind is rare.

James R. Lowell has a new volume of poems in press in Cambridge. Mr. L. has abandoned the law for the *profession of literature*, and if there be such a thing as living by genius without making its "belly of brass" and its "feet of iron and clay," (in other words, making the idol imagination omni-digestive and a truder in the muddy highways of literature,) Lowell is the man to achieve it. I look forward with great interest to this volume.

A day or two since I went to see the precocious youth advertised to be only twelve years of age and with a full suit of whiskers. The whiskers I saw; but the "boy" looked to me like a sturdy old tar stunted by living between decks. I fancy his beard had very little the start of his wisdom-teeth and discretion.

The beauty of the *kats* at the late Fair of the Institute should be noticed among improvements in the arts. I have seen no such elegant caput-covers in any other time or country. It pleased me that the hatter whom I have looked upon for some time as the best in the country (Orlando Fiah) has taken the first prize, both at the Fair of the American Institute and at the Franklin Institute Fair in Philadelphia.

The wind is cold and the day sour. Colonel Johnson's bared head should be well lined to stand it.

I see that Jules Janin "fobs off" another annual upon us

under the name of "*The Americans in Paris*." It is written in his sparkling vein, and translated, as *sparkle* always is translated, with a loss. The truth is, that an American gentleman of New-York fell into Janin's company in Paris, and showed him some notes he had made of his Parisian amusements; that the idea struck the great *feuilletoniste* of making this small diary the cover for a more detailed description of Paris than would otherwise seem "knowing," and, the first having taken and sold, the second of a *series* has now appeared. Between Eugene Sue's real "*Mysteries of Paris*" and Janin's presentable drawing-room pictures of it, we may get a very fair idea of the gay capital. Janin's preface is written with the intention of being believed. He says: "Our American appears before you once more. Last year, at the same period, he described to you, in the best way he could, Parisian life during the brilliant months of winter. He had then arrived at the great city, at the very moment when the closing days of autumn were disappearing beneath the yellow leaves. A traveller without affectation, he asked nothing more than to take his part in the sweet joys, lively emotions, and noisy pleasures of this world of the powerful and the rich; he endured as well as he could the intoxications and the delirium of the masked ball; the thousand cross-fires of Parisian conversation; the paradoxes, the slanders, and even the innocent calumnies that he saw around him; he entered into all; he wished to see every thing, and he fulfilled his wish. Not that he advanced very far into the mysteries of the good city; but he stood, as one may say, on the edge of the wood, and thence he threw his curious and attentive look upon those gay and quickly changing lights and shades. For a fellow-countryman of Franklin's, our Yankee is certainly somewhat of an acute observer. What he did not see he guessed; not sometimes without a certain discrimination and pertinence. That which we especially admire in him, and which will not displease the reader, is a great fund of benevolence, a happy good-humour which has nothing affected about it, and an indescribable *entrain* and rapture, which the greater part of the time keeps the reader awake. This is all that we can say in his favour, for we are not of the number of those tiresome editors who are always saying 'come and see a masterpiece; come and salute a great man; the great man and the masterpiece were both invented by me.' We hope never to fall into this enthusiasm, which is very unbecoming in him who is its object. All our duty as editor we have faithfully fulfilled, and now it is for the book to defend itself. If by chance it is a good book, depend upon it the public will receive it with favour. All our ambition is, that, after having thoroughly admired the embellishments of Lami, you will read a few of those pages in which the translator has endeavoured to reproduce somewhat of the grace, the vivacity, and the interest of the original book." I have made a long extract from the preface, but I thought it would amuse you to see how the celebrated critic can talk about himself, with a transparent mask over his face.

A gentleman in New-Orleans has kindly taken the trouble to write to me, correcting an error in one of my letters touching the word *humsua*. I quoted, as you will recollect, from a Pennsylvania paper, an etymology derived from Homborg, the quack. My correspondent says: "By referring to Aiken's memoirs of Oliver Goldsmith you will be convinced that the word is much older. There you will find a letter, published in the 'London Packet' of Wednesday, March 24, 1773, over the signature of Tom Tickle, addressed to Goldsmith, and ridiculing his comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' which had been performed for the first time but a few nights before. The letter begins thus: 'To



Dr. Goldsmith: *Vous vous voyez en venité.* Sir: The unhappy knack which you have learned of puffing your own compositions provokes me to come forth. You have not been the editor of newspapers and magazines not to discover the trick of literary humbug.'"

## TO CALLOW CHICKSTERS,

OF OUR FEATHER.

We get, from literary fledglings, at least one letter *per diem*, requesting detailed advice on the *quo modo* of a first flight in prose or poetry. We really suppose we have, or are to have, an end to our life, and we like to economise time. So we publish a letter, which we once had occasion to write, and which *must* serve as a circular—a letter which we recorded in our diary when it was written—recorded with the following preface:

There lies before me, now, upon my table, a letter of three tolerably compact pages, addressed to a young gentleman of — college, who is "bit by the dipsas" of authorship. His mother, a sensible, plain, farmer's widow, chanced to be my companion for a couple of days in a stage coach, and while creeping over the mountains, between the Hudson and the Susquehannah, she paid my common sense the compliment of unburthening a very stout heart to me. Since her husband's death she has herself managed the farm, and by active, personal oversight, has contrived "to make both ends so far lap," (to use her own expression,) as to keep her only boy at college. By her description, he is a slenderish lad in his constitution, fond of poetry, and bent on trying his fortune with his pen, as soon as he has closed thumb and finger on his degree. The good dame wished for the best advice I could give him on the subject, leaving it to me, (after producing a piece of his poetry from her pocket, published in one of the city papers,) to encourage or dissuade. I apprehended a troublesome job of it, but after a very genial conversation, (on the subject of raising turkeys, in which she quite agreed with me, that they were cheaper bought than raised, when corn was fifty cents a bushel—greedy gobblers!) I reverted to the topic of poetry, and promised to write the inspired Sophomore my views as to his prospects. Need I record it?—that long letter affects me like an unsigned bank note—like something which might so easily have been money—like a leak in the beer-barrel—like a hole in the meal-bag! It irks me to lose them—three fair pages—a league's drift to leeward—a mortal morning's work, and no *odor lucri* thence arising! I cannot stand it, Mrs. —, and Mr. Sophomore —! You are welcome to the autograph copy, but, faith! I must print it. There is a superfluity of adjectives, (intended, as it was, for private perusal,) but I will leave them out in the copy.

Thus runs the letter:—

DEAR SIR:—You will probably not recognize the handwriting in which you are addressed, but by casting your eye to the conclusion of the letter, you will see that it comes from an old stager in periodical literature; and of that, as a profession, I am requested by your mother to give you, as she phrases it, "the cost and yield." You will allow what right you please to my opinions, and it is only with the authority of having lived by the pen, that I pretend to offer any hints on the subject for your guidance. As "the farm" can afford you nothing beyond your education, you will excuse me for presuming that you need information mainly as to the *livelihood* to be got from literature.

Your mother thinks it is a poor market for potatoes, where potatoes are to be had for nothing, and that is simply the condition of American literature—(as protected by law.) The

contributors to the numerous periodicals of England, are the picked men of thousands—the accepted of hosts rejected—the flower of a highly educated and refined people—soldiers, sailors, lords, ladies, and lawyers—all at leisure, all anxious to turn a penny, all ambitious of print and profit; and this great army, in addition to the hundreds urged by need and pure literary zeal—this great army, I say, are before you in the market, offering their wares to your natural customer, at a price for which you cannot afford to sell—*nothing!* It is true that by this state of the literary market, you have fewer competitors among your countrymen—the best talent of the country being driven, by necessity, into less congenial but more profitable pursuits; but even with this advantage—(none but *doomed authors* in the field)—you would probably find it difficult, within five years after you graduated, to convert your best piece of poetry into a genuine dollar. I allow you, at the same time, full credit for your undoubted genius.

You naturally inquire how American authors live. I answer, by being *English* authors. There is no American author who *lives* by his pen, for whom London is not the chief market. Those whose books sell *only* in this country, make scarce the wages of a day labourer—always excepting religious writers, and the authors of school-books, and such works as owe their popularity to extrinsic causes. To begin on leaving college, with legitimate book-making—writing novels, tales, volumes of poetry, &c., you must have at least five years support from some other source, for until you get a name, nothing you could write would pay "board and lodging;" and "getting a name" in America, implies having first got a name in England. Then we have almost no professed, mere authors. They have vocations of some other character also. Men like Dana, Bryant, Sprague, Halleck, Kennedy, Wetmore, though, no doubt, it is the first wish of their hearts to devote all their time to literature, are kept, by our atrocious laws of copyright, in paths less honourable to their country, but more profitable to themselves, and by far the greatest number of discouraged authors, are "broken on the wheel" of the public press. Gales, Walsh, Chandler, Buckingham, and other editors of that stamp, are men driven aside from authorship, their proper vocation.

Periodical writing seems the natural novitiate to literary fame in our country, and I understand from your mother that through this lies your chosen way. I must try to give you as clear an idea as possible of the length and breadth of it, and perhaps I can best do so by contrasting it with another career, which, (if advice were not always useless,) I should sooner advise.

Your mother's farm then, consisting of near a hundred acres, gives a net produce of about five hundred dollars a year—hands paid, I mean, and seed, wear and tear of tools, team, &c., first subtracted. She has lived as comfortable as usual for the last three or four years, and still contrived to lay by the two hundred and fifty dollars expended annually on your education. Were you at home, your own labour and oversight would add rather more than two hundred dollars to the income, and with good luck you might call yourself a farmer with five hundred dollars, as the Irish say "to the fore." Your vocation, at the same time, is dignified, and such as would reflect favourably on your reputation, should you hereafter become in any way eminent. During six months in the year, you would scarce find more than an hour or two in the twenty-four, to spare from sleep or labour; but in the winter months, with every necessary attention to your affairs out of doors, still find as much leisure for study and composition as most literary men devote to those purposes. I say *nothing* of the *patulum* of rural in-



fluences to the mind, but will just hint at another incidental advantage you may not have thought of, viz.—that the public show much more alacrity in crowning an author, if he does not make bread and butter of the laurels! In other words, if you are a farmer, you are supposed, (by a world not very brilliant in its conclusions,) to expend the most of your mental energies, (as they do,) in making your living; and your literature goes for an “aside”—waste-water, as the millers phrase it—a very material premise in both criticism and public estimation.

At your age, the above picture would have been thrown away on myself, and I presume, (inviting as it seems to my world-weary eyes,) it is thrown away now upon you. I shall therefore try to present to you the lights and shadows of the picture which seem to you more attractive.

Your first step will be to select New-York as the city which is to be illustrated by your residence, and to commence a search after some literary occupation. You have a volume of poetry which has been returned to you by your “literary agent,” with a heavy charge for procuring the refusal of every publisher to undertake it, and with your pride quite taken out of you, you are willing to devote your Latin and Greek, your acquaintance with prosody and punctuation, and a very middling proficiency in chirography—(no offence—your mother showed me your autograph list of bills for the winter term)—all this store of accomplishment you offer to employ for a trifle beside meat, lodging, and apparel. These, you say, are surely moderate expectations for an educated man, and such wares, so cheap, must find a ready market. Of such stuff, you know that editors are made, and in the hope of finding a vacant editorial chair, you pocket your MSS., and commence inquiry. At the end of the month, you begin to think yourself the one person on earth for whom there seems no room. There is no editor wanted, no sub-editor wanted, no reporter, no proof-reader, no poet! There are passable paragraphists by scores—educated young men, of every kind, of *promising* talent, who, for twenty dollars a month, would joyfully do twice what you propose—give twice as much time, and furnish twice as much “copy.” But as you design, of *course*, to “go into society,” and gather your laurels as they blossom, you cannot see your way very clearly with less than a hay maker’s wages. You proceed with your inquiries, however, and are, at last, quite convinced that few things are more difficult, than to coin uncelebrated brains into current money—that the avenues for the employment of the *head, only*, are emulously crowded—that there are many more than you had supposed, who have the same object as yourself, and that, whatever fame may be in its meridian and close, its morning is mortification and starvation.

The “small end of the horn” *has* a hole in it, however, and the bitter stage of experience I have just described, might be omitted in your history, if, by any other means, you could be made small enough to go in. The most considerable diminution of size, perhaps, is the getting rid, for the time, of all idea of “living like a gentleman”—(according to the common acceptation of the phrase.) To be willing to satisfy hunger in any clean and honest way, to sleep in any clean and honest place, and to wear any thing clean and honestly paid for, are phases of the crescent moon of fame, not very prominently laid down in our imaginary chart; but they are, nevertheless, the first indication of that moon’s *waxing*. I see by the advertisements, that there are facilities now for cheap living, which did not exist “when George the Third was King.” A dinner (of beef, bread, and potatoes, with a bottle of wine,) is offered, by an advertiser, of the savory name of G—— for a shilling, and

a breakfast, most invitingly described, is offered for sixpence. I have no doubt a lodging might be procured at the same modest rate of charge. “Society” does not move on this plane, it is true, but society is not worth seeking at any great cost, while you are obscure, and if you wait ‘till the first moment when it would be agreeable, (the moment when it thinks it worth while to careen you,) it will come to you—like Mahomet to the mountain. And like the mountain’s moving to Mahomet, you will find any premature ambition on the subject.

Giving up the expectation of finding employment suited to your taste, you will, of course, be “open to offers,” and I should counsel you to take any that would pay, which did not positively shut the door upon literature. At the same wages you had better direct covers in a newspaper office, than contribute original matter which costs you thought, yet is not appreciated; and, in fact, as I said before with reference to farming, a subsistence not directly obtained by brain-work, is a material advantage to an author. Eight hours of mere mechanical copying, and two hours of leisurely composition, will tire you less, and produce more for your reputation than twelve hours of intellectual drudgery. The publishers and booksellers have a good deal of work for educated men—proof-reading, compiling, corresponding, &c., and this is a good step to higher occupation. As you moderate your wants, of course you enlarge your chances for employment.

Getting up in the world, is like walking through a mist—your way opens as you get on. I should say, that with tolerably good fortune, you might make by your pen, two hundred dollars the first year, and increase your income a hundred dollars annually, for five years. This, as a literary “operative.” After that period, you would either remain stationary, a mere “workey,” or your genius would discover “by the dip of the divining rod,” where, in the well-searched bowels of literature lay an unworked vein of ore. In the latter case, you would draw that one prize in a thousand blanks of which the other competitors in the lottery of fame feel as sure as yourself.

As a “stock” or “starring” player upon the literary stage, of course you desire a crowded audience, and it is worth your while, perhaps, to inquire (more curiously than is laid down in most advices to authors) what is the number and influence of the judicious, and what nuts it is politic to throw to the groundlings. Abuse is, in criticism, what shade is in a picture, discord in harmony, acid in punch, salt in seasoning. Unqualified praise is the death of *Tarpeia*, and to be neither praised nor abused, is more than death—it is inanition. *Query*—how to procure yourself to be abused? In your chemical course next year, you will probably give a morning’s attention to the analysis of the pearl, among other precious substances, and you will be told by the professor, that it is the consequence of an excess of carbonate of lime in the flesh of the oyster—in other words, the disease of the sub-aqueous animal who produces it. Now, to copy this politic invalid—to learn wisdom of an oyster—find out what is the most pungent disease of your style, and hug it ‘till it becomes a pearl. A fault carefully studied, is the germ of a peculiarity, and a peculiarity is a pearl of great price to an author. The critics begin very justly, by hammering at it as a fault, and after it is polished into a peculiarity, they still hammer at it as a fault, and the noise they make attracts attention to the pearl, and up you come from the deep sea of obscurity, not the less intoxicated with the sunshine, because, but for your disease, you would never have seen it.

With one more very plain piece of counsel, I have done. Never take the note of any man connected with literature, if he will cash it for fifty per cent.

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### PART II.—FOR DECEMBER, 1843.

List of embellishments of the second number.

MARCO ROZZARIS RESOLVING.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

MURDER OF CLOUGH BY THE MANIAC FRAMPTON.

WHY DON'T HE COME?

Literary Contents of the second number.

The Spirit, (a song)—(N. F. W.)

Marco Rozzaris.

Two Masters in India, (from the French of Leguina.)

An Inimitable Man, (Handful of Anna.)

There has been a Love in a Cottage, (N. F. W.)

Sketches of the mistakes of her heart, (N. F. W.)

Man a Master, (by a Gentle.)

The Spirit of the Spirit.

The Spirit of the Spirit.

The Spirit of the Spirit, (N. F. W.)

The Spirit of the Spirit, (by the late Mr. Lenox.)

The Spirit of the Spirit, (N. F. W.)

The Spirit of the Spirit, (N. F. W.)

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The Spirit of the Spirit, (N. F. W.)

Jubana, (a song)—(N. F. W.)

Original Letters of John Randolph.

A Fairwell to Paris.

An Oration Sketch of Eugene Sue, the French novelist.

The Daughter of Beauty.

Excerpt from a Manuscript Drama.

Byron's Death-bed Warning, (told the writer by a lady

who had been Byron's intimate friend.)

The Light of Faith, (an allegory.)

Two Lady Lines to an Omnibus.

The Marshal's Will.

Yes, with the same food, (a little thing.)

March Bravado, (a tale)—(N. F. W.)

Ship-Supper of Correspondence, (N. F. W.)

Here-and-there-else, (editorial.)

Why don't he come?

The Man without a Name, (from the French of Berthoud.)

The Man of Straws, (a local sketch.)

The American in Paris.

Sketch of Madame George Sand, (a popular French novelist.)

The Scholar to his Mistress.

To Louise, on hearing her complaint of Deafness.

A Glimpse from the pen of Mrs. Upcott.

The Last hours of John Randolph, (continued.)

Original Sketch of Ruth the Carpenter, (Rich. Willis.)

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Love in Fanny.

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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4 1843.

NUMBER 9.

needy but handsome P., who mothers and frigid maids in bo is now the dignified and rat of 'change, with a voice d final in stocks, in the city of

had come to this great city, moment, into the stream of and laborious career brought low a wealthy merchant, with er end of Broadway and his hese, with an untold number tutions and companies, and a e result of his labours in Pearl- grown from a wild and some- o a steady and sober citizen; f business with such a single as become cold and callous to directly concern his trade. No the plodding and industrious olicesome youth who ran away has entirely lost all his former e or nothing for the society of t at all about his family affairs; nd grocer's bills with puncta- rns entirely and unreservedly

rried into her matrimonial cal- ster which marked her early at times, she owned no master ence of quick and passionate ond the bounds of propriety. e was as often the indulgent violent domestic tyrant. The ich had been effected with the d sweet; and, whenever too as introduced, she would look heir wedded career with self- olve to ward off any such fate domestic cares and comforts th of a son and daughter, now hood with tempers and dispo- could well spring from the rnment was not fitted to the dren's peculiar traits, as sube- errorr, and daily experience of obedience to parents, had made regard to the future destiny of

er she was fairly acknow- les of New-York, was, e mesalliance, which nd station; and her tchfulness of every

and, like my bright examples, my leap in the dark was successful; for, I have found such a treasure of a husband, I long to make you acquainted with him and his good qualities, and have you personally know and see my happiness.

So wrote the present matronly Mrs. P. some five-and-twenty years ago, during the flood-tide of her honey-moon, to her bosom confidant, the associate of her girlhood. In opposition to the repeated commands and entreaties of her pa-

own early movement of

Emma, the pretty girl had our beauty-fillable and experienced, as well as magazines, she circles of our fi

from a decidedly beauty, even in the most fashion-er's money com-art's and Selby's the more select and beauty on





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NUMBER 9.

WE issue, this week, the *second* of our EXTRAS—containing the five or six poems which we ourselves prefer to remember as our own—the five or six poems which we know to be unsuggestedly born within us—which we wrote with our hand moist, and our blood and brain kindled and in earnest. The stories of these poems—as every poet will know—is the last and least part of them. Scenery and incident fit themselves to a feeling of the soul when it comes to maturity, as the *toga virilis* was fitted to Roman youth—almost a complete covering, and yet but slightly concealing the slow-ripened developments of the man. We are accused daily of writing nothing that is not frivolous. These poems are from the under-current of our “frivolity.” And they run as deep, we are inclined to think, as a man ever sees into his heart, till it is rent open with a calamity—and calamity, as yet, we never knew. God long keep us from deepening our poetry by sinking it with the plummet of agony!

THE beautiful picture of the “Housekeeper and her Peta,” on the opposite page, tells its own story.

## HEREDITARY FAILINGS.

“MY DEAR COUSIN—I hardly know how to announce the last revolution in the wheel of my fortune to you, for I am certain your strict ideas of propriety, your overdue regard for form and ceremony, will be shocked at the method by which my happiness has been obtained, though I am equally certain you will envy that happiness, now it is won.

“My dead and gone grandmother, as you know, commenced her wedding journey at the romantic hour of twelve, when the rest of the family were snoring; and my lamented grandfather drove his one-horse wagon up to the back-door, instead of the front, to receive her. ‘Shocking affair,’ I have heard you say, but family history records it a happy match. So my kind mother, in the exuberance of her young affection, noiselessly drew the bolt of the kitchen-door about the same witching hour of the night, to meet my beloved father, when they started parson-ward, while the before-mentioned happy pair were quietly locked in sleep. They, too, were happy in their secretly espoused loves, as I know by personal observation. With such shining examples before me, do you wonder I should do my share in keeping up the family reputation? I suppose you will wonder, of course, and, perhaps, it is perfectly right you should be indignant and horror-struck. But I was determined not to be behindhand in the hereditary way, so I permitted my dear P. to hand me tenderly from the pantry-window into a hackneycoach, when the moon was well up, and the ground was frosty, just two weeks ago this blessed night.

“There is my fault, my dear cousin, and its extenuation, and, like my bright examples, my leap in the dark was successful; for, I have found such a treasure of a husband, I long to make you acquainted with him and his good qualities, and have you personally know and see my happiness.

So wrote the present matronly Mrs. P. some five-and-twenty years ago, during the flood-tide of her honey-moon, to her bosom confidant, the associate of her girlhood. In opposition to the repeated commands and entreaties of her pa-

rents, she ran away with the needy but handsome P., who was once the terror of staid mothers and frigid maids in the town of Podunk, but who is now the dignified and steady double-chinned aristocrat of ‘change, with a voice potential in cotton and a nod final in stocks, in the city of New-York.

After his marriage, Mr. P. had come to this great city, and plunging, at a successful moment, into the stream of commercial industry, a steady and laborious career brought its certain result; and he is now a wealthy merchant, with his winter house at the lower end of Broadway and his summer box at Hurlgate. These, with an untold number of shares in all sorts of institutions and companies, and a plethora bank account, are the result of his labours in Pearl-street. He has, meanwhile, grown from a wild and somewhat unpromising youth into a steady and sober citizen; and has followed the cares of business with such a single eye to the main chance, he has become cold and callous to any sensation which does not directly concern his trade. No one would now recognize, in the plodding and industrious merchant, the unsteady and frolicsome youth who ran away with the belle of Podunk. He has entirely lost all his former habits and desires, cares little or nothing for the society of ladies, and troubles himself not at all about his family affairs; content to pay his butcher’s and grocer’s bills with punctuality, leaving domestic concerns entirely and unreservedly to his better half.

Mrs. P., on the contrary, carried into her matrimonial career the same traits of character which marked her early life. Violent and headstrong at times, she owned no master but impulse, and the indulgence of quick and passionate feelings often carried her beyond the bounds of propriety. Irresolute and changeable, she was as often the indulgent and overkind mother as the violent domestic tyrant. The mixing of her patrimonial punch had been effected with the usual attendants of sour and sweet; and, whenever too much of the hymenial acid was introduced, she would look back to the starting-point of their wedded career with self-upbraidings, and mentally resolve to ward off any such fate from her own offspring. Her domestic cares and comforts had been increased by the birth of a son and daughter, now grown-up to man and womanhood with tempers and dispositions as widely dissimilar as could well spring from the same stock. Her family government was not fitted to the best development of these children’s peculiar traits, as subsequent reflection upon her own error, and daily experience of the curse attendant upon a disobedience to parents, had made her peevish and anxious with regard to the future destiny of her children. Her great fear, after she was fairly acknowledged a leader in the privileged circles of New-York, was, that her daughter might form some *mesalliance*, which should not keep up the family pride and station; and her own early error caused a double watchfulness of every movement of that daughter in society.

Emma, the youngest of her children, from a decidedly pretty girl had grown to be noted for her beauty, even in our beauty-filled city; and, with the aid of the most fashionable and expensive milliners, which her father’s money commanded, as well as the *open sesame* to Stewart’s and Selby’s *magazines*, she made no trifling sensation in the more select circles of our fashionables. Youth, wealth and beauty on

her side, she had only to command and receive the homage the most vain and selfish could desire. Always with a score of admirers in her train, each striving for preference in her smiles, nothing but the mere will was required to select, from the most faultless of the desirables, such a match as would have gladdened the heart of her aspiring mother. But love is a reckless tyrant, and heeds not caste or station in his arbitrary summons.

Emma had been alternately watched and petted in her childhood. Subject to the capricious waywardness of her mother's disposition, she had been at one time indulged to the most hurtful extent, at another watched with duenna rigour; every casual acquaintance canvassed, and her every motion, almost her every thought, guarded with jealous and unscrupulous vigilance. It was the mother's one care that her daughter should not go astray, as she herself had done; and her one fear that Emma's young fancy might be caught by some one without the pale of her own circle of society.

Emma's own disposition was, too, like her mother's. Fickle and wayward to a degree, she kept her army of admirers in constant subjection to her caprice, alternately filling them with hope and casting them down in despair. Toward her mother she was at one time all that was dutiful, kind and affectionate; at another headstrong and violent, careless of consequence and reckless of control. Too proud to follow the directions of any one, her conduct was governed mostly by self-will, while she had far too little stability of purpose to pursue any systematic course of her own.

Walter, the elder, had, from early youth, been a model of obedience and a pattern of steadiness. Thoughtful and reserved, he seemed ever chewing the cud of his own fancy, and shut himself completely out from the companionship of others. During his school-days, though he made no brilliant figure in his class, his studies were pursued calmly and evenly, without ever getting either above or below the mediocrity which seemed the leading feature of his character. His attendance was as regular and his return to his father's roof as punctual as the hammer of a clock. He formed no companions among his schoolfellows, and his evenings were as invariably passed by the fireside as the poker and tongs. When, in the course of time, he became an assistant, and subsequently a partner, in his father's business, the same cold, methodical habits adhered to him. He went through the duties of the day as regularly as a well-contrived machine, and the evening wound him up, with unerring certainty, in his father's home. He neither craved nor courted society, and though well known as the quiet brother of the brilliant and fashionable Emma, he was little noticed, had few acquaintances, and no friends. He was an isolated member, not only of society but of his own family, and excited no fear or anxiety for his future welfare in the mind of his worldly mother. Thus he was left to pursue the bent of his own inclination and the dictates of his own judgment from early youth, unquestioned, and seemingly almost uncared for; while the daily routine of his sister's fashionable existence, as a star of no ordinary magnitude in the world of fashion, was as little heeded by him as the course of an unnoticed star in its celestial orbit in the world above.

Among the many acquaintances formed by Emma in the coterie, of which she was the chief attraction and ornament, was Harry F., the actor, well known in our literary and dramatic circles as a "bright particular star" in his peculiar walk at the theatre to which he was attached. Of a superiour stamp of masculine beauty, gifted, versatile and attractive, he was formed to lead captive the heart of any fair one willing to listen to his animated conversation, and sit under the spell of his fascinating eyes. Though he was

hardly a member of the more select circles of society, yet chance threw him and Emma very often in each other's company among the brilliant assemblies of the season, where his ready talents made him a pleasant guest, though they rarely met at her own house, and then only when some party, more crowded than usual, made his invitation a matter of courtesy to other guests, who were entertained and amused by his brilliant conversational powers and lively sallies. He was a dangerous acquaintance for the mother's projects, to whom he was barely known as a pleasant and gentlemanly attendant when a dull circle threw her upon her more exceptionable sources for entertainment. But an intimacy grew up between him and Emma, perfectly apparent to others, yet escaping the old lady's lynx-eyed watchfulness, and totally unheeded and uncared for in the figure-filled head of the merchant, or the methodical ploddings of his automaton son.

It was a dark and stormy evening in October. The wind was blowing in fitful blasts through the dimly-lighted thoroughfares, driving the cold and piercing rain in the faces of pedestrians who braved its fury in Broadway, and sweeping in eddying gusts through the more deserted cross-streets, which looked black and dismal under the lowering sky. The street-lamps shone fitfully and cheerlessly, brightening one little spot of the wet and glistening pavement, as if a handful of light had been spilled upon the cold and shining stones; while the dull rolling of the heavy-freighted omnibuses swelled their comfortless sound with the wind, like the mutterings of distant thunder, adding tenfold to the dismal nature of the storm. The few whom necessity or duty compelled to walk the principal streets were bending their wet bodies to the blast, while tightly-grasped umbrellas were resolving themselves into inverted parachutes at every corner, as they were with difficulty held before the wind. Occasionally an unhappy and dragged couple, ignorant of the impossibility of a ride on a rainy night, could be seen standing at the crossings, hailing each omnibus as it rolled heavily past, but getting only a forbidding shake of the head from the driver, indicative of a full freight; and then peering impatiently into the gloom for another, only to have the ominous shake of the head repeated to their signal. No omnibus above the Park ever had a vacant seat on such a night. Others, knowing the uselessness of an appeal to the stages and cabs, and having vainly tried the protection of umbrellas in the eddying wind, had resignedly closed these feeble defences, and with coats buttoned to the throat, and hats jammed over their ears, resolutely faced the blast homeward. Cabs, coaches, and stages were whirling rapidly through the streets, spattering and splashing their uncouth forms through the mud-holes, their shining paint and varnish glancing coldly in the rain as they emerged from the gloom in passing a lamp; while here and there could be seen a more slowly-plodding cart, with its one horse curled up and shrivelled in the wet and cold, dragging his drenched and shivering master, at a dull pace, to his little home in the suburbs.

In the porch of the Atlantic Garden, on this gloomy evening, a cloaked and muffled figure had been standing for some minutes, straining her eyes through the darkness and looking up Broadway. The few passers-by were too much occupied with their own uncomfortable condition to pay much heed to her, even if she had been noticed; and if one, more observing than the rest, did cast an occasional glance of wonder to see a female there alone, at such an hour, in such a night, it was but a momentary impulse, and any thought which it suggested was forgotten as soon as

conceived. Without heeding the thoughts or even the presence of those who passed, she riveted her gaze fixedly up the dimly-lighted street, as if, by constant watchfulness, her eyes could pierce the thick gloom of the night.

She did not long look in vain for what she so eagerly sought, for presently there came, dashing through the crowd of slower cabs and portly coaches, a carriage of more than ordinary pretensions, its spirited horses smoking in the rain, and, despite the cold and wet, showing their blood and breeding among the miserable hacks who jogged up and down the street. Driving rapidly down they turned in front of the hotel, and, reining up to the garden, stopped directly before the door. They had scarcely stopped ere the driver sprang quickly from the seat, with the reins upon his arm, throwing open the door and dropping the steps before the horses drew breath. A light and gaily-dressed young man bounded out, and, helping in the veiled and muffled female who advanced to meet him, the door was quickly closed, the driver in his seat, and, ere another moment, the carriage was rapidly dashing up Broadway, not occupying as much time in taking in the additional passenger as it has taken to relate it.

Lashing his willing horses into a gallop, the driver slackened not their pace till he reined them up, panting and smoking, before the well-lighted doors of the Carlton-House. Here the travellers were evidently not unexpected visitors. Obsequious servants were flying noiselessly about with unwonted alacrity, lights blazed in the many halls, and everything betokened preparation for an unusual event. Disengaging herself from the damp and cumbrous disguise, and leaving the thick garments in the coach, Emma P. tripped merrily in, a very bride in dress as well as beauty, leaning on the arm of the gallant and accomplished Harry. With a quiet and well-ordered celerity, the servants conducted them to the private room prepared by Harry's orders, where a few select acquaintances, of both sexes, were waiting to congratulate the runaways on their so-far successful adventure, and witness the expected ceremony. A few moments of noisy merriment and happy mirth—strange contrast to the gloom and discomfort without—were gradually permitted by the impatient Harry, who seemed nervously alive to the necessity of prompt and immediate action; and our worthy mayor was speedily summoned from his room, under the same roof. Accustomed to all emergencies, this accommodating officer, laying aside his cigar and half-tasted glass of water, with commendable alacrity hastened to the parlour of the happy pair, and at once, to Harry's infinite relief, the two loving hearts were made one by his honour, without interruption, and with the characteristic brevity and decision which renders that popular magistrate so efficient and important an auxiliary on such occasions.

The popping of champagne corks, and the cracking of jokes as light and sparkling as the wine, followed, of course; and the party, now that the ordeal was over and the rubicon fairly passed, gave themselves up to joy and merriment without restraint. Leaving them to pursue their mirth, and drown with their merry voices the rattling of the storm without, let us step to the other end of Broadway, and learn what is passing in the aristocratic house of Mr. P.

The absence of the wayward Emma was unnoticed until she had been some hours a wedded wife; and, when first discovered, excited no uneasiness, as they supposed she had, as was not unusual with her, stepped into the next-door neighbours for an evening call upon an acquaintance. Ten, eleven o'clock came and went, however, without her return; and, Mrs. P. becoming anxious, Walter was sent to the neighbour's to bring home the absent, and, as they thought,

the time-unheeding girl. Time was, indeed, but little heeded at that moment by the happy Emma, though she was otherwise employed than the old lady dreamed of. Walter soon returned with the startling message that Emma had not been at the house to which he was sent, and her friend had not seen her during the evening. The alarmed mother immediately despatched him again, with directions to go to every house in the vicinity Emma was in the habit of visiting, and if he did not find her at any of the accustomed places, to inquire at every house in the neighbourhood. Mrs. P. was evidently seriously alarmed. An indefinable fear of some coming calamity crept irresistibly over her, and, her jealous care instantly taking the alarm, reverted to the one memorable night in her own history, when her parents were thoughtlessly deceived by youthful imprudence, and she became keenly alive for Walter's return. The violence of the storm, however, which rattled the casements unceasingly, and the continued beating of the sleety rain upon the windows, inspired the hope that Emma could not have ventured far from home, and that her worst fears could not be realized. But "Love laughs" at storms as well as "at locksmiths."

Walter started deliberately out in the storm, marching methodically through the rain, went his rounds with the regularity and almost the slowness of a clock-hand; and, after a time, rendered doubly long by the mother's nervous impatience, returned with a repetition of his former message. Emma was not to be found. All was now consternation. Dreading the worst, and, guided by her own experience, the mother flew to Emma's *boudoir*, to see if an examination of her wardrobe would, by its missing dresses, tell the tale of her daughter's absence; but, in the multiplicity of garniture and in her excited and nervous state, the search availed but little, as it was impossible to tell, in her hurried examination, what particular dresses were missing from the wilderness of millinery. Returning to the parlour, and finding her phlegmatic husband still sitting in his easy-chair, she assailed him with a torrent of invective—scolding, entreating, conjuring, and occasionally enlivening the exhibition of her temper by a fine show of hysterics. The plodding papa was disconcerted and annoyed. Bewildered by what he heard, and unable to account for Emma's absence, he offered little advice and no assistance. Walter calmly poked the fire, as he crowded up to dry his wet garments, but uttered not a word; and it was only by an occasional poke, more energetic than usual, that he betrayed the consciousness of anything unnatural or alarming occupying his thoughts. Nearly an hour wore away in this manner, during which nothing was done except the giving a thousand contradictory orders to the astonished and bewildered servants, that were revoked as soon as given; and the utterance of any quantity of surmises and projects by the excited mother, all resulting in nothing. While in the midst of her doubts and fears, one of those familiar friends—a species of human gadfly—who are dropping in with the latest news, and who seem, almost by instinct, to have a perfect Paul Pry knowledge of the last choice of scandal, stepped in, with his usual apologies, to learn "if what he had just heard was true?"

The gadfly told his eager listeners he had heard in the bar-room that Emma and Harry F. had, early in the evening, been married by the mayor, that a wedding-party had assembled and caroused over the event, that they had long since separated, and that the said delinquents had been for some time comfortably housed in their new rooms at the Carlton-House.

One brief and violent hysterical, and the mother roused to energetic action. She resolved at once to go and reclaim

her daughter, hoping, late as it was, and notwithstanding what she had heard, to be yet in season to rescue her from the fatal marriage. Listening to no remonstrance, and scorn- ing the advice of the more prudent father, she ordered a servant to call a cab immediately, her impatience not per- mitting her to wait the getting out of her own carriage. In such a night, when cabs and coaches are most wanted, of course no one was to be found within reasonable distance of the house; and, after waiting some minutes for the servant's return, without effect, she ordered the groom to be called, and her carriage brought to the door. The servant, mean- while, returning without a cab, she was compelled to pace the room in agony, while the coachman was aroused from his sound sleep in the attic, and the horses put to in the fam- ily coach. This was always a tedious operation in broad daylight, but now, with the dull light of a lantern, the groom half asleep, and quite stupefied by the imperious orders he received, it seemed endless, as every attempt at haste only the more bewildered him, and put farther off the accomplish- ment of his mistress' orders. The harnesses never were so tangled, had never been so difficult of adjustment. Here a strap and there a buckle was missing; the near collar was on the off-horse, and the off-horse was harnessed to the near side. All amazement at his own mistakes, the groom bog- gled on, blunder succeeded blunder, and difficulties in- creased as he was more and more hurried by the impatient messages of his mistress, continually brought by wondering servants. After a seemingly interminable time, the harness- ing was at length completed, and the carriage rumbled round to the front door.

The old lady and gentleman were speedily in, and the astonished horses whipped up to their speed. At that late hour it was almost a solitary vehicle, and, as it rattled over the stones, the hollow echoes from either side mingled with the rushing blast, till they swelled like the roar of a cataract. The disturbed watchmen looked out from their hiding-places by sheltered steps, and under fluttering awnings, with stupid wonder at the unusual sight of the splendidly-apportioned carriage racing the deserted streets in the pitiless storm, at such an hour of the night. By the time they arrived at the Carlton-House it was past one o'clock. The driver reined up to the door, and having become somewhat infected with his mistress' impetuosity, he was quickly down and the steps dropped. Entering the sheltered porch of the house toge- ther, the old lady was annoyed and apparently disappointed to find the door locked, although her husband had repeated- ly assured her that it would be so. Not to be thus defeated, however, she pulled the bell violently. Ere it had ceased ringing, the door was opened by the well-trained and watch- ful porter, and they were admitted within the house; the coachman, meanwhile, ensconcing himself in a niche, under the shelter of the friendly porch.

A few hurried questions and answers convinced the mother the report she had heard was true, that her daughter was actually married, and the new-made couple had long since retired to rest. She insisted on being shown at once to their room. The porter hesitated. Telling him her name, and the connection in which she stood with the new lodgers, she imperiously ordered him to show them up. Not daring longer to refuse, and trembling for fear her violence would arouse the house, he unwillingly led the way. A short flight of steps, and half an echoing and partially-lighted hall, brought them to the bridal room. She desired the porter to knock at the door. A feeble tap with his knuckles followed, but no answer. He repeated it a little louder, but nothing but the light echo of his own knock came back to their lis- tening ears. The impatient mother, pushing him aside like

a child, looked furiously about her, apparently with the view of finding something to break down the door. The well- cleaned hall, however, exhibited nothing throughout the whole of its polished length, save rows of boots, of every shape and size, standing in pairs, like sentries, at every door, well-cleaned, bright and bolt-upright, as if ready to march off at the word of command. Hurriedly seizing her son-in- law's, which stood directly in front of his door, one in each hand, despite the half-whispered remonstrance of the porter, and the feeble opposition of her husband, she commenced beating furiously on the resounding door, with as hearty good-will as if it had been the owner's head she was pound- ing in her wrath instead of the inanimate timber.

Long and loud did she belabour the innocent door, and the reverberating halls rang with the tumult. Door after door opened on the different sides, and night-capped heads popped out in all quarters, demanding, in all sorts of queru- lous tones, and in half-a-dozen languages, into the cause of the uproar. At last, ceasing from sheer exhaustion, she dropped the boots; and, as the echoes of her hammering died away, the clear voice of Harry was heard from the inside:

"For God's sake, what's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"Villain! give me back my daughter!" was the only an- swer; and more heads were thrust out of doors, and some bodies, wrapped in their *robes de nuit*, emerged from the ob- scure ends of the hall, toward the scene of confusion, rub- bing their eyes, and asking each other hurried questions of explanation. The old lady bade fair to have a crowded auditory at the *dénouement* of her scene.

"Who is it?" demanded Harry.

"It is me, Mrs. P." angrily replied the dame. "Give me back my daughter!"

"Then, if it's you, my dear Mrs. P.," said Harry, in his smoothest tones, but without opening the door, "then, if it's you, my dear Mrs. P., allow me to say you have chosen a very unreasonable hour for your congratulatory call."

And a suppressed titter from the inside showed there was a matched couple each side the door.

"I want none of your impudence, sir; open the door!"

"My dear madam," said Harry, very blandly, "that is impossible. I am in no condition to receive another lady; beside, my wife is at this moment—" but the rest of the sentence was smothered, with the exception of a word or two, which seemed spoken through fingers, as if a hand had been clapped suddenly on his mouth while speaking. Re- covering himself, after a moment, and apparently having freed his mouth from its incumbrance, he continued—"I will call on you at the earliest possible hour to-morrow; but, meanwhile, let me beg of you, madam, for your own, for your daughter's sake, to return to your own house, before you have aroused this one with your din."

Little aware was Harry of the scores of open eyes and ears which were on the watch in the hall, many of them be- longing to his own personal friends, who were chafing with matter for future sallies; and little dreamed he of the many bottles of wine he would have to punish before the adven- tures of that night were forgotten.

"I will not return—I will never return—until I take my daughter with me! Open the door, I say!"

And, again seizing the boots, she renewed her beating on the door with redoubled fury. The incessant knocking drowned all noise within, and called up the few boarders who had slept through the first assault.

The hall now presented a curious spectacle. Every con- ceivable pattern of night-dress was displayed, on all imagi-

nable figures, from the rotund, jolly-faced *bon-vivant*, to the shrivelled and emaciated dyspeptic; some with night-lamps in their hands, others with canes, while here and there a pistol poked its ominous nose from the frilled sleeve-edge of a fancy robe, as if its owner was not only in fear of, but prepared for, robbers. Each one looked to his neighbour for explanation, while some, apparently having authority, (headed by a thin gentleman with a sharp face, in a fancy-coloured dressing-gown, who half-whistled as he surveyed the scene,) crowded up to the parties, as if to stop the noise. The old gentleman, who had, meanwhile, been sweating in agony at the *exposé*, half-bewildered by the suddenness and violence of what had occurred, seemed to recover himself, and, seizing one arm of his half-frantic wife, attempted to restrain her. This only made her the more violent. The whistling gentleman, who had been looking on coolly for a moment, as if to fully comprehend the scene before he acted, now stepped forward to Mr. P.'s assistance, and, seizing the other arm of the lady, drew her away from the door, boots in hand, fighting frantically, and rapping, with her novel weapons, the heads of those about her, until at last, overpowered by her own exertion, rather than that of others, she fell back and fainted in the arms of her astonished and bewildered husband. By the aid of the servants she was conveyed, under the direction of the thin gentleman in the fancy-coloured dressing-gown, to a distant room, and, after being restored to consciousness, was left to the care of her husband, to be calmed and pacified as he best could do it. How it was accomplished, or whether the reaction of her own violence kept her quiet, has never transpired, but she remained peaceably in her room; and the disturbed boarders, after satisfying their curiosity as to the cause of their disturbance, retired to their rooms. Mr. P.'s coachman was sent home with the message that his master and mistress would remain at the hotel, and the house was quiet for the rest of the night.

It was late in the morning before Mrs. P. made her appearance, being past eleven o'clock; and, without deigning an inquiry after the bride and groom, she walked indignantly from the house, apparently shaking off the dust of her shoes as she left. Calling the nearest cab, they soon arrived at their own house.

Stunned and stupefied as she had been with the anger and excitement of the previous night, Mrs. P. was illy prepared to meet the sight which awaited her return. Calmly seated at that late hour, *vis-à-vis*, at the breakfast-table, she found her dutiful son Walter and Mary the chambermaid!

The father's eyes stretched to a saucer circumference, to see such an outrage upon the established propriety of his house.

The mother was, as usual, the first to speak:

"Hussy!—why, what—"

"Mother!" interrupted Walter, in a more animated tone than he had ever spoken before—"pray do not speak so harshly to my wife!"

"Your wife!" cried the mother; and, uttering one shriek, another swoon came opportunely to her aid.

"Your wife!" said the now equally astonished and indignant father. "Your wife, Walter! You do not mean to say—"

"I mean to say, father, that Mary is my wife—made so this morning by the Rev. Mr. —. I availed myself of your absence with mother to consummate what I have long contemplated and determined upon, and Mary is now my lawful wife; and, as such," he added firmly, "she shall be respected!"

It is needless to recount the storm which followed. • • •

A full measure of retributive justice—fit punishment for the disobedience to her own parents—did Mrs. P. find in the fact, that, after half a life of anxiety and watching, dreading some untoward result, her jealously-guarded daughter was married to an actor, and her pattern of a son to a chambermaid!

Faithful history compels me to record, however, that both these matches, so inauspiciously commenced, (though their consummation is but recent,) bid fair to be singularly felicitous and happy.

The same day Walter left the house, now too hot to hold him, and took furnished lodgings up town. His *ci-dessus* chambermaid is likely to prove herself a model of a wife. With the one thought only, to study his comfort who has raised her from laborious and degrading servitude to independence, she adapts herself to his humours and oddities, and will make a wife infinitely better suited to his tastes and habits than any one he could have selected from the brilliant circle of his sister's acquaintance.

So, too, of the gay and gallant Harry. He has already managed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of his mother-in-law, and is domiciled at her house. There was no resisting his good nature and fascinating manners, and though he had frustrated the darling scheme of her life, she suffered herself to be persuaded by his fine address and gentlemanly pleadings, now that it was too late to remedy the fault, and has really grown to be quite as jealous of his absence from the domestic circle as the fair bride herself. He makes a fond and devoted husband, and I am not without hope his good sense and decision of character will remedy, or at least abate, his wife's faults. At any rate, he is well schooled, from his early pursuits and privations, to enjoy his good fortune; and will, unquestionably, spend the old man's money with infinitely more enjoyment and good taste than any half-brained sapling of aristocratic stock whom Emma could have selected from her mother's favourites. o.

## THE TWO EMPRESSES.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the Gazette de Lausanne.*

On a beautiful Sunday in the month of June, 1812, Redouté, the celebrated painter of roses, left his home for Malmaison, where the Empress Josephine had appointed him her painter of flowers, and to whom, on that very day, he was going to present the first number of his works.

The weather was superb. The sun was ascending gloriously from the horizon, and not a cloud obscured the azure vault of heaven. It was striking eleven as Redouté crossed the garden of the Tuileries, and directed his steps towards the Place Concorde, to take a carriage, when he saw the crowd, all at once, hasten towards the terrace near the water. Curious, and easily excited, like all artists, the painter advanced nearer: "It is the king of Rome and the empress," said those around him. It was indeed the emperor's son, then aged five or six months, who was walking, or rather who was carried on the terrace in a charming caleche, drawn by four sheep admirably trained. Behind this frail and graceful equipage walked the Empress Maria Louisa, enveloped in an immense blue shawl of that peculiar shade, which she preferred to all others, and which still bears her name. Arrived at the grille of the terrace, Redouté stopped, finding himself near a young woman, whose pallid features, dull look, and miserable clothing, indicated suffering and destitution. She was holding a young child in her arms.

"Poor darling," said she, speaking low as she caressed her infant; "thou hast neither carriage nor play-things, thou. For him, abundance, pleasures, and all the joys of

childhood; for thee, privations, trouble, and soon sorrow. What has he done more than thou, this son of a king? You were both born on the same day, in the same hour; I am young like his mother; I love thee as she loves him. But you have a father no longer, and my strength diminishes every day."

Redouté listened attentively to every word, and then saw the young mother furtively wipe away a tear. Lively, affected, he leaned over, and said:

"I am persuaded, madam, if Maria Louisa knew your situation, you would soon cease to suffer."

"Ah! Monsieur, you are in error. The great have no compassion. Since I have been a widow I have addressed the empress many times, but never obtained any reply."

"These petitions, probably, have never reached her. Give me your address. You shall see that I will get you a favourable answer."

He took out his pencil, wrote down her address, slipped in her hand all the money he had in his pocket, and then hurried away. Arrived at the Place Concorde, he looked about for a carriage, but all at once, recollecting he had nothing to pay with, he was at a loss what to do. To return home, would occupy too much time; he therefore resolved to proceed on foot, and began to quicken his steps.

In the meantime, Josephine had been very much surprised not to find Redouté on her return from mass, and inquired if some accident had not happened to her painter of flowers. Just then his arrival was announced, and he was introduced immediately.

"I ought to scold you," said she, smiling, and graciously receiving the number Redouté presented her, "for you have delayed the pleasure this admirable design gives me."

"Madame," replied Redouté inconsiderately, "I supplicate your majesty's pardon. I have not been able, until now, to have the happiness of seeing the king of Rome, and ———"

Hardly were these last words pronounced, when Josephine trembled. Redouté immediately perceived his blunder and became agitated; stammered, and finished by saying he knew not what.

"Recover yourself, my dear painter," said Josephine, "I am very glad you have seen the emperor's son. Tell me, then, all about it!"

Emboldened by the benevolent tone of the empress, Redouté retook some assurance, and related, without omitting anything, the reason of his being obliged to come on foot.

"And you gave all your money to this woman?" said Josephine, whose charming countenance, sad the moment before, now brightened all at once. Then, before Redouté could reply, she resumed: "But, truly, I am astonished at that, as if it were something extraordinary for a great artist to have a noble heart."

"I can assure your majesty that any one would have done as much, the poor mother appeared so suffering."

"Oh, if Napoleon knew it. But no, it is not necessary he should know it. Listen. Your *protégé* must be mine also. I will go to see her, then, to-morrow, in the greatest incognito, and as it is just that you should have half in this affair, you alone shall accompany me. I shall depend on you, then, at nine o'clock."

This time, Redouté was punctual. At nine, precisely, Josephine left her apartments, and both entered a very plain carriage, and soon after arrived in Paris, and stopped in the street of Four-Saint-Honoré.

"Does Madame Blanger live here?" asked Redouté, at the door of a miserable-looking house.

"When you come to the last step of the staircase, the

door of her room you will see before you," said an old woman, without taking her eyes off her knitting.

Attended by her painter, Josephine ventured, not without some fear, into a narrow dark alley, at the end of which they found the staircase. Ascending to the fifth story, they found the door indicated, and the young widow came to open it.

"Madame," said Redouté to her, "I am confident that the emperor would come to your assistance if he knew in what a destitute condition you were placed; but it is useless to inform him now. Madame, whom I have the honour to accompany, will be your protectress, and her protection will enable you to dispense with all others."

Whilst he was speaking, Josephine approached the child, seated in the cradle. He smiled, and held out his arms to her.

"Oh, the beautiful child!" said she embracing him. "Did you not tell me, Redouté, that he was born on the same day with the king of Rome?"

"The same day and the same hour, Madame," replied the young mother. "This circumstance, at that time, might have procured assistance for us; but then we were not in need of any. Besides, my poor Charles was too proud to ask it; he worked diligently, and nothing was wanting here. It is now eight months since I had the misfortune to lose him. From that day my health began to decline, and one can see," she added, casting a tearful look, full of bitterness, on the miserable furniture in the room, "one can see that my resources are exhausted."

"We are going to try, my dear dame," said the empress, "to make you forget all that. At first, you must quit these gloomy and unhealthy lodgings; then I will send you my physician, and tranquillity of mind, aided by physical strength, all your evils will be removed. I rely on you, my dear painter," said she to Redouté, "for a thousand little details; besides, you know we share in this."

Redouté replied he would do everything to second his illustrious associate, whose hands the young mother was kissing with tears of joy.

Every one in France had seen Josephine's removal with sorrow. Maria Louisa was jealous of this popularity, which she coveted for herself, and neglected nothing to obtain it. Every time she appeared in public, a certain number of individuals mingled with the crowd to learn what was said of the new empress. The same day on which Redouté had given his money to the poor widow, one of these observers was near him, and had heard all that passed between them, and reported it to Maria Louisa, who, although she had little taste for this kind of adventures, resolved herself to make the widow a visit.

Josephine arose to go, after having placed a very pretty purse in the hands of the child, with which he was playing, when the door of the room opened, and a young woman appeared. Redouté, who was standing up, remained motionless, as if petrified; he recognised Maria Louisa, accompanied by a newly made chamberlain. Josephine, piqued because the lady had not paid her salutations, resumed her seat, and made a sign to Redouté to wait. The poor widow, in the meantime, was eager to offer a chair to Maria Louisa, and thus the two empresses, who did not know each other, found themselves together.

There are defects which are inherent in the nature of woman, and which the happiest dispositions cannot altogether subdue. Josephine, so good and gentle the moment before, suddenly became haughty and imperious, and said, after Maria Louisa had announced the object of her visit:

"That is very laudable, Madame, but you are somewhat

late in this affair. I have taken the young mother and her infant under my protection, and my protection will be sufficient."

"I have reason to think, Madame, that mine would be more serviceable."

"The protection of Madame," said the chamberlain, speaking of his sovereign, "could raise this child to the highest station."

"Who has told you, Monsieur," retorted Josephine quickly, "that I could not advance him still further?"

"Perhaps Madame could make him a king," said Maria Louisa maliciously.

"Why not, Madame? It might be possible; there are kings in the world of my making."

During this colloquy, Redouté was in torments. He, alone, of all present, knew the two empresses, and he feared an outbreak that might have sad consequences.

"Madame," said he, in a very low tone, to Josephine, "if this lasts a moment longer, your majesty will be discovered, and that, I am convinced, would lead to a very disagreeable scene."

Josephine was silent, and Redouté, interpreting her silence favourably, resumed:

"Ladies," said he, "it is so sweet for generous souls to do good, that I am not astonished at this debate. But why should one of you yield to the other her part in this happiness? For myself, I accept all the benefits that one may bestow on my dear *protégés*."

The two rivals made an inclination in sign of assent, and then both arose and took leave. The chamberlain approached Redouté and said:

"Monsieur, the lady whom I have had the honour to accompany, is the Empress Maria Louisa."

"Parbleu, Monsieur, I know it as well as you do. But what you do not know is, that the other is the Empress Josephine."

"Well, the young rogue is born to good fortune," said the chamberlain; "what a career he will have. The *protégés* of two empresses! We must confess fortune takes strange freaks."

Less than two years after this meeting of the empresses at the widow Blanger, Josephine died of grief at Malmaison, and Maria Louisa, with indifference, perhaps with joy, left France, which she did not love, and where she was not loved.

"Do not weep, mamma," said little Charles Blanger to his mother, "is not our good friend Redouté left us?"

In effect, of all the high protections which had promised so brilliant a future to the poor infant, there remained to him only the friendship of a great artist, whose only fortune was his talent. Nevertheless, poor as he was, Redouté did not repudiate the heritage tacitly left him by the good Josephine, whom grief had killed. He made frequent visits to the widow Blanger, and managed to keep misery away from the abode of this unfortunate, whose health had not been re-established, and whose end was drawing near.

One day, after an absence of two months, on a journey he was obliged to take, the great artist hastened to the abode of his *protégés*. He entered; his heart sunk within him; the noise of a hammer was heard. It was the widow's coffin they were nailing down. In a corner, the little Charles was weeping, while the distant relations of the deceased were loudly deliberating what it was best to do with the child. They decided in a few moments that he should be taken to the *hospice* for orphans.

"Oh! no, no!" cried the child, running and flinging himself in Redouté's arms; "my good friend does not wish

it. Do you, my good friend? You do not wish they should send me to the hospital?"

The great artist wept. He took the frightened and despairing child, and approaching the persons who were consulting together, said:

"There are, then, no hearts in your breasts?" Afterwards, addressing the child: "Have no fear, my little Charles, you shall not leave me, I will be your father."

"Oh! yes, yes! And you will teach me to be a great painter like yourself; and when I grow up, I will also prevent poor children, who have no mother, from being put in the hospital."

Redouté kept his word, and the child too.

Six months ago, a funeral procession was making its way to the cemetery of l'Est. A crowd of artists, men of letters, savans, and magistrates, followed sorrowfully. Among them was remarked a man about thirty years of age, whose face, drowned in tears, bore the impress of the most profound grief. This procession was conducting Redouté to his last home. The man who was weeping was the adopted son and the best pupil of the celebrated painter. The protection of two sovereigns had not prevented him from going to the hospital; the protection of a great artist placed him in the first rank of painters of his kind. Z. P.

#### THE SYCAMORE TREE.

When I was a young and a careless child,  
With a step as free, and a heart as wild  
As the mountain-wind, in its evening play—  
When hours went dancing like minutes a way,  
I loved, on the slope, by my father's door,  
To play 'neath the shade of the Sycamore,  
As it waved its tall branches, widely and free,  
Like the shrouded masts of a ship on the sea.

I ne'er shall forget how it reared its head,  
O'er the bubbling stream with its rocky bed,  
Whose glassy bosom, when bared to the sun,  
Reflected the beams of an angel one,  
Who seemingly paused, in his onward flight  
And shadowed this stream with his wings of light,  
As it revelled in sunshine, wandered in shade,  
And kissed the soft lips of the moss-covered glade.

The Sycamore tree, in its stately pride,  
Hung lovingly over the streamlet's side;  
When its white arms swung to the wintry gale,  
Its downy balls on the waters would sail;  
Though sore was each leaf, and bare was each bough—  
Though frosts rested light on the mountain's brow,  
Yet when school was o'er, there we gathered in glee,  
To sport 'neath our bonny old "button-wood tree."

How long were the hours, how dreary the day,  
When the snow-spirit's wreath lay white on our way,  
And earth veiled her features in shadow and gloom,  
While winter sprang up beside autumn's cold tomb;—  
He fettered the streamlet, and hushed every voice,  
That summer's caresses had taught to rejoice,  
As, mocking, he strode through his kingdom in glee,  
And hung his bright shafts on the Sycamore tree!

The first breath of spring, as it sighed on the breeze,  
Or rustled the boughs of the fresh-budding trees,  
Was hailed with delight, and the shout and the song  
Now echoed again from the hearts of the throng,  
Whose mirth grew the louder the longer we played,  
And when the fair moon poured her light on the glade,  
We gathered together, still careless and free,  
And danced by her beams round the "button-wood tree."

Oh, blithe were our spirits—but years have flown by,  
And rayless and closed is the dark, dreamy eye,  
Of one that I loved, when together we played  
'Neath the long waving boughs in the Sycamore's shade!  
And the pulses that beat full as quickly as mine,  
Now throb not the heart of the cold marble shrine  
That rears its white form, where she wished it to be  
On the green-covered slope by the Sycamore Tree! R.S.N.

#### THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON AND THE CANE OF FRANKLIN.

We fear no commotion at home or abroad—  
For friends we've a staff, and for foemen—a sword.



## THE CHAIR "TABOOED."

Not there—not there!—the seat is filled!  
I pray you sit not there!  
"I see a form you cannot see,"  
Within that hallowed chair.

It smiles upon me with a smile,  
More lovely than the day;  
It listens kindly all the while,  
To every thing I say.

It does not laugh to see me sad;  
It does not chide my gladness;  
'Tis only gay when I am glad,  
And sorrows with my sadness.

When others deem me all alone,  
I gaze into its eyes,  
And strive to hear its spirit-tone,  
Till blinding tears arise!

I tell it all my deepest thoughts,  
Nor hide my darkest feeling;  
I sing my wildest songs to it,  
My soul of song revealing!

It is the kindest friend I have,  
In joy or melancholy;  
It never wearies of my voice,  
Or murmurs at my folly.

And better still—it bears with what  
To other friends a bore is:  
It yawns not, while I read to it  
My verses and my stories! THE UP-TOWN BIRD.

## EXPECTATION.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the French of Souvestre.*

"A Souvenir. Oh! who has not felt the charm of its intoxication? Who has not loved to inhale this last drop of perfume, left by the past in the bottom of the vase? Who has not, at least once in their lives, forgotten themselves while sweetly dreaming and listening to the echoes of by-gone days?"

"To remember, is to double one's life."

So say the poets. And, like them, many extol the sweets of memory; but they are false, and they deceive. Who believes them?

To remember, is it not to *know that we have lived*?

And what is it to live?

Oh! I am going to tell you. It is a story of my blooming years; an incident of the times when I had a vase of holy water, shaded by a sacred bough near my pillow, and when I dreamed at night of my guardian angel.

My heart had never been wounded by reality.

That was long since. I was only sixteen.

Listen, then, and do not laugh at my souvenir of youthful days; for nothing is trifling that destroys our joys and reveals life.

Grief is in what we suffer, and not in the cause of the suffering. That day I awoke, my heart swelling with hope. I had never saluted life on awaking with a sweeter smile. One single thought lighted my soul. Oh, but this thought absorbed every desire that I had ever felt. This thought was a whole future; for the evening succeeding this delightful morning, I expected *the arrival—the arrival* longed for so many days.

I was a young, enchanted girl, whose brow smiled on all the world; but this day, I was serious for very happiness. My good mother, anxious at my unusual silence, asked me several times what ailed her poor child? Engrossed with my mysterious hope, I looked down, and replied: Oh! nothing, my mother, and my radiant smile re-assured her; for mothers know there is in the life of their loved daughters delicious joys which flourish in mystery, and which confidence withers.

All the occupations which usually occupied my time, were abandoned. In vain my canary sung my favourite air; the poor thing received no caresses; everything disappeared before my great, my only thought.

My books were rejected. The reveries of others would have seemed to me pale by the side of the reverie I was in. My piano remained shut all day. Its tones would have been harsh and discordant to the harmony vibrating in my own heart.

All my joy was passed into perfect ecstasy. Reclining in the *fauteuil* of my mother, I thought sweetly on the hour that had been indicated—the hour in which my girlish dreams were to be realized.

Sometimes I rose abruptly, and went and leaned against the window, as if to hasten the *arrival*; but soon the curious looks of a neighbour drove me away from it. I should have blushed so much, had any one guessed my impatience. They did not understand my joy, and they would have laughed at me; and the laugh which thus falls on hope, sinks it so quickly to the bottom of the heart.

The friends of my mother came in towards evening, but my foolish gaiety had almost left me. I was all pre-occupation. They said many flattering things to me, to which I made no reply. Then they criticised successively each of my friends, without making me smile once. I heard my aunt anxiously whisper my mother: "Is she sick?"

At length the noise of a well-known step resounded on the staircase. I felt my heart beat—my bosom swell. The *femme de chambre* entered. A sign, agreed upon, told me that the *object of my expectation* had arrived. I sprang forward, trembling with joy.

Two hours afterwards I was sitting alone and sad in my deserted chamber, my eyes filled with tears. The hour I had so ardently desired had come, and despair with it.

I was that same evening to have made my entrance into the world. I had ordered a splendid robe, one of those robes which form an epoch in a woman's life; and this object of so many ravishing dreams, of so much expectation and hope—this beautiful robe was brought to me, horrible to see, spoiled, torn, ruined. A carriage-wheel had rubbed against it in passing. So that evening, instead of enjoying music and dancing—instead of reading admiration in the looks of the men, and envy in the eyes of the women, I was at home, alone, and before me, my flowers strewn heedlessly about, my *papillottes* pulled out, trampled under foot, alas! like my joy.

I wept over my first disappointment, already thinking how the world deceives when it promises happiness.

Oh! since then I have passed many of those days which deceive no longer. Other pains, since then, have been more serious, more bitter; but then they were not altogether unforeseen—experience had revealed them. At sixteen, I had wept over my first ball-robe. A. F.

## NEIGHBOURS.

WHAT a thorough cleaning that house is getting! and here comes the furniture—part of it old, and rather common, the residue flaunting and fashionable. In the chambers everything neat and comfortable, in the parlours display is the order of the day. Crimson velvet curtains, with blinds cheating the mind into an elysium of romance and chivalry; (the owner so complete a numskull that he scarce remembers the name of the day before yesterday;) furniture of rose-wood; and carpets, from the depths of which the feet can scarcely emerge; the concentrated rainbow, suspended from the ceiling, shedding its flood of light on all around. The colours of the back-room are blue and white; all things

else to match, except the lonely occupant, who in vain endeavours to be at home in these gorgeous apartments. He is determined to pay his court to the Muses, his devoirs to Fortune having been so successful.

Observe a small room, fitted up as a library. But in vain is the desk thrown open, and books thrown down; Literature and Knowledge are coy maidens, who must "be wooed, and not unsought be won." Comfort and *negligé* are next essayed in the parlour. With booted foot carelessly resting on the delicate damask cushion, and head thrown back in all the frenzy of inspiration, behold our neighbour! This will not do, however; a chair is seized and placed in the very centre of the room, beneath the glittering crystals that dazzle and blind with the intensity of their light. Here he sits bolt upright, determined to amuse himself with a newspaper. This employment, we judge, is more congenial, for thought gathers on the brow and speculation twinkles in the eye; no doubt he peruses the prices current, and pork and peas, bread-stuffs and sundries pass in review before him.

But where is the lady fair? Mending and making, brewing and baking. With the old house she cannot throw off old habits, and, in the midst of her maids, we behold her the busiest of the busy; from these indications, we judge them to be *parvenues*: a freak of the fickle goddess having placed them in this fairy palace, but withholding the taste and tact requisite for its enjoyment.

"Who can speak louder than he that has no house to put his head in?—Such may rail against great buildings."

Extremes meet; virtue, carried to excess, becomes hypocrisy; religion, bigotry; justice, rigour; and patience, weakness—except among the poor. By the side of the palace is propped the wretched hovel; and, in the old world, God's holy temples, in very many instances, are crowded upon so closely by Mammon's altars, that the main body of the edifice would be overlooked, were it not for the graceful spire or commanding turret, springing aloft into the heavens, as if with the desire to escape from the contamination surrounding their base. In the crowded cities of our own blessed land, the nabob and the beggar come frequently in contact; therefore, it is no wonder that our neighbourhood contains a caravansery for Nature's step-children.

"What is the matter, Tom? You are laughing and crying in a breath, like a fountain in the sunshine!"

"Oh, mamma! if you could but see Barney; he is down in the kitchen, and looks like an old flag, every stripe flying on its own account."

"Come, Tom, do not laugh at poor Barney; he is in trouble, I dare say. To-morrow is quarter-day; and, no doubt, he is behindhand with his rent."

"Indeed, mamma, I am not laughing at his poverty, but at his absolutely grotesque appearance. His hat is bent down over his eyes in the oddest manner; it seems to be mocking at the anxieties of his countenance; and, instead of shoes, he has only a pair of old tops, tied underneath with stripes of an old black cravat, in order to keep them on his feet."

An old cotton shirt, made originally for a good-sized boy, is strained over the shoulders and breast of this strong, athletic man; a tattered pair of trousers completes his costume. Barney stands six feet in his stockings, (when he has them; we may, therefore, assume this to be his usual height,) breadth to match, with complexion and hair of the same colour—a blushing, rosy red—blue eyes, beaming inextinguishable mirth; for, on the afternoon of this dolorous morning, we observed him seated on the top of a barrel, himself and his audience of the caravansery apparently about to explode with the boisterousness of their mirth.

"Well, I have fulfilled your mission, wife, and my visit was very apropos."

"How so?"

"I groped my way up stairs, and found Ellen and her children sitting round a furnace, filled with charcoal, but with no other light. Upon inquiring the cause of this, Ellen said she had not a farthing in her pocket, and not a mouthful for her children to eat. Barney was still out, trying to get something."

"The blessing of God rest on ye's, for ye have saved us from starving."

A basement, three stories, and an attic, proudly retreating behind a small court-yard, from contact with the *canaille*. Who so *outwardly* fastidious as those who, by a bound from the chandlery, the distillery, the workshop, have shaken from their skirts the vestiges of former coarseness, the remains of youthful friendships, the remembrances of early days!

Behold these gorgeously-decked apartments! All that wealth can purchase, or vanity desire, all the *outward* semblance of refinement and taste, pictures by the first artists, musical instruments of delicious harmony and perfect construction, chairs, divans, and ottomans fashioned for the "Castle of Indolence;" carpets woven by the fairies; less delicate fancies and fingers never imagined or executed these graceful scrolls, these enchanting bouquets.

Practice, and the instructions of a three-dollar-a-lesson professor, have imparted brilliancy to the touch of the fair young creature, who draws forth entrancing melody from the antique harp, or full-toned, expressive piano. This young lady has received all the advantages of education, we judge; but an occasional superciliousness of manner betrays vulgarity of mind.

It is Sunday morning. We take our place in a railroad car, in order to expedite our return from church. Enter our neighbours. Now we can judge them more accurately. The car is not a leveller. The *parvenu* rebounds, as we said before, from early recollections. The haughty toss of the head to that overdressed exhibition of gilt knobs, flowers and ribbons, shows a distaste to former acquaintances, betrays the former state of *madam*.

It is not quite the moment of starting. The car fills up. The lady opposite, to whose ravishing voice we have just been listening while chanting a solo in the choir of the cathedral, sits quietly wrapped in velvet and fur; modest in manner, and unconscious, to all appearance, of cherishing within herself a voice of melting tenderness and wonderful power.

"What time do you start?"

"It wants but one minute to one, madam; we are exact."

"Dear me, how tiresome!" in a loud voice, the person thrown forward, the mouth stretched in a most indecorous yawn.

"Come in, George. You are a pretty object! They ought to be ashamed of themselves at your school! I declare, you are not half washed; they only scald you like the pigs! Don't you dare to go to church with me again till you clean yourself. Do you hear?"

The daughter sits on the other side of the male friend who accompanies them, bending forward to look at her.

"Geraldine, dear, where's your blue velvet ribbon? The ends are hanging behind; pull it round, nobody can see it; hold up your dress, too!"

Quietly, Geraldine obeys. She is good-tempered, we think; but the before-mentioned superciliousness shows forth in her manner of sitting. A sneer on the face proclaims to the other inmates that the six days are the blessed days for mamma and her daughter to recline on papa's luxuriant

carriage, so carefully enveloped in cachmere, velvets and furs, that the winds of heaven dare not breathe too roughly on them.

A ragged little urchin enters:

"Sunday Times! Buy the Herald, ma'am! The Sun, sir?"

"You are ragged and dirty enough, the dear knows!" laughed the mamma.

Our neighbour opposite, the lady of the voice, at that moment put forth her hand, and quietly drew to her knee, where she continued to support him, a little boy, whose father was not able to obtain a seat.

Whether of the twain was the lady?

A contrast again, and an unwelcome "neighbour" to the millionaires; a man dressed in common blue cloth, all in good order, but coarse. He is a hard-working mechanic, we judge, an anxious and careful father, we know; else would not he watch, with so much solicitude, the little girl beside him. Almost lost in the large woollen shawl that is tied round her, a woollen comforter covering her head beneath her mother's old straw bonnet; a pair of shoes, belonging to an elder child, converted into boots by the anxious tenderness of the mother, she having sewed on tops of coarse cloth, to protect the instep and ankle; the shrunken legs encased in woollen stockings belonging to the owner of the boots; this little invalid is brought out to take a ride and a little exercise on the poor man's holyday. Holyday, in truth, for on this day only are the poor man's hands at liberty to do his own behests, to assist his patient, hard-working wife, to regale his little ones with a breath of heaven, with a ray of the glorious sun, that "Our Father, who art in heaven" maketh to shine both upon the rich and the poor, the master and the dependant.

Would not our hearts melt with pity, or burst with indignation, at the apparent injustice of the meting out of the good and evil of the things of this life, did we not know

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform!"

E. K.

### KEEPING DIARY.

"I HAVE forgotten more than you ever knew!" said somebody to somebody, and that rather conceited retort expresses the proper eulogy of diaries. Most people have made attempts at keeping one. My own experience at it began, like everybody's else, with a red morocco volume, of a very ornate slenderness and thinness, in which I recorded my raptures at spring mornings and blue saashes, my unappreciated sensibilities, my mysterious emotions by moonlight, and the charms of the incognita whom I ran against at the corner. This precious record shared in the final and glorious conflagration of Latin themes, grammars, graduses and old shirts, on leaving academy for college, and after a sentiment-deepening interval of two or three years, I sunk some pocket-money once more in a blank-book, on reading Wilson's "Noctes." Celestial nights I thought we had of it, at old black Stanley's forbidden oyster-house, in New-Haven, and, it struck me, it was robbery of posterity—(no less!)—not to record the brilliant effulgence of our conviviality. Regularly on reaching my chambers, (or as soon after morning prayers as my head became pellucid,) I attempted to reduce to dialogue the wit of our "Christopher North," "Shepherd" and "Tickler"—but alas! it became what may be called "productive labour." Either my memory did not serve me, or wit, (I shouldn't be surprised!) reads cold by repentant daylight. It was heavy work—as reluctant as a college exercise, and after using up for segar-lighters the short-lived "Noctes," I devoted the remainder of the book to outlines of the antique—(that is to say of old shoes)—my passion just then, being a collection of French slippers from the prettiest feet in the known world—"known" to me.) This relic survives, having fallen into the hands of a callow younger brother, and it would be, I could imagine, not unamusing, to sundry dames now "fat, fair and indefinite,"

to receive a copy, cut in white paper from the outline of their virgin slipper, and lay it, in affecting and monitory comparison, within (somewhere within) the comfortable shoe of maternity.

My next experiment was in one of the cadaverous, parchment-bound blank-books of Florence, and was begun with the unambitious design of recording simply the subjects of pictures and statuary, artists' names—a road-book, in short—and by this, I know, looking it over now after several years' oblivion, how strangely we forget—how faintly even the most remarkable events and spectacles impress us, (not touching us personally)—how few people, even those we thought much of seeing, and mourned at diverging from, in travel, are remembered, countenance or conversation! Heigho! "the wallet at Time's back?" This journal, however, grew into a three-volume business, and it suffices, now, for ships and diligence, if, at any dull hour I would transport myself once more to Italy. Yet, else, that country were vaguely, most vaguely remembered—pictures by the dozen, delicious pictures, were lost—pleasant people, dinners, considered at the time epochs of pleasure, wayside glimpses of beauty, of affecting distress, of the dramatic of real life—all these salient points of past life, but for a chance-begun and carelessly-kept diary, were faded and gone now. The loss of it would be, to all purposes, the same thing as the falling away of memory. Yet Italy, sweet land of "*poco far*," is the only land for journalizing in travel. In England Napoleon's half-dozen secretaries for dictation, could hardly keep pace with the current. Life, there, is too fast, as in France it is too merely sensual, to put on paper. See what it supplies—the great mass of the novelist press! Bulwer and D'Israeli, Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Hall, and all the thousand writers for magazines and weeklies, do little except convert London life into language. Live six months in literary and gay circles in England, and in Colburn's spring batch of novels you may read over all the good things you laughed at at dinners and breakfasts, find, *tres bien rechauffé*, all the racy scandal and memorable occurrences you would have recorded in your journal,—see all your acquaintances of note grouped as you meant to remember them, and, ten to one, yourself hit off into the bargain. Small use in a diary, then, unless you mean to make hard work of it, or make something more of it, and the latter is so much better done by practised hands than that you, very likely, lose your labour.

Of all places on earth, the country was the last place I should have predicted for a resumption of a diary. But country life, in many particulars, is not what it is pictured. It is a life much fuller of things worthy of record; for you have a new acquaintance—Nature—whose *memorabilia* are endless, and who furnishes you more "straw" for your "bricks" than all the lions of the metropolis. Besides, you have a new use for your diary—you want it to talk to. Intercourse with Mother Earth is prolific. She "breeds maggots in the brain" before she lies with us in our coffins. There is a strange mockery—parody—similitude—what shall I call it?—of human nature in vegetable nature. But this would lead me miles away, and I am talking of diaries. You need your diary, I say, in the country, for you have that to express which is irrelevant to the current of familiar conversation. A blank-book, fortunately, requires no apology for abruptness in the subject. You need not preface with "by your leave," or blush at the indistinctness of your "by the way" or "that reminds me." Ease, in common intercourse, most people are aware, depends on letting the tongue run the gauntlet of association—*apropos* of pins or needles—*apropos* of a sudden death or a cow gone dry—*apropos* of the President's veto or the cook's greasing the soup-ladle—*toujours apropos*! Be as intellectual "as be-hanged," there is nothing more stupid in a cottage than people always "talking fine," always discoursing—however agreeably it may be in bigger houses. Good-humoured nonsense is as essential a part of companionship as water of punch, and if the sense is of the proportion of starch in a shirt, it requires some tumbling before it is comfortable. Now grave thoughts will intrude "in the best-regulated families." Stilted thoughts, very smart and useful for your next visit to the minister or the member, come in astride of frolics. Poetical imagery occurs to you in describing a gossip with the blacksmith. Bitter views of human nature break on you in a friend's visit, and satire, however briskly it goes off, blackens after the flash. Say all these fine things—be "quite frank," as the school-mistress bids you—and down slides the social quicksilver to

zero! The funny become very polite, and the easy very ceremonious and thoughtful, you are left to do all the conversation yourself, and it is thought necessary to express some wonder as to where you light upon "all those beautiful thoughts!" Write these things—jot them silently into the book while the laugh goes on—and you have equally a good deliverance, and *less*

"Water goeth by the mill  
The miller wots not of."

In plain prose you have the thing till you want it. A diary cannot be kept in a drawer. No enthusiasm would long stand the bother of taking it out and putting it back. It must lie on the table amid pens and ink, pencils and sealing-wax. Yet, as openness to curiosity would be the death of it, it must be under prohibition in some shape—either "on honour," or by being made skilfully unattractive. Mine—this—(I will record the disguise for the benefit of posterity) is a specimen of my own handicraft at book-making—a quarter of a ream, (rather less than more) of hot-pressed Bath post, laid loose into a disembowelled ledger. Why not the ledger—why not the ledger itself, quoth you? But I cannot write even the most agreeable kind of prose with which I am conversant, (a receipt) on bad paper, and the ledger, by your leave, is an article of furniture in which I never indulged myself. This, which I speak of, came from London in a box of pickles—stuck in between two belligerent glass jars—and served by Mr. Efkins of Tooley-street, London Bridge (whom I recommend to your custom, and for this he will send me, gratis, another box—less cucumbers and more mango, if you please, Mr. Efkins!)—I say it served my friend the pickle-monger for waste paper and shavings—the accounts being all paid or "carried over." There is but one uniform for ledgers, of course, but this is partly of polished leather or a vivid molasses tint, polished, not by the Parisian *vernis*, but by the pen-knife of the head pickle clerk, or his master, who evidently used it for a strop from 1827 to 1830—the dates of the first and last entries in the volume. In a room where there are all manner of gilt-edged book and nick-nackeries, such a plebeian exterior would hardly even tempt my curious nieces, and neighbours' boys and girls; but, to be on the safe side, I have printed on a large strip of paper, (wafered on,) *Accounts with T. Patch, butcher*—this being the name of the village purveyor in that class of *pabulum*. It must be an inquisitive person indeed who would dip deeper than the cover in a butcher's account—(a trick I really have not, myself) and, if there be a disadvantage attending it, it is the pleasure I seem to take in cyphering up legs of mutton, *et cetera*—the agreeable young ladies who sometimes honour us having occasionally commented on my assiduity in this employment.

There is an advantage, I should remark, in writing upon loose leaves, for the pig and President Tyler should be left alone in the glory of "settled opinions," and every facility should be afforded to the purification and embellishment of those stubborn gentlemen—Black and White. Our good angels smile at blots and erasures, and a prejudice *might* stand uncorrected for fear of spoiling the book! Then—(and here I fear I shall "smell of the shop," but *lucris bonus odor ex qualibet re*, and the reader will excuse it,)—then, I say, a loose leaf, with a negotiable thought upon it, is so handy if one "writes for the papers!" But I am getting beyond "scrap" territory, and must shut up my "ledger." N. P. W.

## SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MESSRS. GALES AND SEATON:

I STOPPED a few days since before the superb windows of the NEW MIRROR (not "office," but *store*, of WILLIAMS & STEVENS, lately opened on the knoll of Broadway—opposite the Tabernacle—stopped, not to get a full-length of myself in the air-like tablets which present all comers with their likeness, but to unravel the take-for-grantedness of the sight of so much splendour, and speculate a little on the human want supplied at such pains and cost. After losing as much character as I could afford by standing before a looking-glass in the street, I ventured to step in. I found myself in a saloon of church-like dimensions, lined with magnificent mirrors—almost any four of which would alone form the

walls of such a parlour as was thought large enough for all the purposes of life in Pompeii, and displaying, all of them, the most ornate and sumptuous variety of carving and gilding in the frames. I should guess the mirror which stands at the end of the room to be not less than ten or twelve feet square, and it is so clear that a man not on his guard would attempt to walk through it into the room apparently beyond. Its value is one thousand dollars, and the prices of the finest mirrors vary from this to two hundred. This is a great deal of money to pay for a "looking-glass," but, *on reflection*, I think it is as well spent as any money expended merely on a luxury. The apparent size of apartments is doubled or quadrupled by well-managed mirrors, and one room has all the effect of a suite, while furniture, pictures, guests and servants are all multiplied in number to the eye, and of course with great addition to the sumptuousness of the establishment. One of the most elegant rooms I ever saw was the *boudoir* of Lady Blessington, in the house she formerly occupied in May Fair—an oval room pannelled with mirrors separated by gold rods—in which you saw, at a glance, her living ladyship and several different counterfeits of her, all gesturing and smiling as gracefully and bewilderingly as herself.

One of the partners of the firm very courteously answered my inquiries as to the *manufacture and demand for Mirrors*, (fancying perhaps that we were both in the same trade,) and there was so much information in what he said, and much of it was so new to me, that I begged him to make memorandums for me of the matters we had talked about. What follows is exactly what he sent me, and I copy it *verbatim*, no less for its information, than for the credit it does to the mental cultivation of a dealer in *Mirrors*.

"The French are very much in advance of any other country in the manufacture of mirrors. The process of casting glass for that purpose was invented in the year 1685, by Abraham Thevart, a Frenchman. The first establishment for the manufacture of the article was the Royal manufactory of St. Gobain, commenced in 1691, during the reign of Louis XIV., and continually, ever since, with constantly increasing facilities for the prosecution of the business. There are at present two other manufactories in France—those of St. Quivin and Cirey, both of which belong to one company.

"The capital invested in this branch of industry is about thirty-two millions of francs, and it gives constant employment to about twelve thousand men; indeed the workmen are so numerous as to constitute, with their families, large villages, which have grown up around the respective factories. The *casting*, *only*, is done at these establishments, the polishing and silvering being done at the extensive *depot* of the companies in Paris.

"The only place where the plates thus manufactured are sold, and in which the companies are all united in one interest is the *depot* in Paris, and its only branch, formed exclusively for the supply of the trade in the United States, is located in New-York. From the well-known superiority of the French mirrors their sales extend over the whole world, even to countries where similar manufactories exist. They do not unfrequently sell large plates for England, notwithstanding the enormous duty, equivalent almost to a prohibition. To achieve this superiority they have employed for the superintendence of the works, men of the highest rank in science, such as Gay-Lussac, Clement Desormes, Dumas and others of like celebrity.

Our friend and neighbour, Freeman Hunt, Esq. has compiled a new and valuable almanac for 1844, which has just been published by E. H. Butler, of Philadelphia. It is a

large duodecimo, of upwards of three hundred pages, and contains a complete ephemeris and numerous statistics relating to commerce, agriculture, manufactures, the general and state governments, and everything else that astronomers, navigators, merchants, and general readers wish to know. No man in this community is so well qualified for the task as the editor of the *Merchants' Magazine*; and his well-known reputation will give the "United States' Almanac" a wide-spread popularity.

#### A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

I sudden when thou smilest to my smile,  
Child of my love! I tremble to believe  
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue  
The shadow of my heart will always pass:—  
A heart that from its struggle with the world,  
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,  
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,  
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth  
Are visited by every air that stirs,  
And drink in sweetness only, while the child  
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,  
May take a blemish from the breath of love,  
And bear the blight forever. I have wept  
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!  
My life is bound up in her! But, oh God!  
Thou knowest how heavily my heart at times  
Bears its sweet burthen; and if thou hast given  
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,  
To bring it unpoluted unto thee,  
Take thou its love, I pray thee! Give it light—  
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!—  
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light  
Shining about her, draw me to my child,  
And link us close, oh God, when near to heaven! N.P.W.

#### NORA MEHIDY,

OR THE STRANGE ROAD TO THE HEART OF MR. HYPOLET LEATHERS.

Now, Heaven rest the Phœnicians for their pleasant invention of the art of travel.

This is to be a story of love and pride, and the hero's name is Hypolet Leathers.

You have smiled prematurely, my friend and reader, if you "think you see" Mr. Leathers foreshadowed, as it were, in his name.

(Three mortal times have I mended this son of a goose of a pen, and it *will not*—as you see by the three unavailing attempts recorded above—it *will not* commence, for me, this tale, with a practicable beginning.)

The sun was rising (I think this promises well)—leisurely rising was the sun on the opposite side of the Susquehanna. The tall corn endeavoured to lift its silk tassels out of the sloopy fog that had taken upon itself to rise from the water and prognosticate a hot fair day, and the driver of the Binghamton stage drew over his legs a two-bushel bag as he cleared the street of the village, and thought that, for a summer's morning, it was "very cold"—wholly unaware, however, that, in murmuring thus, he was expressing himself as Hamlet did while waiting for his father's ghost upon the platform.

Inside the coach were three passengers. A gentleman sat by the window on the middle seat, with his cloak over his lap, watching the going to heaven of the fog that had fulfilled its destiny. His mind was melancholy—partly for the contrast he could not but draw between this exemplary vapour and himself, who was "but a vapour," and partly that his pangs began to apprehend some interruption of the thoroughfare above—or, in other words, that he was hungry for his breakfast, having gone supperless to bed. He mused as he rode. He was a young man, about twenty-five, and had inherited from his father, John Leathers, a gentleman's fortune, with the two drawbacks of a name troublesome to Phœbus, ("Phœbus! what a name!") and premature gray hair. He was, in all other respects, a finished and well conditioned hero—tall, comely, courtly, and accomplished—and had seen the sight-worthy portions of the world, and knew their differences. Travel, indeed, had become a kind of diseased necessity with him—for he fled from the knowledge of his name and from the observation of his gray hair, like a man fleeing from two fell

phantoms. He was now returning from Niagara, and left the Mohawk route to see where the Susquehanna makes its Great Bend in taking final leave of Mr. Cooper, who lives above; and at the village of the Great Bend he was to eat that day's breakfast.

On the back seat, upon the leather cushion, behind Mr. Leathers, sat two other chilly persons, a middle aged man and a girl of sixteen—the latter with her shawl drawn close to her arms, and her dark eyes bent upon her knees, as if to warm them, (as unquestionably they did.) Her black curls swung out from her bonnet, like ripe grapes from the top of an arbour—heavy, slumberous, bulky, prodigal black curls—oh, how beautiful! And I do not know that it would be a "trick worth an egg" to make any mystery of these two persons. The gentleman was John Mehidy, the widowed tailor of Binghamton, and the lady was Nora Mehidy, his daughter; and they were on their way to New-York to change the scene, Mrs. Mehidy having left the painful legacy of love—her presence—behind her. For, ill as he could afford the journey, Mr. Mehidy thought the fire of Nora's dark eyes might be put out with water, and he must go where every patch and shred would not set her weeping. She "took it hard," as they describe grief for the dead in the country.

The Great Bend is a scene you may look at with pleasure, even while waiting for procrastinated prog, and Hypolet Leathers had been standing for ten minutes on the high bank around which the Susquehanna sweeps, like a train of silver tissue after a queen turning a corner, when past him suddenly tripped Nora Mehidy bonnetless, and stood gazing on the river from the outer edge of the precipice. Leathers' visual consciousness dropped into that mass of clustering hair like a ring into the sea, and disappeared. His soul dived after it, and left him with no sense or remembrance of how his outer orbs were amusing themselves. Of what unpatented texture of velvet, and of what sifting of diamond dust were those lights and shadows manufactured! What immeasurable thickness in those black flakes—compared, with all locks that he had ever seen, as an edge of cocoa-meat, fragrantly and newly broken, to a torn leaf, limp with wilting. Nora stood motionless, absorbed in the incomparable splendour of that silver hook bent into the forest—Leathers as motionless, absorbed in her wilderness of jetty locks—till the barkeeper rang the bell for them to come to breakfast. Ah, Hypolet! Hypolet! what dark thought came to share, with that innocent beefsteak, your morning's digestion!

That tailors have, and why they have, the handsomest daughters, in all countries, have been points of observation and speculation for physiology, written and unwritten. Most men know the fact. Some writers have ventured to guess at the occult secret. But I think "it needs no ghost, come from the grave," to unravel the matter. Their vocation is the embellishment—partly indeed the creation—of material beauty. If philosophy sit on their shears, (as it should ever) there are questions to decide which discipline the sense of beauty—the degree in which fashion should be sacrificed to becomingness, and the resistance to the invasion of the poetical by whim and usage, for example—and as a man thinketh—to a certain degree—so is his daughter. Beauty is the business-thought of every day, and the desire to know how best to remedy its defects is the ache and agony of the tailor's soul, if he be ambitious. Why should not this have its exponent on the features of the race, as other strong emotions have—plastic and malleable as the human body is, by habit and practice. Shakespeare, by the way, says

"The use that breeds a habit is a man,

and I own to the dullness of never till now apprehending that this remarkable passage typifies the steeping of superfine broadcloth (made into superfine *habits*) into the wool and warp of the tailor's idiosyncrasy. Q. E. D.

Nora Mehidy had ways with her that, if the world had not been thrown into a muss by Eve and Adam, would doubtless have been kept for queens. Leathers was particularly struck with her never lifting up her eyelids till she was ready. If she chanced to be looking thoughtfully down when he spoke to her, which was her habit of sadness just now, he heard what he had to say and commenced replying—and then, slowly, up went the lids, combing the loving air with their long lashes, and no more hurried than the twilight taking its fringes off the stars. It was adorable—altogether adorable! And her hands and lips, and feet and shoulders had the same contemptuous and delicious deliberateness.

On the second evening, at half past five—just half an hour too late for the "Highlander" steamer—the "Binghamton Stage" slid down the mountain into Newburgh. The next boat was to touch at the pier at midnight, and Leathers had six capacious hours to work on the mind of John Mehidy. What was the process of that fiendish temptation, what the lure and the resistance, is a secret locked up with Moloch—but it was successful! The glorious *chevelure* of the victim (sweet descriptive word—*chevelure*!)—the matchless locks that the matchlocks of armies should have defended—went down in the same boat with Nora Mehidy, but tied up in Mr. Leathers' bosom

\* Man's but a vapour  
Full of woes,  
Cuts a caper,  
And down he goes.—Familiar Ballade.

pocket handkerchief! And, in one week from that day, the head of Hypolet Leathers was shaven nude, and the black curls of Nora Mehidy were placed upon its irritated organs in an incomparable wig!!

A year had elapsed. It was a warm day, in No. 77 of the Astor, and Hypolet Leathers, Esq., arrived a week before by the Great Western, sat aiding the evaporation from his brain by lotions of iced lavender. His wig stood before him, on the blockhead that was now his inseparable companion, the back toward him; and, as the wind chased off the volatile lavender from the pores of his skull, he toyed thoughtfully with the lustrous curls of Nora Mehidy. His heart was on that wooden block! He dressed his own wig habitually, and by dint of perfuming, combing and caressing those finger-like ringlets—he had tangled up his heart in their meshes. A phantom, with the superb face of the owner, staid with the separated locks, and it grew hourly more palpable and controlling. The sample had made him sick at heart for the remainder. He wanted the rest of Nora Mehidy. He had come over for her. He had found John Mehidy, following his trade obscurely in a narrow lane, and he had asked for Nora's hand. But though this was not the whole of his daughter, and he had already sold part of her to Leathers, he shook his head over his shiny shears. Even if Nora could be propitiated after the sacrifice she had made, (which he did not believe she could be) he would as lief put her in the world of spirits as in a world above him. She was his life, and he would not give his life willingly to a stranger who would take it from him, or make it too fine for his using. Oh, no! Nora must marry a tailor, if she marry at all—and this was the adamant resolution, stern and without appeal, of John Mehidy.

Some six weeks after this, a new tailoring establishment of great outlay and magnificence, was opened in Broadway. The show-window was like a new revelation of stuff for trousers, and resplendent, but not gaudy, were the neckcloths and waistcoatings—for absolute taste reigned over all. There was not an article on show possible to William-street—not a waistcoat that, seen in Maiden-Lane, would not have been as unsphered as the Lost Pleiad in Botany Bay. It was quite clear that there was some one of the firm of "Mehidy & Co." (the new sign) who exercised his taste "from within, out," as the Germans say of the process of true poetry. He began inside a gentleman, that is to say, to guess at what was wanted for a gentleman's outside. He was a tailor gentleman, and was therefore, and by that quality only, fitted to be a gentleman's tailor.

The dandies flocked to Mehidy & Co. They could not be measured immediately—oh no! The gentleman to be built was requested to walk about the shop for a half hour, till the foreman got him well in his eye, and then to call again in a week. Meantime, he would mark his customer in the street, to see how he performed. Mehidy & Co. never ventured to take measure for *terra incognita*. The man's gait, shrug, speed, style and quality, were all to be allowed for, and these were not seen in a minute. And a very sharp and stylish looking fellow seemed that foreman to be. There was evidently spoiled some very capable stuff for a lord when he was made a tailor.

"His leaf,  
By some o'er hasty angel, was misplaced  
In Fate's eternal volume."

And, faith! it was a study to see him take a customer's measure! The quiet contempt with which he overruled the man's indigenous idea of a coat!—the rather satirical comments on his peculiarities of wearing his kerseymer!—the cool survey of the adult to be embellished, as if he were inspecting him for admission to the grenadiers! On the whole, it was a nervous business to be measured for a coat by that fellow with the devilish fine head of black hair!

And, with the hair upon his head, from which Nora had once no secrets—with the curls upon his cheek and temples which had once slumbered peacefully over hers, Hypolet Leathers, the foreman of "Mehidy & Co.," made persevering love to the tailor's magnificent daughter. For she was magnificent! She had just taken that long stride from girl to woman, and her person had filled out to the imperial and voluptuous model indicated by her deliberate eyes. With a dusky glow in her cheek, that looked like a peach tinted by a rosy twilight, her mouth, up to the crimson edge of its bow of Cupid, was moulded with the slumberous fairness of newly wrought sculpture, and gloriously beautiful in expression. She was a creature for whom a butterfly might do worm over again—to whose condition in life, if need be, a prince might proudly come down. Ah, queenly Nora Mehidy!

But the wooing—alas! the wooing thrived slowly! That lovely head was covered again with prodigal locks, in short and massive clusters, but Leathers was pernickious as to his property in the wig, and its becomingness and indispensableness—and to be made love to by a man in her own hair!—to be obliged to keep her own dark curls at a respectful distance!—to forbid all intercourse between them and their children-ringlets, as it were—it roughened the course of Leathers's true love that Nora must needs be obliged to reason on such singu-

lar dilemmas. For, though a tailor's daughter, she had been furnished by nature with an imagination!

But virtue, if nothing more and no sooner, is its own reward, and in time "to save its bacon." John Mehidy's fortune was pretty well assured in the course of two years, and made, in his own line, by his proposed son-in-law, and he could no longer refuse to throw into the scale the paternal authority. Nora's hair was, by this time, too, restored to its pristine length and luxuriousness, and, on condition that Hypolet would not exact a new wig from his new possessions, Nora, one summer's night, made over to him the remainder. The long exiled locks revisited their natal soil, during the carcasses which sealed the compact, and a very good tailor was spoiled the week after, for the married Leathers became once more a gentleman at large, having bought, in two instalments, at an expense of a hundred dollars, a heart, and two years of service, one of the finest properties of which Heaven and a gold ring ever gave mortal the copyhold!—*Graham for December.*

N. P. W.

#### SCRIPTURE AUTHORITY ON BEARD.

THE ancient nations in general agreed with the modern inhabitants of the East in attaching a great value to the possession of a beard. The total absence of it, or a sparse and stinted sprinkling of hair upon the chin, is thought by the Orientals to be as great a deformity to the features as the want of a nose would appear to us; while, on the contrary, a long and bushy beard, flowing down in luxuriant profusion to the breast, is considered not only a most graceful ornament to the person, but as contributing in no small degree to respectability and dignity of character. So much, indeed, is the possession of this venerable badge associated with notions of honour and importance, that it is almost constantly introduced, in the way either of allusion or appeal, into the language of familiar and daily life. When a man's veracity is doubted, "Look at this beard," he will say, "the very sight of it may satisfy you as to the truth and probity of its owner." When censuring a bad or dishonest action, "Shame on your beard!" is the ordinary style of rebuke. When friends express their mutual good wishes, "May God preserve your beard" is the strongest and most ardent form of benediction. When requesting a favour from any one, the most earnest terms of supplication are to beg "by his beard, or the life of his beard," that he will grant it; and no higher idea of the value of a thing can be given than by saying, "It is worth more than one's beard." In short, this hairy appendage of the chin is most highly prized as the attribute of manly dignity; and hence the energy of Ezekiel's language, when describing the severity of Divine judgments upon the Jews, he intimates that, although that people had been as dear to God and as fondly cherished by him as the beard was by them, the razor, i. e. the agents of his angry providence, in righteous retribution for their long continued sins, would destroy their existence as a nation.\* With this knowledge of the extraordinary respect and value which have in all ages been attached to the beard in the East, we are prepared to expect that a corresponding care would be taken to preserve and improve its appearance, and, accordingly, to dress and anoint it with oil and perfume was, with the better classes at least, an indispensable part of their daily toilet.† In many cases it was dyed with variegated colours, by a tedious and troublesome operation, described by Morier,‡ which, in consequence of the action of the air, requires to be repeated once every fortnight, and which, as that writer informs us, has been from time immemorial a universal practice in Persia. From the history of Mephibosheth, it seems probable, that the grandees in ancient Palestine "trimmed their beards" with the same fastidious care and by the same elaborate process; while the allowing these to remain in a foul and dishevelled state, or to cut them off, was one among the many features of sordid negligence in their personal appearance by which they gave outward indications of deep and overwhelming sorrow.§

Nor were they less jealous in guarding the honour of this attribute of manhood, than in setting it off to advantage. The slightest exhibition of contempt, by sneering, spitting at, pulling, or even pressing against it in a rude and careless manner, was resented as an insult, such as would now, among men of the world, be deemed expiable only by a duel.¶ No one was permitted to touch it except in the way of respectful and affectionate salutation, which was done by gently taking hold of its extremity with the right hand, and kissing it; but even in that case it was only wives in approaching their husbands, children their parents, or the nearest and most attached friends, to whom this unusual liberty was granted.‡ The act itself being an expression of kind and cordial familiarity, its performance by Job shows in a flagrant light the base and unprincipled conduct of that ruthless veteran, when he took Amasa by the beard with his right hand to kiss him (rather &c.) and then, having assumed this attitude under the mask of the most friendly feelings, smote his unsuspecting victim under the fifth rib.

\* Ezek. v. 1-5.—† Ps. cxxxiii. 2.—‡ Journ. p. 247.—§ 2 Sam. xix. 24; comp. Herodot. ii. 36; Suet. Caligula, ch. v.—|| Burckhardt, Trav. in Arabia, p. 61.—¶ D'Arvilleux, Coutumes des Arabes, ch. 7.

To be deprived of a beard was, and still is, in some places of the East, the badge of servility—a mark of infamy, that degraded a person from the ranks of men to those of slaves and women;\* while to shave it off voluntarily, even for a time, as the former writer mentions he knew was done by some in mere wantonness or a drunken fit, frequently subjects the offender to so great odium as to exclude him from society. Nay, so great is the disgrace entailed by the appearance of a smooth and naked chin, that D'Arvieux describes the case of an individual who, having sustained a dangerous wound in his jaw, preferred hazarding his life rather than allow the surgeon to remove his beard. Among people influenced by such ideas, the forcible erasure of a beard must be felt to be the severest punishment that the malice of an enemy can inflict; and we can easily conceive how deep and intolerable was the affront which the young and ill-advised king of the Ammonites put upon the ambassadors of David, when, among other acts of insolence, he shaved off one-half of their beards, and sent them home in that grotesque condition, exposed to the derision of their countrymen.† Persons of their high rank, who, in all probability, were fastidious about the orderly state and graceful appearance of their beards, would be even more sensitive as to this ignominious treatment than those of a humbler condition; and, as the shaving off of one-half of the beard was among some ancient nations the punishment of cowardice, these circumstances united will help to account for the spirit of determined revenge which the king and the whole nation of Israel breathed, on receiving intelligence of the national outrage.‡—R. J.

From the above facts it is clear that the Israelites maintained their beard and the ideas connected with it, during their abode among the Egyptians, who were a shaven people. This is not unimportant as one of the indications which evince that, whatever they learned of good or evil in that country, they preserved the appearance and habits of a separate people. As the Egyptians shaved their beards off entirely, the injunction in Lev. xix. 27, against shaving "the corners of the beard" must have been levelled against the practices of some other bearded nation. The prohibition is usually understood to apply against rounding the corners of the beard where it joins the hair; and the reason is supposed to have been to counteract a superstition of certain Arabian tribes, who, by shaving off or rounding away the beard where it joined the hair of the head, devoted themselves to a certain deity who held among them the place which Bacchus did among the Greeks.§ The consequence seems to have been altogether to prevent the Jews from shaving off the edges of their beards.

#### THE SPIRIT-BOND.

What is the spell that binds my soul,  
As with a silver cord, to thee;  
That brims with joy life's golden bowl,  
And wakes each pulse to ecstasy?

Methinks, in some far-distant sphere,  
Some star in memory dimly set,  
That we, for years long sundered here,  
In high communion erst have met.

And yet our souls to each were dark,  
As is the broad, mysterious sea;  
Till, lighted by the electric spark,  
Struck from the chain of SYMPATHY.

Oh! firmly round each nerve entwined,  
That fine-wrought chain we inly wear—  
The all corrodeless spirit-bond,  
Which links our kindred natures here.

This is the spell that binds my soul,  
As with a silver cord, to thee;  
That brims with joy life's golden bowl,  
And wakes each pulse to ecstasy.

M. E. H.

LEA and BLANCHARD have recently published the work to which the prize of the French Academy was awarded, entitled the "Education of Mothers; or the Civilization of Mankind by Women." The copy before us is the first American from the fourth London edition. It will have an extensive sale. We make one extract:

"Whatever be the customs or the laws of a country, it is the women who give the direction to its manners. But this influence is more or less salutary according to the degree of estimation in which they are held; be they our idols or our companions, slaves, or beasts of burthen, the re-action will

be complete—they will make us what they themselves are. It appears as if nature attached our intelligence to their dignity, just as we attach our happiness to their virtue. Here, then, is a law of eternal justice; man cannot debase women without becoming himself degraded; he cannot elevate them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the earth, and observe the two great divisions of the human race—the East and the West; one half of the old world continues without improvement, and without ideas, beneath the weight of a barbarous civilization; there the women are slaves; the other half progresses towards equality and enlightenment, and we there see women free and honoured.

"Nature has so willed it, that true love, the most exclusive of all the feelings, should be the only possible foundation of civilization. All is harmony, all happiness, in the intimate link which unites two young married persons. The man, happy in the society of his wife, finds his faculties increase with his duties: he attends to out-door avocations, takes his part in the burdens of a citizen, cultivates his lands, or is usefully occupied in the town. The women, more retiring, presides over the domestic arrangements. At home she diffuses joy in the midst of order and abundance; both see themselves reflected in the children seated at their table, who promise by the force of example to perpetuate their virtues.

"Contrast with this picture of the European family that of an Eastern one; the former is based upon equality and love; the latter, upon polygamy and slavery, which leave to love its brutal fury, but which deprive it of its sweet sympathy and its divine illusions. A man may shut himself up with a number of women, but it is impossible that he can love several. See him, then, reduced, amidst a crowd of young beauties, to the saddest of all conditions—that of possessing without loving, and without being beloved. Without family in the midst of his slaves, without affection in the midst of his children, he imprisons his companions, and makes his house a place of punishment and crime. And, after all, does life yield him happiness? No; his senses become blunted and his mind becomes enervated.

In order properly to estimate the wretchedness of a similar degradation, we may allude to the recent history of a French officer, called Seve, who has lately become celebrated in the East under the name of Soliman-Bey. Being obliged to quit the service at the period of the fall of Napoleon, Seve offered his services to the Pacha of Egypt, who, on account of his military talents, employed him and made his fortune, without requiring him to change his religion. In 1826, Seve was living in a most luxurious style; he had in his harem the most beautiful Greek and Egyptian slaves; but, says the author to whom we are indebted for this account, amidst all these delights his heart was a void, and he sighed for a companion worthy of him. 'Send me,' said he, 'a French, an English, or an Italian woman, it matters not which, I promise you to marry her, and will send away this troop of creatures, without soul and without ideas. Then,' added he, with fervour, 'Nothing more is required to complete my happiness than a true female friend, whose heart and mind would embellish my solitude. This treasure would enable me to enjoy all the rest.' On reading this narrative, one cannot help admiring, how, when social institutions have not deeply depraved the heart of man, a sense of natural rectitude forcibly brings him back to order, that is to say, to virtue.

"From these facts, which comprise in some degree the history of the East, it may be inferred that civilization is only possible by means of marriage.

"At the beginning of the world God created only one man and one woman, and ever since the two sexes have been born in about equal numbers. Thus each man ought to have his companion—it is the law of nature; all the rest is only barbarity and corruption.

"In order to convince you that such is the law of nature, allow yourself to be charmed by the most delightful of all scenes! Observe these two young lovers, experiencing the same transports,—they have but one thought, that of living and dying together. All that is divine upon earth animates their bosoms. Do you not feel that they are the two halves of the same being which have again found each other? and do you not perceive how, in proportion as the two souls form one, its sentiments are enlarged and its joys purified? Oh, how easy the practice of virtue appears to love! He who knows how to love, is strong, is just, is chaste, can un-

\* Niebuhr, Arabia, ch. vii.; Volney, li. p. 118.—† 2 Sam. x.—‡ See also Herodotus, li. 131; Lane's Modern Egyptians, i. p. 322, note.  
§ Herodot. iii. 8; comp. Jer. ix. 26; xiv. 23; xlix. 32.



dertake everything and suffer everything. The soul of true lovers is like a holy temple, in which incense incessantly burns, in which every voice speaks of God, and every hope is of immortality.

"Is it not a wonderful thing, that the woman who has not the power of resisting him whom she loves, can yet find in so weak a soul all the energy, all the heroism, necessary to sacrifice her life for him? It is because woman is made to love, and that in her weaknesses as in her sacrifices it is always love which triumphs.

"Far, then, from interdicting love to young persons, I would bring them up for this sentiment, I would make it the end and the reward of virtue: my pupils should know that the qualities of the soul can alone render us worthy to love and be loved; that love is but a tendency towards the beautiful; that its dreams are but a revelation of the infinite; that in attaching itself to perfections too frequently ideal, the soul points out to us the only objects which it can eternally love; in a word, that it is always the moral beauties which move us, even in the contemplation of physical beauty; and, to corroborate this idea, I would point out the most ordinary physiognomies becoming beautiful under the inspiration of a generous sentiment; and, on the other hand, to the most perfect physiognomies becoming degraded beneath the impression of a low and malevolent passion; and I would conclude, that, for women the most becoming coquetry would be to embellish the soul sooner than the body, because it is the soul which renders all perfect."

#### COMING DOWN SALT RIVER.

OUR brothers of the press have "rowed us up Salt River" so vigorously of late, that we are driven to steal their oars and build a raft to get home again—very glad indeed, by the way, that home is *down stream*, and we have nothing to do but cast off. Stand by while we lash the oars, and heaven keep us from snags and sawyers.

"N. P. WILLIS.—We have ever spoken highly of the talents of this gentleman—but we heartily despise his affectation and dandyism."—*Portland Tribune*.

Many thanks for your "*high speaking*"—oh, virtuous *Tribune*!—and your opinions are as *high* (in the game sense) as your speaking,—for you echo an accusation that has been dead these twenty years. Affected! La! We made up our mind full fifteen years ago that life was too short for any nonsense that *didn't pay*. And if we have not since taken the shortest road to knowledge and money—have not been always briefer and more straightforward than the man we talked to—have not cut loose from all affectations and other hindrances, kept our keel free of such weeds and barnacles, and "gone our course" closer to the wind than other men—it is because we failed in the trying. Tut! who ever saw an *affected* man that would stand abusing for twenty years! You must change the *venue*, good fellow-Portlander! And dandyism! Come! we *do* rejoice that the reputation of it can be achieved so economically—the coat we wore the summer last past at Saratoga having done us three years of quotidian service! You lack tact, oh *Tribune*! Take our advice, and never give the enemy a chance for a flourish of "indignant virtue!"

"It is a shame that he writes so few useful articles, and devotes so much of his time to scrutinizing the ladies' dresses, fingers, lips, eyebrows and ankles."—*Portland Tribune*.

Now what does the *Tribune* mean by a "*useful article*." Stockings are useful, and the man who weaves them out of his wool, thinks they fulfil their destiny if they *sell*, and wear well, and make people want more of them. But that is the history of what *we* weave, out of *our* wool! We write nothing that don't *sell*—nothing that don't wear well—nothing that people don't want more of! Heaven preserve us from a dependance for a livelihood upon such "*useful articles*" as the *Tribune* sets us for an example! We would, at least, *sell*—like stockings! And as to our "*scrutiniz-*

*ings*"—we shall take leave to *look* at ladies' dresses, while there are ladies in them, and at their "*lips and eyebrows*," if they will permit us to do so—without an endorsement of the permit by the *Portland Tribune*. Scrutinizing "*their fingers and ankles*" requires a little explanation. We are too innocent to know what the wretch means!

"Why not be a real man, and devote his talents to noble objects and criticize less the foolish fashions?"—*Portland Tribune*.

"There now! Not a *real* man, after all! Oh murder! Book us for a *sham*, and then credit us for what shams may come to! Will the "*Tribune*" give us the yield of his *reality*—by way of contrast! And are not the "*foolish fashions*" quite as proper a subject for criticism as Willis's "*affectation and dandyism*!"

And here is another sermon preached at us from the wrong text:—

"If he supposes that by hiding his face in hair he adds to his comeliness, let him by all means do it; but let him not endeavour to persuade weaker heads than his own to imitate his example. If he thinks it becoming in a man of genius—in a being who believes he possesses an immortal soul, to convert himself into a walking sign-post of all that is *outré* in dandyism, let him do so; but let him not try to make proselytes to his most ridiculous opinions."

So says Mr. Prentice of the *Louisville Journal*, who, having shaken us once by the hand, should have taken pains to remember that we *do not wear beard*, and have long ago outgrown our dandyism. We have taken up the *defence of beards*, however, and having shown (in previous *Mirrors*) that nature intends us to wear them, and that diseases of the throat are the consequences of shaving, we refer the reader to good gospel authority, (which will be found on a previous page,) as to its propriety and dignity.

Our friend of the "*Courier and Enquirer*" has "*let down a stitch in his broiery*," which we must take up for him:

"Of late years he has appeared so entirely engrossed by the frivolities of literature that his reputation, though brilliant and flattering to one greedy of clamorous applause, has fallen far below the level at which all nobly-gifted minds should aim. The great mass of what he has written since will have utterly perished, when these *Sacred Poems*, the work of his early and untainted years, will be read with delight by those whose praise is the best worth having."

Two-thirds of these "*Sacred Poems*" were written within the last three years, and we do not think that "*Jairus's Daughter*," "*David's grief for his child*," "*The Leper*," "*Rizpah*," "*The Baptism of Christ*," "*Lines to Rev. Mr. White*," and one or two serious domestic poems in the same collection—all of recent *production*—show any inclination of the tree to depart from the bending of the twig. We write such poems with delight. If our brain were not overworked, come Saturday, we would never willingly pass a Sunday without some transfusion of poetry from the glowing and captivating fountains of the Bible. Every other vein of literature, except this only, is a task to us,—we assert it to be believed. But we must be excused, though our organ will play psalms, for grinding it to worldly tunes for a livelihood. If "those whose praise is best worth having" will pay us as much for "*sacred poetry*" as Graham and Godey pay us for what "*will utterly perish*," we shall be as happy to leave oats for grass as an omnibus-horse turned out to pasture. A man who is catching fish for his dinner, don't stop to think whether the bait "*will utterly perish*," my dear colonel! No—no! "*First come first served*!"—*Mortality before immortality!*

An anonymous correspondent, "*J. E. R. of Troy*," writes us as follows about *one* of these "*frivolities of literature*" which the colonel thinks will "*utterly perish*:"—

"Many thanks for the exquisite sketch of '*Blanch Beaufin*.' And if it will give you any pleasure, I am empowered to



thank you in behalf of a pair of the loveliest eyelids that ever trembled over the page of romance."

It is very pleasant, you see, to be even

"a spark  
That needs must die, although its little beam  
Reflects upon a diamond."

But now—having fought the battle on our own hook, let us give our own readers an idea of "what Mrs. Grundy would say" if we really were to grow "virtuous," and "have no more cakes and ale." Here is a passage from a religious paper, the BALTIMORE SATURDAY VISITOR:—

"The opening lecture before the Mercantile Library Association was delivered on Tuesday evening, by N. P. Willis. Though a decided failure, it did far more for the association than did that of Dr. Barnes for the Institute—having sold the course-tickets to a houseful, many of whom, no doubt, paid two dollars to see the famed author of 'inimitable nothings.' The failure grew out of the fact, that Willis foolishly imagined that he was expected to act the part of a grave instructor—which led him to take up such a subject as the formation of character, instead of gossiping about the novelties of travel, the pleasures of the country and town contrasted, the loss of fashionable life, or some other characteristic theme. We do not mean to have it inferred that he said nothing worth listening to, for the lecture contained some capital hints on the subject of intellectual and moral culture, and more philosophy by far than we anticipated from Willis—TO BE PLAIN. His views of intellectual progress chimed quite well with our own. They are views, too, which the world had better cherish. With him we believe that the growth of intellect, commenced in the present state of existence, will be resumed in the future life and progress on a like principle—in other words, that the wilfully ignorant Christian (if such there can be) cannot expect to be placed on an equality with the Christian of cultivated mind, when they shall have been transferred to the future world. The more intelligence on earth the more bliss in heaven, provided the moral faculties have been correspondingly educated—is our firm belief, looking upon the present physico-intellectual life as the model of that which is to come. This view, as hinted by Mr. Willis, would serve as the best of motives to mental culture, if generally adopted.

"The brevity of this lecture was provoking. When it closed the audience stared at each other, as if asking, 'What's the matter?—What are you going so soon for?' As a matter of right to the audience, if not to his liberal-paying employers, he ought to have, at least, doubled forty minutes, which only he actually consumed. However, the ladies had time enough to 'get a peep at Mr. Willis,' whose appearance, doubtless, disappointed them, dressing, as he did, like anything rather than a 'fop.'"

And, after this—we think we may venture to quote the winding-up of a two-column castigation given to us by the "GUARDIAN," a religious paper printed at Columbia, Tennessee:—

"Is Mr. Willis ignorant of the meaning of the word *corcomb*? Has he no respect—we will not say for the literary taste, but—for the manly feeling and the honest common sense of his readers? But we check our indignation; for Mr. W., conscious of his dandyism, and knowing well the contempt with which every dignified mind must regard it, yet knows perfectly well what he is about. Even such nonsense as his 'Beverley Correspondence' is eagerly sought after by multitudes of our countrymen—and of our countrywomen, we add with unfeigned sorrow and humiliation. The cheap literature of the last ten years has done more to vitiate and degrade our national literary taste than can well be conceived. To this degradation Mr. W. is openly contributing. He is prostituting talents of the most brilliant order, an exquisitely-refined taste in elegant letters, and powers of writing such as have fallen to the lot of very few men indeed, to purposes that must, some day or other, fill him with the liveliest mortification. He pursues this debasing course, not in the ardour of inexperienced and impulsive youth—a portion of the American press has wasted its reproofs upon him for nearly twenty years. We do not charge him with pandering to any vicious propensity in his readers. His fault lies in losing sight of what should be the high and virtuous aims of a scholar, and contenting himself with amusing the listless and 'dawdling.'"

Our compliments to Mrs. VOLNEY HOWARD of Mississippi, and we could wish that the poetry she was kind enough to send us had been finished as highly as the beautiful Invocation to WINTER which we see attributed to her in the papers.

THE following poem, illustrated with eighteen beautiful steel engravings, from original designs by Robert W. Weir, has been published, and is for sale by the Messrs. Appleton, 200 Broadway. The volume forms an appropriate and cheap present for the holidays.

### THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MORTON MC MICHAEL, ESQ.

"The plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,  
Who moans unceasing, and ceaseless sings,  
Ever a note of wail and woe,  
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her glances glow."—J. R. Drake.

"Why dost thou come at set of sun,  
Those pensive words to say?  
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?  
And who is Will, I pray?"

"Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,  
A suppliant at my door?—  
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?  
And is Will really poor?"

"If poverty's his crime, let mirth  
From out his heart be driven:  
That is the deadliest sin on earth,  
And never is forgiven!"

"Art Will himself?—It must be so—  
I learn it from thy moan,  
For none can feel another's woe  
As deeply as his own.

"Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat,  
While other birds repose?  
What means thy melancholy note?  
The mystery disclose.

"Still 'whip-poor-will!'—Art thou a sprite,  
From unknown regions sent,  
To wander in the gloom of night,  
And ask for punishment?"

"Is thine a conscience sore beset  
With guilt—or, what is worse,  
Hast thou to meet writs, duns and debt,  
No money in thy purse?"

"If this be thy hard fate indeed,  
Ah well may'st thou repine:  
The sympathy I give I need—  
The poet's doom is thine.

"Art thou a lover, Will?—Hast proved  
The fairest can deceive?  
Thine is the lot of all who've loved  
Since Adam wedded Eve.

"Hast trusted in a friend, and seen  
No friend was he in need?  
A common error—men still lean  
Upon as frail a reed.

"Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,  
A crown of brambles won?  
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same  
With every mother's son!"

"Hast found the world a Babel wide,  
Where man to Mammon stoops?  
Where flourish Arrogance and Pride,  
While modest Merit droops?"

"What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain,  
To guess it who's the skill?  
Pray have the kindness to explain  
Why I should whip poor Will?"

"Dost merely ask thy just desert?  
What, not another word?—  
Back to the woods again, unhurt—  
I will not harm thee, bird!"

"But use thee kindly—for my nerves,  
Like thine, have penance done;  
'Use every man as he deserves,  
Who shall 'escape whipping'?—None.

"Farewell, poor Will—not valueless  
This lesson by thee given:  
'Keep thine own counsel, and confess  
Thyself alone to heaven!'"

G. F. M.

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# THE NEW MIRROR. B. 2. 2. 4

EVERY NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH A STEEL ENGRAVING.

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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1843.

NUMBER 10.

On the opposite page the readers of the New Mirror will find an excellent original engraving, from the *burin* of Ben-net, whose inimitable marine views have attracted so much attention. The scene represented by the artist is the well-known hay-market at the foot of Duane-street, which is most accurate in all its details. Fanny Kemble thought the sloops of the North river the most picturesque things that she had seen in this country. What thinks the reader?

The following Journal, which we copy from the "The Gift for 1844," is translated from the German of Techokke, who intimates that it is taken from the English, and that it probably gave Goldsmith the first hint towards his Vicar of Wakefield. If it were originally English, it is not easy to understand why it was allowed to die, and our readers, we trust, will deem it not unworthy of being restored to our mother language. As it would mar the interest of this admirable paper to divide it, we have given the whole in the present number, to the exclusion of several original communications, which will appear next week.

## JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR

IN WILTSHIRE.

Dec. 15, 1764.—RECEIVED to-day from Dr. Snarl £10 sterling, being my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was attended with many uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room was I admitted to the presence of his reverence. He was seated in an easy chair at his writing desk. My money was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really he is a man of much dignity. I can never approach him without awe. I do not believe I should enter the king's presence with less composure.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he well knew that I had this very morning walked eleven miles in the bad weather, and that the hour and a half's standing in the ante-room had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money.

My heart beat violently when I attempted to introduce the subject, which I had so long thought over, of a little increase of my salary. I shall never be able to conquer my timidity, even in the most righteous cause. Twice, with an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavoured to break ground. Memory, words, and voice failed me. The sweat started in great drops on my forehead.

"What do you wish?", said the rector very politely.

"I am—every thing is so dear—scarcely able to get along in these hard times, with this small salary."

"Small salary, Mr. Vicar! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for £15 pounds sterling a year."

"For £15! Without a family, one might indeed get along with that sum."

"Your family, Mr. Vicar," said the rector, inquiringly, "has not received any addition, I trust. You have only two daughters?"

"Only two, your reverence; but they are growing up. My Jenny, the eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better. Can't your girls work?"

I was about to reply, when he cut me short by rising and observing, while he went to the window and drummed with his fingers on the pane, that he had no time to talk with me to-day. "Think it over," he concluded, "whether you will retain your place at £15 a-year, and let me know. If you relinquish it, I hope you will have a better situation for a New Year's present."

He bowed very politely, and again touched his cap. I swept up the money and took my leave. I was thunderstruck. He had never received nor dismissed me so coldly before. With-

out doubt somebody had been speaking ill of me. He did not once invite me to dinner, as had always before been his custom. I had depended upon it, for I came from home without breaking my fast. I bought a loaf in the outskirts of the town at a baker's shop, which I had observed in passing, and took my way home.

How cast down was I as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

But fy, Thomas! Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10d a-day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? He who clothes the lilies of the field! He who feeds the young ravens! We must deny ourselves some of our luxuries.

Dec. 16.—I do believe Jenny's an angel. Her soul is even more beautiful than her body. I am almost ashamed of being her father. She is so much better and more pious than I.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up and said, "Thou art disquieted, father!"

"Should I not be so?"

"No, thou shouldst not."

"Dear child, we shall never be free from debt and trouble. I do not know how we can stand it. Our need is sore. £15 hardly suffice for the bare necessities of life. Who will assist us?"

Instead of answering, Jenny gently passed one arm round my neck, and pointed upwards with the other, "He, there!" said she.

Polly seated herself on my lap, patted my face, and said, "I want to tell thee something. I dreamed last night that it was New Year's day, and that the king came to C—. There was a splendid show. The king dismounted from his horse before our front door and came in. We had nothing to set before him, and he commanded some of his own dainties to be brought in dishes of gold and silver. The kettle-drums and trumpets sounded outside, and only think, with the sound of the music, in came some people with a bishop's mitre upon a satin cushion, a New Year's present for thee! It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture book. But it became thee right grandly. Yet I laughed myself almost out of breath; and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. This dream has certainly something to do with a New Year's present. It is only fourteen days to New Year's."

I said to Polly, "Dreams are but Seems;" but she said, "Dreams come from God."

I believe no such thing. Still I write the dream down, to see whether it be not a comforting hint from heaven. A New Year's present would be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

Dec. 17.—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid, but one. At five different places I paid off £7 11s. sterling. I have therefore left in ready money, £8 9s. This must last a half year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at tailor Cutbaj's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them sorely. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable. But Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child when I see her shivering in that thin camelot. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper which neighbour Westburn and I took together. It goes hard with me. Here in C— without a newspaper one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse races at New Market the Duke of Cumberland won £5000 of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled, "To him who hath shall be given;" and those other words, too, "From him who hath not, shall be taken away." I must lose £5 of even my poor salary.

Fy, Thomas, already murmuring again! and wherefore? For a newspaper, which thou art no longer able to take? Shame on thee! Thou mayst easily learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica. The French have indeed promised assistance to the Genoese; but Paoli has twenty thousand veterans.

Dec. 18.—Ah! how happy are we poor people still! Jenny has got a grand cloak at the sloopshop for a mere song, and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces, in order!

Articles in Silver and Gold, comprising all the latest novelties, selected from the most tasteful manufacturers the Oxford Edition.

make it up anew. Jenny understands how to trade and bargain better than I. But they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak for the first time on New Year's day. Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it. I wager, the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly present which the Venitians made him, the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the twenty thousand sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in eatables. Until New Year's, we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbour Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the newspaper because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my place. He shook my hand and said, "Very well, then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me."

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

*The same day. Eve.*—The baker is a crabbed man. Although I owe him nothing, yet when Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very small and badly risen or half burnt, he struck up a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon trust—that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know every thing. Every one in the village is telling how the rector is going to put another curate in my place. It will be the death of me.

The butcher even must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me with complaints about the bad times, and the impossibility of selling any longer for anything but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colwood and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man, and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that usurer treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a pound more than others, for his meat, and, when his oaths and curses could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year, and then showed us the door.

I still have in ready money £2 1s. 3d. What shall I do, if no one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And if Dr. Snarl appoints another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned upon the street!

Be it so; God is in the street also!

*Dec. 19, early. A. M.*—I awoke very early to-day, and pondered what I shall do in my difficult situation. I thought of Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge; only poor people have no cousins, only the rich. Were New Year's day to bring me a bishop's mitre, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by the post the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Snarl.

"I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

"The office with which you entrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity; I have preached the word of God in all purity; I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. I humbly requested for a little increase of my small salary. Your reverence spoke of reducing the small stipend, which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessities of life. Let your humane heart decide.

"I have laboured sixteen years under your reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old. My hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

"My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter, Jenny, supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and conducts our domestic concerns. We keep no maid; my daughter is maid, cook, washerwoman, tailoress, and even shoemaker, while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, woodcutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

"God's mercy has attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness. We could not have paid for medicines. C— is a little place.

"My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing. They very rarely get any. Here in the country every one does her own housework; none are rich.

"It will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon £20; but it will be harder still if I am to attempt it upon £15. But I throw myself on your compassion and on

God, and pray your reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety."

After I had finished this letter I threw myself upon my knees, (while Polly carried it to the post office) and prayed for a happy issue. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. Ah! a word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully came I from my little chamber, which I had entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sat at work at the window. She sat there with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly state. I seated myself at my desk, and wrote my sermon, "On the joys of poverty."

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as with the physician. He knows the power of his medicines, but not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

*The same day. A. M.*—This morning I received a note from a stranger who had tarried over night at the inn. He begs me, on account of urgent affairs, to come to him.

I have been to him. I found him a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage. He had on an old well-worn surcoat, and boots, which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room, begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances, that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but without employment, and intending to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn—to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey. Accordingly he turned in his despair to me. Twelve shillings would be a great assistance to him. He promised, if I would favour him with that advance, that he would honourably and thankfully repay it, so soon as he was again connected with any theatre. His name is John Fleetman.

There was no necessity of his painting his distress to me so at large. His features expressed more trouble than his words. He probably read something of the same kind in my face, for, as he turned his eyes upon me he seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed, "Will you leave me then without help?"

I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment, that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world, and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner, and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked, "You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your own misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C— who has pity, if he has no wealth?"

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr. Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one. I did not perhaps know their hearts well enough.

I approached him and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Mr. Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor. I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour."

I went home. On the way I thought to myself, "How odd! the stranger always comes first to me, and an actor to a clergyman! There must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy, like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me who have the least to give. When I sit at table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog who looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee."

When at home, I told the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted. I wished for Jenny's advice. She said tenderly, "I know, father, what thou thinkest, and therefore I have nothing to advise."

"And what do I think?"

"Why, that thou wilt do unto this poor actor as thou hast God and Dr. Snarl will do unto thee."

I had thought no such thing, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller. I did not care to listen to his thanks. It humbles me. Ingratitude stirs my spirit up. And, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

*The same day. Eve.*—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn she had much to tell about



him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long sermon upon the folly of giving, when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants, when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. "The shirt is nearer than the coat." "To feed one's own maketh fat," &c. &c.

I had just turned to my sermon again, when Mr. Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C— without thanking his benefactor, by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had an omelet and some turnips. I invited the traveller to dine with us. He accepted the invitation. It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long while sared so well.

Mr. Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He had quite lost that anxious look he had, yet there was the shy, reserved manner about him, which is peculiar to the unfortunate. He inferred that we were very happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed also that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There he was mistaken. Without doubt the order and cleanliness of our parlour dazzled the good man, the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpasses her mother, and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly-mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart, I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed, then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors, I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked, how long I thought I should be able with the remainder of my ready money to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were, "It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side." With these words he pointed to Jenny and Polly.

Dec. 20.—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Jones sent me his bill for the year. Considering what we had had of him, it was larger than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles. Otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money. The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr. Jones. He is a very polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter. But he was not to be moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could, he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. With a merchant, credit is everything.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I have let him go to law against me as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I loaned him. Otherwise I know not what help there is for us.

Now go to, thou man of little faith; if thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

Dec. 24.—One may be right happy after all, even at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new cloak. She looks as beautiful in it as a bride. But she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New Year's day.

Every thing she reckons up, and shows me with how little expense she has got through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coals. That is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat in bed together until midnight. We have a beautiful supply of turnips and vegetables. Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks, without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then we all hope that Mr. Fleetman will keep his word like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to dis-

trust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow no evil of the comedian.

He is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life. He will supply us with conversation for a full half year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger when the mischievous Polly exclaims, "But he is an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London who are invited to dine with the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, and a graceful address and well-chosen phrases. "Yes indeed!" said the sly Polly to-day very wittily, "beautiful phrases! he called thee an angel." "And thee to," cried Jenny, somewhat vexed. "But I was only thrown into the bargain," rejoined Polly, "he looked only at thee."

This chat and childish rallery of my children awakened my anxiety. Polly is growing up; Jenny is eighteen. What prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas. Jenny's only wealth is her gentle face. That everybody looks kindly on. Even the grocer Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of almonds and raisins for a present, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that, if I bought of him, he would give me credit till Easter. He has never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who! the God of Heaven. They are at least qualified to go to service any where. I will not distress myself about the future.

Dec. 26.—Two hard days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christmas. I preached my two sermons in two days five times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt. I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh water, do not afford much nourishment.

I have dined both days with Farmer Hurst. The people in the country are more hospitable by far than here in the town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner these six months. Ah! could I have only had my daughters with me at table! What profusion was there! Could they have only had for a Christmas feast what the farmer's dogs received of the fragments of our meal! They did have some cake, and they are feasting on it now while I write. It was lucky that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little bag full, and, besides, as it rained pitifully, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing. One's thoughts are clearer. One feels with more vivacity.

I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was noteworthy. I will write it off to-morrow.

Dec. 27.—We have lived to know what perfect joy is. But one must be moderate in his joys. The girls must learn self-restraint, and practise themselves therein. Therefore I lay aside the packet of money which Mr. Fleetman has sent. I will not break the seal until after dinner. My daughters are Eve's daughters. They are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. They are examining the address, and the packet is passing from one to the other three times in a minute.

Indeed I am more disturbed than rejoiced. I lent Mr. Fleetman only twelve shillings, and he sends me back £5. God be praised! He must have been very successful.

How joy and sorrow interchange! I went early this morning to the alderman, Mr. Fieldson, for I was told yesterday that the wagoner Brook at Watton Bassett had, on account of his embarrassments, destroyed himself. Some eleven or twelve years ago I went security for him to the amount of £100. He was distantly related to my sainted wife. The bond has never been cancelled. The man has latterly had much trouble, and given himself up to drinking.

The alderman comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but that it was very doubtful whether Brook had destroyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence. So I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house when Polly ran to meet me, exclaiming almost breathless, "A letter! a letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with £5! But the packet has cost seven pence." Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me before I had laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy. So I pushed aside their scissars, and

said, "Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure, than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day. But now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you, I shall not open the letter nor the packet of money until after dinner."

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr. Fleetman's honesty and gratitude that delighted her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote and how he was; but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must learn to practise patience.

*The same day. Eve.*—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came, not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snarl. He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, and he informs me that until that time I may look about for another situation, and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

Thus the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation, and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he has married a near relative of his reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honour.

Jenny and Polly turned deadly pale, when they found that the letter came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the rector; and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched gratuity for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

Then all fear vanished out of my heart. I looked up, and said, "Wea, Lord, I am thine."

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlour; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters. They were sitting at the window. I saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believe they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance. But when they saw that I was quite composed, and that I addressed them with cheerfulness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me; with me it was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

*Dec. 23.*—It is good to let the first storm go by, without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr. Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs. We propose all kinds of plans for the future. The bitterest thing is that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost too superstitiously upon a new year's present. I have sometimes thought much of dreams, but I do not believe in them.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish-books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the meantime, I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to request them to find good places for my daughters, as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I will not leave my daughters here. The place is poor, the people are unsocial, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar. Some are sorry that I must leave, but I know not who takes it to heart.

*Dec. 25.*—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him in lively terms, the sad, helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He must be a humane, pious man. May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

*Dec. 30.*—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamt of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to jail. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practise my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot tell them.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb.—I cannot write for trembling.

*Some hours after.*—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God and prayed. But I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept, perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Every thing which has happened, which I have heard, flits before me like a dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made away with himself. Alderman Fieldson has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy. I must account to Withell, a woollen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds sterling.

Mr. Fieldson had good cause to commiserate me heartily. Good God! a hundred pounds sterling! How shall I ever obtain it? All that I and my children have in the world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brook used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man. I never thought that he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited. Now I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to prison if Mr. Withell is not merciful. It is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

*Same day. Eve.*—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! Fy! And yet believe in a Providence! And a priest of the Lord! Fy, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure, and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr. Withell at Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go to jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me; if not, he may drag me away, whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man, more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences. They listened earnestly and in great sorrow.

"To prison!" said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. "Ah, thou good, poor father, thou hast done no wrong, and yet hast to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withell's feet; I will not rise until he releases thee!"

"No," cried Polly, sobbing, "do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not for all thy tears give up a farthing of father's debt. I will go to the woollen-draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labour what father owes."

In forming such plans, they gradually grew more composed. But they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last said Jenny, "Why all these useless plans? Let us wait for Mr. Withell's answer. If he will be cruel, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, go to jail. Perhaps thou wilt be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for thou goest without guilt. There is no disgrace in it for thee. We will both go to service, and our wages will procure thee every thing needful. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something honourable and holy in it. We will come and visit thee from time to time. Thou shalt be well taken care of. We will fear no more."

"Jenny, thou art right," said Polly; "whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and thee."

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of the Lord at my side.

*Dec. 31.*—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right beautiful and happy year! It is true, we often had scarcely enough to eat—still we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares, still our cares have had their pleasures. And now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a-year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place, have I lost. In my old age I am without office or bread. It is possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters. Still Jenny is right; God is there also in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell even in hell, and to a bad heart no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honour. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honour and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honour. He who can despise the world, enjoys heaven. I understand the gospel better every day, since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study the letter, not the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Every body should keep one. One may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner pourtray ourselves, we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful also, because it helps us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelve-month.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying, "Misfortunes seldom come singly, but the darkest hour is just before morning." When things go hard with me, then I am most at my ease, always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when every thing goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy. I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest misfortunes, which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true that trouble looks more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance.

I have learnt from all my calamities to consider, with the quickness of lightning, what will be their worst effect upon me. So I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This also I find good—I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me. So I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favourable to me; then all air castles vanish as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas for him who is the sport of his hopes! He pursues will-o'-the-wisps into bogs and mire.

*New Year's Day, 1765. A. M.*—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history.

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly with these words: "Mr. ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in, and wishing me "a happy new year," as well as "good morning," added laughing, "you will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" And then she told me how a New Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me, that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity. For hitherto the New Year's presents for the vicar of C— had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was light.

When I entered the parlour, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me, carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly cut round holes.

With Jenny's help, I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!—but no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed with one voice, "Good God!"

There lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-coloured ribands. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wrapped up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabant lace.

We stood some moments gazing at it with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh, and cried, "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre!" Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the point of

her finger, and in a tone full of pity, said, "Poor, dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it was lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor, forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast and said, "Be a mother to this little one! The stepchildren of fortune come to her stepchildren. God tries our faith—no, he does not try it, He knows it. Therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not indeed know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows, who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

Thus the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the meanwhile, we exhausted ourselves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New Year's sermon upon "the Power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me, it is as if I entered upon the New Year in the midst of miracles, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

*Same day. Eve.*—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labours of the day. I had a long and rugged walk. But I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlour. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine, a New Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursing, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes, which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they had found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter, as follows:

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know every thing that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred. He has been baptized. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried, "There's the bishop's mitre!" Bountiful heaven! how rich had we suddenly become. We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New Year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved. But in what a strange and mysterious way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one. And yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence!

*Jan. 2.*—Fortune is heaping her favours upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money, £12, by the post, with a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him. He says as much. I cannot, alas, thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid I should be puffed up with my present riches. I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond to Mr. Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr. Fleetman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with Mr. Fleetman. Jenny grew very red, and Polly jumped up laughingly, and held up both her hands before Jenny's face, and Jenny behaved as if she was right vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman's letter. But I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve. He exaggerates every thing, even indeed when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read. I did not dare to look at her. The passage, however, which relates to her, is worthy of note. It runs thus:

Articles in Silver and Gold filigree, comprising all the latest novelties, selected from the most tasteful manufacturers

the Oxford Edition.



"When, excellent sir, I went from your door, I felt as if I were quitting a father's roof for the bleak world. I shall never forget you, never forget how happy I was with you. I see you now before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely, fascinating Polly; and the—ah! for your Jenny I have no words! In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which everything earthly is transfigured? For ever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the gentle tone of consolation with which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon perhaps explain everything to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I am now. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance."

I conclude from these lines that he intends to come this way again. The prospect gives me pleasure. In his unbounded gratitude, the young man has perhaps sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a thoughtless youth, yet he has an honest heart.

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon Polly; as Jenny was holding him, like a young mother, in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated. But it is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night like a guardian spirit, over her tender charge.

Jan. 3.—To-day Mr. Curate Thomson arrived with his young wife, and sent for me. I went to him immediately at the inn. He is an agreeable man and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor in office, that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties, and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter: he would in the meanwhile take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should thus be more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farewell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

He then said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.

He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. His lady was somewhat haughty and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her, and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny and asked, whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. My lady listened to my story with great curiosity, and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea. But they declined. Mr. Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when the visit was over.

Jan. 6.—Mr. Withell is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathizes with me in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years or ever. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honest man. That gratifies me most. He shall not find his confidence misplaced. I will go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr. Withell Fleetman's twelve pounds sterling, as an instalment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far, as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes; or her hands, once so active, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to, she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest. But she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I had no idea that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter, to read once more. And she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket!

I don't care, for my part! the vain thing!

Jan. 8.—My farewell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see now at last that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such an abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundredth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past

days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C—e, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I was moved to the inmost by my sermon. With tears had I written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course from my call and settlement. I am driven from the vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not laboured as a hireling. Many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick bed. I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict with holy hope. I have gone after sinners. I have not left the poor, desolate. I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah! all these souls that were knit to my soul, are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boy's shoes. I have enough for myself and daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able indeed to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beating against my gray hairs, could I only continue to break the bread of life to my flock.

Be it so! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page, is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked. But, Lord! Lord! drive not thy servant for ever from thy service although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls.

Jan. 13.—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late with weary feet at the pleasant little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shows a daughter's care for her father,) I left the inn and went to Mr. Withell's. He lives in a splendid, great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first; but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration, told him how I had happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my twelve pounds upon the table.

Mr. Withell looked at me for a while in silence, with a smile, and with some emotion. He then extended his hand, and shook mine, and said, "I know all about you. I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances. You are an honest man. Take your twelve pounds back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New-Year's present. Rather let me add a pound to it, to remember me by."

He arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it and said, "You know this bond and your signature? I give it to you and your children." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could find no words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not, and he said, "Hush! hush! not a syllable, I pray you. This is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me."

I don't know a more noble-hearted man than Mr. Withell. He was too kind. He would have me relate to him much of my past history. He introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly that I hardly dared to make use of them.

The next day Mr. Withell sent me home in his own elegant carriage. I parted with my benefactor with a heart deeply moved. My children wept with me for joy when I showed them the bond. "See," said I, "this light piece of paper was the heaviest burthen of my life, and now it is generously cancelled. Pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer!"

Jan. 16.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. We were sitting together in the forenoon; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again deadly pale into her chair. We were all alarmed, and cried, "What is the matter?" She forced a smile, and said, "He is coming!"

The door opened, and in came Mr. Fleetman in a beautiful travelling-cloak. We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly, and, as it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm. But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl grew red again like a newly-blown rose.

I called for cake and wine, to treat my guest and benefactor

better than on a former occasion; but he declined, as he could not tarry long, and he had company at the inn. Yet at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company which had come with him, I supposed that it must be a company of comedians, and inquired whether they intended to stop and play in C—, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied, "Yes, we shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis." Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny, who had gone for the cake and wine. Polly inquired whether many actors had come with him. "A gentleman and lady," said he, "but excellent players."

Jenny appeared unusually serious. She cast a sad look at Fleetman, and asked "And you—will you also appear?" This was said in that tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and only upon rare occasions, and at the most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing towards her a step, he said, "Miss, by my God and yours, you alone can decide that!"

Jenny dropped her eyes. He continued to speak. She answered. I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke—Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but, what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion, exclaimed, "Then am I indeed unhappy!"

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity, she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out, "I do believe that you two are beginning to play already!"

He pressed Polly's hand, and said, "Ah! that it were so!"

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny, and stammered out, "Miss, in earnest, my welfare?" She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Fleetman immediately became more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly, with a smile, "Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New-Year's present?" We all exclaimed in utter amazement, "Who? you?" He then proceeded to relate what follows: "My name," said he, "is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and embarrassing lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother, who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an intimate and powerful friend of his. But my sister, on the other hand, was secretly contracted to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were secretly married. The little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the pretence of benefiting her health and availing herself of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of C—, and I came hither to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

"I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian. For about six months ago I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public. So that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child's birth secret is removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

"During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living, which is in the gift of my family, has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over two hundred pounds per annum. You, sir, have lost your place. I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me and accept this living."

God only knows how I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy. I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from heaven. I fell upon his breast. Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand. But he snatched it from her with visible agitation and left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces,

and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife. The latter was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks and wept freely with mingled pain and delight. Her lord raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure and apologized to us all for her behaviour, she thanked first me and then Polly, in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, "My sister there has been its mother!"

Lady Sandom approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. "I am your debtor," said my lady, "but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them." As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. "There stands my poor brother," said my lady; "as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny, may he not?"

Jenny blushed and said, "He is my father's benefactor." "Will you not be," replied the lady, "the benefactress of my poor brother? Look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!"

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as Jenny struggled to withdraw it, "Miss, will you be unkind to me? I am unhappy without this hand." Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

"Jenny," said I, "it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide."

She then turned to the baronet, who stood before her, deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, "God has decided."

I blessed my son and my daughter. They embraced. There was a solemn silence. All eyes were wet.

Suddenly Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flung herself upon my neck, while she cried, "There! we have it! The New-Year's present? Bishop's mitres upon bishop's mitres!"

Little Alfred awoke.

It is in vain—I cannot describe this day. My happy heart is full, and I am continually interrupted.

#### THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

"By all the bright saints in the Mosaic of Love,  
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,  
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,  
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair.

"There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright  
As the depths of Spring skies in their noontide array:  
Whose every fair feature is gleaming in light,  
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day:

"Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,  
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace;  
Whose heart, as a bird's, ever buoyant and blithe,  
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

"There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,  
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshroud;  
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,  
And a brow, like the moon breaking bright from a cloud.

"With a bosom, whose chords are so tenderly strung,  
That a word, nay, a look, oft will waken its sighs;  
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,  
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

"In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,  
When the soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,  
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,  
And the bumper I crown is a bumper to Fanny!

"But, when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,  
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,  
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief,  
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen!

"And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,  
That to weep I'm unwilling, to smile am as loath;  
When the beam may be kick'd by the weight of a feather;  
I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both!

"But since I must fix on black eyes or blue,  
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse:  
Prythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue  
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose!"

Thus murmur'd a Bard—predetermined to marry,  
But so equally charm'd by a Muse and a Grace,  
That though one of his suits might be doom'd to miscarry,  
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place!

So, trusting that "Fortune would favor the brave,"  
He ask'd each in her turn, but they both said him nay;  
Lively Fanny declared he was somewhat too grave,  
And Saint Helen pronounced him a little too gay!

Illustrated in silver and gold filigree, comprising all the latest novelties, selected from the most tasteful manufacturers.

In Fress. the whole works of Isaac Barrow, the Oxford Edition.

## THE MACBETH OF MACREADY.

It is evident that a deep impression has been produced by the Macbeth of Mr. Macready, and that the interest of the audience has been powerfully engaged; but probably most people would feel themselves somewhat at a loss, if called upon, to say seriously what has been the cause of this undefinable delight, and wherein lay the secret of this fascination.

When we first saw this great actor, during the two first acts, we did not know exactly what to think of him; we could not make up our mind. It was obvious, that here was scheme and style of acting essentially different from anything we had seen before. The actor was very clearly contemplating a different purpose from other actors, and employing different means thereto; but what his system was, and how his excellence should be characterized, was something of a puzzle. As the piece went on, the prospect cleared, and we left the house at the end of the play, with the consciousness of having been as strangely affected, and as intensely delighted as we had ever been in our lives.

That which we had in our mind, throughout, as the key to Mr. Macready's design, was Charles Lamb's essay "on the Tragedies of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation." In that paper, the acutest critic of our times ventures upon saying, that Shakspeare's plays are those which, of all others, are the least fitted for performance, because the chief interest of Shakspeare's persons lies in the mind, and the workings of the mind of those persons; whereas, what we see upon the stage, is body and bodily action. That which Lamb once considered to be the grand peculiarity of Shakspeare, and which he supposed it was the nature of acting to leave out, has been Mr. Macready's purpose to seize upon and to portray;—to display before you the *soul* and mind of the person, as it was conceived by Shakspeare,—not simply to pronounce each speech with that effectiveness of voice and attitude that might best attend those words considered by themselves, but to reveal the moral clockwork of the feelings which resulted in striking out that speech from the depths of the speaker's heart. From the beginning, it was the individual, moral nature of the royal homicide which was bared to view, and upon which our attention was riveted, and to trace that moral nature through all its changes and declension—to follow it through all the complexity of the passions—to see that those lusts of the mind which are at the beginning spirits to animate, are afterward furies to punish—to mark how a noble nature is first convulsed and then hardened by the consciousness of guilt,—this lofty and profound exhibition it was, which fascinated our attention through five acts, and left us, at last, breathless with interest. Who does not feel, in reading Shakspeare, that the unwritten part of the character is a vastly larger part than the written? That there exists between the speeches vast intervals of passions, which nothing but Shakspeare's own genius could entirely fill up, and that only in folios of moral metaphysics? It is this unwritten portion of the character which Mr. Macready gives us. His action fills up these chasms, and is the *complement* of the worded part; he not merely tells us what Macbeth thought when he spoke, but shows us all he felt before he spoke. Other actors enact the character by reciting the words. Mr. Macready illustrates the words by displaying the character. They start from the language that is set down, and work inwards to the character as far as they can; he starts from the soul of the person he is representing, and works outward to the language, modifying its impression by a knowledge of its cause. If you would know what such or such words mean, when their meaning is brought out in the most effective way possible, these actors are your men. If you would

learn what Macbeth meant by speaking those words, and why he spoke them, Mr. Macready must be your oracle. They detach the speech from the character and deliver it with all the grace and power of elocution; they are orators; attitudinizing. Mr. Macready is nothing of these—he is nothing but Macbeth. Doubtless, elocution and attitude are very valuable qualities, and to make Macbeth a series of reading-lessons, and the stage a succession of *tableaux vivans*, is a very fine exhibition. But it is not enacting the character, or, if it be, it is not Mr. Macready's method of acting it; and without suggesting anything unfavourable to others, we take leave to say that Mr. Macready's method is, to us, a very agreeable method. We take leave also to think, that Shakspeare's dramas are those which, beyond all others, require that illustrative and supplementary style of acting which Mr. Macready employs: not that Shakspeare's personages talk less than those of other dramatists, but that they obviously *think* and feel a great deal more. We are willing to admit, that if Mr. Macready had the countenance of Conway, or the limbs of Hamblin, he would have—something which he has not now. He does not command the senses—he does not strike and overawe the fancy by the flashes of imposing form. He addresses the imagination and intellect. Let the reader be pleased to turn to that essay of Lamb's which we have referred to above, and he will understand what we mean by saying, that to witness the performance of this great actor is, to us, like *reading* Shakspeare, gifted, for the nonce, with powers of perception to see all that Shakspeare meant but has not expressed. This profound style of explication is very exacting, and perhaps at last fatigues. Perhaps, too, this actor's moral analysis, always subtle, is sometimes morbid. But take the whole together, and we venture to utter our opinion: that the tragedy of Macbeth, performed by Mr. Macready, is the highest of dramatic enjoyments.

The character of Macbeth is a great psychological study. It appears to have been a favourite opinion with Shakspeare, that evil is not spontaneous in the heart of man, but that it results from good qualities acted on by perverting circumstances; and that that sort of vice which is active and ferocious, is commonly generated of feelings too intensely sensitive to abide the whips and stings of life, which at length torture them into the moral madness of wickedness. It may be said that the heartless Richard, "born with teeth," does not bear out this assertion; but turn to that astonishing soliloquy of the guilty king, when he starts from his dreadful dream, and hear the sharpest cry of anguish that bursts from that self-confessional—

"There is no creature loves me;  
And, if I die, no soul will pity me!"

This volcano of the soul gives us to see, by one glimpse, how the ardours of love once burned in the bosom of that unhappy deformed; and that the thick incrustation of hate, which had so long hardened over the surface, was only affection, chilled into its opposite by the cold scoffings of the world. But in Richard, this hardening process was complete before he appears upon the stage—in Macbeth it all goes forward upon the scene. Mr. Macready enables us to see, in this character, a consistence and unity which we had not perceived before, and we shall very briefly give the view of this character which we understand that gentleman to have embodied.

Macbeth is obviously a person of very sensitive feelings, and, at the same time, of highly excitable fancy. We may remark, in passing, that such a combination must often produce the results of cowardice, and such Macbeth does certainly often exhibit. When he first appears before us, his breast

is free from sin. His imagination is soon intensely excited by the vision opened before him by that "supernatural soliciting" which "cannot be ill;" and the first scene shows us how unhappy he was made by the struggle between ambition and virtue. Afterwards, reviewing the excellence of Duncan, and anxious to cling to that place in the affections of his fellows which he had so honourably won in war, he resolves to abandon all thoughts of the murder. But it is his fate to be linked to a woman whose despotic nature and commanding intellect give her a natural ascendant over him. She reproaches him with wavering, with want of love, with abject cowardice, with breach of his oath. Too feeble in mind to control her, and too susceptible in feeling to be insensible to these sarcasms, he is stung and maddened by these taunts, and his nature recovers, by an enforced cruelty of heart, that place in its own self-esteem which the vigour of the principles could not vindicate. But it is all effort:

"I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

The act being done, he is a prey to all the anguish of remorse; his whole being is convulsed and agonized. But mark what justice it is "the self-condemned deals on his own soul." Remorse is the natural pain resulting from inconsistency between one's principles and one's acts. If the acts be past and irrevocable, this inconsistency can only be removed by assuming principles which agree with those acts, and make the man no longer at conflict with himself. When the agony of that self-contradiction becomes unbearable, to this the victim is forced, and with Satan he exclaims—"Evil be through my good." He hardens himself in wickedness, and that penetrable stuff conscience, whose piercing had given such pain, is expelled from his bosom. In Macbeth, this transition takes place near the close of the third act. After the terror and disgrace of the exposure of the feast, he sits down to contemplate his position, and the lost condition of his soul is forced upon him:

"I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

And then he excuses himself to his wife for the exposure at the banquet, by promises of braver behaviour for the future:

"My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—  
We are but young indeed."

This is the cardinal scene of the play—the hinge on which the soul of the sufferer swings round "from soft to stern." Thereafter, Macbeth is a different being; hard, composed, and terribly consistent. This process of moral transmutation it is, which, as we suppose, constitutes the main interest of the play; and this it is which Mr. Macready sets himself to illustrate. In the earlier acts, his manner is that of a man whose soul totters beneath the weight that is laid upon it; we leave the irresolution, the lapses or trances of the thoughts, the regret, the whine, of one whose spirit, still meanly clinging to that humanness of feeling from which its acts have forever cut it off, is trampled up and goaded by its own fiercer thoughts and passions, and is the living victim of its own self-generated serpents. In the ghost-scene at the supper-table, which is perhaps the finest part of his performance, Mr. Macready exhibits Macbeth as suffering intensely, agonized in mind and heart under the maddening consciousness that this fixed, unmoving image of horror, is the creation of his own brain, and that he is smitten down and abased before his own being, and that one half his nature has become a devil to persecute the other half. Then follows the hardening of the heart, the stopping up of all "access and passage of remorse," the petrifying of the spirit, as it turns to gaze boldly on the Gorgon countenance of guilt.

Here, the voice of the actor changes—his manner for the future is decided and firm; from the slave, he has become the hero of wickedness. In the three first acts, almost as sensitive as Hamlet, in the two last, he is almost as ruthless as Richard. Yet still, his ferocity is very distinguishable from "the hardness by long habitude produced" of the misshapen son of York. His vigour is passion; his severity is impulse; his courage is the frenzy of shame. To the last, through the rings of the steel-armor of sternness with which he has encased his breast, you catch a glimpse of the same susceptible, excitable, quick spirit, which, in the morning of his days, had made his appreciation of virtue so intensely keen, and his sense of the departure from it so fierce an anguish.

On the whole, we look upon Macbeth as a character scarcely less complicated and subtle than Hamlet, and the study of it as one of the finest employments and pleasures of the thoughtful mind; and we confidently accord to Mr. Macready the praise of having apprehended, distinguished and illustrated this fine combination and progress of passions in an able and brilliant manner. H.

## THE LOVE OF THE FOUR STUDENTS.

A CHRONICLE OF NEW-YORK.

O SUBTLE spirit, Love! in our earlier years, when the heart is fresh and the impulses strong, how potent your influence over us for good or for evil! The gyves wherewith you bind us, though softer and easier than silk, are firmer than bands of brass or iron. The sway of love over the mind of a man, though the old subject of flippant and sneering remarks from those who are too coarse to appreciate its delicate ascendancy, is a strange and beautiful thing.

Love! the mighty passion which, ever since human life began, has been conquering the great and subduing the humble, bending princes and mighty warriors, and the famous men of all nations, to the ground before it. Love! the delirious dream of youth, and the fond memory of old age. Love! which, with its canker-seed of decay within, has sent young men and maidens to a longed-for but too premature burial. Love! the child-monarch that death itself cannot overcome, but that has its tokens upon marble slabs at the head of grass-covered tombs; tokens more visible to the eye of the stranger, yet not so deeply graven as the face and the remembrances cut upon the heart of the living. Love! the sweet, the pure, the innocent; yet the causer of fierce hate, of wishes for deadly revenge, of bloody deeds, and madness, and the horrors of hell. Love! that wanders over battle-fields, turning up mangled human trunks, and parting back the hair from gory faces, and daring the points of swords and the thunder of artillery, without a fear or a thought of danger.

New-York is my birth-place. My father was engaged in a moderate, respectable business, and we kept up a good appearance. Of my brothers and sisters I shall introduce only one, my brother Matthew, not quite two years younger than myself. He was a pleasant-looking but pale and delicate creature, and my mother often said that he was not long for this world. He had an inward affection, which troubled him in infancy, and which was never wholly eradicated. Mat, as we called him, was beloved by us all for his gentleness, amiability and singular quietness. He never was heard to complain of his illness, nor anything else; but there was still that gentle expression of the eye and the smile upon the lip, on any and every occasion when he spoke. My brother, however, was of keen sensitiveness, and had a tender heart beneath that calm exterior.

Well, time passed on. I was intended for the profession

of the law; though, being lazy in my studies, it was not until my twenty-first year that I entered the office of an eminent practitioner, a rigid man, with whom I was to study and drudge.

The very first day of my appearance there, about the middle of the morning, there came to see my master a large, obtuse-looking woman, with a strong foreign accent. Her broken English, and a peculiar expression of the eye, excited the risibilities of a couple of young gentlemen, Mr. Harry Wheaton and Mr. Frank Brown, fellow-students of mine, and they commenced toward that lady what is called quizzing—a process which is generally the sure sign of a soft and pitiful brain in the originator.

I rebuked them, and, asking the woman into the adjoining room, sacred to our master's own use, I requested her to wait a few minutes and the lawyer would probably be there. With female tact, she made no allusion to the young men's impertinence, but thanked me with a dignity and politeness which I certainly did not at all expect. Before she went away that morning I found that she was a Swiss immigrant, a widow, and kept a little ale-house on the banks of the North river, at about two miles from what is now the centre of the city. Though the spot was then quite out of town, surrounded by trees and green fields, in these days it is well covered with buildings, and resounds to the clang of carts and the noise of traffic. The widow invited me, when I had a leisure afternoon, to come out and pay a visit to the ale-house; including in the invitation, alas! the other students—a piece of civility of which their rudeness had certainly not made them worthy.

It may not be amiss for me to describe more particularly my two companions in martyrdom—for that was the term which we unanimously voted as most applicable to the condition in which we were placed. Each was of the same age with myself. Wheaton was a handsome, red-cheeked, jovial fellow, full of mirth and spirits, and as generous and brave as any man I ever knew. He was very passionate, too; but the whirlwind of his temper was as quick in passing as it was violent, and, when over, unlike the whirlwinds, it left no desolation or wreck in its path. Frank Brown was a slim, tall, gracefully-formed youth, but by no means as handsome in the face as his companion. He was fond of vague metaphysical speculation, and used to fall in love regularly about once a month with any pretty girl he came across. The half of every Wednesday we had to ourselves, and, accompanied by my brother Matthew, who was studying under a French teacher in the same building, we were in the habit of having a sail, a ride, or a walk together.

One of those Wednesday afternoons, of a pleasant day in April, I bethought myself of the Swiss widow and her beer, about which latter article I had since her visit made inquiries, and heard spoken of in terms of high commendation. I mentioned the matter to Matthew, and to my brothers in martyrdom, and we agreed that there was no better way of filling up the hours than a visit. Accordingly we set forth, and, after a fine walk, arrived in glorious spirits at our destination.

Ah! how shall I describe the quiet beauties of the spot, with its long, low piazza looking out upon the river, and its clean, homely tables, and the tankards of real silver, in which the ale was given us, and the flavour of that excellent liquor itself. There was the fat Swiss widow, and there was a sober, stately old woman, half servant, half companion, Margery by name, and there was (good God! my fingers quiver yet as I write the name!) young *Ninon*, the daughter of the widow. O, through the years that have

passed, my memory strays back, and that whole scene comes up before me again; and the brightest part of the picture is the strange ethereal beauty of that young girl! She was but sixteen, and the most fascinating, artless female I had ever beheld. She had soft blue eyes and light hair, and an expression of childish simplicity, which was charming to behold. I have no doubt that ere half an hour had elapsed from the time we entered the tavern, and saw Ninon, every one of the four of us, with the feelings of our age, loved the girl with the very depth of passion.

We neither spent as much or drank as much beer, by three-quarters, as we had intended before starting on the jaunt. The widow was very civil to us; and Margery, who waited upon us, though not quite a Hebe, behaved with a great deal of politeness; but it was to Ninon, after all, that the afternoon's pleasure was attributable; for, though we were strangers, we became acquainted at once, the manners of the girl, merry as she was, putting entirely out of view the most distant imputation of indecorum, and the presence of the widow and Margery (for we were all in the common room together, there being no other company) serving to make us all still more unembarrassed and at home. It was not till quite a while after sunset that we started on our return to our homes. We made several efforts to revive the fun and mirth which usually signalized our rambles when occasion allowed; but they seemed forced and discordant, like laughter in a sick room. Matthew was the only one who preserved his usual tenour of temper and conduct.

I need hardly say that thenceforward every Wednesday afternoon was spent by us at the widow's tavern. Strangely, neither Matthew, or my two fellow-students, or myself, spoke to each other of the sentiment which filled us, in reference to Ninon; yet we all knew the thoughts and feelings of the others; and each, perhaps, felt confident that his love alone was unsuspected by his companions.

The story of the widow was a simple yet touching one. In one of the cantons of her native land she had grown up, and married, and lived in happy comfort. A son was born to her, and a daughter, the beautiful Ninon. By some of those reverses of fortune which visit even those romantic and liberty-loving regions, the father and head of the family had the greater portion of his possessions swept from him. He struggled for a time against the evil influence, but it pressed upon him harder and harder. He had heard of a people in a western world—a new and swarming land, where the stranger was welcomed, and peace and the protection of the strong arm were around and over him. He had no heart to stay and struggle amid the scenes of his former being, and he determined to go, and make his home in that distant republic of the west. So, with his wife and children, and the proceeds of their little property, he took passage for New-York. Alas! he was never to reach his destination. Either the cares and troubles that preyed upon his mind, or some other cause, consigned him to a fit of illness, from which he was only relieved by the great deliverer from all griefs and agonies, Death. He was buried in the sea; and in due time his weeping family arrived at the great American emporium, to find that his death was only the first part of their deprivations. The son, he too sickened, and ere long was laid away to his rest.

Ninon was too young to feel permanent grief at these sad occurrences, and the mother, whatever she might have suffered inwardly, had a good deal of phlegm and patience, and set about making herself and her remaining child as comfortable as might be. They had still a respectable sum in cash, and, after due deliberation, the widow purchased the little quiet tavern, where, of Sundays and holidays, she

took in considerable sums. The French and Germans visited the house frequently, and quite a number of young Americans, too. Probably, not the least attraction to the latter was the sweet face and form of Ninon.

Spring passed, and summer crept in and wasted away, and autumn had arrived. Every American knows what delicious weather we have, in these regions, of the early October days; how calm, clear, and divested of sultriness is the air, how blue the skies, and how decently nature seems preparing herself for her winter-sleep!

Thus it was of the Wednesday we started on our accustomed excursion. Six months had elapsed since our first visit, and, as then, we were full of the exuberance of young and joyful hearts. Frequent and hearty were our jokes, by no means particular about the theme or the method, and long and loud the peals of laughter that rang over the fields or along the shore.

We took our seats round the same clean white table, and received our liquor in the same bright tankards. They were set before us by the sober Margery, no one else being visible. As frequently happened, we were the only company. Walking and breathing the keen fine air had made us dry, and we soon drained the foaming vessels and called for more. I remember well an animated chat we had about some poems that had just made their appearance from a great British author, and were creating quite a sensation. There was one, a story of passion and despair, which Wheaton had read, and of which he gave us a transcript. It was a wild, startling, dreary thing, and perhaps it threw over our minds its peculiar cast.

An hour moved off, and we began to think it strange that neither Ninon or the widow came into the room. One of us gave a hint to that effect to Margery; but she made no answer, and went on with her usual way as before.

"The grim old thing!" said Harry Wheaton; "if she were in Spain, they'd make her a premium duenna!"

I asked the woman about Ninon and the widow. She seemed perturbed, I thought; but, making no reply to the first part of my question, said that her mistress was in another room of the house, and did not wish to be with company.

"Then be kind enough," resumed Wheaton, with a grimace, "be kind enough, Mrs. Vinegar, to go and ask the widow if we can see Ninon."

Our attendant's face turned as pale as ashes, and she precipitately left the apartment. We laughed at her agitation, which Frank Brown (and we unanimously agreed thereto) assigned to her ill-temper at the ridicule of our company.

Quite a quarter of an hour elapsed before Margery's return. When she appeared, she told us briefly that the widow had bidden her obey our desire, and now, if we pleased, she would conduct us to the daughter's presence. There was a singular expression in the woman's eyes, and the whole affair began to strike us as somewhat odd; but we arose, and taking our caps, followed her as she stepped through the door. Back of the house were some fields, and our path leading into clumps of trees. At some thirty rods distant from the tavern, nigh one of these clumps, the largest tree whereof was a willow, Margery stopped, and pausing a minute, while we came up, spoke in tones calm and low:

"Ninon is there."

She pointed downward with her finger. Great God! there was a grave, new-made, and with the sods loosely joined, and a huge brown stone at each extremity! Some earth yet lay upon the grass near by, and amid that whole scene our eyes took in nothing but that horrible, oven-shaped mound. My eyesight seemed to waver, my head felt dizzy,

and a feeling of deadly nausea came over me. I heard a stifled exclamation, and, looking round, saw Frank Brown fall heavily upon the grass in a fainting-fit. Wheaton gave way to his agony more fully than ever I had known a man before; he sobbed like a child, and wrung his hands. It is impossible to describe the suddenness and fearfulness of the sickening truth that came upon us all in such thunder-stroke force! Of all of us, my brother Mathew neither shed tears, or turned pale, or fainted, or gave any other evidence of inward depth of pain. His quiet, pleasant voice it was that recalled us, after the lapse of many long minutes, to ourselves.

So the girl had died and been buried. We were told, of a sudden illness that seized her the very day after our last preceding visit; but we inquired not into the particulars. The mother had that lucky toughness to sorrow which I have before alluded to, and outwardly seemed to grieve but little. For our own part, it was, perhaps, after all, not the depth of any intrinsic passion we shared toward Ninon, though we all loved her, but the startling, terrible way of the bursting upon us of the awful fact, which brought forth such abandonment to grief on the part of each of us, except my brother.

I come now to the conclusion of my story, and to the most curious part of it. The evening of the third day from our introduction to the girl's grave, Wheaton, who had wept scalding tears, and felt the perfect tempest of grief; and Brown, who had fallen as if stricken by a giant's club; and myself, that, for an hour, thought my heart would never rebound again from the fearful shock; that evening, I say, we three were seated round a table in another tavern, drinking other beer, and laughing as gleesomely as though we had never known the widow or her daughter—neither of whom, I venture to affirm, came into our minds once the whole night.

Strange are the contradictions of the things of life! The seventh day after that dreadful visit saw my brother Mathew, him who, alone of all the four, had been cold to the breath of the withering blast; the weak and delicate one, who, while bold men and brave men writhed in torture or lay stunned upon the ground, had kept the same placid, gentle face, and the same untrembling fingers; the one who complained not, raved not, recurred not to the subject; him that seventh day saw a clay-cold corpse, shrouded in the pale cerements of decay, and carried to the repose of the churchyard and the coffin. The malignant shaft, far, far down and within, wrought a poison and a pain too great for show, and the youth died.

The following amusing sketch of "born to good luck," is said to be from the pen of the facetious Samuel Lover:

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but Lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather past extreme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.—Lady C. had about five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain there.—Now, in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Philan was a great admirer of the fair sex: and where's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Philan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world.—"So you're not married, Pat," says she.—"Devil an inch! your honour's ladyship,"

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he.—“And wouldn't ye like to be married?” again asks she.—“Would a duck swim?”—“Is there any one you'd prefer?”—“Maybe, madam,” says he, “you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyant Doneraile? Her father's cousin to O'Donaghew, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and—” “Hush!” says she; “sure I don't want to know who she is. But would she have you, if you asked her?”—“Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after thyring that same.”—“And why don't you?”—“Sure I'm too poor.” And Philan heaved a prodigious sigh.—“Would you like to be rich?”—“Does a dog bark?”—“If I make you rich, will you do as I tell ye?”—“Mille murthers! your honour, don't be tantalizing a poor boy.”—“Indeed I'm not,” said Lady C. “So listen. How would you like to marry me?”—“Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King o' Russia himself, would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor devil like Pat Philan.”—“Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds.”—“Oh! whilaboo! whilaboo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people,” roared Pat, dancing round the room.—“But there are conditions,” says Lady C. “After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife.”—“I don't like that,” says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.—“But, remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go and marry her.”—“That's thrue,” says he. “But, thin, the bigamy?”—“I'll never appear against you,” says her ladyship. “Only remember, you must take an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story.”—“Divil a word I'll iver say.”—“Well, then,” says she, “there's ten pounds. Go and buy a license, and leave the rest to me,” and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.—The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.—“Have you got the license?” says she.—“Here it is, my lady,” says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.—“Perform the ceremony,” says she.—And, sure enough, in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband, the legal husband, of the lovely Lady C.—“That will do,” says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; “that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate.” The old gentleman did so, and, bowing respectfully to the five-pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for, sure enough, I forgot to tell you that he was a parson.—“Go and bring me the warden,” says my lady to one of her servants.—“Yes, my lady,” says she; and presently the warden appeared.—“Will you be good enough,” says Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, “will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately.”—“Your ladyship forgets,” replied he, “that you must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go.”—“I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me.” And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.—“Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single.”—“I tell you I am married.”—“Where's your husband?”—“There, sir!” and she pointed to the astonished barber; “there he stands. Here is my marriage-certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant, at your peril.”—The warden was dumbfounded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.—Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat for ever. But, as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.—Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Philan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when, as sure as death, the post-man brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:

“Go to Daneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember, you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you enclose me your marriage-certificate. I send you fifty pounds, for present expenses. C.”

Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen, and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and, i'f'ax, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his fleet marriage.

ANOTHER extract from Mr. Lee's translation of the “Education of Mothers,” favourably noticed in the last number of the New Mirror:

Marriage is accused of all the evils of life an unjust accusation; marriage is good; it is our methods of education which are bad. Whatever, therefore, would amend these methods would render the state of marriage more happy. What is required? only a very simple thing, but which has not yet been tried; viz. to accustom us from our childhood to all the thoughts and sentiments which are to fill up our lives. I would wish, above all, to fix the attention of young girls on the choice of their husbands; educate them for this choice; impress deeply in their souls the characters of true love, in order that they may not be deceived by whatever has only its appearance.

Are they not made for loving? Should not this happiness extend itself throughout their whole life? Is it not, at the same time, their supremacy, their power, and their destiny? And yet the old conventional prejudices which abhor love still subside in families. Mothers forget, in the presence of their children, the perils with which this narrow education surrounds them, the illusions to which their ignorance gives birth, and the weaknesses which follow these illusions. To open the soul of young girls to true love is to arm them against the corrupting passions which usurp its name; and here the advantage is twofold, for, by exalting the loving faculties of the soul, you in some measure paralyse the tumultuous passions of the senses.

Examine the first choice of a young girl. Amongst all the qualities which please her in a lover, there is perhaps not one which would be suitable in a husband; and, in fact, she frequently sees little else of him she loves than the beauty of his form, or perhaps the elegance of his dress. Is not this, then, the most complete condemnation of our systems of education? From an apprehension of too strongly affecting the heart, we conceal from women all that is worthy of love; we allow the sense of the beautiful which exists in them to be lost among futilities; the outside pleases them; what is within is unknown. When, therefore, after having been united for six months, they look for the delightful young man whose presence charmed them, they are often very much surprised to find in his place only an impertinent fellow or a fool. Yet this is what is commonly termed in the world a marriage of inclination.

It is true, that in the present state of our manners, young girls are seldom called upon to make their choice; their imagination is occupied, not with the husband, but with marriage. Whence it results that most girls have marriage for their object, without thinking much about the husband. On their part, the parents seek to match the fortunes; their aim, they say, is to secure the futurity of their children, and, absorbed with this idea, they treat of marriage as of an affair of commerce—as of a thing which gives a position in the world—forgetting that it is likewise a thing which causes happiness or unhappiness. Thus our foolish wisdom has succeeded in detaching love from marriage: we have made a bargain by which girls purchase the power of regulating the expenses of their household, of going out alone, and of seeking in the circle around them that half of their soul, that ideal being which youth dreams of, and will possess.

For, how much soever our educations may succeed in suppressing our inclinations, they cannot destroy them; man and woman are the same being, whom nature unconquerably tends to unite by love.

The actual system is then but a deception; it removes the



danger from the paternal roof, to transport it to that of the husband. Singular education! the chief aim of which is to throw upon another the heavy load of our want of foresight.

Thus, in the present state of matters, young girls are unable to make a proper choice for want of experience, and the choice of parents is almost always bad for want of the recollection of what is required in youth. We are placed between two evils, without any chance of good.

In order to extricate ourselves from such a deplorable position, there is but one means, which consists of giving at the same time to girls more freedom and more enlightenment. I would imprint in their souls an ideal model of all human perfections, and teach them to subject their inclinations to the guidance of this model. While destroying their state of half-slavery, I would accustom them to rely upon their own powers, which is of more importance, as regards the stability of their virtues, than is generally supposed; by developing in them the innate sense of moral beauty, I would accustom them to seek for it every where, and to prefer it before all. Love need, then, no longer be feared; this flame, which consumes, would then be no more than the flame which enlightens and vivifies.

MACREADY has succeeded Ole Bull, the newest wonder and the greatest lion at present in the country. Since the death of his great master, the *seird* Paganini, Ole Bull has been left without a rival in Europe. Herwig, Nagel, Wallace, Artot and De Beriot, can only "play second fiddle" to this *king of the violin*. He is a native of Norway, and apparently about thirty years of age. He wears neither whiskers nor moustache, has a mild, smiling blue eye, and short, light brown hair; and nothing of that attenuated, nervous look so common to great musicians. His entrance upon the stage is remarkably modest, and after the Parisian graces of Artot, seems a little awkward. A tip of his bow brings down a *crash* from the orchestra. He then lays his cheek carelessly upon his instrument, which gradually awakes, and wails, and moans like an infant broken of its slumber. Every tone seems fraught with human passion. At one time he introduced a dialogue, in which a sweet voice complains so sadly that it makes the heart ache with pity, which is answered from another string with imprecations so violent and threatening that one almost trembles with fear. We fancied that a young girl was pleading for the life of her lover, and receiving only curses in reply. At the close of the first piece, the "Adagio Maestoso," there was one universal shout of applause, which afforded an infinite relief to a most enthusiastic house that had held its breath for fifteen minutes. Ole Bull came before the curtain and bowed, with his hand upon his heart. There is something different in his performance from that of any other artist, and yet it is difficult to describe the peculiarity of his style; except that he touches all the strings at once, and plays a distinct accompaniment with the fingers of his right hand. But the great charm is in the genius of the man, and the grandeur of his compositions. He knows how to play upon that silver chord of the heart, which binds us to a world of beauty, and vibrates only when touched by a master hand. From the many sketches of this great artist that have appeared, we select the following, from the pen of a French writer, as the best:

It chanced on a certain day, during the time when the cholera was raging in the French capital, that one of the numerous diligences, which were then wont to make their return journey in an almost empty state, deposited in the yard of a coach office a young northern traveller, who came, after the example of so many others, to seek his fortune at Paris. Scarcely arrived at his twentieth year, he had quitted his family, his studies, and Norway, the land of his home, to give himself wholly up to a passion which had held a sway with him from infancy.

The object of this pervading passion was music and the violin. Deeply seated, active and irresistible, the bias had

seized him when he quitted his cradle, and had never ceased from its hold upon him. At six years old he would repeat on a little common fiddle, bought at a fair, all the airs which he had heard sung around him, or played in the street; and two years afterwards, he had astonished a society of professional men, by playing at sight the first violin part in a quartette of Pleyel's—though he had never taken a lesson in music, but had found out his way entirely alone. Destined afterwards by his family to the ecclesiastic life, and constrained to the studies which it imposes, he had still kept his thoughts fixed on his beloved violin, which was his friend, his companion, the central object of his attachment. At the instance of his father, the study of law became subsequently his unwilling pursuit, and at length these struggles ended in yielding to the impulse of his love for the violin and banishing himself from Norway, in order to devote all his days to the cultivation of music. In the midst of a mourning city—a mere atom in the region of a world—what is to become of the young artist? His imagination is rich, but his purse is meagre; his whole resource lies in his violin—and yet he has faith in it, even to the extent of looking for fortune and renown through its means. Friendless and patronless, he comes forward to be heard. At any other moment his talent must have forced public attention in his behalf; but in those days of desolation, when death was threatening every soul around, who could lend his ear to the charmer!

Farewell fortune! farewell fame! The young artist is left alone in his misery; yet not quite alone, for his cherished violin remains to console him. The cup of bitterness was soon, however, to be completely filled. One day, in returning to the miserable apartment he occupied in an obscure lodging-house, he found that the trunk in which his last slender means were contained, had disappeared. He turned his eyes to the spot where he had placed his violin—it was gone! This climax of disaster was too much for the poor enthusiast, who wandered about for three days in the streets of Paris, a prey to want and despair, and then threw himself into the Seine!

But the art which the young Norwegian was called to extend and embellish, was not fated to sustain so deplorable a loss. The hand of some humane person rescued him from his situation. His next encounter seemed like another special interposition of Providence, for he became the object of benevolent attention to a mother who had just lost her son through the cholera, and who found in the young stranger so remarkable a resemblance to him, that she received him into her house, and, though possessed but of moderate means herself, furnished relief to his necessities. The cholera in the meantime ceased its ravages, and Paris assumed its habitual aspect. Supplied with bread and an asylum, and soon afterwards with the loan of a violin, Ole Bull was again enabled to gratify his devotion for music. By degrees his name began to be heard, and he arrived at some small reputation. Thus encouraged, he ventured the experiment of a concert; and fortune smiled on him for the first time, for he gained twelve hundred francs—a large sum, considering the position in which he then was.

Possessed of this unexpected and almost unlooked for little fortune, he set out for Switzerland, and went thence into Italy.

At Bologna, where his first great manifestation appears to have been made, he had tried vainly to obtain an introduction to the public, until accident accomplished what he began to despair of. Full of painful emotion at the chilling repression which his simple, inartificial, unfriendly endeavours had been fated to meet with, he sat down with the resolution to compose something; and it was partly amidst a flow of obtrusive tears that his purpose was fulfilled. Taking up his instrument, he then proceeded to try the effect of the ideas he had just called into life. At that moment, it chanced that Madame Rossini was passing by the house in which his humble apartment was situated. The impression made on her was such that she spoke in emphatic terms upon it to the director of a Philharmonic society, who was in a critical predicament, owing to some failure in a promise which had been made by him by De Beriot and the syren Malibran. Madame Rossini's piece of intelligence was a burst of light to the "Manager in Distress;" he had found his man. The artist was induced to play before the dilettanti of Bologna, and his success was complete. At Lucia, Florence, Milan, Rome and Venice, the impression he made was yet greater and more decisive. On each occasion he was recalled several times by the audience, and

always hailed with the utmost enthusiasm. At the Neapolitan theatre of San Carlo, he was summoned back by the public no less than nine times—thrice after the performance of his first piece, and six times at the end of the second. It was a perfect *furor*.

Our Norwegian artist now revisited Paris, under happier auspices. Welcomed and introduced with eager kindness to the composer of "Robert le Diable," he was several times listened to with delight on the stage of the opera, and obtained the greatest success that had been known since the display made by Paganini. Opinions are not agreed as to the extent to which Ole Bull is to be considered an imitator of Paganini.

It appears certain that the example of the latter first led him to attempt the strange and remote difficulties of the instrument. It was during the time of his distressed condition that he found means to hear the great Italian artist, by actually selling his last shirt, with the produce of which he enjoyed the crowd in the saloon of the French opera. Every one around him, after the electrifying strains of the magical performer, was exclaiming that he had reached the farthest limits of what was possible on the violin. Ole Bull (says the writer of the French account) after applauding like the rest, retired in a thoughtful mood, having just caught the notion that something beyond this was yet possible; nor did the idea cease to occupy his mind, but gathered fresh strength during his rambles in Switzerland and Italy until it impelled him, at Trieste, to abandon the old track, and resign himself to his own genius. In justice to Paganini, it must never be forgotten that he was the first who established the principle of its being possible to extract a variety of new effects from the versatile instrument that had been supposed to have rendered all its secrets to the great antecedent masters, and that his practice lent marvellous illustration to what he had invented; nor does the supremacy of Paganini in the *nouveaux genre*, for the reasons previously touched upon in these pages, seem likely to be seriously shaken by any who may seek the encounter of a comparison.

It may certainly be averred, however, that of all who have attempted to follow him, Ole Bull has shown the greatest aptitude for so difficult a task, and owing to the fire and enthusiasm of his own temperament, has been decidedly the farthest removed from servility, of the imitators who have travelled in the track of the Genoese genius. Any comparison with Paganini is, however, at the present time, scarcely fair towards the Norwegian artist, when the great difference of age and experience is considered, and when it is remembered that, in the early practice of his instrument, instead of excitement, Ole Bull had to encounter the opposition of adverse views, and instead of the open aid of a master, had only for his guide the secret impulses of his own exploring mind. To speak of him as he is, he must be acknowledged a man of fine genius, who has forced his way through uncommon difficulties to a distinguished rank in the musical art, and who presents to the contemplation of the persevering student, one of the most cheering of those examples which the history of human struggles in the pursuit of some absorbing object is so useful to enforce.

It must add not a little to our admiration of him, to find that, in the mysteries of composition, he has discovered and shaped his own course. The ingenuity of construction evident in the orchestral accompaniments to his pieces, would suggest a methodical study of the harmonic art. Yet it is said, on the contrary, that he is quite unacquainted with even the elementary rules of that art; and that it would puzzle him to tell the conventional name of any one chord. How, then, has he arrived at the power of writing music in parts? He has opened a score, studied it, thought over it, made a relative examination of its parts after his own way, and then setting to work, as the result of this process, has become a composer himself.

In the character of his compositions, (as far as opportunity has been yet afforded of judging of them) we may trace the effect of this unusual and self-depending *voeu de parvenir*, as exercised by such a mind. They are impulsive and striking—enriched with occasional passages of fine instrumentation, and touched with visitations of melody—but they are deficient in coherence of structure, and in the comprehensiveness of a settled design. They may serve as fresh examples to illustrate the old maxim: that genius itself cannot with safety neglect that ordinary discipline which gives familiarity with the rules and methods of art.

The most surprising thing (amounting almost to an enigma) in connection with Ole Bull's powers of execution, is the very small amount of manual practice which he states himself to be in the habit of bestowing on the instrument—a thing quite at variance with all the received notions as well as usage on the subject. His labour is, it appears, in by far the greater part, that of the head, and a very limited application of the hands suffices to "carry out" what he excogitates—to work out his purposes and "foregone conclusions." It sounds nobly, as a proposition, that it is the "mind's eye," and not the blind gropings of practice, that should show the violinist the way to greatness, and give him the knowledge which is power; but alas! common natures—nay, all that are not marvellously uncommon, find it necessary to draw to the utmost on both these resources, and cannot spare their hands from the neck of the instrument.

This comparatively trifling amount of manual cultivation, however, while it remains on the whole a "marvel and mystery," may be accepted as a proof in itself of how little trick there is in Ole Bull's performances; for the successful display of tricks is essentially dependent on the most assiduous manipulation—the *charlatanerie* of the instrument being the triumph of the hand, as distinguished from that of the mind. To particularize the various merits which belong to its execution would lead beyond the limits here proposed. His sweet and pure tone—his delicate harmonies—his frequent and winning duplicity of notes and shakes—his rapid and exact staccato, &c., might severally be dwelt upon in terms of delight—but brevity forbids. I cannot forbear referring, however, to the "ravishing division" of his consummate arpeggios, forming a finely-regulated shower of notes, rich, round, and most distinct, although wrought out by such slight undulations of the bow, as to leave in something like a puzzle our notions of cause and consequence.

To suit the wide range of effects which his fancy sometimes dictates, it appears that he subjects his violin to some kind of alternative process, for which purpose he opens it, to his own expression, like an oyster. The manners and conversation of this young man bear an impress of genius which it is impossible to mistake, and his occasional sallies of enthusiasm serve to impart an increased interest to the abiding modesty which tempers and dignifies his character. In describing the state of his own mind, under the immediate dominion of musical ideas, he pictures it under the forcible figure of an alternate heaven and hell; while he speaks of the object and intention of his playing as being to *raise a curtain*, as it were, for the admission of those around him as participants in the mysteries open to himself. In his habits he is very temperate, and wisely avoids wearing out, by artificial excitement, the spontaneous ardour of his eminently vital temperament. The flame of life burns brightly within him, and he will not feed it into a self-exhaustive blaze.—All the ordinary arts and intrigues, by which it is so common for men of smaller minds to seek professional advancement, seem completely alien to the nature of this child of the north. The neglect of these may have served to retard for a while the publicity of his powers; but they are of an order to ensure independent success. An extensive and brilliant reputation is before him.

MR. MONCRIEF, in his "Ellistoniana," relates the following circumstances which occurred while the immortal Edmund Kean was lessee of the Richmond theatre, and resided in the dressing-house, which immediately adjoins it, though there is no internal communication; the occupants of the dwelling-house being obliged to leave it and come out on the green, if they wish to enter the theatre:

"It happened one afternoon, while the great tragedian was advertised to perform his favourite character of Othello—a personation that perhaps has never been equalled in histrionic annals—he received a visit from his body-surgeon, who had called on him with the kind intention of looking after his health. Being at that time perfectly well, the tragedian took upon himself to exchange characters with his medical friend, and prescribed some draughts for him, 'to be taken immediately,' which proved so agreeable, that the dose was very soon ordered 'to be repeated.'

"The pharmacopoeia of Kean's cellar, which contained

some of George IV.'s *port royal*, was not to be declined, and occupied in the pleasing *parading* of the glasses, the hour for commencing the performance arrived much sooner than was expected, and Budd, the time-honoured house-keeper of the theatre, appeared to summon the tragedian to his nightly duty.

"A crowded house was anxiously expecting him, the orchestra had been rung in three or four times, and had scraped through the animated overtures of old Romberg, till at last the spectators began to be impatient, and were calling for the tragedian in no very gentle terms.

"In the hilarity of the moment, the illustrious Edmund consigned them to the eternal Tophet, and swore that he would not leave the house, and go out to perform that evening to please any one. If they could get him on the stage, without his having to go out of the house, he'd play, but not otherwise—if they couldn't, the audience must be content with the performance of his friend the surgeon, who would, as usual, give a medical certificate of his, Kean's indisposition. This the surgeon readily agreed to do.

"How was this determination to be got over?

"Poor Budd was in the greatest perplexity; the honest housekeeper began to fear for the safety of the structure intrusted to his care. At length the very exigence of the emergency inspired him with an idea.

"Agreed, sir," said he. "Dress for your part—here are your things—tunic, trunks, burnt cork, and pomatum, all ready, and I promise you, you shall not have to go out into the air, but shall perform without."

"I agree to that, friend Budd," said Kean, triumphantly, seeing no way by which it was to be accomplished; "but you'll find your hopes nipped in the bud here, depend on it."

"We shall see, sir," said the housekeeper; "only dress and follow me, and you shall very soon find yourself on the stage, without the trouble of treading the green."

"Kean began to black his face, and Budd retired to put his project into execution.

"Fortunately for the audience of the Richmond theatre of that evening, it happened that the coal-cellar of the dwelling-house was only divided from the pit of the theatre by the party-wall that ran through the two structures. The pitteers were very soon astounded by a most mysterious knocking in this direction, rivaling that of the far-famed Cock-lane ghost.

"Thump—thump—thump—proceeded in quick succession from some invisible *Hitites*, and in a very few moments part of the wall began to give way—bricks and mortar tumbled about in all directions, affording serious apprehensions that the whole house was giving way—a cloud of dust arose—a large aperture appeared—and from the dark recesses of the coal-cellar emerged the triumphant Budd, with the noble Moor, the sooty hero of the night, who thus kept his oath, and yet did not disappoint the audience.

"The aperture which forms the communication between the dwelling-house and the theatre, through the medium of the coal-cellar, is still in existence, or at least was so very lately."

#### JOTTINGS

The female dynasty is gaining ground. I mentioned in a previous letter that a *Ladies' Oyster-shop* was opened in New-York, and a *Ladies' Reading-room* was projected. The latter is since organized and about going into operation, and meantime, another masculine privilege has gone over to the ladies. A *Club Bowling-alley* has been established in Broadway, near Franklin-street, most luxurious in all its appointments—carpets, ottomans, dressing-rooms, &c. The families subscribing are of the most fashionable *cliques*, and no male foot is suffered to enter this gynæceian gymnasium—the pins being set up by girls and the attendance exclusively feminine. The luxuries remaining to our sex, up to the present time, are fencing and boxing—the usurpation of which are probably under consideration. The fashions, you would suppose, would scarcely gain by masculinizing, but the ladies are wearing *broadcloth cloaks*—for a beginning. There is another article of male attire which they have long been

said to wear occasionally, but I am incredulous. Seeing would be believing.

Mr. Kendall, the popular and adventurous editor of the *Picayune*, has been "Lucy-Long"-ing it somewhat over his eagerly-expected book on Mexico, but has lately discovered that his celebrity would stand any halt in the trumpeting. He purchased recently a copy of Captain Marryat's new book, "*Monsieur Violet*," to go to bed with of a rainy afternoon, and had the pleasure of lying on his back and reading his own adventures amplified in the best style by the author of *Peter Simple*. Kendall's *Letters in the Picayune* were, of course, the basis of the extended and illustrated work he has in press, and this basis Captain Marryat (who is a subscriber to the *Picayune*) has taken bodily, and thereupon built his romance with but a small outlay of his own clapboards and shingles. An action of replevin for half the price of the captain's copyright, would "lie," I should think,—at least in the court of equity. Mr. Kendall, I had nearly forgotten to say, is spoken ill of in one portion of the captain's book, and his rejoinder has appeared in the *Courier*.

I have been looking through the new publication called "*Etiquette*, by Count D'Orsay." That D'Orsay revised the book and lent it his name "for a consideration," I think very possible, but there is, to my thinking, internal evidence in its style that he did not write it. There is an acquaintance with vulgarity, and a facility of "hitting it on the raw," which could only have been acquired by a *conversance of fellowship* with vulgar people, and D'Orsay knows as much of such matters as the thistle-down while afloat knows of the mud it floats over. Beside, the vulgarities are dwelt upon with a kind of *unction* totally foreign to D'Orsay's nature. He is a most kindly, as well as delicate and fastidious man, and his mind would instinctively avoid the *knowledge* of such matters, let alone the qualifying himself to describe them graphically. From one or two little anecdotes told in the book, I trace its authority to a Mr. Abraham Hayward, a frequenter of many different strata of London society, and probably the best judge in England of what is "genteel," by knowing better than anybody in England what is vulgar. It is undoubtedly an invaluable book, and circulated in one of these mammoth editions at the shilling price, it will prepare Americans of all classes, if they sin against good manners at all, to sin with knowledge—taking away at least the *ridicule* of the matter.

#### DIGRESSIVE LETTER TO THE READER.

*Dear pastoral-minded, centrifugally-bent, and moderately well-off reader,*

I address you "with all the honours," to be quite sure that my letter be not misapplied. We, the parties in this correspondence, are neither rich nor poor;—as they express it elegantly in the mother country, "neither *nob* nor *snob*." I would the critics had not the trick of calling the having one's own way "affectation;" else would I, (simple, though I am,) coin for my own use, since the language is deficient in them, some of those epithets, descriptive of a class, which are at the same time so crisp, definite and expressive. For instance: were I to address a letter to a young man of a certain style, (a very prevalent style indeed,) and wish to convey from the first word my appreciation of the character at which I aimed, I should be compelled to use the following circumlocution:—*My dear universally-benevolent,—i. e.,—spending-all-the-money-you-can-get-and-making-love-to-all-the-women-you-see, young man.*—Now, the French have a gracious and modest dissyllable for all this. The word *expansif* expresses it all. How much briefer, and

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more courteous, in the case just supposed, could I commence in English with *My dear expensive!* Again: in English, we should say, *Oh, you-all-things-to-all-men,—who-say-you-have-no-prejudices,—but-are-understood-by-your-friends-to-mean-no-principles!* but in German they phrase it, quite short, *Oh many-sided!* Understand me not as leaning at all to Carlyle's system of personification and word-linking. *Two and three are five* is better than *Two and Three died when Five was born*, though this is but a moderate illustration of Carlyliam. I would introduce no new epithet that is not the essence of a phrase, no new-linked words that are not the chord of a circumlocutory arc.

Touching my trade:—

In the matter of pen-craft, I confess to a miserly disposition, yearly increasing. It is natural, I suppose, to tuck up close the skirts of those habits in which we run for our lives, (or livings,) and it is not inconsistent, I would fain hope, with prodigality of other belongings. In my college days, ere I discovered that a bore in my brains would produce any better metal than brass, (bored since for "tin,") I had a most spendthrift passion for correspondence. Now—paid duly for my blotted sheet—I think with penitential avarice of the words I have run through!

People are apt to fancy it is a natural amusement—*laborum dulce lenimen*—for an author to write letters, epitaphs, &c. But there are two animals at least, who might differ from that opinion—the author, and the baker's horse, out on a Sunday's excursion, in the baker's pleasure-wagon. The truth is, that the tax on authors, in this particular, is a disease in the literary system, and since it is not likely to be cured while the human race want autographs, epitaphs, epithalamia, and opinions on MSS., the solace seems to lie in the expediency of fat Jack—we should "turn the disease into commodity." If every third epitaph in the graveyards of this country be not by the author of —, &c. &c. all I can say is, there must be a very considerable number of gravestores; and I am only sorry that I did not take out copyrights from the start, and serve injunctions on plagiarizing stone-cutters. Here is a letter now from a gentleman in Arkansas, (whose grammar, by the way, is not very pellucid,) informing me that his wife is dead, and giving me an inventory of her virtues; and I am requested to write the lady's epitaph, and send it on in time for the expectant marble. Of course I am extremely sorry the lady is dead, and since she was "such a pagoda of perfection," as Mrs. Ramsbottom would say, very sorry I had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; but my "head" is not "waters," (nor am I teetotaller enough to wish it were,) and I cannot weep for all the nice women who die, though grieved to think this particular style of person should diminish. Ours is a most romantic nation, for it would seem that there are few who do not think their private sorrows worthy of poetry, and the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, (as to the authors,) having long ago been broken down by our copyright robberies, the time and brains of poets are considered common property. People, accustomed to call for poetry when they want it, look upon the poet, *quoad hoc*, as they do upon the town-pump, and would be as much surprised at a charge for poetry as for water. Possibly it is one of the features of a new country. I have lived in a neighbourhood where the stopping of a man who should be taking what fruit he wanted from your garden, or what fuel he wanted from your woods, would surprise him as much as stopping his nostrils with corks, till he was off your premises; and with fruit and fuel, perhaps, time and brains may assume a value. At present, (it may as well be recorded among the statistics of the country,) poets, lumber and watermelons are among the "inalienable rights of freemen."

One of the lesser evils of this appetite for sympathy in rhyme, is the very natural forgetfulness of a man absorbed in grief, touching the trifle of postage. Reading a death in the newspaper affects me, now, like seeing myself charged with eighteen and three-quarter cents at the grocer's. If I were writing from the "palace of truth," to one of my "bereaved husbands," I should still stoutly assure him of my sympathy, having lost one and sixpence by the same melancholy event. My bill of mortality, (*postage*, they call it,) would frank me for broiled oysters at Florence's, the year round, and, begging pardon of the survivors, (not the oyster-shells,) I should like it in that shape quite as well.

Hereafter, I shall make an effort to transfer the cipher to the other side of the unit. If called upon to mourn, (in black and white,) for people I never before heard of, I propose to send my effusion as "commodity," to the first "enterprising publisher" who pays. Honour bright as to by-gones—let them be by-gones! Indeed, they are mostly too personal to interest the public, one of the most felicitous of my elegies, turning, (by request,) on the deceased's "fascinating and love-inspiring lips." But in all composed, after this date, I shall contrive so to generalize on the virtues and accomplishments commemorated, that the eulogy will apply promiscuously to all over-rated relatives—of course, forming, for a literary magazine, an attraction which comes home to every subscriber's business and bosom. I may premise, by the way, that my advertisement to this effect would be addressed only to mourners of my own sex, and that ladies, as is hardly necessary to mention, are supplied with epitaphs on their husbands, without publicity or charge; though it is a curious fact that my customers, in the epitaph line, have hitherto been widowers only! Whether widows choose usually some other vehicle for the expression of their grief, preferring that it should be recorded on tablets less durable than marble, (pardon me! *more durable!*) I have no data for deciding. I merely contribute this fact also to statistics.

"Pray, how does that face deserve framing and glazing?" asked a visiter, to-day. The question had been asked before. It is a copy from a head in some old picture—one of a series of studies from the ancient masters, lithographed in France. It represents a peasant of the campagna, and certainly, in Broadway, she would pass for a coarse woman, and not beautiful for a coarse one. I have been brought to think the head coarse and plain, however, by being often called on to defend it. I did not think so when I bought it in a print-shop in London. I do not now, unless under catechism.

To me, the whole climate of Italy is expressed in the face of that Contadina. It is a large, cubical-edged, masy style of feature, which, born in Scotland, would have been singularly harsh and inflexible. There is no refinement in it now, and, to be sure, little mobility or thought—but it is a face in which *there is no resistance*. That is its peculiarity. The heavy eyelid droops in indolent animal repose. The lips are drowsily sweet. The nostrils seem never to have been distended nor contracted. The muscles of the lips and cheeks have never tingled nor parched. It is a face on which a harsh wind never blew. If the woman be forty, those features have been forty years sleeping in balm—enjoying only—resisting, enduring never. No one could look on it and fancy it had ever suffered or been uncomfortable, or dreaded wind or sun, summer or winter. A picture of St. Peter's—a mosaic of Paestum—a print of Vesuvius or the Campanile—none of the common souvenirs of travel would be to me half so redolent of Italy.

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[per annum.]

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## ALETHE.

WITH AN REQUISITE ENGRAVING.

THEY are all up—the innumerable stars—  
And hold their place in Heaven. My eyes have been  
Searching the pearly depths through which they spring  
Like beautiful creations, till I feel  
As if it were a new and perfect world,  
Waiting in silence for the word of God  
To breathe it into motion. There they stand,  
Shining in order, like a living hymn  
Written in light, awaking at the breath  
Of the celestial dawn, and praising Him  
Who made them with the harmony of spheres.  
I would I had an angel's ear to list  
That melody. I would that I might float  
Up in that boundless element, and feel  
Its ravishing vibrations, like the pulse  
Beating in Heaven! My spirit is athirst  
For music—rarer music! I would bathe  
My soul in a serener atmosphere  
Than this; I long to mingle with the flock  
Led by the 'living waters,' and to stray  
In the 'green pastures' of the better land!  
When wilt thou break, dull fetter! When shall I  
Gather my wings, and like a rushing thought  
Stretch onward, star by star, up into Heaven!  
Thus mused Alethe. She was one to whom  
Life had been like the witching of a dream,  
Of an untroubled sweetness. She was born  
Of a high race, and lay upon the knee,  
With her soft eyes perusing listlessly  
The fretted roof, or, on Mosaic floors,  
Grasped at the tessellated squares inwrought  
With metals curiously. Her childhood passed  
Like fairy—amid fountains and green haunts—  
Trying her little feet upon a lawn  
Of velvet evenness, and hiding flowers  
In her sweet breast, as if it were a fair  
And pearly altar to crush incense on.  
Her youth—oh! that was queenly! She was like  
A dream of poetry that may not be  
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!  
And so came worshippers; and rank bowed down  
And breathed upon her heart-strings with the breath  
Of pride, and bound her forehead gorgeously  
With dazzling scorn, and gave unto her step  
A majesty as if she trod the sea,  
And the proud waves, unbidden, lifted her!  
And so she grew to woman—her mere look  
Strong as a monarch's signet, and her hand  
Th' ambition of a kingdom. From all this  
Turned her high heart away! She had a mind,  
Deep, and immortal, and it would not feed  
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring  
Of a serener element, and drank  
Philosophy, and for a little while  
She was allayed,—till, presently, it turned  
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew  
Faint for undying waters. Then she came  
To the pure fount of God, and is athirst  
No more—save when the fever of the world  
Falleth upon her, she will go, sometimes,  
Out in the star-light quietness, and breathe  
A holy aspiration after Heaven.

N. P. W.

## THE STORY OF A CUP OF TEA.

Translated for the New Mirror from the French of J. Lecompte.

ON a cold evening in December, I was returning, disappointed enough, from a visit, where I had not found any one at home. I was in full-dress; and, as I never liked to make my toilette, I stopped mechanically before the well-lighted shop of a druggist, and considered where I could go, and display to advantage my cachemire waistcoat, fashionable coat with gold-chased buttons, and Sakoski boots. I was still undetermined, and not able to find any means to turn my cursed toilette to account, for it hindered me from spending the evening joyously with my friends, when a well-known voice said:

"Why, Henry, what are you doing standing here in the cold, trying to get chilblains?"

I turned and clasped the hand of one of my best comrades.

"How well you are looking this evening!" said I, drawing my cloak around me. "Are you going to make visits in this quarter?" I added, with a faint sigh.

"I am going to tea at Lady N.'s. If you were dressed I would take the charge—"

"Thank you," I replied, throwing back my cloak under the pretext of consulting my watch.

"Hold! You are gay as a bridegroom! I'll take you—"

"Softly, softly," I replied, "you do not know yet if it would suit me; and then, besides, I know not—"

"Not a word—these English do not stand for fashion. Come along, you will be amused."

"Are there any ladies?"

"Oh! to be sure—delicious, my dear fellow! And they speak French like us. Come!"

"Let us go, then."

In ten minutes after, we entered a magnificent hotel, rue du Helder, glittering with crystals, gilding and splendid draperies. On a large sofa, at the farther end of the saloon, were three young persons seated negligently, and amusing themselves in turning over the leaves of an album. Their feet rested on mohair—mohair of rich Gobelin.

We advanced to the fireside, around which were ranged a good number of ladies and gentlemen.

"My lady," said Evariste, leading me to the mistress of the house, "I have the honour of presenting one of my best friends, and I ask for him the same kindness you have always shown me."

Lady N., a tall, dry, cold-looking woman, looked at me; opened her unfurnished mouth, from which issued a certain noise, like the rattling of parchment. I made her a low bow; that was all.

"You are now in the house, my dear!" said Evariste to me. "Your tea will be poured out here every evening. Charming women come here, and you will make delightful acquaintances."

While he was boasting of the pleasures that awaited me at tea with Lady N., I cast a glance around the saloon, in which there was about twenty persons. But my eyes reposed most agreeably on the charming trio on the blue sofa; and, as in a bouquet, one always returns to the freshest and most fragrant flowers, so my looks, after scrutinizing every recess and every embrasure, came back with delight to the three fresh and beautifully-dressed ladies, inundated by a flood of light from the rich lampadaire, placed near them on a stand of spa.

One of them—the one in the middle—the gayest, was indeed beautiful. Not too large—blonde, with a rich *féronnière* on her forehead, like a fly on milk—fair, with cheeks and lips animated with smiles—two black eyes, that exchanged flashes with the diamond-cut crystals—the whole set in curls voluptuously disposed, falling on both sides of her ravishing countenance. Then her stature, so frail that it seemed wonderful! In a word, her whole person was grace itself, moving in the most coquettish attitudes, while she was looking over the album. The two others were also handsome. But she! the lady with the album, was the prettiest; for pretty is the word; not beautiful—pretty!

"Who is that charming creature," said I to Evariste, "seated between the two English ladies?"

"Ah! delicious, my dear! It is Mademoiselle Florine de——, one of the prettiest women in Paris. She dazzles with her wit—every talent, my dear fellow! Her power on the piano is unsurpassed; it would craze you to hear her sing; you would be ravished with her dancing; and—"

"Enough, enough! You are getting so warm, and speaking so loud that you have fixed her attention. Do you not see how she is looking at us! Let us go away."

"How! what! On the contrary, let me present you!"

"Not by any means! At least not now," I replied, drawing him away to the other end of the saloon.

"Zounds! you make me think—But I must tell you a delicious adventure, a little talked of, I assure you, about the belle Florine. You used to know Gustave Angot, the only son of the rich banker of B——?"

"Perfectly. He was a handsome young man, full of wit and talent. He was very *recherché* in the elegant world; his social rank and his financial position, added to the elegance of his manners—"

"Yes, yes! Well, my dear, imagine him desperately in love with her. She loved him too, I believe. Nothing but their approaching union was discussed in the saloons. Marchionesses, countesses and baronesses sought the pretty Florine, to eulogize Gustave and his good taste. At last, she was seriously demanded in marriage. The lady yonder on the blue sofa asked eight days to reflect upon it."

"Eight days, you see, was very reasonable; it was necessary for her to familiarize herself with the idea of the transition from young girl to young wife."

"But, after the first eight days, she wanted eight more."

"Afterwards still more time; in a word, she wanted as much reflection to choose a husband as she would to select a colour for a ball. The old Chevalier de—— called his daughter one evening, to learn from her mouth what Gustave had to hope. Just think what poor Gustave suffered in that long suspense, in love as he was with the enchantress."

"My daughter, my Florine!" said the chevalier, "I want to know from you what definite reply to make to the persons who do us the honour to seek an alliance with our family. Your reflections have lasted a month; it is time they were ended."

"She gave herself airs, she pouted her lips, (as I wish she would do to me for a reconciliation,) and pulled the lace that bordered her foulard apron."

"Come, my Florine, open your heart to your father! Come, my dear child!"

"Papa!" she stammered.

"Well, do you love him? You have not been willing to say anything to your mother. Come, do not be childish!"

"Still she kept on with her airs, and she made a charming little mouth, and rolled the corners of her foulard apron."

"Then—"

"Listen, dear papa. You know how much I love you! It would be so hard for me to leave you! Indeed, M. Gustave is very amiable; he is the most graceful cavalier in our saloons; but—"

"But," interrupted the old chevalier.

"But," said she, half-concealing her pretty face in the silk apron, "to be called—papa! dear papa! don't be angry, but it would be horrible—to be called—Madame Angot!"

"My daughter!" said the old chevalier, rising suddenly, "you are crazy! A strange reason, truly."

"Dear papa!" added she, coaxingly, putting her arm around her old father, and playing with his cross of honour,

"just think, whenever I went into a saloon, or to a ball, to hear announced, 'the Countess de——!' 'the Marchioness——!' then for me to hear the loud voice of the footman crying out, 'Madame Ang——!' Oh! everybody would turn to see my panniers, the nape of my neck, my dress, my green-paper fan. You see, then, dear, sweet papa, that it is altogether impossible. And then, besides, I have the headache at present."

"She put a thousand manoeuvres in motion, and thus, you see, the reason, my dear Henry, why Mademoiselle Florine de—— is yet unmarried. She has very aristocratic ideas. I believe she would like to see the plumes of the peerage on the head of her husband. I wish she may! Tell me, isn't it a delicious anecdote?"

"It is, indeed, very singular, and almost incredible!—But I confess I am curious to hear her converse."

"Shall I introduce you now?"

"Willingly!"

I passed my hand through my hair, and we advanced; but, when I reflected, I pressed the arm of Evariste, and said:

"A plain name, like mine, without title, will it be well received?"

"You are right! Wait! We will add your mother's name to yours. 'Twill make you a magnificent name!"

Ten steps further.

"Ladies," said he, "I have the honour to present to you M. K—— de B——, officer in the royal corps of the marine, and my best friend; he draws, and sings like an angel, and speaks English like these two ladies. I am happy, and proud, ladies, for this circumstance, which gives me a title to your gratitude."

He made his bow and disappeared.

I was dumb at this tirade of my Mæcenæ, red as a pomegranate, and planted before the three young ladies, who were looking at each other, while I knew not what to say. I was going to commence some commonplace, when the pretty French lady furnished me with a delicate occasion. From that moment I pardoned her mania for titles.

"How does Monsieur find this head of Grevedon? We seldom see anything as fine. I think such are drawn from the artist's imagination, and never—"

"It is said, Mademoiselle, that Lawrence dreamed at night of beautiful heads of young women and children, which he afterwards transferred to his canvass. If the artist dreamed of such, I am more fortunate than he. I have seen those who eclipsed them."

She blushed with pleasure, or I know not what, and turned over the leaf. It was a sea scene of Eugene Isabey, drawn from the Maritime Review.

"Oh! poor little boats!" said she, with charming terror.

"Do you see, Ellen?"

Ellen looked.

How beautiful were the three heads bending over the book! The interest they showed in the boats charmed me for being a marine.

"What is the name of that little boat?" said Ellen, lifting her dark lustrous eyes.

"Mademoiselle!" (cursed Evariste, to introduce me as a——) "Miss—*c'est un*—it is a cutter!"

The pretty Françoise laughed—perhaps in ridicule! I was outrageous. I was in want of her help again, but it was towards herself; for I believe, had I been alone with the two others, I could have spoken enough English to sustain my reputation.

Happily, at this moment a lackey came to say they were waiting us at the tea-table. They rose, and, light as

fairies, glided over the carpet. Mademoiselle laid aside the album. I offered her my hand. We crossed the saloon together.

I was seated next her at table.

The cups of tea began to circulate. I drank two, three, four—it was enough. My few words of English had already warmed me sufficiently.

In the meantime I continued taking more tea, while every one else had finished. There was only one old Englishman and myself who were drinking. Evariste was talking in an embassage, and I still drank on. The Englishman had finished, and still I drank.

I had not time to set down my cup before an arm was stretched out, and it was replenished. I sweat great drops. I was inundated, drowned, and dared not venture to say a word. Each time Mademoiselle Florine, with an arch air, passed me the sugar-bowl—it was almost empty! and ten persons were speaking English and looking at me. I was desperate! I turned away, loosened my cravat—my cup was filled again!

"Perhaps it is the fashion in England," thought I, "thus to drown persons the first time they have the honour of receiving them. Ouf! I shall remember it."

But when my tenth cup was emptied, the tall, impassable lady addressed some gibberish to me, which my gay neighbour translated thus:

"My lady presents her excuses, Monsieur; she says she has no more hot water; but, if you desire it, she will order—"

"Not at all! No—I beg you! Thanks, Mademoiselle! Madame, don't take the trouble; I have drunk—my lady, I am sensible—"

I could not find words to say quick enough that I had sufficient an hour ago; that my stomach was inundated; that—

Mademoiselle Florine began to smile; then, looking at me, she began to laugh in her cambric handkerchief. The jade!

"Are you, then, ignorant, Monsieur, that among the English it is the custom to put your spoon in the cup, and not in the saucer, when you wish no more tea."

"How? I—and you said nothing about it to me, Mademoiselle."

"Monsieur, I thought you were thirsty! I saw the perspiration! I thought you took pleasure in drinking!"

"Mercy!"

The sugar was emptied before the three last cups. She looked at the cup and laughed again. The incident went round the room. Then Florine, after having been much amused, said:

"They are going to dance, I believe; are you a musician? There are some charming country-dances here of Tolbecque's, from the motifs of *Ali Baba*."

"I play the flute, Mademoiselle; and, like you, I think these country-dances are charming!"

I arose with the rest of the company.

She followed me with her eyes. I took up the flute on the piano, and ran over some chromatic fragments, firmly decided to look after my hat, and not ask Mademoiselle de — to dance, because she had let me drink ten cups of tea.

"Why do you leave?" asked Evariste. "Stay! we are going to dance, and you will have a delicious evening! Are not these amiable people? You were talking gaily with Florine—eh! Everybody observed it. Stay, then, here is a flute; you shall play. They will have wine soon—"

"Spare me!" I replied. "I have drunk ten cups of tea. I shall not dance. I shall not ask any one to dance. I am going home to bed!"

"I am sorry for you!" said he, pressing my hand; "adieu, then, since you won't stay!"

"Adieu till to-morrow." And I departed.

"While looking for my cloak in the ante-chamber, I heard Florine say to Evariste:

"Your friend drank ten cups of tea; he will not suffer from indigestion to-night!"

"Oh!" replied he, "he loves it furiously! These marines drink floods of it."

Had it not been for the confounded tea, I should certainly have fallen in love with Florine. x. p.

#### THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER.

SHEAFE LANE, in Boston, is an almost unmentionable and plebeian thoroughfare, between two very mentionable and patrician streets. It is mainly used by bakers, butchers, urchins going to school, and clerks carrying home parcels—in short, by those who care less for the beauty of the road than for economy of time and shoe-leather. If you please, it is a shabby hole. Children are born there, however, and people die and marry there, and are happy and sad there, and the great events of life, more important than our liking or disliking of Sheafe Lane, take place in it continually. It used not to be a very savoury place. Yet it has an indirect share of such glory as attaches to the birth-places of men above the common. The (present) great light of the Unitarian church was born at one end of Sheafe Lane, and one of the most accomplished merchant-gentlemen in the gay world of New-York was born at the other. And in the old Haymarket (a kind of *cul de sac*, buried in the side of Sheafe Lane,) stood the dusty lists of the chivalric old Roulstone, a gallant horseman, who in other days would have been a knight of noble devoir, though in the degeneracy of a Yankee lustrum, he devoted his soldierly abilities to the teaching of young ladies how to ride.

Are you in Sheafe Lane? (as the magnetisers inquire.) Please to step back twenty-odd years, and take the hand of a lad with a rosy face, (ourselves—for we lived in Sheafe Lane twenty-odd years ago,) and come to a small house, dingy yellow, with a white gate. The yard is below the level of the street. Mind the step.

The family are at breakfast in the small parlour fronting on the street. But come up this dark staircase, to the bedroom over the parlour:—a very neat room, plainly furnished; and the windows are curtained, and there is one large easy chair, and a stand with a Bible open upon it. In the bed lies an old man of seventy, deaf, nearly blind, and bed-ridden.

We have now shown you what comes out of the shadows to us, when we remember the circumstances we are about to body forth in a sketch, for it can scarcely be called a story.

It wanted an hour to noon. The Boylston clock struck eleven, and close on the heel of the last stroke followed the tap of the barber's knuckle on the door of the yellow house in Sheafe Lane. Before answering to the rap, the maid-of-all-work filled a tin can from the simmering kettle, and surveyed herself in a three-cornered bit of looking-glass, fastened on a pane of the kitchen window; then, with a very soft and sweet "good morning" to Roxier, the barber, she led the way to the old man's room.

"He looks worse to-day," said the barber, as the skinny hand of the old man crept up tremblingly to his face, conscious of the daily office about to be performed for him.

"They think so below stairs," said Harriet, "and one of the church is coming to pray with him to-night. Shall I raise him up now?"

The barber nodded, and the girl seated herself near the

pillow, and lifting the old man, drew him upon her breast, and, as the operation went rather lingeringly on, the two chatted together very earnestly.

Rosier was a youth of about twenty-one, talkative and caressing, as all barbers are; and what with his curly hair and ready smile, and the smell of soap that seemed to be one of his natural properties, he was a man to be thought of over a kitchen fire. Besides he was thriving in his trade, and not a bad match. All of which was duly considered by the family with which Harriet lived, for they loved the poor girl.

Poor girl, I say. But she was not poor, at least if it be true that as a woman thinketh so is she. Most people would have described her as a romantic girl. And so she was, but without deserving a breath of the ridicule commonly attached to the word. She was uneducated, too, if any child of New England can be called uneducated. Beyond school-books and the Bible, she had read nothing but the *Scottish Chiefs*, and this novel was to her what the works of God are to others. It could never become familiar. It must be the gate of dream-land; what the moon is to a poet, what a grove is to a man of reverie, what sunshine is to all the world. And she mentioned it as seldom as people praise sunshine, and lived in it as unconsciously.

Harriet had never before been out to service. She was a farmer's daughter, new from the country. If she was not ignorant of the degradation of her condition in life, she forgot it habitually. A cheerful and thoughtful smile was perpetually on her lips, and the hardships of her daily routine were encountered as things of course, as clouds in the sky, as pebbles in the inevitable path. Her attention seemed to belong to her body, but her consciousness only to her imagination. In her voice and eyes there was no touch or tint of her laborious servitude, and if she had suddenly been "made a lady," there would have been nothing but her hard hands to redeem from her low condition. Then, hard-working creature as she was, she was touchingly beautiful. A coarse eye would have passed her without notice, perhaps, but a painter would not. She was of a fragile shape, and had a slight stoop, but her head was small and exquisitely moulded, and her slender neck, round, graceful, and polished, was set upon her shoulders with the fluent grace of a bird's. Her hair was profuse, and of a tinge almost yellow in the sun, but her eyes were of a blue, deep almost to blackness, and her heavy eyelashes darkened them still more deeply. She had the least possible colour in her cheeks. Her features were soft and unmarked, and expressed delicacy and repose, though her nostrils were capable of dilating with an energy of expression that seemed wholly foreign to her character.

Rosier had first seen Harriet when called in to the old man, six months before, and they were now supposed by the family to be engaged lovers, waiting only for a little more sunshine on the barber's fortune. Meantime they saw each other at least half an hour every morning, and commonly passed their evenings together, and the girl seemed very tranquilly happy in her prospect of marriage.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before mentioned, Mr. Flint was to make a spiritual visit to the old man. Let us first introduce him to the reader.

Mr. Asa Flint was a bachelor of about forty-five, and an "active member" of a church famed for its zeal. He was a tall man, with a little bend in his back, and commonly walked with his eyes upon the ground, like one intent on meditation. His complexion was sallow, and his eyes dark and deeply set; but by dint of good teeth, and a little "wintry redness in his cheek," he was good-looking enough for

all his ends. He dressed in black, as all religious men must, (in Boston) and wore shoes with black stockings the year round. In his worldly condition, Mr. Flint had always been prospered. He spent five hundred dollars a year in his personal expenses, and made five thousand in his business, and subscribed, say two hundred dollars a year to such societies as printed the name of the donors. Mr. Flint had no worldly acquaintances. He lived in a pious boarding-house, and sold all his goods to the members of the country churches in communion with his own. He "loved the brethren," for he wished to converse with no one who did not see heaven and the church at his back—himself in the foreground, and the other two accessories in the perspective. Piety apart, he had found out at twenty-five, that, as a sinner, he would pass through the world simply Asa Flint—as a saint, he would be Asa Flint *plus* eternity and the respect of a large congregation. He was a shrewd man, and chose the better part. Also, he remembered, sin is more expensive than sanctity.

At four o'clock Mr. Flint knocked at the door. At the same hour there was a maternal prayer-meeting at the vestry, and of course it was to be numbered among his petty trials that he must find the mistress of the house absent from home. He walked up stairs, and after a look into the room of the sick man, despatched the lad who had opened the door for him, to request the "help" of the family to be present at the devotions.

Harriet had rather a pleasing recollection of Mr. Flint. He had offered her his arm, a week before, in coming out from a conference meeting, and had "presumed that she was a young lady on a visit" to the mistress! She arranged her kerchief and took the kettle off the fire.

Mr. Flint was standing by the bedside with folded hands. The old man lay looking at him with a kind of uneasy terror in his face, which changed, as Harriet entered, to a smile of relief. She retired modestly to the foot of the bed, and, hidden by the curtain, open only at the side, she waited the commencement of the prayer.

"Kneel there, little boy!" said Mr. Flint, pointing to a chair on the other side of the light-stand, "and you, my dear, kneel here by me! Let us pray!"

Harriet had dropped upon her knees near the corner of the bed, and Mr. Flint dropped upon his, on the other side of the post, so that after raising his hands in the first adjuration, they descended gradually, and quite naturally upon the folded hands of the neighbour—and there they remained. She dared not withdraw them, but as his body rocked to and fro in his devout exercise, she drew back her head to avoid coming into farther contact, and escaped with only his breath upon her temples.

It was a very eloquent prayer. Mr. Flint's voice, in a worldly man, would have been called insinuating, but its kind of covert sweetness, low and soft, seemed, in a prayer, only the subdued monotony of reverence and devotion. But it won upon the ear all the same. He began, with a repetition of all the most sublime ascriptions of the psalmist, filling the room, it appeared to Harriet, with a superhuman presence. She trembled to be so near him with his words of awe. Gradually he took up the more affecting and tender passages of Scripture, and drew the tears into her eyes with the pathos of his tone and the touching images he wove together. His hand grew moist upon hers, and he leaned closer to her. He began, after a short pause, to pray for her especially—that her remarkable beauty might not be a snare to her—that her dove-like eyes might beam only on the saddened faces of the saints—that she might be enabled to shun the company of the worldly, and consort only with

God's people—and that the tones of prayer now in her ears might sink deep into her heart as the voice of one who would never cease to feel an interest in her temporal and eternal welfare. His hand tightened its grasp upon hers, and his face turned more towards her; and as Harriet, blushing, spite of the awe weighing on her heart, stole a look at the devout man, she met the full gaze of his coal-black eyes fixed unwinkingly upon her. She was entranced. She dared not stir, and she dared not take her eyes from his. And when he came to his amen, she sank back upon the ground, and covered her face with her hands. And presently she remembered, with some wonder, that the old man, for whom Mr. Flint had come to pray, had not been even mentioned in the prayer.

The lad left the room after the amen, and Mr. Flint raised Harriet from the floor and seated her upon a chair out of the old man's sight, and pulled a hymn-book from his pocket, and sat down beside her. She was a very enthusiastic singer, to say the least, and he commonly led the singing at the conferences, and so, holding her hand that she might beat the time with him, he passed an hour in what he would call very sweet communion. And by this time the mistress of the family came home, and Mr. Flint took his leave.

From that evening, Mr. Flint fairly undertook the "eternal welfare" of the beautiful girl. From her kind mistress he easily procured for her the indulgence due to an awakened sinner, and she had permission to frequent the nightly conference, Mr. Flint always charging himself with the duty of seeing her safely home. He called sometimes in the afternoon, and had a private interview to ascertain the "state of her mind," and under a strong "conviction" of something or other, the excited girl lived now in a constant reverie, and required as much looking after as a child. She was spoiled as a servant, but Mr. Flint had only done his duty by her.

This seemed all wrong to Rosier, the barber, however. The bright, sweet face of the girl he thought to marry, had grown sad, and her work went all amiss—he could see that. She had no smile, and almost no word, for him. He liked little her going out at dusk when he could not accompany her, and coming home late with the same man always, though a very good man, no doubt. Then, once lately, when he had spoken of the future, she had murmured something which Mr. Flint had said about "marrying with unbelievers," and it stuck in Rosier's mind and troubled him. Harriet grew thin and haggard besides, though she paid more attention to her dress, and dressed more ambitiously than she used to do.

We are reaching back over a score or more of years for the scenes we are describing, and memory drops here and there a circumstance by the way. The reader can perhaps restore the lost fragments, if we give what we remember of the outline.

The old man died, and Rosier performed the last of his offices to fit him for the grave, and that, if we remember rightly, was the last of his visits, but one, to the white house in Sheafe Lane. The bed was scarce vacated by the dead, ere it was required again for another object of pity. Harriet was put into it with a brain fever. She was ill for many weeks, and called constantly on Mr. Flint's name in her delirium; and when the fever left her, she seemed to have but one desire on earth—that he should come and see her. Message after message was secretly carried to him by the lad, whom she had attached to her with her uniform kindness and sweet temper, but he never came. She relapsed after a while into a state of stupor, like idioey, and when day after day passed without amendment, it was thought necessary to send for her father to take her home.

A venerable looking old farmer, with white hairs, drove his rough wagon into Sheafe Lane one evening, we well remember. Slowly, with the aid of his long staff, he crept up the narrow staircase to his daughter's room, and stood a long time, looking at her in silence. She did not speak to him.

He slept upon a bed made up at the side of hers, upon the floor, and the next morning he went out early for his horse, and she was taken up and dressed for the journey. She spoke to no one, and when the old man had breakfasted, she quietly submitted to be carried towards the door. The sight of the street first seemed to awaken some recollection, and suddenly in a whisper she called to Mr. Flint.

"Who is Mr. Flint?" asked the old man.

Rosier was at the gate, standing there with his hat off to bid her farewell. She stopped upon the sidewalk, and looked around hurriedly.

"He is not here—I'll wait for him!" cried Harriet, in a troubled voice, and she let go her father's arm and stepped back.

They took hold of her and drew her toward the wagon, but she struggled to get free, and moaned like a child in grief. Rosier took her by the hand and tried to speak to her, but he choked, and the tears came to his eyes. Apparently she did not know him.

A few passers-by gathered around now, and it was necessary to lift her into the wagon by force, for the distressed father was confused and embarrassed with her struggles, and the novel scene around him. At the suggestion of the mistress of the family, Rosier lifted her in his arms and seated her in the chair intended for her, but her screams began to draw a crowd around, and her struggles to free herself were so violent, that it was evident the old man could never take her home alone. Rosier kindly offered to accompany him, and as he held her in her seat and tried to soothe her, the unhappy father got in beside her and drove away.

She reached home, Rosier informed us, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, still calling on the name that haunted her; and we heard soon after, that she relapsed into a brain fever, and death soon came to her with a timely deliverance from her trouble.

N. P. W.

#### THE REVENGE OF A LADY.

It was a bright, glad day in spring, and Broadway was alive with gaiety and bustle. A stranger, who had been crossing that great thoroughfare at noon, somewhere about the corner of Murray-street, would have wondered what object it could be on the other side of the way that was disturbing the whole street; and, without exactly drawing a crowd, was attracting everybody's attention, and making gentlemen seek any excuse for stopping and looking back, and almost envy the humbler wayfarers who were privileged to be ungenteel. A denizen of New-York, however, who had only heard of the commotion, would at once have known that it must be Miss Kaye, stepping from her carriage into the store of her jeweller's. Her dove-coloured carriage, obstructed by the crowd of equipages which stood in front of Tenny's, had drawn up some doors off, and, in order to reach the place, she, whose pearly shoe not often touched the pavement, for once was compelled to "witch the world with noble" walking. The instant her blue-and-white liveries were seen opening the door and rattling the steps down, a simultaneous impression seemed to be produced upon the crowd that was loitering along the sidewalk; they drew back on all sides, a kind of avenue was formed, and she stepped forward, alone, with a magnificent, elastic

tread, as if the earth yielded beneath her feet. I stood and saw her pass. Fortunately, at that very spot a bore held me by the button. (Amiable bore! I patted him when we parted; and, for the first time in my life, recognized why a benignant Providence had created bores that hold people by the button.) I gazed with a delight almost awed into homage. A more exalted vision I had not beheld. Majesty, softened into delicious beauty—grandeur of attitude and feature, made lovely by a pervading spirit of sweetness and sympathy—produced in her an union that charmed you ere you could admire. I dare say it will seem an odd thing to say, but there is nothing that has since reminded me so much of the impression she then produced upon the eye as the bright fountain in the Park; there was in her the same easy, I may say reluctant, magnificence; the splendid purity and soft sparkle; combined with such an entire unrestraint and abandonment of effort, that you feel as if in that form and motion the very essence of grace were made palpable before your eyes; and as if that variety of movement was the wantonness of a nature that strove to, but could not, escape from its perpetual doom of elegance. Startled back, in spite of myself, into the age of poetry and goddesses, I thought straightway of the apparition of Venus to the Trojan by the wooded margins of the Tyrian city, and was beginning to fall into my old tunes and my Latin; but I felt soon that, in truth, I was below the mark, and that there stood before me something of a truer dignity and impression than all their goddesses together. I mean a delicate, pure, high-souled woman. I confess, while she was at a distance from me, and I had but a glimpse of her, I felt a certain flutter about my heart; but, as she came near me, that faded away, and yielded to a profound and distant reverence. I cast down my eyes, and lifted them only as she was vanishing through the door of the shop.

Miss Kaye's parents were both dead, and she was the sole mistress of one of the largest fortunes in New-York. Her first winter in company had been concluded by the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Hanbury; a man of high fashion, possessing undoubtedly superiour powers, great cultivation, and immense resources of manner. Men, who knew Mr. Hanbury, were surprised at her choice; and those of them who knew and valued her regretted it not a little, for they deemed him a thorough worldling, whose principles and sentiments were such as a life of libertinage on the continent was likely to produce, and whose purposes were utterly selfish and base. Such, indeed, or worse, he really was; but, the truth is, the most intelligent woman is no judge of a man who pays her attention. Miss Kaye did not know the nature of that man, so perfect was his art and dissimulation. She admired and esteemed him, and, in the prospect that was before her, was as happy as the brightest hopes and kindest intentions on her part could make her. It was in reference to some arrangements relating to that expected event that she had gone into Tenny's, with her beaming face full of pleasantness and life, when her attention was caught by the voice of Mr. Hanbury, who, in company with another person, was standing with his back towards her, leaning against the frame of the glass cases, in earnest conversation. Neither perceived Miss Kaye, although she approached within hearing distance of them.

"I marry her only for her money," said he, almost in a whisper, but loud enough for her to overhear his words distinctly, "and within a month afterwards I shall go to Paris, alone."

Miss K. left the store immediately, unperceived by them both.

It was fortunate for her that, in the interval of her absence,

her carriage had drawn up immediately in front of the shop-door, or she must have fallen on the pavement. As it was, with a dizzied head she tottered forwards, and the servant who stood there caught her in his hand. She rallied, with a powerful effort, and, saying to the footman, in a faint voice, "Home!" got into the vehicle. One who had then seen those pale, shrunken, trembling features—the fixed, glaring eye, the withered lip, the distortion and deadly agony of the whole face, could not have recognised the glorious countenance from which, a moment before, power and hope had looked so majestically forth. The footman, seeing that his mistress was ill, ordered the coachman to drive with the utmost rapidity, and, in a few minutes, Miss Kaye was at her house. He opened the carriage-door immediately, and seeing his mistress throwing herself out before the steps were down, the honest fellow caught her in his arms, and carried her all the way into the drawing-room. He placed a chair and handed her a tumbler of water.

In a few minutes the physical weakness was conquered. Miss Kaye rose, and walked into her chamber, and, summoning all the determination and energies of her nature, sat down to consider of her course.

It was an intense and awful struggle which wrung her spirit. The quick, stern working of her lip, the flush of her cheek, the flashing of her eye, told with what strength her purpose was developing.

"He shall feel his baseness!" she muttered to herself.

On the following morning she sat alone in the drawing-room, when Mr. Hanbury came in. Orders had been given to admit no other person.

"Do you think," said she, as soon as he was seated, fixing upon him that dark eye, which burned with the keenest and loftiest fires of moral indignation and intellectual contempt, "that there are men in the world wholly destitute of soul?"

Her manner was much controlled and her voice calm; yet, in despite of effort, her tones vibrated with a searching sharpness of sarcasm which astonished Mr. Hanbury, and agitated him not a little. The consciousness of what his deservings was in respect to her came upon him with a blind, formless fear, that shook his spirit to the foundation.

He answered, not knowing what she could be meaning:

"There are persons, I think, who, if they ever had souls, have succeeded in wearing all trace of them out of themselves."

"Ah! think you so?" said she, with piercing scorn. "You shall feel that this cannot be!"

She rose and stood before the centre-table, on the opposite side of which he sat.

"I have been insulted, sir! outraged through every feeling of my nature. I am a solitary and undefended woman; protected only by those sentiments of honour that dwell in the breast of every GENTLEMAN, those feelings of common humanity which are acknowledged by every MAN. I have found but one person utterly inensensible to those impressions—yourself. I am aware of the motives which led you to solicit my hand. I was a listener to the conversation in which your nature displayed itself without a mask. 'I marry her only for her money. Within a month afterwards I go to Paris, and alone.' The only revenge I have to take is to make you feel the utter paltriness of your character, by showing you the immeasurable difference between your views and mine. You shall learn the true dignity of such sentiments as yours, by seeing the unutterable indifference in which I hold those things which your soul esteems above all. This day we part for ever. On this table are deeds conveying to you one-half of my entire estate, from which you may extract that money for which you would have been willing



to encumber yourself—though only for a month, it seems—with a wife. In accordance with the form which has been pointed out to me, I here deliver them to your exclusive use. Enjoy that money; and remember, while doing so, that you owe that enjoyment to the intense contempt a woman feels for you; and let that remembrance cause you to be ever companioned in your secret soul by your own utter contempt for yourself."

She retreated into the adjoining room; waving her hand as she disappeared, she said:

"You may retire, sir."

Mr. Hanbury sat for a moment, overwhelmed with dismay and shame; he then dashed the papers upon the floor, and hastened out of the house.

From that blow he never recovered. In spite of every effort he made to make head in his own mind against the sense of self-contempt, and the consciousness of the thorough baseness of his principles, nothing could stand against the remembered look and glance of that woman. He felt like a detected felon. He never could endure to see her again. The confidence with which he had pursued his former career was struck down for ever. He withdrew from society, and, giving himself up to the lowest occupations of what is called pleasure, has sunk into utter worthlessness, despised alike by himself and others.

#### THE GOLDEN BUBBLE.

On ye who live pent in the cog-wheel of a city, constantly whirling in its busy track,—whose ears ceaselessly vibrate with the rattle of carts, cabs and omnibuses,—whose nights are illumined by the incendiary, or made still darker by cries of murder and rapine, how little can you appreciate the beauty of the green fields, the gentle rippling of the silvery stream, or the unwritten music on nature's wide page, in her waving woods, alive with soul-stirring harmony!

Far away up in the Catskill mountains, like an egg in its nest, lies the little village of S——. There are but few there brought to light that ever spread their wings for the scenes below them. No; in youth they flutter in gladness around their beautiful home,—as the meridian of life comes on they moult their bright plumage, and finally droop and die peacefully in their parent home. To this, however, there are exceptions. Some there are so daring as to soar away from this quiet nook, and tempt the dangers of the great world, but they never return;—dazzled and allured by its false glitter, the native roost loses its attractions, and for the cares and bustle of life they are willing to exchange its quiet repose. And well for our little village that it is so; for by this means, no foreign vices, vanities, and frivolities steal, like poisonous adders, into its bosom. The days of the good people glide undisturbed along, smooth as the meadow brook. The honest villagers still smoke their pipes at their cottage doors, or assemble in groups around the "steep" of the little inn, discussing weighty affairs of state and country, shaking their heads and pipes in harmony, and never troubling themselves with the idea that all these matters have been settled long ago, by greater if not wiser heads than theirs.

At the door of this inn, swinging like an unruly boy on a gate, hangs Benjamin Franklin, inviting all men to "entertainment;" while, on the other side, a most rampant horse, with his heels in the air, seems to kick all beasts to the hay and oats which he sets forth as prepared for them. The good dames ply their distaffs as in times of yore, or, as evening comes on, the sound of their spinning-wheels may be heard far and wide, echoing through the mountains, and is often mistaken by travellers for the pattering of hail on the

forest leaves. The young girls are like mountain daisies; here, "*many a flower is born to blush unseen*;" but how far happier is this their mountain home, than if gracing the parterre of a queen.

The rattle of the stage-coach—the deep breathing of the fire-monster, like some angry demon of destruction—the sharp clang of steamboat bell, never reach this peaceful vale. No gay, modern equipage innovates upon the substantial one-horse chaise of the good dominie, or the tall, upright sulky of the village Esculapius, which seems, by its very stiffness and solemn air, to embody the dignity of the whole fraternity of Galen.

One individual, among the most humble dwellers in S——, fortune seems to have selected for her peculiar sport and pastime; now alluring him along the viata of golden hopes and enchantments, and then suddenly plunging him headlong into those morasses and quagmires which border the road to mammon.

Honest John Vanderkill was a worthy, quiet, *pains-taking-for-ease* man, a little too prone, perhaps, to *laxiness*, and to sticking, with the fidelity of a fly to a molasses-cup, to his bench in the chimney corner; that is, when the blasts of winter drove him from the shade of the large elm, where, in summer, he was accustomed to smoke his pipe in peace. His windows, it is true, were somewhat broken, and as his fences were prostrated by the winds and other causes, how, then, could honest John hinder his horses, cows, and pigs from straying into other men's pastures! Nay, so accustomed were these animals to this means of foraging, that it is much to be doubted whether stone-walls, or ten-foot fences, could have restrained their predatory habits. It was well for John that the buxom damsel he had chosen to share with him the ills of life proved indeed a *help-mate*. She was as industrious as John was *idle*; and had it not been for her untiring exertions, both night and day, many of the villagers would be heard, ill-naturedly enough, to say, that poor John *would die a beggar*.

It was one warm summer morning, when it seemed as if old Sol, instead of cooling himself as he ought behind the mountains, had only been adding renewed warmth to his system, by re-furbishing and scrubbing up his armour anew, that he might shine down with even *more* than *red-hot* splendour upon our already half-roasted village of S——, that John Vanderkill looked toward the corn-field, where the luxuriant growth of weeds already towered high above the sickly, pale-looking maize, it was evident some exertion on his part was required to rescue this field from blight; but John only scratched his head, and muttering something about "*just as well to-morrow*," took up his pipe, and stretched himself at ease again. The next morning he again looked, but with the same results; the third, John *wilfully* shut his eyes, and studiously avoided even turning his head towards the doomed field. But one, whom John least expected, now came to its rescue. This was no other than good Dame Vanderkill herself, who, seeing how matters stood, armed herself with the hoe, and simply telling John to "*mind the fire*," was about proceeding to the corn-field. Now John loved his wife even better than his pipe, and when he saw her determination, to his honor be it recorded, a glow of shame overspread his countenance; he roused himself from his bench, shook off the flies, laid down his pipe, took the hoe from the hands of Maby, and without saying a word, proceeded with somewhat hasty steps to the suffering field.

In right-down earnest did John go to work; thick and fast fell the rank weeds under their destroyer; quicker and quicker flew the hoe, and the perspiration watered the corn.

hills like falling rain. Human nature could not endure forever, so John at last was forced to yield. He threw down the hoe, took off his hat, wiped his face, and stretching himself under a tree, began to philosophize. John was something of a philosopher, and, like many others, he cogitated deeply and grievously upon the caprices of fortune in distributing her favours. Not much faith had John in the bold declaration penned by Jefferson, that "all men are born free and equal."

"No," says John, "one man is 'born with a silver spoon,' another with a 'wooden ladle.' Now why should I, John Vanderkill, toil and delve more than another man? Why was I not born with a silver spoon? Why was I not made a doctor, or a dominie, or a judge, or a president? Yes," said John, elevating his right arm, "yes, a president of these United States! Why? why because I was born with a wooden ladle! Why," continued he, "did I not have ancestors, who might have—" But here John stopped; a sudden phrenzy seemed to have seized him; his countenance grew strangely wild; with unexampled rapidity did John scratch his head, as if to dig vents for the whirlpool within, then suddenly springing to his feet, and cutting caper after caper, he exclaimed: "Ah, by the Lord Harry, I am a rich man! Those papers! the deed, the deed, huzzn!" and tossing and catching his straw hat until every fibre was cracked and torn, and giving his hoe a kick in the air, which fell minus handle, John danced, rather than ran, towards his house.

"Bless me, John, what is the matter? Have you seen a spook? have the bees stung you?" said Maby, who met him at the door.

"Tol-lol-lol—out of the way. I'm a rich man! Tol-lol-lol."

Throwing his arms about his wife, he whirled her round and round through the hall, exclaiming as he did so:

"Ah, Maby, you shall wear silks and velvets yet."

Then twirling the amazed woman into the kitchen, where the table was neatly laid for dinner:

"Ugh! delf plates! pewter platters—iron spoons—crish-crash!" And, suiting the action to the word, up went John's foot, and over went the table.

"Good gracious, he is mad, sure enough," cried poor Maby, and, with all her speed, away she ran to fetch the doctor, John in the meanwhile keeping up a sort of Signor Blitz dance among the plates and platters.

Fortunately for the brain of the good woman, she soon descried the before-mentioned tall, upright sulky of Dr. Herrfrance at a little distance, jogging along the road, keeping the usual dignified tenor of its way, and with renewed exertions she was enabled to overtake it, when, seizing the astonished horse by the mane, she forced both beast and sulky to a stand still.

"Tut, woman, what is the matter?" exclaimed the doctor, elongating his lank figure half over the back of the quadruped; "what, in the name of wonder, ails you?"

"O, for goodness, doctor, do drive on. Johnny has gone mad, he will do himself mischief!" sobbed poor Maby. By several jerks and twitches, perfectly intelligible to honest dobbin, the doctor soon succeeded in producing a more accelerated motion, and thus in a few moments they reached the cottage door, the dame following, panting, almost breathless behind.

On entering the kitchen, John was nowhere to be seen, but a certain shuffling and trampling over-head, gave evidence where he might be found. Quick as a cat, sprang Maby up the garret stairs, followed by the doctor.

Stooping over a large chest, from which he was throwing,

with the most extravagant gestures, every article as it came in his way across the little room, was John. Maby clasped her hands in perfect despair, and exclaimed:

"O, my mother's china bowl! O, my wedding-dress!" as these articles were cast forth, like chaff, by her demented husband.

"Tut, good man, what's the matter?" cried Dr. Herrfrance, placing his hand on John's shoulder.

"Here it is, here it is, I've got it!" drawing forth, as he spoke, a yellowish-looking paper, folded like a deed. This he opened, and instantly commenced the process of reading, his head acting like a pendulum as it swung from margin to margin, his feet in the meanwhile keeping time, by a sort of double shuffle, to the music of his fingers, which he continued to snap unceasingly. The doctor endeavoured to elicit some reply from John, for some time in vain; at length he turned, and, as if just aware of his presence, slapped Dr. Herrfrance with the utmost nonchalance on the back, exclaiming:

"Aha, old fellow, how are you?"

Dr. Herrfrance started; he grew pale; to be addressed in this manner—he, Dr. Herrfrance! and rubbing his forehead, he exclaimed:

"Yes, he is mad—mad as a March hare!"

After a while, however, John grew more calm, and by degrees was able to give the doctor and dame a gleam of the golden vision which had so suddenly borne him from the corn-field to the mines of Plutus, transmuting every single kernel into round, shining guineas. After carefully perusing the deed, Dr. Herrfrance found that, in some respects, John was right, and, could the deed be proved and realized, John Vanderkill would become the possessor of an immense property in the city of New-York. This deed had lain for more than half a century in the old blue chest. The father of John was probably too wise, or perhaps too poor, to wrestle with the law; and all the recollection his son had of it, was once hearing his father say, just before his death: "If we had our rights, that paper in the old chest would make us all as rich as kings." Smoking and sleeping had entirely driven this from John's memory, until his philosophy brought it forth.

As a friend, however, the worthy doctor advised John to follow the example of his father, and replace the deed in the chest; endeavouring to explain to him, at the same time, how fruitless any attempts on his part would be to recover property which had so long been in the hands of others who were rich and powerful. But John could not be brought to listen. No! great was his wrath and indignation that he had been so long kept out of his own; and with clenched fists and angry brow, John vowed all manner of vengeance upon the rascals who were now sitting in his halls and eating his dinners.

Even over the retired and beautiful village of S—— the kites and ravens of the law were hovering, ready to pounce upon and grasp, in their greedy talons, whoever and whatsoever might give promise of a meal—maugre though it might be. Keen and craving, from the very scarcity of the "food they fed on," to them, this deed of old Brom Vanderkill offered not only a meal, with streams of milk and honey, but a succession of the richest feasts.

It was not strange, then, that the advice they gave John differed very materially from that offered by Dr. Herrfrance, nor that it met with every token of respect and acquiescence.

These humble followers of the "*Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Saap*" school were truly praiseworthy, however, in their perfect disinterestedness in the matter. To be sure, it would

be an amazing trouble to *them* to undertake a business so excessively perplexing and arduous, but they had *John's* interest so deeply at heart, that they would sacrifice any amount of their valuable time for *his* benefit. At great trouble and expense, as they assured their client, they had obtained a map of the city of New-York, and thereon traced by many *zig-zag*, devious lines, which to John were *hieroglyphic* riddles, the many streets and the park, which had been laid out in the very centre of *his* property without even asking *his* permission to do so. John was indignant, and "*Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap*," were indignant too.

Great was the confusion, and wonderful the speculations, which rolled from one end of the little village of S—— to the other, with this unlooked-for turn of fortune's wheel. Not a few crops were ruined through the neglect of owners, and sad was it to hear the pitiful lowing of the cattle at nightfall, while those who should have attended to their wants might be seen gathered in knots around the inn, smoking with great unction, while they sagely opinionated upon the affairs of the *lion of the day*—John Vanderkill. Many visits, too, did Dame Maby receive from the gossips, though, to do her justice, it must be owned she was very slow to place reliance upon their supposed good fortune, and for a while used all her influence to bring her good man to reason; *certainly*, of course.

In an incredible short time, thanks to the never flagging exertions of his *warm* friends, "*Messrs. Quirk & Co.*," all was prepared, and for the first time in his life John turned his back upon the Catskill mountains, and proceeded to the city of New-York to *take possession at once* of his splendid fortune. It was his determination, as he told Maby, to go direct to the *richest* man on *his* estate, relate the *facts*, *turn him out of the house*, take possession, and then commence immediate measures for the recovery of the *whole*; so kissing her, and telling her she should soon be as grand as a princess, and shaking hands with the whole village, John departed, the doctor exclaiming as he did so:

"Tut, John, a fool's errand."

It must be confessed Dame Vanderkill could not long stand unmoved under this *expected* shower of gold, which was eventually to purify her from all sins of poverty. By degrees, a perfect change of character came over her, and who can blame her? She was much in the same situation as the simple wife of *Sancho Panza*, and, although her husband might not be made governor of an island, who knows but he might become *mayor* or an *alderman*, or a member of the legislature, or something or other, at least. What wonder, then, that her distaff lay idle, her housewifery was neglected, and that, in her Sunday gown, Dame Maby flitted hither and thither among her neighbours, borne, as it were, on the wings of some golden genii.

In the meanwhile, John pursued his way to the city, to unhouse, overturn, and demolish all those usurpers on his patrimonial rights! Upon his first arrival, the novelty of everything he saw for some hours deprived John of every feeling but amazement. Leaning against a post, with eyes and mouth distended, he watched, with total *self-abandonment*, the moving Babel around him. Recalled at length to himself, by certain cravings of hunger, he concluded to look for some place where these wants might be supplied, and, wishing to do everything in accordance with his *great wealth*, he inquired the way to the *first hotel* in the city. Although this request seemed not at all in accordance with the "*outward man*," he soon procured a guide; and now behold honest John Vanderkill toiling through Broadway, his best brown suit tied in a pocket-handkerchief slung over one arm, a pair of immense boots over the other; and, in

this fashion, he was conducted to the door of the Astor-house.

John, it is true, felt somewhat daunted by the appearance of everything around him, and it was in a faltering, undecided voice that he asked one of the waiters for "*a bit of beef and a mug of beer*;" but the reception his request met with, coupled with the mirth and jokes of the servants, soon aroused all the choler of the Vanderkills, and, with clenched fists, John dealt around most liberal blows to the right and left. The noise soon drew the attention of Mr. Stetson, who, upon being made acquainted with the facts, and being fond of a joke, ordered John to be shown at once to one of his best rooms, where, in a few moments, he waited upon his novel guest in person.

The first question John propounded was to know in which direction he should go to find the estate of old Brom Vanderkill, the rich burgher. To his astonishment, Mr. Stetson professed his utter ignorance. John, however, soon made him acquainted with the motives of his journey, and laid before him the map as marked by his *learned friends*. A guide was soon procured, and after despatching a hearty meal, and arraying himself in his best clothes, John stepped forth from the Astor, to the realization of his golden visions, *a proud man*! It would be difficult to describe John's feelings when he thus found himself so near the goal. He noticed the Park, which formed but one small corner of old Brom's estate; and on viewing the City-hall, and the lofty dwellings with which it was surrounded, there is no doubt John's heart beat high with expectation.

"Ah!" said he, rubbing his hands, "all these grand houses, and this *great pasture*," (as he styled the Park,) "then, *belong to me*! *Hem! hem!* I guess the folks will have to *book up, pretty quick*!"

With lofty strides he proceeded to take the circuit of his domain. Soon stopping before one of the largest dwellings, he, with great dignity, mounted the steps and gazed around. With Selkirk, he might have exclaimed—"I *am monarch of all I survey*;" but suddenly, and for the first time, a change came over his demeanour, his courage seemed to waver, he rolled his eyes around—above—below. Yonder lay the beautiful Park, with its bright and sparkling fountain, along whose walks and under whose luxuriant trees children were frolicking and sending forth their merry shouts; on this side were lofty dwellings; there, rolled along some stately equipage. John grew very faint of heart, his brow became clouded, unconsciously he took off his hat, and suffered his fingers to wander some moments through his labyrinth of hair; he then placed his hand on the door-bell, drew it back again, looked around once more, slowly *descended* the steps, again as slowly *ascended*; once more *almost* touched the bell; and thus remained for some minutes in the greatest distress, both of body and mind, to judge from the contortions of *face* and *limbs*. Once more he looked slowly around, shook his head, and with one desperate effort plunged down the steps, and, much to the amazement of the patient guide, started off on the full run; away started the guide, too, and had not John been fortunately brought up by a lamp-post, the force of which threw him flat on his back, there is no telling to what lengths they might have run. As it was, he jumped on his feet, shook off the dust, and, with all possible speed, proceeded to the steamboat which plied between New-York and Albany, rushed into the cabin, threw himself in a berth, and covered both head and ears under the counterpane! And now behold our worthy hero fast wending his way back to the quiet Catskills!

The next evening, just as the sun was casting his last

rays over the little village of S——, sporting merrily among the tree-tops, resting for an instant on the gilded weather-cock of the church spire, then leaping from window to window, dancing and gamboling in streams of light, illumining them as by a thousand flashing tapers, the usual devoted attendants on the little inn began to assemble. The well-worn benches were already nearly filled with their goodly company of smokers; and, as usual, John Vanderkill, and old Brom Vanderkill, were the themes of their conversation. The same sagacious remarks, guesses, conclusions, &c., that had been puffed forth, evening after evening, from each curling pipe, were again being sent to the four winds of heaven, when suddenly one of the company, starting from the bench, and pointing with his pipe, exclaimed:

"Dunder and blizen! why, yonder comes John himself!"

And, true enough, at the further end of the street or road, John was seen advancing with a slow, and, it may be said, a *snaking* gait, as though loth to join his boon companions, who, one and all, on the instant, shouted forth their welcome.

And now came "Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap," and our old friend, Dr. Herrfrance; and even the dominie himself stopped to listen to John's adventures.

It was not, however, until he had somewhat recovered his self-possession by several mugs of foaming ale, that John was able to go through the history of his *fortune-hunting*, and its results. After a circumstantial account of his journey through the mountains, his voyage down the Hudson, (for he seemed to *dwell* on these points, as though loth to proceed farther in his narrative,) he at last came to his arrival in the city, his walk through Broadway, his adventures at the Astor; then came his visit of premeditated ejection of his ancestral bequeathment; but here we must beg permission to make use of John's *own* language, as taken down at the time by his friends, "*Messrs. Quirk & Co.*"

"Well, now, neighbours," continued John, "I do declare, when I had got clear to them big houses, and that beautiful great field of sweet waters, big enough to pasture all our cows, and just as full of women and little children as violets in a meadow, I declare I did feel somehow queerly frustrated; I be hanged, if I did not wish myself back in my corn-field. Well, I looked all around, and I thought what great rich folks them was lived in them houses, and so I thought," concluded John, swallowing a large cup of ale, "I thought they would not be *'exactly* willing to give it *all* up without *considerable* of a—*scratch*! so let 'em have it, I say; and I've come home to go to work again, and help the old woman!"

The dominie shook John by the hand, and told him he had done wisely. Dr. Herrfrance exclaimed:

"Tut, John, I told you it was a fool's errand you went upon, but you have acted like a wise man in the end."

But "Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap" turned up their noses, and departed in high dudgeon.

Where was Dame Maby all this time? The news of John's arrival had already reached her, but, like a good wife, she forgot all else to prepare a comfortable supper. This done, she waited on the *tip-toe* of expectation for his arrival, expecting him to appear, as it were, with a *coach and six horses* in one hand, and a *ship deeply laden*, with a rich cargo of *silks and satins* in the other.

Their meeting must be left to the imagination. Suffice it to say, all the good dame's dreams of splendour vanished at once, leaving "not a rack behind," not even in a clouded brow, for with smiles and tears she tried to cheer her somewhat mortified husband.

One act is worthy of record; no sooner had John related his story to Maby, and before partaking of the nice supper, he walked direct to the fire, and thrusting therein the deed, as he watched it curl and crackle among the embers—

"There, *Mabe*, none of our children, or our children's children, shall be as *confounded a fool as their father.*"

In reality, however, John was a gainer by this deed of old Brom, for, from the time of his return, a total change was wrought in his character; and, from being one of the most idle, he now became one of the most industrious, and soon bid fair to reap, by his own exertions, somewhat of the *be-fore-promised* golden harvest.

Those *ravens*, "Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap," were about to commence an action against John, for the very *disinterested* and kindly advice they had given their client, but the good villagers only *hoisted* at them; so they were left to flap their wings, and cry, "*caso—caso!*" over the next victim which fate might place within their grasp.

Thus endeth this veritable story of the "*Golden Bubble.*"

C. E. B.

## THE VISION OF CARVER,

THE LEADER OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE first rude hut had been erected on the sea-shore of a barren cape, on a spot soon after called Plymouth. The cabin afforded but a wretched shelter for a little band of Pilgrims, who had been suffering many months on a boisterous ocean. Their tables were a few rough boards extended from log to log; their viands were fish and clams, their drink pure water, for then the luxuries of tea and coffee were not known to them; a little parched corn had served for bread. There was one delicious morsel on the table, which some shunned as being too great a god-send, and from which others abstained, as being forbidden by the Bible. A marksman of their number had seen an eagle towering in his "pride of place," and brought him down at a distance far beyond the ordinary reach of "the winged death." It was considered as a miracle by some; and they were inclined to partake of the carcass of the eagle, and it was soon devoured, and pronounced a sweet morsel, when Carver declared that hunger knew no *ceremonial laws*. Grateful thanks were returned to heaven for this scanty repast, and all were busy in preparing to attend prayers previous to retiring for the night. A large fire had been built on the ground in the centre of the cabin, and the smoke curled upward to a large aperture in the slight roof just thrown up. A few pine knots were heaped upon the wood, to give a flaring light. By this blaze the sage leader read a chapter in the Bible, or rather lessons from it on the goodness and mercy of God. All were attention. He closed the devotions with a fervent prayer. His face shone as it *were the face of an angel*. The surrounding group, accustomed as they were to his holy enthusiasm, considered this an extraordinary gift for the occasion, and their souls felt new strength for their trials.

One after another retired to their flock-beds, and the last restless child was hushed in sleep, but Carver, filled with the *divine afflatus*, could not close his eyes; his bosom heaved, and his lips quivered like those of the prophet about to declare the oracles of God; but, like his great master, he had compassion on his drowsy disciples, and let them sleep on. I said all slept—not so. The *Mare'-like* eye of Miles Standish kept a vigil upon the enemy, or upon the distant region where he knew the Indians dwelt—like Odin's, the Scandinavian god, *his belt was always buckled*; he heard the enemy from afar, and always surprised him who attempted to be the surpriser. The warrior's mind was filled

with coming deeds of heroism; the sage seemed laboring with the weight of the enterprise; and future ages pressed heavily upon him. Wrapping his military cloak around him, for Carver was acquainted with the duties of the tented field, he at length sought his couch. The wind was high, and the cold was in December's strength. The stormy night, nor sickly or burning sun, ever looked on such another group. This rude structure was the cradle of nations.

No sooner had the sage fallen asleep, than a vision arose all distinctly to his mind. A being, bright, tall, and mild, stood by him, and gently touching him, said—"Arise and follow me. I am the angel of the covenants made between God and men. I led the children of Israel out of Egypt, and brought them to the land of promise. I was sent to protect the May Flower, and took her in the hollow of my hand when the vexed ocean was ready to swallow navigation up! Other missions require my care, and my duties here are nearly closed; but I am permitted to give you a foretaste of coming times and the events they will produce. I do this now, as the angel of death is on the wing to convey you to another world, and against him I cannot prevail." The pilgrim gazed, and slow flames were wasting the forest around him, and as the trees receded, the sustaining corn grew sparse. As he faced the west on his right hand, a kindred band was taking possession of a richer soil, and plying the waters of a more capacious harbour than the pilgrims had found. Their countenances bore marks of energy and faith, and they cast on him a glance of affection and respect. They began in earnest the great work of colonization; their step was firm, their appearance martial, and their countenances bore no care-worn furrows. At times the war-whoop was heard, a peal of musketry and artillery followed, until all was lost in silence. The peaceful sage caught a glance of a Wampanoag chief gliding through the forests, and now his war-whoop, from the east and the west, was calling on the red man to associate and drive the new settlers into the sea. Now and then was seen a hero of the European race going down to his gory bed, his bosom pierced with an arrow, his head scalped, with many gallant youths gathering around him. The cry from the deep glens and the mountains gave sign that the mighty Indian warrior had fallen. On the north the Gaul was seen with the aborigines, new hafting his battle-axe, and sharpening his scalping-knife. Lamentations issued from the borders, but they did not bring dismay or terror; yet flashes of indignation were seen on the countenances of the brave, determined lords of the soil they had purchased. A spirit of desolation darkened the horizon for a short time, and passed away; the ground was, in spots, sprinkled with blood, and those who had once been fanatical, and who bore faggots and firebrands, were seen walking in sackcloth and ashes, doing penance for their errors. Amid all the evils which hung around in clouds, or fell in cataracts, the population increased, and waxed mighty. On the most extended lines of the seaboard all was life; the nucleus of future cities were seen, all busy, and, on the whole, prosperous. "These distant and active communities," said the angel, "are to be one people; the sufferings you now perceive that they experience, are ripening for this great event.

"That human learning may not be buried in the graves of their fathers, the generation you now see are building halls of learning, and are hedging them about with great care and pains." The angel paused to give the sage a moment's reflection, and then added: "I have now lifted up the veil of the past century. There are nearly a million of people at this moment in North America. A national character is

about being formed. Turn your eyes to yonder promontory," said the angel. The pilgrim obeyed. On a bluff, between two tall trees, hung an iron cradle, rocked by the force of the wind, sometimes moved slowly by zephyrs, and then shaken violently by a northern blast. Freedom, a nursing mother, stood near it with an anxious look. She had given birth to her child in the wilderness, and was watching his slumbers as he reposed on his little bed of bullrushes and young leaves. She had made him a coverlet of skins torn from the wolves and bears of the regions round about, and secured them together with the sinews of the finny tribe. She gazed upon his features, until she grew enamoured at the sight. She thought him equal to his elder brothers she had borne in Greece, in the days of the demi-gods and the giants. At this instant of time a rushing was heard among the trees of the forest, and the Indian war-whoop was sounded. The affrighted women who heard the cry grew pale, and mingled their piercing screams with the hellish din. Before the mother had time to catch him in her arms, the boy had leaped from his iron cradle, and, uprooting a sapling, turned it into a weapon of defence, and dashed onward to repel the fierce foe. Nor was the battle long in doubt; he laid the barbarians low in the dust, and all victorious, returned to the arms of his delighted mother, who strained him to her bosom with ecstasy, and repeated all the maternal rapture she had murmured in nursery-prattle when her first-born, Hercules, slew the Python. She then took from her treasure the *sanguine mantle* worn by her son Miltiades at Marathon, and Themistocles at Salamis, which had been dyed in rivers of blood, poured out for the defence of the liberties of Greece, and threw it over his shoulders, and told him the history of the present she had made him, in all the full tones and rich accents of freedom. The next moment he wore the long sword which the pious and brave leader had placed by his side when he retired to rest. The sage had been longer a soldier than a pilgrim, and instinctively placing his hand to his thigh, found his weapon was gone. "That child," said the angel, "is the *Genius of America*. I gave him your sword, not because it was tempered in the deep, dark waters of Damascus, or was hammered out on the anvils of Toledo, but because it was dedicated to the Lord and to freedom, on the other and on this side of the water. Behold him in his present attitude:

"Before him rolls a stream of living blood;  
Smiling he stands, and pointing to the shore,  
Beckons the nations from across the flood."

He strode onward to study man, to examine the waters of a thousand rivers, and to measure the altitude of as many mountains.

Other sights arose. The lights of civilization were increased in number and size from the east to the south. At times, however, they seemed ready to expire from sudden gusts from the wilderness, but soon blazed up again with renewed splendour.

On the soil of Powhatan, a sort of fort-built house attracted the attention of Carver. It was surrounded by a crowd of divinities, all ready to enter as the door opened. It was announced that a man-child was born. The divinities rushed in. *Fortune* was holding a royal crown over his head, which *Wisdom* dashed aside, and bound his brow with her own wreath. *Prudence* put her seal upon his lips, and *Patriotism* pressed her warm and electrical hand upon his heart. The *Genius of the nation* was there, and touching his shoulder with his sword, knighted, ennobled and glorified him at once. "That child," said the angel, "is to be the leader of your armies in time to come, and shall bring the nation through a perilous conflict she is destined to meet. His his-

tory will hereafter be interwoven with that of a great republic, and go down to posterity with exceeding honour.

From the northeast the cannon's roar was heard, and sturdy citizen-soldiers were seen contending against "battlements, and towers, and broad-armed ports," defended by Gallic bravery and consummate skill; but all sunk before the hardihood of the republicans, who were reckless of life in the cause of their country.

The horizon was extended, and the sage saw and shuddered at the sight: a line of fortifications from the great northern outlet of the inland seas, to the far extended south, where the father of rivers meets his mother, the ocean. Already had Gaul, with her fierce allies, contemplated with great certainty, that in a short time she should, like the boa-constrictor, be able to crush the infant settlements in her folds. "Fear not," said the angel, "the behest of the Eternal is against it; the redemption shall come, and by the proper instruments." Peace now held her mild reign, and agriculture and the arts flourished, and plenty poured her copious stores into the lap of industry, and the anxious brow grew smooth, and a smile of hope lit upon the countenance of all; but it was not there long to dwell. The matrons of this powerful monster of strategy became alarming, and aroused the country to action. A troop of Britons and colonists were seen wending their way to the lovely Ohio, to scotch the snake in the centre. At one moment a merry peal arose from the camp; at the next, a death groan was heard. The wily savages had lurked in the path-way, and military pride had forbidden the colonists to scour the woods. From the ambush the savages poured death into the close columns of the regular army, and, broken and dismayed, they would have all been slaughtered if a youthful warrior had not covered the retreat with bravery and skill. His few provincials followed the glance of his eye, and checked the furious onset of the too successful barbarians. The sage trembled with anxiety for the hero's fate. "Fear not for him," was his guardian's reply, "his career has but just commenced; others have been discomfited that he may in the end be glorified. That mortal form was once the infant whose birth we hailed together."

This disaster spread a gloom over the whole land, and the sage now saw his country's honour sunk before a more successful people than those of his mother country, or of his own. The lilies grew more fresh in the eyes of the world, and were hailed as the first banner of nations. The lion was crest-fallen, and the eagle no longer poised sublimely in the heavens, but drooped his wings upon some lightning-stricken tree, or hid behind some mountain crag. The sage's tears flowed amain, and his angel was silent; but while the sage sat in sackcloth and ashes, loud huzzas came from the northern frontiers, and spread over the land; the tide had changed; victory perched on the American standard, and Gaul was humbled, and her warriors were slain. Bonfires reddened the bosom of night, and rejoicings were the order of the day. The next campaign was full of hopes that were not realized, but disappointed expectations could not now destroy the elasticity given to the bow that had been bent with so much vigour near the "sacramental lake." The tide of success rolled backward and forward, until the current set in favour of the English and their colonists.

"Cast thine eyes north," said the angel, "where a city hangs upon the eagle's eyry, proudly thought impregnable; note the doings there. On an extended plain, formed by a mountain levelled by an earthquake, on some early day of the records of time, two regular armies were seen ready for a fierce engagement. The brow of the Gallic leader was bound by a crown of thickest laurels, and stars of honour em-

blazoned his breast. The other's countenance bore marks of high-souled chivalry, with deep and profound thought, giving premature gravity to a youthful face. Mars had fashioned his countenance, and the Muses had finished up all the sweet and delicate lineaments of it, and left upon them the impression of their inspiration. The tocsin was sounded, and the battle began. The leaders of either army bit the dust; but the power of Gaul was broken, and the lately redolent and beautiful lilies were torn and scattered. Peace, in all the borders of the country, ensued; the Indian buried his hatchet and smoked his calumet of peace, from the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence. The current of population rolled north, south, east and west, without fear of interruption. The waters, in all directions, ran clear of blood, and smiling plenty crowned each successive year. In this time a generation grew up and mingled with those whose valour achieved the blessings of peace. The rights of man were now deeply studied, and men reasoned as well as felt. The sage rejoiced in this state of his country; the angel saw that his mind dwelt on this mild age, and at once broke his reverie by saying, "Mortals see through a glass darkly; these days are full of evil. The mother country begins to feel her own pressure, and intends to relieve it by casting a part of it on you. Do you not see the people meeting in primary assemblies, and remonstrating against the movements of the mother country? These evils are increasing, and will increase, until the question is settled by the sword." Carver's heart died within him at the thought of fighting his kindred and friends. "Cannot," said the sage, "this question of taxation be settled in an amicable way?" "No," was the reply, "for wise purposes Providence has ordered otherwise. Gird up your loins like a man; for what Heaven has decreed, it is in vain for man to deplore."

The spirit of resistance against the mandates of the mother country increased. Regiments of soldiers paraded the streets of the largest cities of the east, and mutterings, loud and deep, were heard from all the citizens. At length, in an evil hour, the writhing bodies of wounded freemen were seen on the ground, and the corpses of the recent dead were by their side; a collision had taken place between citizens and soldiers, and the horror was wide-spread. The patriot orators lifted their voices, and blew up the flame of discord to an unquenchable degree. These orators searched antiquity, and brought up every parallel to influence the public mind. The wounds of the noble Lucretia were opened afresh, and new Brutuses swore new oaths of vengeance. A party of Indians, or those who were dressed in their costumes, threw the Chinese weed into the water, to prevent its distribution among the people; not that they hated the beverage when decocted, but the taxes laid upon it; and not this from parsimony, but principle. The clouds thickened; and the sage, whose soul was fixed on peace, would have turned his eyes from the scene, but found he could not; he felt too deep an interest in the result. Troops were now seen, in the shades of the evening, marching into the country, amply supplied with the munitions of war. The march was continued through the shades of the night, but ere the noon of the next day they were flying back in precipitate retreat. The yeomanry had arisen in their virtuous resentment, and were dealing death from highways and byways, from hill and glen, from houses and from walls; and had not the Percy come to the rescue, they would all have perished. The yeomen gathered like a cloud surcharged with thunder, and after pausing a while for breath, were seen on heights that looked on the sea, waving their swords in defiance. The challenge was accepted; the contest was a bloody scene, and doubtful. Heroes fell, and martyrs died. The

smoke and flames of a city on fire arose to heaven, and the deep tones of resentment drowned the wailings of despair. The *genius* of America was seen striding along the heights, inspiring every breast with a glow of patriotic bravery. As he passed where the first martyr fell, he bathed his mantle in the crimson flood that issued from the heart of the slain. It was as pure as that in which it had first been stained. At the sight of the corse of the patriot warrior, the sainted sage felt his soul all kindling up, and moved to join the battle-fray; but the angel of the covenant, smiling, reminded him that these were the things which were to come to pass; and that a century and a half would elapse before the vision would be a reality. The sage grieved to think that his countrymen were forced to retreat, but the angel checked him, shortly remarking he should be satisfied with all things before the curtain should drop.

The sons of freedom leaned upon their arms, and the deep solemnity of firmness of purpose was on every countenance. The sage's heart beat high, when he beheld, towering above the rest, that warrior whose birth-honors and early military exploits he had witnessed; the hero was now in the full strength of manhood, the admiration and the hopes of the people; and even the angel of the vision leaned toward him with affection, and shook from his wings the odour of sanctity upon him. At the hero's presence, discipline arose from confusion, and order from chaos. What had only been a flank of men, crowding and chafing together, became a regular army, terrible with their banners, and proud in "the pomp and circumstance of war." Their movements were marked with so much science and skill, that the enemy took to their great ships and were wafted away. x.

THE importance of the education of mothers of families, and the general plan of the work to which the prize of the French academy was awarded, may be seen in the subjoined extract, which we give to the reader in preference to any further commendation of ours respecting Lea and Blanchard's valuable republication, entitled the "Education of Mothers, or the Civilization of Mankind by Women."

I HAVE shown the faults of our prevailing modes of education, and yet I have proposed no general reform. School education, family education, education of convents, old methods, new methods, no matter, I admit them all, in order at a later period to assure their reform; but this first education being completed, I take charge of the pupil, and mine begins.

The young girl has quitted the paternal roof—she is now a wife and mother—her solicitude leaves her no repose; while seeking everywhere a method and guidance, a secret instinct reveals to her, that, in order to render herself fit for the education of her child, she must recommence her own.

The first thought which she should be led to entertain, is to occupy herself a little less about that which she ought to teach, and a little more about that with which she ought to inspire him. Many other persons may render him learned, she alone can render him virtuous. Let the mother take charge of the soul, in order to be able, at a future day, to direct the intellect!

This is the essential point, or, to express it better, it is the summary of the education of mothers of families. The object is, in fact, to cause women to emerge from the narrow circle to which society confines them, and to expand their thoughts over all the subjects which may make us better and happier.

It is a religious, moral, and philosophical world which is opened out to them. Their mission consists in introducing our childhood into this world as into a holy temple, where the soul looks into itself, and knows itself to be in the presence of its God.

Let us for a moment consider so serious a question.

The thoughts of man are not circumscribed, like those of animals, within the limits of this globe. They leave the visible for the invisible, and, freeing themselves from the

regions of matter, ascend to lose themselves in the contemplations of infinity. There lies all our greatness, since there only can we find the principle of our being, the groundwork of our morality, the ultimate *wherefore* of this our fleeting existence. Truth springs from the immaterial world; it is the torch of another life which throws its light upon this.

Thus, our soul is drawn towards this unknown world by the very necessities of our earthly existence. God has placed in it the sources of truth and virtue, with the revelation of a better life.

The study of these great phenomena forms what Socrates would have termed the important knowledge. It is the knowledge of ourselves, which leads to the knowledge of God.

The knowledge of the moral laws of nature, which leads to the knowledge of truth.

Man may attain this knowledge, since he aspires to it. It is the promised land of which we have already a glimpse. It will be granted to us, because it is promised and conceived. One cannot inquire into so rich a subject without participating in its riches. It is sufficient to reflect upon it, in order for us to become greater; and the soul which enters fully into its consideration springs up again more bright and more pure.

Objections may be raised respecting the depth of the subject, the weakness of our nature, and the mere passive resistance which it opposes to meditations which may overpower it; and people do not perceive that true philosophy is full of light, and that the philosophers alone are in darkness. On account of the barbarous and pedantic language in which philosophy is enveloped, it is the science of but few; though by the very foundation of its thoughts, it is an universal science. Is it not philosophy which unites man to man, and the human race to God? These questions, so vast, of annihilation and eternity, which absorb the meditations of the philosopher, how often have I not found them occupying the villager in his cot, and the soldier in his bivouac! I know no metaphysics more transcendental than those which are formed in a camp, on the eve of a great battle. What silent contemplations of infinite worlds—what thoughts directed towards invisible creations—what ardent prayers towards that celestial life which was forgotten yesterday, but which is now something more than a hope! If a ball strikes me to-morrow, all these luminaries will shine below me! God reveals himself to those about to die; and from amidst this crowd, which no religion humanizes, no instruction softens; from this impure sink of crimes, and of impiety, arises all at once an immortal thought, which penetrates to the depths of the soul, and transports it to the bosom of God.

Thus the meditations of Socrates, when expiring, may be shared by an entire army. What do I say? they animate every creature possessed of a soul; the weakest plunge into them with delight; they experience the presentiment and the want of them. When at fifteen years of age, in our solitary walks, we dream of an ideal life of virtue and love; when death appears to us beautiful, and we desire it, as a precursor of happiness; when the word *for ever* becomes intelligible, and when on this earth where all passes away, all dies, we speak of loving eternally, it is a veil which falls, it is a new world which is discovered, the perception of the beautiful—the sentiment of the infinite, place themselves between us and heaven, like the steps which lead up to it.

What young girl has not pictured to herself a divine image of the man she could love? Modesty yields to love, only because she dreams of him in heaven; she sanctifies him on earth by eternity.

Enter our churches, observe the crowds prostrated before the altars; the most humble communicate with the invisible world. Oh! could you but hear their prayers, the questions addressed to heaven, the anxiety for their future destinies, the ardent supplications, asking for faith and light, you would be able to determine all the questions of which the doubts agitate philosophers—you would be certain of your immortality. "Each individual is a philosopher without knowing it, and, if we may so say, in spite of himself," says a sensible and profound writer. Kant, in his cabinet at Königsberg, passed his life in meditating upon the soul, and upon duty; his servant, the old Lampe, had doubtless, likewise, his mind disturbed by the same problems. While brushing his master's coat in the garden, he thinks that Kant was already advanced in life, that some day he would



die—soon, perhaps. What will become of *M. le Professeur*, so learned and so good, after his death? Will all be over with him when he lies in the cemetery? What the minister preaches to us on Sundays, is it quite true? What will *M. le Professeur* do with all his science in the other world? and I, shall I see him there? It seems to me, that when one has never done harm to any one —. Then came the breakfast hour, and the good man thought about other matters. Do you not admire how the great philosopher and his humble domestic, occupied with the same thoughts, arrive at the same conclusions? the one, by the strength of his transcendental genius, the other by the simple conviction of a good conscience.

But the crowd knows not these anxieties which disturb some few. And I will reply to you, that amongst the lowest and most stupid beings there is not one to whom, at some period, these questions—What am I? whence do I come? and whither do I go? have not presented themselves.

God and nothingness, fatality and duty, are great questions which agitate all of us, according to the scope of our passions and our intellectual acquirements. Philosophy and religion are present to resolve them. These vigilant sentinels warn the human race that there exists a something beyond that which is seen.

A few days ago, a frivolous and coquettish young girl, who was for the moment absorbed in grief, on account of the death of her betrothed, said to me, "Pray, sir, tell me of some good books which treat of the immortality of the soul; not that I have any doubts on the subject, but, since he has quitted the earth, I wish to feed upon this idea, and to be better able to comprehend it." Then, with a deep sigh, she added, "Men are very happy in being able to give themselves up to those studies which tend to impart consolation; it is, I believe, what you term philosophy."

Thus, misfortune and death maintain our souls in a salutary activity; they are the teachers of the human race; they dematerialize our thoughts and spiritualize our affections.

And, in truth, I know no example which better expresses the misery caused by our systems of education than the melancholy reflections of this young girl upon herself. In our foolish pride we keep for ourselves this philosophy, which is to us a college ornament, when it would be better worth while to cause it to penetrate into the soul of women. From this book of consolation and of love—this living book, always open to weakness and to misfortune, it would be delightful, O Socrates! O Fénelon! to seize again your most sublime inspirations, freshened by the tenderness of our mothers, and the love of our wives! Let us, then, hasten to pour its light into their hearts, in order that they may be able to diffuse its cheering rays over our whole life.

What a destiny is that of women! Equally a prey to all the seductions of pleasure, and to all the anguish of grief; as lovers, as wives, as mothers, without any other arms than their weakness, who is there that cannot understand how important it is to give them an enlarged and solid education, which might afford them the resource of a virtue more powerful than the griefs which await them, and than the seductions which threaten them?

In former times religion instructed them from the pulpit; but, by concentrating its morality in penitential practices, it presented more inducements for repentance than for the practice of virtue. The Massillons, the Bourdalous, the Bossuets, laboured to stifle the passions—they should have learned how to direct them. Far from sustaining humanity, they crushed it beneath the yoke of a violent doctrine which they lighted up with the flames of hell. And see, their greatest aim was not to make us live honestly in the world, but to tear us from it. At their voice Lavallière covered herself with the sackcloth of penitence, Chevreuze and Longueville fled to the deserts to hide their faults, and queens raised temples, founded monasteries, and went to humble themselves beneath their roofs.

Certainly, lofty moral truths, unceasingly repeated before the altar, in the presence of God, have not been fruitless for humanity; and if they were separated from all the superstitions in which they are shrouded, and from the cruel doctrines of an eternity of suffering, and the vengeance of an implacable divinity, women might yet, at the present day, derive from them strong and powerful instruction; but solitude is in the temple, priests alone watch in it, listening to the distant noise of a world which will no longer tolerate their ideas of bygone ages. Formerly, people sought them

because they walked foremost in the paths of knowledge; at the present day, the people wait for them in its turn, because they have remained behind. It is thus that moral instruction escapes them. What a sad reaction of our excesses; theological impiety has brought about the neglect of religion, and the neglect of religion delivers us over to all the vanities of our intellect.

What now remains to women? Some devotional practices and mass on Sundays; no moral or religious guidance, for I cannot call by this name the brief and circumscribed instruction confided to the memory in the earliest years of life, and which, not being supported, either by the conviction of parents, or by family example, holds almost the place of a dream in the dream of life. Yet the religious impression exists, and will suffice, joined to maternal love, wholly to reanimate the soul. These two sentiments, which are unchangeable in women, are, at the present day, the last hope of civilization; and, while the present systems of education tend to weaken them, our aim shall be to fortify them, and to re-establish their power. This power is altogether moral; we will first seek it in the thorough study of our material and spiritual faculties. We shall have to

We will point out how this separation, so simple, suffices to confirm the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, not as dogmas, but as facts at once independent of the illusions of thought and the forms of reasoning. There is a pleasure in seeing such lofty truths disengage themselves from the invisible world, at once luminous and undeniable. These truths make their way, it is true, by means of terrestrial sensations, but without originating from them.

We shall find in this inquiry a new knowledge of our being, and consequently, new elements of education. The child presents itself to the mother as a divine creature, whose intellectual powers it is not merely necessary to cultivate, but whose soul must also be developed; and this soul the mother is acquainted with; she knows where to carry the light, where to address her lessons. Others will sufficiently provide the vessel with sails and rigging; she alone must take her place at the helm with the pilot, furnishing him with the compass, and, before launching him out upon the ocean of the world, show him in the heavens the star which should guide him.

#### JOTTINGS.

SINCE our publication of the spirited sketches of John Randolph, the question has been everywhere asked, "How is it that we have not a life of this eminent Virginian?" We are happy to state, that a respectable publisher has now in press the life and select speeches of Mr. Randolph, by a gentleman who knew him well, and served in Congress with him for several years. We have no doubt that such a work will be well received by the American community, and will amply repay the biographer.

We learn from the *Courier* that our next-door neighbours, Burgess and Stringer, the energetic and enterprising booksellers, have made arrangements with the General Post Office for the special transmission of newspapers, magazines and pamphlets from New-York to Washington, Boston, Buffalo and the intermediate points. We are not acquainted with the minute details of the arrangement, and of course are not prepared to express an opinion of its feasibility, but we should think such a plan might be so matured and adjusted, as to be made to work advantageously to the parties and to the public. At any rate, we agree with the *Tribune*, that the spirited young men who have entered into it are as likely to test its practicability as any others that we know of. They are faithful, intelligent and energetic, and will make the whole matter work well if it is susceptible of it. But there is another name connected with this enterprise, which is enough of itself to give every confidence in its success—Mr. William A. Townsend is connected with Messrs. Burgess & Stringer in the contract, and will, we suppose, have charge of the travelling part of the business. A better man could not have been selected. He has been, for

several years, a conductor on the Philadelphia railroad, and has, during the whole of that time, so won upon the good opinion of the public as to render him a universal favourite. He is just the man for the undertaking.

Mr. Magenis, whose Shakspearean readings everybody should attend, has given several intellectual *soirées* in this city. He brings to his aid sound and practical information, and great experience and erudition. Our old friend, Sheridan Knowles, who heard the worthy professor in London, thus speaks of him:—"I have the greatest pleasure in bearing testimony to the accomplishments of D. Magenis, Esq., as an elocutionist. Their extent and quality may be inferred from the fact of his having availed himself of the experience of every professor of eminence in the United Kingdom. As a worthy man and a gentleman, he has not his superiour."

On the first of next month a new monthly will be issued from the press of this city, to be entitled the "Columbian Magazine." The publisher has had the good sense and the good fortune to engage Mr. John Inman as editor, than whom a more competent person is not to be found among the literary gentlemen of this country. Mr. Inman was, for a long period, associated with us in a similar enterprise, and we, therefore, speak of his qualifications understandingly. That he will make the Columbian a capital work we have not the shadow of a doubt, and we wish it every success.

Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico" enjoys a wide-spread popularity, and it richly deserves it. The Harpers have issued the first volume, which contains five hundred pages, and a beautiful portrait of Hernando Cortes, in a superiour manner. We shall look for the second volume with much interest.

Several novelties, in the way of new music, have recently been laid upon our table. The first of these, "Lays of the ParLOUR," published by Hewitt, is dedicated to the ladies of the United States, and forms a beautiful gift-book for the holidays. Oakes, of Boston, has published "Bertin's Instruction-Book," which is considered by teachers the best work of the kind extant. The edition before us is an admirable one. Atwill's emission of the "National Songs of America" is also a novelty, and deserves especial notice. Besides several old favourites, it contains the "Land of Washington," and the new "Yankee Doodle," so admirably sung by the Hutchinsons. Our worthy friends, Firth and Hall, have published the "Old Granite State," the "Snow-storm," "Calomel," the "Vulture of the Alps," and a number of the other popular songs of the day. There is a great improvement in the recent publications of this old and highly-respectable house. Mrs. Hewitt, one of the sweetest of our lady-poets, has written some delightful words for Wallace's romance of "Le Réve," which will be published in the course of a few days.

We made an extract from the National Intelligencer last week, in which the writer notices the splendid New Mirror establishment of Messrs. Williams and Stevens, in Broadway. The preparation and importation of the plates are particularly alluded to, and some items of curious information given respecting them not generally known. The manufacture of looking-glass frames is equally interesting, as may be seen from what follows:

The manufacture of frames for mirrors and pictures, commenced in this country within the last half century, has, within a few years, made rapid strides to perfection. Frames of the most elaborate and ornamented styles, which, within a very short period would have been considered as beyond the reach of our most tasteful artists, are now produced in a style, which, for design, execution, and workmanship, challenge comparison with the best specimens in Europe.

The style of Louis XIV., with its various modifications, is, at present, most in favour. The Elisabethan has also been revived in England, where it divides, with the style just mentioned, the public taste. It is no unusual thing to have the separate styles introduced into connecting *suites* of rooms. The effect of this arrangement is very marked—as the styles present a perfect contrast to each other—the one being elaborate, and showy in the highest degree, while the other is of a plainer style, very massive and rich, and exceedingly well adapted to bring out that peculiar effect which is imparted by the contrast of *plain with burnished gold*.

All classes in this country, from the millionaire down to the day-labourer, are patrons of *our* mirrors, (and surely, if reward follow merit, everybody ought to patronise *your* mirrors.) The humble, but tidy housekeeper buys the article in its least expensive form, as one of indispensable necessity; but, with the wealthier classes, while it, in countless ways, subserves this purpose, it is also made to minister to the splendour of the drawing-room, not only as, in itself, a separate decoration, but imparting effect by its reflection to all other embellishments.

Now, that is what I call a most ship-shape and satisfactory document, and the readers of the Intelligencer will not be displeased to know that much more than before of *looking-glasses*. As this much of *amusing*, however, is a sufficient solvent for a small lump of *instructive*, permit me to drop in at the bottom a little information I hunted up for my private satisfaction on getting home, after my conversation with Mr. Williams. When glass is to be cast for mirrors, it is melted in great quantities in large pots, or reservoirs, until it is in a state of perfect fusion, in which state it is kept a long time. It is then drawn out by means of iron cisterns of considerable size, which are lowered into the furnace, filled, and raised out by machinery. The glass is poured out from these cisterns, upon tables of polished copper of a large size, having a rim elevated as high as the intended thickness of the plate. In order to spread it perfectly, and to make the two surfaces parallel, a heavy roller of polished copper, weighing five hundred pounds or more, is rolled over the plate, resting upon the rim at the edges. The glass, which is beginning to grow stiff, is pressed down and spread equally, the excess being driven before the roller till it falls off at the extremity of the table. As the plates which are cast for looking-glasses are always uneven and dull at their surface, it is necessary to grind and polish them, before they are fit for use. The process employed for producing a perfectly even and smooth surface, is very similar to that employed in polishing marble, except that the glass, being the harder substance, requires more labour and nicety in the operation. The plate to be polished is first cemented to a table of wood or stone, with plaster of paris. A quantity of wet sand or emery is spread upon it, and another plate, similarly cemented to another wooden frame, is brought in contact with it. The two plates are then rolled together until the surfaces have become mutually smooth and plane. The emery which is first used, is succeeded by emery of a finer grain, and the *last polish* is given by colcothar, or *putty*.\*

We had several things to say to our readers this week—"last page matters," as our Governour calls them—but we have had to step out of our treadmill for a few days, and, a little giddy with idleness, we cannot set to work in a minute. While we were in Boston one of the friends we have who "keep tally" of our graver productions reminded us of

\* *Etymological query*—Whether the slang question, "how are you off for putty?" is intended as a reflection upon the *last polish* of the gentleman to whom it is addressed?

a Scripture sketch which we had forgotten, and which was left out in printing our late Extra of Sacred Poetry. We give it here, below, and beg our friends to take it as a *locum tenens* for our usual gossip with them on this page.

#### LAZARUS AND MARY.

Jesus was there but yesterday. The prints  
Of his departing feet were at the door;  
His "Peace be with you!" was yet audible  
In the rapt porch of Mary's charmed ear;  
And, in the low rooms, 'twas as if the air,  
Hushed with his going forth, had been the breath  
Of angels left on watch—so conscious still  
The place seemed of his presence! Yet, within,  
The family by Jesus loved were weeping,  
For Lazarus lay dead. And Mary sat  
By the pale sleeper. He was young to die.  
The countenance whereon the Saviour dwelt  
With his benignant smile—the soft fair lines  
Breathing of hope—were still all eloquent,  
Like life well mock'd in marble. That the voice,  
Gone from those pallid lips was heard in heav'n,  
Toned with unearthly sweetness—that the light,  
Quenched in the closing of those starless lids,  
Was veiling before God its timid fire,  
New-lit, and brightening like a star at eve—  
That Lazarus, her brother, was in bliss,  
Not with this cold clay sleeping—Mary knew.  
Her heaviness of heart was not for him!  
But close had been the tie by Death divided.  
The intertwining locks of that bright hair  
That wiped the feet of Jesus—the fair hands  
Clasped in her breathless wonder while He taught—  
Scarce to one pulse thrilled more in unison,  
Than with one soul this sister and her brother  
Had lock'd their lives together. In this love,  
Hallowed from stain, the woman's heart of Mary  
Was, with its rich affections, all bound up.  
Of an unblemished beauty, as became  
An office by archangels filled till now,  
She walked with a celestial halo clad;  
And while, to the Apostles' eyes, it seemed  
She but fulfilled her errand out of heaven—  
Sharing her low roof with the Son of God—  
She was a woman, fond and mortal still;  
And the deep fervour, lost to passion's fire,  
Breathed through the sister's tenderness. In vain  
Knew Mary, gazing on that face of clay,  
That it was not her brother. He was there—  
Swathed in that linen vesture for the grave.  
The same loved one in all his comeliness—  
And with him to the grave her heart must go.  
What though he talked of her to angels? Nay—  
Hovered in spirit near her?—'twas that arm,  
Palsied in death, whose fond caress she knew!  
It was that lip of marble with whose kiss,  
Morning and eve, love hemmed the sweet day in.  
This was the form by the Judean maids  
Praised for its palm-like stature, as he walked  
With her by Kedron in the eventide—  
The dead was Lazarus! \* \* \* \* \*  
The burial was over, and the night  
Fell upon Bethany—and morn—and noon.  
And comforters and mourners went their way—  
But Death stayed on! They had been off alone,  
When Lazarus had followed Christ to hear  
His teachings in Jerusalem, but this  
Was more than solitude. The silence now  
Was void of expectation. Something felt  
Always before, and loved without a name,—  
Joy from the air, hope from the opening door,  
Welcome and life from off the very walls,—  
Seemed gone—and in the chamber where he lay  
There was a fearful and unbreathing hush,  
Stillier than night's last hour. So fell on Mary  
The shadows all have known, who, from their hearts,  
Have released friends to heaven. The parting soul  
Spreads wing betwixt the mourner and the sky!  
As if its path lay, from the lie last broken,  
Straight through the cheering gateway of the sun;  
And, to the eye strained after, 'tis a cloud  
That bars the light from all things. Now as Christ  
Drew near to Bethany, the Jews went forth  
With Martha, mourning Lazarus. But Mary  
Sat in the house. She knew the hour was nigh  
When He would go again, as He had said,  
Unto his Father; and she felt that He,  
Who loved her brother Lazarus in life,  
Had chose the hour to bring him home through Death  
In no unkind forgetfulness. Alone—  
She could lift up the bitter prayer to heaven,

"Thy will be done, O God!"—but that dear brother  
Had filled the cup and broke the bread for Christ;  
And ever, at the morn, when she had knelt  
And washed those holy feet, came Lazarus  
To bind His sandals on, and follow forth  
With dropped eyes, like an angel, sad and fair—  
Intent upon the Master's need alone.  
Indissolubly linked were they! And now,  
To go to meet him—Lazarus not there—  
And to His greeting answer "It is well!"  
And, without tears, (since grief would trouble Him  
Whose soul was always sorrowful,) to kneel  
And minister alone—her heart gave way!  
She covered up her face and turned again  
To wait within for Jesus. But once more  
Came Martha, saying, "Lo! the Lord is here  
And calleth for thee, Mary!" Then arose  
The mourner from the ground, whereon she sat  
Shrouded in sackcloth, and bound quickly up  
The golden locks of her dishevelled hair,  
And o'er her ashy garments drew a veil  
Hiding the eyes she could not trust. And still,  
As she made ready to go forth, a calm  
As in a dream fell on her. At a fount,  
Hard by the sepulchre, without the wall,  
Jesus awaited Mary. Seated near  
Were the way-worn disciples in the shade;  
But, of himself forgetful, Jesus leaned  
Upon his staff, and watched where she should come  
To whose one sorrow—but a sparrow's falling—  
The pity that redeemed a world could bleed!  
And as she came, with that uncertain step,—  
Eager, yet weak,—her hands upon her breast,—  
And they who followed her all fallen back  
To leave her with her sacred grief alone,—  
The heart of Christ was troubled. She drew near,  
And the disciples rose up from the fount,  
Moved by her look of woe, and gathered round;  
And Mary—for a moment—ere she looked  
Upon the Saviour, stayed her faltering feet,—  
And straightened her veiled form—and tighter drew  
Her clasp upon the folds across her breast;  
Then, with a vain strife to controul her tears,  
She staggered to their midst, and at his feet  
Fell prostrate, saying "Lord! hadst thou been here,  
My brother had not died!" The Saviour groaned  
In spirit, and stooped tenderly, and raised  
The mourner from the ground, and in a voice,  
Broke in its utterance like her own, He said,  
"Where have ye laid him?" Then the Jews who came,  
Following Mary, answered through their tears,  
"Lord! come and see!" But lo! the mighty heart  
That in Gethsemane sweat drops of blood,  
Taking for us the cup that might not pass—  
The heart whose breaking cord upon the cross  
Made the earth tremble, and the sun afraid  
To look upon his agony—the sun afraid  
Of a lost world's Redeemer—overflowed,  
Touched by a mourner's sorrow! Jesus wept.  
Calmed by those pitying tears, and fondly brooding  
Upon the thought that Christ so loved her brother,  
Stood Mary there; but that lost burthen now  
Lay on His heart who pitied her; and Christ,  
Following slow, and groaning in himself,  
Came to the sepulchre. It was a cave,  
And a stone lay upon it. Jesus said,  
"Take ye away the stone!" Then lifted He  
His moistened eyes to Heaven, and while the Jews  
And the disciples bent their heads in awe,  
And trembling Mary sank upon her knees,  
The Son of God prayed audibly. He ceased,  
And for a minute's space there was a hush,  
As if th' angelic watchers of the world  
Had stayed the pulses of all breathing things,  
To listen to that prayer. The face of Christ  
Shone as he stood, and over him there came  
Command, as 'twere the living face of God,  
And with a loud voice, he cried "Lazarus!  
Come forth!" And instantly, bound hand and foot,  
And borne by unseen angels from the cave,  
He that was dead stood with them. At the word  
Of Jesus, the fear-stricken Jews unloosed  
The bands from off the foldings of his shroud;  
And Mary, with her dark veil thrown aside,  
Ran to him swiftly, and cried "Lazarus!  
My brother, Lazarus!" and tore away  
The napkin she had bound about his head,  
And touched the warm lips with her fearful hand,  
And on his neck fell weeping. And while all  
Lay on their faces prostrate, Lazarus  
Took Mary by the hand, and they knelt down  
And worshipped Him who loved them.

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VOLUME II.]

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[NUMBER XI

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1843.

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AT

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*S.S. Sunderland off Sunderland Dock*  
*From an original picture*



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THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

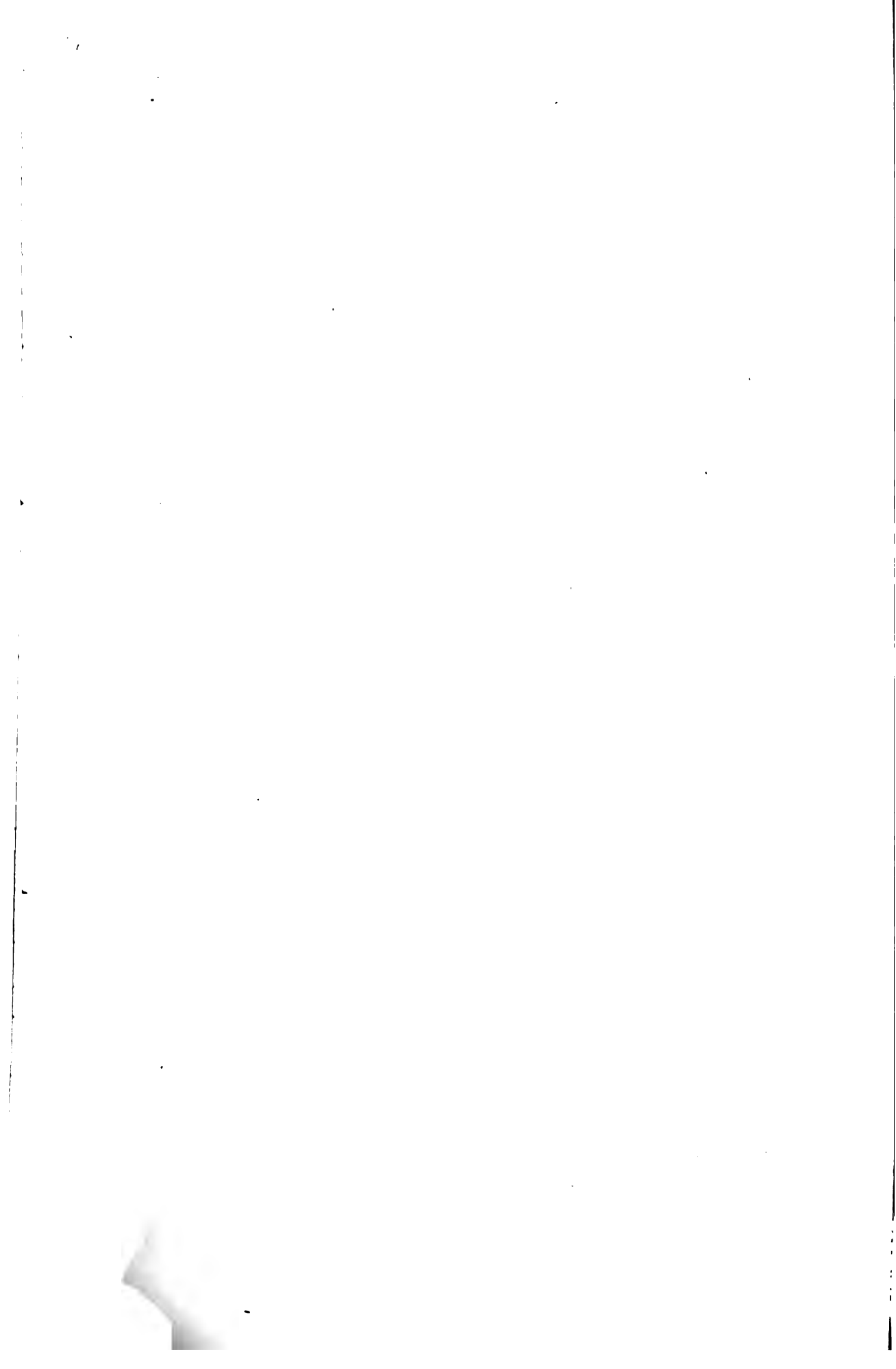
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

In the spring I returned to Florence, and had been established there about one month, when, one morning, my door opened, and *Lord Baimore* was announced!

I sprang forward with surprise, recollecting instantly the *soirée* at Lady Caroline's and the verses to Laura. But,

At ten years of age, he was a spoiled child; at twelve worst scholar in college; at twenty, he had travelled half the globe; at twenty-five, his health was gone; at thirty, he died insane at *Villa-Bella*. Poor Henry!"

"What! crazy from love for Laura?"



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OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1843. NUMBER 12.

You have your sixpence worth this week, dear reader. Here is another delightful marine view by Bennett, painted and engraved expressly for the New Mirror. This picture, like that published on the ninth instant, by the same artist, will be much admired for its freshness and fidelity.

*Translated from the French for the New Mirror.*

## THE POET'S LAURA.

On entering the saloon of Lady Caroline B——, I heard the sweet voice of Miss Clara singing the last verse of a song :

"One single word ! For my heart's peace on earth !  
Laura, one sigh in pity !  
One tear of love ! One look !  
One look—my life for one look !  
One look—then let me die !"

Pardon the translation. There was a moment's silence, during which Miss Clara had time to wipe her beautiful blue eyes ; then followed a critical explosion ; after which the great majority declared the verses detestable, the poet a monster, and Laura—I will not say what—it was too horrid. This demanded explanation.

They informed me that Lord Belmore was an abominable fellow, a revolting copy of Byron ; that he had resided in Florence three years, where he had scandalized his countrymen by a mysterious liaison with a woman carefully secluded at his country-seat, and known only by his verses under the name of Laura.

"But, mamma—" said Miss Clara.

"Not a word," cried Lady Caroline ; "were he a thousand times better poet he would be no less a monster."

Everybody was of the same opinion. Some said Lord Belmore had carried Laura off from an Oriental seraglio, when he was a pirate. Others, that she was a woman deluded and torn away from her husband ; perhaps, even his own sister. An old maid devotee positively asserted it was his daughter.

"Eh, no," said Captain Whistlewood to me, without unclosing his long white teeth ; "infalibly, she is a *dansette* from the Paris opera, of whom he is as jealous as a lion."

Some days after, I left Florence to spend the winter in Rome. Among the number of strangers with whom I became acquainted, there was a young Englishman, named George Denham. We soon became very intimate, notwithstanding our characters offered a perfect contrast. George was as grave as I was gay, as cold as I was passionate. He reasoned upon all the influences to which I abandoned myself from sentiment. His ideas on religion, politics and morals were in an order as perfect as mine were wayward and extravagant.

I loved him very much, notwithstanding his mania for preaching me morals ; and I always ended by proving to him that his high reason oftener left a void than the illusions which he, insolently enough, called my amiable folly.

In the spring I returned to Florence, and had been established there about one month, when, one morning, my door opened, and *Lord Belmore* was announced !

I sprang forward with surprise, recollecting instantly the *soirée* at Lady Caroline's and the verses to Laura. But,

judge of my astonishment, when I saw enter—guess—the calm countenance of my friend, George Denham.

He was obliged to speak first, for I stood before him with my mouth opened.

"What ails you ?" he asked.

"What is the meaning of this name ? You, Lord Belmore !"

"The simplest thing in the world. Lord Henry Belmore was my eldest brother ; he has just died. You see before you George Belmore."

"Oh !"

"Where has your imagination been running again ?"

I was a little piqued at this lesson, which, as usual, he gave me ; nevertheless, I flung myself on his neck.

Heir to the title and large fortune of his brother, he had come to Florence on account of affairs relative to his succession. Everything I had heard of Lord Henry was recalled to mind, and I asked him question after question. George replied with a great deal of reserve.

"But Laura, Laura, the charming Laura, what has become of her ?"

"You are very curious ; Laura is at *Villa-Bella*, the country-house built by my brother, and which belongs to me now."

"And you have seen her ! You know her !"

"Certainly. But I must leave you," said he, taking out his watch ; "I have a great deal of business to attend to this morning. The reason I called to see you is to ask you to go with me to-morrow to *Villa-Bella*."

I was almost crazy on hearing the proposition.

"Without doubt !" I exclaimed.

"Very well, it takes three hours to go there ; be ready to-morrow at one, and we will get there to dinner. Adieu."

George had hardly reached the street, when I sent my servant after a hunting-coat I had been expecting eight days. I kept him running all day, in making preparations for my departure. My evening I spent in delicious reveries. I sung my prettiest airs ; I recited, ten times, the translation I had made of the verses of Lord Henry, and I read all the sonnets of Petrarch.

Conceive, if you can, the torture of going on a walk towards the mysterious chateau, with three leagues of mountains before you ! Oh ! unfortunate horses of the Florentine post !

I made miraculous efforts to restrain my impatience. George was perfectly calm ; he made observations on the culture of olives, the management of the soil, and agricultural improvements. You may guess how I listened. He continued his judicious remarks with imperturbable sang froid. Not a field, not a meadow, not a cabbage escaped him. Had it been any other man than the good George Denham, I should have thought he did it from malice.

At length I contrived, with infinite address, to lead the conversation towards his brother.

"Ah ! my brother," said he, "I will give you his history. At ten years of age, he was a spoiled child ; at fifteen, the worst scholar in college ; at twenty, he had travelled over half the globe ; at twenty-five, his health was gone ; at thirty, he died insane at *Villa-Bella*. Poor Henry !"

"What ! crazy from love for Laura ?"

"Yes, poor Laura," replied George.

And, looking very melancholy, he held down his head. For myself, I did not get out of my reverie until I entered the fresh and balmy groves of *Villa-Bella*.

In this beautiful retreat, luxuries and English *comfort* were united with all the resources of the climate of Italy. The house appeared inhabited; several domestics, in black, received us as we alighted. My toilette for dinner was *très soignée*. The moment I heard the bell I descended, and was shown into a little saloon, where I found George occupied in reading.

He scanned me from head to foot and smiled.

"Come, let us go to the table," said he, taking my arm; "a poet who knows how to put on a cravat like yours is almost a man, and ought to have a traveller's appetite as poetic as that of the most obscure among us vulgar mortals."

There was only two covers, simply two covers, opposite each other. I dared not show that I was horribly disappointed. With the exception of a few glances stealthily towards the door, I put a good face on it. Laura's name was not mentioned; for George had the habit of smiling in a way that was not really offensive, nor absolutely satirical, but which, notwithstanding, was very disagreeable to me. It was the smile of a perfectly reasonable man, which might be given to an idiot, or a lunatic; a smile, half-compassionate, half-malicious, which always appeared to say to me, "You are a very amiable fellow, but you have not common sense." George's lips never wore an expression of more cutting humility.

"Come, my dear poet," said he, at last, passing me a bottle of *claret* when the servants had withdrawn, "confess that you are very impatient to see the charming Laura. Reassure yourself; you shall see her, I promise you. Her history is very strange, but it would be too long to tell you. As to her beauty, I can say, without running the risk of falsehood, that it is above all that your imagination can create of the most admirable. But a prosaic like me knows not how, indeed, to describe her; I will refer you to the hands of a more skilful artist. Here is a portfolio, in which I have put the letters and verses of my brother for you. It is all somewhat confused, poetic and disconnected. But a man of your intellect, of your imagination, (I could have made a bow without smiling,) a man like you will divine what is not said, and these detached leaves, doubtless, will suffice to give you a perfect idea of the graces, charms and perfections of Laura. But it is late; *bonsoir*."

"Edward," said he to an old domestic, "after you have shown Monsieur to his apartment—you hear, Edward—to his apartment, you can put out the candles in the great saloon, if there is to be no music."

It appeared no one felt disposed to have music in the great saloon, for I heard nothing for more than an hour I passed listening leaning over the outside of the balcony of my chamber.

I was in a detestable humour. George was inexplicable. At last, after reflecting long and seriously, I concluded he was passionately in love with Laura, and so had good reasons for wishing to keep me from seeing her. He had proposed my coming to *Villa-Bella*, probably without considering this; now he repented it, and was doing his best to repair his foolishness. Poor George!

Between his sluggish gravity, his cold and tedious reason, and my gay spirit, my passionate soul, what a difference! This idea by degrees restored the calmness I had lost. I lighted two wax candles, and opened the portfolio.

I found letters, verses, fragments of prose, all more or less directed to Laura. In my first impatience, I gave little at-

tention to the talents of the poet. The story of Laura interested me so vividly I arranged it all in this way.

The first fragments of Lord Henry referred to some years previous, and unfolded all the fearful abysses of the poet's soul. A powerful intellect preying upon itself, crushed by ennui, torn by doubts, delirious with hopes, superbly revolting, or feebly submissive, sometimes profoundly susceptible, and replete with tenderness, but always melancholy; in a word, a whole life of ardent passions. Then followed a long discouragement of deep, mournful sadness. An ideal creature was always dreamed of, sought after, adored, but its realization was impossible. Where find her in enervated civilization, in the midst of infirmities, satieties and distastes of terrestrial love? Heaven nor earth could give him this angel of consolation, they were impotent to aid him; then it must be himself, the poet, the man alone, who should create this perfect being of intelligence and love; he would give her life, soul, grace and thought.

Here I was at fault; I knew not what to think. Nothing positive in regard to the country, the family, the age of Laura. I could only guess it was a young girl of ravishing beauty, to whom alone the poet had right. It was plain she had been secluded from the world, and that he had endowed her with all the charms and all the virtues his imagination had dwelt on in reveries. But, all at once, he falls a prey to bitter despair. This charming creation, made by him in the image of the daughters of heaven; this child, whom he has brought up in the midst of flowers and innocence, behind the curtain of the vices of the world; this virgin is too pure for the degraded man; she has an instinctive knowledge of his past irregularities and the passions that devour him; he has created an angel who cannot descend into his hell. The unfortunate dares hardly lift his eyes to her; he groans, he weeps; she cannot love him; an abyss separates them.

Many heart-rending letters were addressed to Laura. Some of them made me weep. His verses passed from delirium to the sweetest and most naive tenderness, from the most dreamy abandonment to the most gloomy despair. I will give some translations, taken at random:

"All is false except thy love! And thy love—never!  
Laura, weep for me, it shall be my baptism.  
There is a God when we are loved;  
There is none if you hate me."

I passed a night horribly agitated. Adorable, ravishing, celestial Laura! How madly I loved her! She could not love Lord Henry. It was impossible. But we were made to comprehend each other! I had found the ideal of my life. All the delights of a first love, full of innocence and charms, was to be mine.

I made these reflections before my mirror, while occupied in the details of the most *recherche* and elegant morning toilette. Before I had finished, George entered my chamber, in a travelling-dress.

"A thousand pardons, my dear Arthur," said he to me; "an unfortunate affair, very pressing among my farmers in the mountain, obliges me to leave you two or three days alone." (I could have embraced him willingly.) "You will not take it unkindly?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness, I shall do very well here."

"But," resumed he, gravely, "give me your word of honour that you will not enter the grand saloon, nor question any of my servants, during my absence."

This demand appeared perfectly absurd to me. However, being his guest, I could not refuse him, and felt the necessity of doing so with the best grace possible. I promised, laughingly, all he wished. Poor George! he was truly ridiculous, with his sage precautions and reasonable jealousy!

At ten I breakfasted alone in the little saloon, after which

I took a book and walked into another room. What with all the windows, blinds, gauze curtains, gilt bird-cages and vases of flowers, the interior was impenetrable. I went in and out twenty times; I could not remain in one place. To be there, under the same roof with Laura, near her, alone near her! It was real seraglio tyranny. Englishmen are Turks.

An idea seized me. The heat was suffocating. No matter, I went to the village. The first peasant that I saw at the threshold of a door began to weep when I named *le Signor Ingleze*; and I saw, the moment she was going to kneel before me, when I pronounced the name of Laura. At that adored and charming name, gold and benefits had been showered on the village for three years. I returned with my ideas completely upset.

Old Edward awaited respectfully at dinner; he was an old marine, companion of all the voyages of Lord Henry; a half-savage, half-domestic animal—more, however, of the wolf and shark than anything else. I saw that his gray eyes never lost sight of me. Fatigued with this surveillance, I went to my chamber early. Again I stationed myself for two hours on the balcony.

At last, just as the twilight disappeared, one of the great doors of the saloon was opened; but I could only see two alabaster lamps in the interior. O surprise! O happiness! a prelude on a guitar! Some one was going to sing. 'Tis she! 'tis Laura! I heard an enchanting voice; a romance, sad and languishing, a French romance; I was softened, even to tears. Then, all at once, as if she had wished to drive away a painful idea, she touched the strings rapidly—a lively and graceful bolero. The door was shut, the lamps extinguished and all disappeared. My exaltation bordered on delirium. I passed a still more agitated night than the preceding one. At the least noise I ran to the balcony. I wrote tender, passionate verses; more frantic poetry was never written than I made that night. In the morning I was pale as a ghost.

Traversing the marble peristyle early, I saw a young French chambermaid coming out of the saloon, with a guitar and a black crape veil; she gave me a smile decidedly mischievous. The door opened; I was going to throw a rapid glance in the interior, when old Edward suddenly appeared on the threshold, made me a very low bow, but shut the door on me very respectfully. The day was one of impatience and torture. My head had grown hot from two sleepless nights. No doubt, the young Laura, thus shut up, secluded from sight, was a victim of the two Englishmen! She had repulsed the love of Lord Henry; now subject to the tyranny of George, she sighed for a liberator. She had seen me on the balcony, on the terrace; the interest with which she had inspired me could not have escaped her. The sad romance expressed her sufferings; the joyous bolero, the hope of liberty and happiness. That is it! I must write to her. I ran up to my chamber; I wrote, and tore up ten letters. At last, I gave free vent to my eloquent passion. I then hastily descended, gathered some flowers, and made a bouquet in which I half concealed the letter. A window of the saloon was partly opened; I flung in the sweet message of love and deliverance. After which I returned to my room, and, feeling my letter, my thoughts, and my heart were in the hands of Laura, I went to sleep more tranquil.

I had charming dreams, half-sleeping, half-awake. I concluded Laura would, doubtless, find means to reply to me. The next morning I descended early to the garden. On entering the house, I stopped before the door of the saloon; it opened; on the threshold appeared a man clad in mourning,

holding a letter in his hand; it was George! I recognized my letter. The blood mounted to my face. I could not contain myself. His smile seemed infernal.

"My lord, this is too much!" I exclaimed. "The role you make me play here is too ridiculous! Who gave you this letter? You have taken it, probably, by violence from the unfortunate lady! You have not left the house. You have been a spy; followed, observed, jecred, laughed at me I must have instant satisfaction. You understand what?"

"Very willingly, Monsieur. Edward," said he to the old domestic, who was crossing the peristyle, "bring down my pistols," and then added something in English, in a low tone.

We went out and directed our steps towards a wood.

"But," said George, as he walked quietly by my side, "if you kill me, you will be obliged to leave instantly, and then you cannot see her."

"Enough! enough! my lord!" I was furious.

Edward came up. I snatched one of the pistols, George took the other. We placed ourselves at twenty steps. We fired; neither was touched. I looked at the window of the saloon; I thought:

"Does she know that I am fighting a duel on her account?"

"Now," said George, "look at your letter. You see the seal is not broken. Indeed you were too hasty just now. When you met me I was going to give it you, and tell you that breakfast was served in Laura's saloon. We have lost here a full quarter of an hour. Let us hasten!"

I was very much embarrassed, and grew still more so, when he took me amicably by the arm, as if nothing had happened.

"Do not be astonished," said he to me, "if you find Laura veiled in black, and if she does not speak to you. This dramatic and silent manner of wearing her mourning is on account of an extravagant fancy made in Lord Belmore's will. This extraordinary mourning ends to-day, May twenty-ninth, at noon, just three months to the day and hour since my poor brother died; it is now eleven."

It was a vast saloon, in which the light could scarcely penetrate for the flowers which perfumed the air. A lady, covered with black crape, was half reclining on a divan at the opposite end of the room. There was a harp, a piano, drawing-materials, books magnificently bound, albums, an embroidery-frame, and all the little requisites in an elegant apartment of a fashionable woman.

"Content yourself with saluting her," said George, in a low tone, "in a few moments we will approach her."

I made my salutation, blushing with emotion, and we seated ourselves. George talked politics, literature, and things perfectly indifferent to me. I opened my mouth only to say what I could address indirectly to Laura. After what had passed so mysteriously between us, how she must have been affected at my words and voice!

The clock struck twelve; my blood was near bursting my veins. We arose. George took my hand. I cast down my eyes. My embarrassment was extreme. I thought of my letter returned, of the balcony, of the terrace. I was suffocating with love, with *mauvaise honte*, and jealousy. I put my mind on the rack to find a suitable phrase; at last I stammered out something awkwardly.

"Come, hold up your head, and look at Laura," said George, tightly raising the crape.

I looked, and I saw—the most ravishing statue of Carrara that ever came from the imagination of a poet, the heart of an artist and the hand of a man.

It was the lesson promised by George; it was a little too



severe. I grew red from spite and wrath, and was going to be angry again; but George looked at me with an air so good, so friendly, and so perfectly amiable!

"See," said he, pressing my hand affectionately, "see, dear Arthur, what can become of the reason of a poet. Poor Henry!"

"What! truly, this Laura, the passionate love—the verses—"

"Nothing more true. Everything you see here about you tells you plainly how far the human imagination can wander."

"You have, then, mystified me, my lord?"

"Are you displeased with me for it?"

"And the guitar, the songs in the saloon?"

"Mademoiselle Juliette has quite a good talent for a chambermaid."

"And the pistols?"

Old Edward loaded them with powder. Pardon me, then, freely, this visit to *Villa-Bella*, and these two days of solitude. I promised you not a lesson, but to make you reflect on the dangers of the imagination without being held in proper subordination. My friendship has fulfilled the promise."

Before getting into the carriage I returned alone to contemplate again the ravishing creation of the collected talent of the most celebrated artists in Italy; then, first being sure that no one saw me, I kissed respectfully the most graceful hand; I fancied I saw a slight movement of the white lips, which seemed to me to pronounce easily the name of Henry. At the door I turned and said: "Laura! adieu!"

George knew nothing of this. He recommended me on my way to keep the secret of all I knew of Laura, on account of the memory of his unfortunate brother. In the meantime, it was found out in Florence, I know not by what means, that I had visited *Villa-Bella*. Since then I have always passed in the society of Lady Caroline B—— for a very *mauvais sujet*. Oh! you may imagine, I thought it the best and most beautiful calumny that was ever circulated in their coterie.

E. F.

### LONDON REVISITED.

LONDON is wonderfully embellished within the last three years—not so much by new buildings, public or private, but by the almost insane rivalry that exists among the tradesmen to outshow each other in the expensive magnificence of their shops. When I was in England before, there were two or three of these palaces of columns and plate-glass—a couple of shawl-shops, and a glass warehouse or two; but now the West-End and the city have each their scores of establishments, of which you would think the plate-glass alone would ruin anybody but Aladdin. After an absence of a month from town lately, I gave myself the always delightful treat of an after-dinner ramble among the illuminated palaces of Regent-street and its neighbourhood, and to my surprise, found four new wonders of this description—a shawl-house in the upper Regent circus, a silk-mercery in Oxford-street, a whip-maker's in Regent-street, and a fancy stationer's in the Quadrant—either of which establishments fifty years ago would have been the talk of all Europe. The first mentioned warehouse lines one of the quarters of the Regent circus, and turns the corner of Oxford-street with what seems but one window—a series of glass plates, only divided by brass rods, reaching from the ground to the roof—*window panes twelve feet high, and four or five feet broad!* The opportunity which this immense transparency of front gives for the display of goods is proportionately improved, and in the mixture of colours and fabrics to attract attention, there is evidently no small degree of art—so harmonious are the colours and yet so gorgeous the show. I see that several more renovations are taking place in different parts of both "city" and "town," and London promises, somewhere in the next decimals, to complete its emergence from the chry-

salis, with a glory to which eastern tales will be very ginger-bread matters indeed.

If I may judge by my own experience, and by what I can see in the streets, all this night-splendour out of doors empties the play-houses—for I would rather walk Regent-street in an evening, than see ninety-nine plays in a hundred, and so think, apparently, multitudes of people, who stroll up and down the clean and broad London sidewalks, gazing in at the gorgeous succession of shop-windows, and by the day-bright glare of the illumination exchanging nods and smiles—the street indeed becoming gradually a fashionable evening promenade, as cheap as it is amusing and delightful. There are large classes of society, who find the evenings long in their dingy and inconvenient homes, and who *must go somewhere*—and while the streets were dark and poorly lighted, the play-house was the only resort where they could beguile their cares with splendour and amusement, and in those days theatricals flourished, as in these days of improved thoroughfares and gay shops they evidently languish. I will lend the hint to the next essayist on the "decline of the drama."

The increased attractiveness of London, from thus disclosing secrets of its wondrous wealth, compensates in a degree for what increases as rapidly on me, a distastefulness of the country, from the forbidding and repulsive exclusiveness of high garden walls, impermeable shrubberies, and every sort of contrivance for confining the traveller to the road and nothing but the road. What should we say in America to travelling miles between two brick walls, with no prospect but the branches of overhanging trees from the invisible park-lands on either side, and the *alley* of cloudy sky overhead? How tantalizing to pass daily by a noble estate, with a fine specimen of architecture in its centre, and see no more of it than a rustic lodge and some miles of the tops of trees over a paling? All this, to me, is oppressive; I feel abridged of breathing-room and eye-sight—deprived of my liberty—robbed of my horizon. Much as I admire high preservation and cultivation, I would compromise for a "snake-fence" all over England.

On a visit to a friend a week or two since, in the neighbourhood of London, I chanced, during a long walk, to get a glimpse, over the wall, of a nicely-gravelled and secluded path, which commanded what the proprietor's fence enviously shut from the road—a noble view of London and the Thames. Accustomed to see people traversing my own lawn and fields in America, without question, as suits their purpose, and tired of the bricks, hedges and placards of blacking and pills, I jumped the fence, and with feelings of great relief and expansion, aired my eyes and my imagination in the beautiful grounds of my friend's opulent neighbour. The Thames with its innumerable steamers, men-of-war, yachts, wherries and ships—a vein of commercial and maritime life lying between the soft green meadows of Kent and Essex—formed a delicious picture of contrast and meaning beauty, which I gazed upon with great delight for—some ten minutes. In about that time I was perceived by Mr. B——'s gardener, who, with a very pokerish-looking stick in his hand, came running towards me, evidently, by his pace, prepared for a vigorous pursuit of the audacious intruder. He came up to where I stood, quite out of breath, and demanded, with a tight grasp of his stick, what business I had there. I was not very well prepared with an answer, and, short of beating the man for his impudence, (which in several ways might have been a losing job,) I did not see my way very clearly out of Mr. B——'s grounds. My first intention, to call on the proprietor and apologize for my intrusion while I complained of the man's insolence, was defeated by the information, evidently correct, that Mr. B. was not resident at the place, and so I was walked out of the lodge-gate with a vagabond's warning—never to let him "catch me there again!" So much for my liberal translation of a park-fence!

This spirit of exclusion makes itself even more disagreeably felt, when a gentleman's paling chances to include any natural curiosity. One of the wildest, as well as most exquisitely beautiful spots on earth, is the Dargle, in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland. It is interesting besides, as belonging to the estate of the orator and patriot, Grattan. To get to it, we were let through a gate by an old man, who received a douceur. We crossed a newly-reaped field, and came to another gate. Another person opened this, and we paid another shilling. We walked on towards the Glen, and in the middle of the path, without any object apparently but the toll, there was another locked gate, and another porter

to pay; and when we made our exit from the opposite extremity of the grounds, after seeing the Dargle, there was a fourth gate and a fourth porter. The first field and fee belonged, if I remember rightly, to a Captain Somebody, but the other three gates belong to the present Mr. Grattan, who is very welcome to my three shillings, either as a tribute to his father's memory, or to the beauty of Tinnehinch and the Dargle. But, on whatever ground he pockets it, the mode of assessment is, to say the least, ungracious. Without subjecting myself to the charge of a mercenary feeling, I think I may say that the enthusiasm for natural scenery is very much clipped and be-littled by seeing it at a shilling the perch—paying the money, and taking the look. I should think no sum lost which was expended in bringing me to so romantic a glen as the Dargle, but it should be levied somewhere else than within sound of its wild waterfall—somewhere else, than midway between the waterfall and the fine mansion of Tinnehinch.

The fish most "out of water" in the world, is certainly a Frenchman in England, without acquaintances. The illness of a friend has lately occasioned me one or two hasty visits to Brighton, and being abandoned, on the first evening, to the solitary mercies of the coffee-room of the hotel, I amused myself not a little with watching the *ennui* of one of these unfortunate foreigners, who was evidently there simply to qualify himself to say that he had been at Brighton in the season. I arrived late, and was dining by myself at one of the small tables, when, without looking up, I became aware that some one at the other end of the room was watching me very steadily. The place was as silent as coffee-rooms usually are after the dinner hour, the rustling of newspapers the only sound that disturbed the digestion of the eight or ten persons present, when the unmistakable call of "vautre!" informed me that if I looked up I should encounter the eyes of a Frenchman. The waiter entered at the call, and after a considerable parley with my opposite neighbour, came over to me, and said in rather an apologetic tone—"Beg pardon, sir, but the *Shevalier* wishes to know if your name is *Coopair*?" Not very much inclined, fatigued as I was, for a conversation in French, which I saw would be the result of a polite answer to his question, I merely shook my head, and took up the newspaper. The Frenchman drew a long sigh, poured out his last glass of claret, and crossing his thumbs on the edge of the table, fell into a profound study of the grain of the mahogany. What with dawdling over coffee and tea, and reading half-a-dozen newspapers, I whiled away the time till ten o'clock, pitying occasionally the unhappy Chevalier, who exhibited every symptom of a person bored to the last extremity. One person after another called for a bed-room candle, and exit finally the Frenchman himself, making me, however, a most courteous bow as he passed out. There were two gentlemen left in the room, one a tall and thin old man of seventy, the other a short, portly gentleman of fifty or thereabouts, both quite bald. They rose together, and came to the fire near which I was sitting.

"That last man who went out calls himself a Chevalier," said the thin gentleman.

"Yes," said his stout friend, "he took me for a Mr. Cooper he had travelled with."

"The deuce he did," said the other; "why, he took me for a Mr. Cooper, too, and we are not very much alike."

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," said I, "he took me for this Mr. Cooper, too."

The Frenchman's *ruse* was discovered. It was, instead of a snuff-box, a way he had of making acquaintance. We had a good laugh at our triple resemblance, (three men more unlike it would be difficult to find,) and bidding the two Messrs. Cooper good night, I followed the ingenious Chevalier up stairs.

The next morning I came down rather late to breakfast, and found my friend chipping his egg-shells to pieces at the table next to the one I had occupied the night before. He rose immediately with a look of radiant relief in his countenance, made a most elaborate apology for having taken me for Mr. Cooper, (whom I was so like, *cependant*, that we should be mistaken for each other by our nearest friends,) and in a few minutes, Mr. Cooper himself, if he had entered, by chance, would have returned the compliment, and taken me for the Chevalier's most intimate friend and fellow-traveller.

I remained three or four days at Brighton, and never discovered in that time that the Chevalier's *ruse* succeeded with any other person. I was his only successful resemblance to "Monsieur Coopair." He always waited breakfast for me in the coffee-room, and when I called for my bill on the last morning, he dropped his knife and asked if I was going to London—and at what hour—and if I would be so obliging as to take a place for him in the same coach.

It was a remarkably fine day, and, with my friend by my side, outside of "the Age," we sped on towards London, the sun getting dimmer and dimmer, and the fog thicker and more chilly at every mile farther from the sea. It was a trying atmosphere for the best of spirits, let alone the ever-depressed bosom of a stranger in England. The coach stopped at the Elephant and Castle, and I ordered down my baggage, and informed my friend, for the first time, that I was bound to a country-house six miles from town. I scarce know how I had escaped telling him of it before, but his "*impossible, mon ami!*" was said in a tone and accompanied with a look of the most complete surprise and despair. I was evidently his only hope in London.

I went up to town a day or two after, and in making my way to Paternoster Row, I saw my friend on the opposite side of the Strand, with his hands thrust up to the wrist in the pockets of his "Taglioni," his hat jammed down over his eyes, looking into the shop windows without much distinction between the trunk-maker's and the print-seller's—evidently miserable beyond being amused at anything. I was too much in a hurry to cross over and resume my office of escape-valve to his *ennui*, and I soon outwalked his slow pace, and lost sight of him. Whatever title he had to the "Chevalier," (and he was decidedly too deficient in address to belong to the order "*d'industrie*,") he had no letter of recommendation in his personal appearance, and as little the air of even a Frenchman of "quality" as any man I ever saw in the station of a gentleman. He is, in short, the person who would first occur to me if I were to see a paragraph in the Times headed, "Suicide by a foreigner."

*Revenons un peu.* Brighton, at this season, (November,) enjoys a climate which, as a change from the heavy air in the neighbourhood of London, is extremely exhilarating and agreeable. Though the first day of my arrival was rainy, a walk up the west cliff gave me a feeling of elasticity and lightness of spirits, of which I was beginning to forget the very existence in the eternal fogs of the six months I had passed inland. I do not wonder at the passion of the English for Brighton. It is, in addition to the excellence of the air, both a magnificent city and the most advantageous ground for the discomfiture of the common enemy, "winter and rough weather." The miles of broad gravel-walk just out of the reach of the surf of the sea, so hard and so smoothly rolled that they are dry in five minutes after the rain has ceased to fall, are alone no small item in the comfort of a town of professed idlers and invalids. I was never tired of sauntering along this smooth promenade so close to the sea. The beautiful children who throng the walks in almost all weathers, (and what children on earth are half as beautiful as English children?) were to me a constant source of pleasure and amusement. Tire of this, and by crossing the street you meet a transfer of the gay throngs of Regent-street and Hyde Park, with splendid shops, and all the belongings of a metropolis, while midway between the sea and this crowded sidewalk, pours a tide of handsome equipages, parties on horseback, and vehicles of every description, all subservient to exercise and pleasure.

My first visit to Brighton was made in a very cold day in summer, and I saw it through most unfavourable spectacles. But I should think that along the cliffs, where there are no trees or verdure to be seen, there is very little apparent difference between summer and winter; and coming here with the additional clothing of a severe season, the temperature of the elastic and saline air is not even chilly. The most delicate children play upon the beach in days when there is no sunshine, and invalids, wheeled out in their convenient Bath chairs, sit for hours by the seaside, watching the coming and retreating of the waves, apparently without any sensation of cold—and this in December. In America (in the same latitudes with Leghorn and Venice) an invalid sitting out of doors at this season would freeze to death in half an hour. Yet it was as cold in August, in England, as it has been in November, and it is this temperate coldness of

the weather throughout the year which make the English climate on the whole, perhaps, the healthiest in the world.

In the few days I was at Brighton, I became very fond of the perpetual loud beat of the sea upon the shore. Whether, like the "music of the spheres," it becomes at last "too constant to be heard," I did not ask—but I never lost the consciousness of it except when engaged in conversation, and I found it company to my thoughts when I dined or walked alone, and a most agreeable lullaby at night. This majestic monotone is audible all over Brighton, in-doors and out, and nothing overpowers it but the wind in a storm. It is, even then, only by fits, and the alternation of the hissing and moaning of the blast with the broken and heavy plash of the waters, is so like the sound of a tempest at sea, (the whistling in the rigging and the burst of the waves,) that those who have been at Brighton in rough weather, have realized all of a storm at sea but the motion and the sea-sickness—rather a large but not an undesirable diminution of experience.

Calling on a friend at Brighton, I was introduced casually to a Mr. Smith. The name, of course, did not awaken any immediate curiosity, but a second look at the gentleman did—for I thought I had never seen a more intellectual or finer head. A fifteen minutes' conversation, which touched upon nothing that could give me a clue to his profession, still satisfied me that so distinguished an address and so keen an eye could belong to no nameless person, and I was scarcely surprised when I read upon his card at parting—*Horace Smith*. I need not say it was a great pleasure to meet him. I was delighted too, that the author of books we loved so much as "Zillah" and "Brambletye-House," looks unlike other men. It gratifies, somehow, a personal feeling—as if those who had won so much admiration from us, should, for our pride's sake, wear the undeniable stamp of superiority—as if we had acquired a property in him by loving him. How natural it is when we have talked and thought a great deal about an author, to call him "ours." "What Smith? Why, our Smith—Horace Smith"—is as common a dialogue between persons who never saw him, as it is among his personal friends.

These two remarkable brothers, James and Horace Smith, are both gifted with exteriors, such as are not often possessed with genius—yet only James is so fortunate as to have stumbled upon a good painter. Lonsdale's portrait of James Smith, engraved by Cousens, is both the author and the man—as fine a picture of him, with his mind seen through his features, as was ever done. But there is an engraved picture extant of the author of Zillah, that, though it is no likeness of the author, is a detestable caricature of the *man*. Really, this is a point about which distinguished men, in justice to themselves, should take some little care. Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's, are a sort of biography of the eminent men they painted. The most enduring history, it has been said, is written in coins. Certainly, the most effective biography is expressed in portraits. Long after the book and your impressions of the character of which it treats have become dim in your memory, your impression of the features and mien of a hero or a poet, as received from a picture, remains indelible. How often does the face belie the biography—making us think better or worse of the man, after forming an opinion from a *portrait in words*, that was either partial or malicious! I am persuaded the world would think better of Shelley, if there were a correct and adequate portrait of his face, as it has been described to me by one or two who knew him. How much of the Byronic idolatry is born and fed from the idealized pictures of him treasured in every portfolio! Sir Thomas Lawrence, Chalon and Parle have composed between them a biography of Lady Blessington that have made her quite independent of the "memoirs" of the next century. And who, I may safely ask, even in America, has seen the nice, cheerful, sensible and motherly face which prefaces the new edition of "The Manners of the American Domestic," (I beg pardon for giving the title from my Kentucky copy,) without liking Mrs. Trollope a great deal better, and at once dismissing all idea of "the bazaar," as a libel on that most lady-like countenance?

N. P. W.

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honour, and wisest acquisition. It is a ray of divinity that dignifies humanity, attracts admiration, and assimilates him to his Creator, but, like pure gold, is liable to be counterfeited.

## MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

"I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love."—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

It was for nurturing these, and other similar sentiments, that we always felt a greater degree of affection for Benedick than any other of Shakespeare's characters: his opinions accorded exactly with our own. We only regret that he so lost himself towards the termination of the play as to venture his happiness in the very bark he had sworn to mistrust. But he was deceived into taking this step, as well as Beatrice; and, if they had not crouched about in summer-houses, playing the eaves-droppers to intentional discourse, we wager a case of Houbigant's best gloves that they would both have died single.

It is no proof that Benedick became a firm convert to matrimony, because he danced on his wedding-day, and wrote a sonnet to the lady of his love. The comedy ends, where all other merriment does, with marriage; and leaves us to form our own opinions as to whether the various couples, in the words of the old nursery-tales, lived happily together all the rest of their lives, to a good old age. We only regret, for the sake of holding up a mirror to society in general, and match-makers in particular, that the great dramatist did not add a sequel, and lay the period of the action in the theatrical taste of the day, five years after his former production.

A high moral feeling has alone kept us, up to the present moment, from taking the fatal leap; and yet, with all our anti-matrimonial propensities, there is not a more fervent admirer of the *beau sexe* on the face of the civilized earth. We never went to an evening party in our life but we returned home madly, deeply, desperately in love,—not the calm, calculating attachment of a formal courtship, but that all-absorbing passion of four-and-twenty-hours' duration, which only the powerful auxiliaries of champagne, chandeliers, and *cornets à pistons* can produce.

Of course, everything must have a beginning, except rings, chao, and Adelphi overtures, and, *per consequence*, everybody has a first love—a hobbledeboy kind of attachment, all letters and locks of hair. Foolish people, who speak a little French, will tell you "*on revient toujours à ses premières amours*!" This we deny. We, ourselves, once had a first love, and a very pretty one too, but it was a long while ago. She made us a watch-guard of her own hair, and in return we gave her a kiss and a carved ivory buckle which we bought at Boulogne for ten francs, and we supposed ourselves engaged, and wrote little notes all about nothing to each other every day. Gradually, however, the notes got shorter, and their transmission at longer intervals apart, and we finally "declared off" by a tacit agreement, and found out fresh flames. We did not see her for eight or ten years, and then we heard that she was married. We met a short time since with as reserved a greeting as if nothing had ever passed between us, and we began to ask ourselves what we could have found so bewitching in her. Indeed we were almost sorry for the rencontre; for when we have not seen any object we once felt an interest in, for a long period, we only picture them as we knew them at the time of parting; and in this case we thought the visionary recollections we retained of the smiling sylph-like girl of nineteen far preferable to the substantial reality of the matron-approaching woman of thirty.

As for clothing a first love with all that halo of undying recollection, and occasional yearning returns of old feelings, which is common in album poetry, it is all nonsense. From eighteen to twenty-two, the usual period of a first-love, our ideas of future prospects and compatibility of disposition are rather vague and indefinite. We fall in love, and form plans of marriage under the conviction that our whole life is to be a succession of Kensington promenades, Zoological Sundays, and Hanover-Square-Room balls. We are moreover at this period, intensely susceptible,—our rough nature is the sand-paper upon which the match readily takes light, and it endures in a similar manner to the combustion of a congrue, being very fierce, and of short existence. If extinguished suddenly, by throwing cold water upon it, of course there is a hiss and a sputter; but, if allowed to wear itself out—an admirable plan in all first attachments—it declines as gradually and silently as a fumigating pastille.

If a bachelor escapes being booked until he is five or six years after age, the chances are that he will remain single

some time longer. He looks upon marriage with a more serious regard, and begins to think the same face *might* tire, however lovely its aspect, if he had nothing else to gaze at "from morn till dewy eve." He sees friends of his own age, who have married for love, or were too impatient to wait for an income, beginning to grumble at each other, and their increasing expenditure. This rather frightens him, and induces him to think it is best to be free, after all.

There is nothing in the world so agreeable as flirting, and we look upon a downright earnest flirt as a creation of the first order. There is no trap laid here,—no calculation in her few hours' attachment,—it is all the warm-hearted emanation of an affectionate disposition. She does not wonder what your income is, or whether you have any expectations in *future*, but prefers you, for the evening, to the best match of the season. And, provided you meet her on her own ground, and with her own weapons, and there are no unpleasant friends to ask your "intentions," if you carry your philandering too far, you may enumerate in your life-time some of the brightest moments allotted to man: only dimmed, to be sure, by the wound your vanity experiences when she cuts you in her caprice, and transfers her love to another quarter.

Generally speaking, a *célibataire* is pretty safe when talking nonsense to a professed flirt; but if he has not a matrimonial disposition, and persists in laughing at love, he should beware of boarding-houses as he would of hydrophobia, and more especially at the watering-places; for they are a regular system of bachelor traps, always set and baited with every kind of feminine variety:—aged seventy-fours, almost laid up in dock, who occasionally act as guard-ships to the establishment; fast-sailing privateers, who sometimes hoist the black flag, under the garb of widows; and tight-built yachts, with a good figurehead and clean run, in the shape of *demoiselles a marier*, forming in their *ensemble* an attractive *mæstrom*, which it requires some pilotage to escape. These are all dangerous craft to fall in with, especially the last; for if people choose to leave the comfort of their homes for the *ennui* of a sea-side town, it is evident that every plan must be resorted to for killing the time as quickly as possible, which they have so long anticipated. The young people get thrown together; they gamble for crockery ink-stands, *bouquet de la Reine*, and German-silver butter-knives, at the library sweepstakes, receiving a certain half-crown's worth of value for the six shillings which fill the raffle; they contemplate the ocean, and its adopted children, the bathers, on the sands; they walk together on the pier to see the steamers arrive and depart, or join parties of pleasure to every place not worth seeing in the neighbourhood; and finally, whilst strolling together one fine evening upon the cliffs, they are overcome by the influence of the moon, from time immemorial the patroness of lunatics, and propose. This is no rare history: we should like to call the attention of the Statistical Society to a return of the number of matches which have sprung from the casual intimacy of a sea-side boarding-house.

Possibly a leading reason which inclines us to the determination of dying an old bachelor is, that there is little doubt of marriage gradually becoming an acknowledged mercantile transaction. We think, before long, the state of the hyemal markets will be chronicled in the newspapers, in common with the other commercial affairs of the day, which our "nation of shopkeepers" feel such delight in perusing. The chief marts will be the ball-rooms and public resorts of the metropolis, together with the fashionable provincial towns. We shall read that at the Horticultural *Fête* the demand for young ladies was brisk, and that dark eyes and chestnut hair went off at good prices; that at Ascot Races little business was transacted, but that, upon adjourning to Lady F——'s *soirée*, (a sort of Tortoni's, whereat to carry on business after the great Bourse had closed,) the exchange of hearts rose higher than it had been all day. Assurance societies will be established against the chance of dying a spinster, with the most approved match-making *chaperons* for directors, and a capital of twenty thousand bachelors; and possibly a price-current will be published of most of the young men about town.

But we think we have said enough. We could produce more arguments in favour of our opinions, but we are fearful of irritating the young ladies, and upon our next entrance into society encountering the same fate from their hands which Orpheus met with from the Thracian women. One

word more, and we have finished. We are never too old to repent, and possibly we might some day see reasons to change our sentiments, for we should not like to be thought obstinately self-opinionated. And if there is any pretty Beatrice who might like to try the experiment of converting us to matrimony, we are not above conviction, and we give her leave to make the attempt.

This is poetry. Our good friend Prentice has a jewel in his correspondent AMELIA.

Here, in this lonely bower, where first I won thee,  
I come, beloved, beneath the moon's pale ray,  
To gaze once more, through struggling tears, upon thee,  
And then to bear my broken heart away;  
I dare not linger near thee as a brother;  
I feel my burning heart would still be thine;"

How could I hope my passionate thoughts to smother,  
While yielding all the sweetness to another,  
That should be mine!  
But fate hath willed it; the decree is spoken;  
Now life may lengthen out its weary chain,  
For, rest of thee, its loveliest links are broken;  
May we but clasp them all in Heaven again;  
Yea, thou wilt there be mine, in yon blue Heaven;  
There are sweet meetings of the pure and fond;  
Oh, joys unspeakable to such are given,  
When the sweet ties of love, that here are riven,  
Unite beyond.

A glorious charm from Heaven thou dost inherit;  
The gift of angels unto thee belongs;  
Then breathe thy love in music, that thy spirit  
May whisper to me through thine own sweet songs;  
And though my coming life may soon resemble  
The desert-spots through which my steps will flee,  
Though round thee, then, wild worshippers assemble,  
My heart will triumph if thine own but tremble  
Still true to me.

Yet, not when on our bower the light reposes  
In golden glory, wilt thou sigh for me;  
Not when the young bee seeks the crimson roses,  
And the fair sun-beams tremble o'er the sea;  
But when at eve the tender heart grows fonder,  
And the full soul with pensive love is fraught,  
Then with wet lids o'er these sweet paths thou'lt wander,  
And, thrilled with love, upon my memory ponder  
With tender thought.

And when, at times, thy bird-like voice entrances  
The listening throng with some enchanting lay,  
If I am near thee, let thy heavenly glances  
One gentle message to my heart convey;  
I ask but this—a happier one has taken  
From my lone life the charm that made it dear;  
I ask but this, and promise thee unshaken,  
To meet that look of love—but, oh! 't will waken,  
Such raptures here!

And now farewell! I dare not lengthen  
These sweet sad moments out; to gaze on thee  
Is bliss indeed, yet it but serves to strengthen  
The love that now amounts to agony;  
This is our last farewell, our last fond meeting;  
The world is wide, and we must dwell apart;  
My spirit gives thee now its last wild greeting,  
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating,  
And heart to heart.

Farewell! farewell! Our dream of bliss is over,  
All, save the memory of our plighted love;  
I now must yield thee to thy happier lover,  
Yet oh, remember, thou art mine above!  
'T is a sweet thought, and when by distance parted,  
'T will lie upon our hearts, a holy spell,  
But the sad tears beneath thy lids have started,  
And I—alas! we both are broken hearted!  
Dearest, farewell!

AMELIA.

It is wonderful how some people make a little knowledge go a great way, and how they manage, by judicious nods and winks, and the circumspet use of affirmatives and negatives, or by well-introduced hem's or ha's to impress other people with the idea that they (the winkers and nodders) are miraculously endowed beings, second Davys as chemists, Byrons as poets, Herschells as astronomers, Handels as musicians, and Raphaels as painters. Silence will do more for a man's reputation in this way than one may imagine, and many a "clever fellow" has won his title by the means we have just alluded to.

THE following comes from a pure fount of poetry and we should like another cup of it. Will the writer favour us with a line, so that we may know where to go for it.

When fortune frowns and friends are few,  
And hopes are vanishing like dew,  
When weary with the pain and wo,  
That vex our pilgrimage below,  
Who has not something thought, at heart,  
Alas! how gloomy, dark and drear,  
How cheerless is existence here!  
How fain would I depart!

And may there not sometimes intrude  
Another and a darker mood,  
When all unfaithful thoughts have sway,  
And we bow down the head and say:  
Ah me! it is a weary pain—  
To seek, with sharp and lengthened strife,  
To chafe the numbed soul into life,  
And feel it die again!

Yet let us not such thoughts allow—  
The heat, the dust upon the brow,  
Signs of the conflict we may bear,  
But thus shall we appear more fair  
In an Almighty Master's eye,  
Than if, in fear to lose life's bloom,  
Or soil the spirit's lightest plume,  
We from the strife should fly.

From trial we should ne'er draw back,  
Nor seek to shun the narrow track,  
Nor murmur at the allotted part,  
But in a firm and constant heart  
Cherish those longings which aspire,  
Like incense, heavenward, and with care  
And ceaseless vigil nourish there,  
Faith's never-dying fire.

And for the rest—in weariness,  
In pain, in danger, or distress,  
When strength decays and hope grows dim,  
How sweet it is to lean on him,  
Who, only, hath the oil divine  
Wherewith to feed our failing urns,  
And watcheth every lamp that burns  
Before his sacred shrine.

#### POST-OFFICE REFORM.

WE rejoice to find the public mind alive to this important movement. It is not a little surprising that a free people should permit a monarchical government to take the lead in a cause so eminently identified with the moral and social progress of the people. In the first year after the penny system went into operation in England there was a reduction of seventy per cent. in the gross revenue received, yet still it will be found, on examination of the tables laid before Parliament, that the deficit takes place almost entirely in the revenue accruing from the foreign postage department, where the high rates are still preserved; and, in the second place, that the quarterly aggregate increase, down to the present moment, is such as to promise, in 1845, an increase over the greatest former revenue. In one year after the rates of postage were let down there was an increase of three hundred per cent. in the amount of correspondence; and, without doubt, in five years more there will be a corresponding increase in the amount of revenue. This increase, of course, will be derived from the increased amount of correspondence, and the suppression of letter-smuggling. On this head, "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, good authority, holds the following pertinent language:

"The domestic relations among the poorer classes are just as complicated as among the rich, perhaps more so, and that, with a few exceptions, one section is about as capable as the other of putting down on paper the usual topics of family interest; and yet remember that the shilling, or the quarter of a dollar, which the rich man does not notice, forms a passable portion of the poor man's wages. Go to the post-master of one of our manufacturing or mining towns, and ask him whether the manufacturers or miners within his district appear often at his window. He will tell you that letters, decently superscribed, are sometimes

brought, and that there is scarcely a man in the neighbourhood who does not appear with his own little load once or twice in a season. With how much difficulty, however, the tax is borne, is shown from the fact that the return letters sometimes rest weeks before the postage is removed. The actuary of a savings' institution, which could point to depositors from one end of the land to the other, stated lately that the exorbitant rates of postage prevented his sending the annual statement of the institution to nearly a thousand of those interested in it, for the reason that he knew the burden would be onerous. Remove the load, and it is but fair to say, that at an uniform rate of five cents, an increase of one hundred per cent. will be experienced. In the second place, there will be an increase equally great from the suppression of letter-smuggling."

The whole subject of cheap postage and reform in this department of our government has been very ably discussed in the Merchants' Magazine. Deeply sympathizing with the movement, it affords us great pleasure to present, in the following extract from an article in the present number of the magazine, the following remarks, eloquently setting forth the benefits to be derived, in a moral and intellectual point of view, from a cheap, uniform rate of postage:

"A clergyman of New-Haven, than whom no one can possess a more accurate knowledge of the district which is covered by his labours, has intimated that more than one-half the letters which pass between New-Haven and Hartford are carried outside of the mail. If the fact be good in a more extended sphere, it will be seen how great are the losses which the high rates of postage provoke. Is it not true, we would ask, that so heavy has the tax been felt in one of our greatest manufacturing towns, that, periodically, mail bags, if they can be called so, are opened in connection with some of the larger manufactories, in which the workmen are invited to deposit letters to their friends, if they have any in an adjacent large city, which are conveyed by the proprietor free of expense? The burden on him is but small, as he can transport the aggregate bundle at a trifling premium to its destination; and he is aware that nothing can conduce more simply to the preservation of a healthy atmosphere among the young people under his charge, than the opportunity of free communication with their parents and friends. But does not such a fact exhibit, in a lamentable light, the inconsistencies of a government, which, while it depends wholly for its stability upon the intelligence and good feeling of the people, and professes to do all it can to educate and elevate them, interposes an effectual clog on the action of those domestic relations on which the happiness and good order of the community depends? With our treasury encumbered with debt, with our credit languishing in dishonour, we should think that any honourable expedient for increasing our income, would commend itself to our attention; but here, on the post-office department, thirty years have gone by, in which, through the bad economy of heavy rates, the revenue has fallen within the corresponding expenditures. And what an important portion of our history do those thirty years cover! In that time we have nearly trebled our population, and we have marched forward in still greater haste on the scale of mere intellectual cultivation. Within that period the common schools have sprung up. Within that period the press has acquired a prodigious force; operating, not as it used to do, solely within the narrow sphere of its immediate neighbourhood, but, through the facilities afforded to newspaper transmission, over a tract of country occupying half a continent. Can you go into a house, no matter how remote, without seeing there the printed evidence that not only do its inmates read, but that they receive, periodically, the intelligence of Mr. O'Connell's agitation, of the opening of the Chinese seals, and of the alternate successes of parties over the face of our own mottled country? Within that same period of thirty years, also, bible and tract societies have gone into operation, and have succeeded in extending, in the more populous sections of the country at least, a bible and a few tracts to each household. Political discussions have swept on over the horizon, as swift and quick as summer clouds; questions of deep religious interest have been discussed fully and warmly by the public prints; there has been a free circulation of thought on the general and outward circumstances of the republic; and yet the amount of letters passed

through the mail is stationary. Does not such a fact tell badly for the country? Is it not a bad sign, that matters of domestic interest, of social concern, should be thus neglected? Can we resist the conclusion, that when we allow margin for the great necessary increase of commercial correspondence, the ratio of family letter-writing to the community is one-third less now than it used to be? God grant that the feelings which prompt an interchange of thought and affection between members of a scattered family, and between friends once parted, may not wither away completely. It is our misfortune, that when families once break asunder, they forget their old relations, and that, through the enterprising and energetic spirit of the age, as soon as a young man can shoulder his axe, or comprehend his arithmetic, he flings to the winds the ties which bound him to his home. But is this wise? Is it wise that ligatures, which are the sinews of the republic, should be thus snapped? Intelligence, we do not want; acuteness, we do not want; that quick and accurate perception of things worldly, which arises from a constant acquaintance with what is going on from Greenland to the Cape of Good Hope, we do not want; energy enough to make a bold bargain, and dexterity enough to avoid its penalties, we do not want; but what we do want is, that simple fundamental regard for the laws of honesty and the impulses of good feeling which shudders at injustice, not because it is punishable, but because it is wrong. The young man hurried, before his beard is grown, into the western whirlpool, or sent to work along, those great state improvements on whose lips the evil humours of the state break out and fester; or the young woman, transferred from a farm-house home to the wily little world of a manufactory,—do not these require the sanctions and restraints which arise from a free intercourse with the householders they have left? A leading manufacturer has lately declared, that more than a hundred young girls at work under his charge were prevented from corresponding with their parents, except at rare intervals, by the exorbitant post-rates. Can this conduce to the morality, to the order, to the happiness of a class, which, when we look into it, and observe that it comprehends more than half of the younger portion of the working classes, demands the best offices of government? No one who has felt how solemnly and how weightily a letter from a father or a mother acts upon the mind of a young man, when removed from the shelter of home; what a mighty barrier it opposes to those subtle temptations which then crowd forward; with what almost supernatural influence counsels thus imparted drop upon the heart, when inflamed by passion or agitated by doubt—can deny, that in destroying the power of home upon the character, we are destroying the power which, next to that of the gospel, is most necessary both to the safety of the citizen and the well-being of the republic. And yet not only is it destroyed, as far as it will can be, by the hand of government, but contrary and inimical influences are let in to occupy its station and usurp its power.\* Say not that it is a question of dollars and cents,—if it was, we have shown that change should be expedient,—but rest it not on the mere diminution or increase of revenue. It is not in dollars and cents that the merits of the question repose. The safety of the country asks for a change; not a mere nominal reduction, but a change which will call into action, once again, the elements of those domestic sanctions on which our welfare depends.

#### SCRAPS ON A WESTERN RIVER.

ATTRACTED by the mellowness of the air, late in the evening we walked to the promenade-deck, and caught a glimpse of the moon, just peering above the eastern horizon. To feel all the grandeur and sublimity of *night*, one must stand in such a place as *this*; with the silent and solemn trees towering far above, while beneath, the calm and unrippled

\* We are at a loss, also, to discover the justice of a system by which newspapers, large enough to paper a moderate-sized room, are rated at one and a half cents over one hundred miles, while periodicals, composed certainly of more substantial, and generally of more useful material, are charged two and a half cents for the same distance, for every sixteen octavo pages; the whole sixteen being in size about one-half that of the ordinary sixpenny papers.

river, making a deep ravine through interminable forests, flows steadily and noiselessly onward—onward to the sea! On high is spread out the dark pall of night, upon which, as dew-drops give back the glittering rays of the sun, worlds are reflected to the eye of man, the glory of the Creator! Onward, onward is thy unwavering course, oh river! every drop is hastening onward to the ever-greedy ocean; and onward is the tide of human life pouring—every life a drop that must inevitably fall into the all-absorbing maelstrom of eternity!

"Beautiful! instructing scene!" (mused I, unfortunately aloud.) "Beautiful, beautiful river! thou art journeying onward to the ocean, where thou mayest roam amid the coral groves, and listen to the soft song of the ruby-lipped shells, as they lie upon the shore, kissed by the wanton waves that run and leap to caress them! Beautiful river! in thy depths rove not the fair mermaids, with their luxuriant tresses bound with deep-green kelp, and adorned with those rare gems known only to ocean's lowest bed! River, thou canst not boast of these! But—"

"But, for *buffalo* and *cat-fish*, I'll put the Ohio agin any stream in the bul world! Darn me, if I wouldn't!"

Thunder and blazes! Pitchforks and pepper-sauce! I never looked round to see who owned the voice, but I sprang down to the cabin with the speed of a chamois, just in time to hear the story of the man who has been *four years* trying to find out how much he lost by the sale of *ONE PAIR* of boots!

Four years ago, a "sucker," from the upper "diggins," on his way down the river stopped at Memphis, and purchased a pair of boots, tendering in payment a fifty dollar note. Not having small change enough to make the transaction, the seller stepped into a neighbouring broker's office, and exchanged the large bill for small ones, gave the boots and the balance to the buyer, who, chuckling at his bargain, bent his way backward to his boat without saying—*bah!* The next morning our boot-seller was astonished to find the fifty dollar note returned to him as worthless, and for which he was obliged to give his neighbour fifty dollars "smart-money!"

"Now," asked the very grave relator of the story, "with the fifty dollars paid to his neighbour, the forty dollars and the boots paid to the buyer, what was the seller's loss?"

"Fifty dollars and forty dollars are ninety dollars, and ten for the boots, make the round sum of one hundred dollars," quickly exclaimed one of the party, with a countenance as staid and solemn as the title-page of a "Ready Reckoner!"

The laugh that ensued almost blew up the boat; but, I would bet ten to one, that if each person present had answered as quickly as he did, they would not have got much nearer the truth.

"After a storm comes a calm;" so, when the boot question was disposed of, and the amount of loss *settled*, the company gradually *settled* themselves into their berths for the night. It was *settled* that I should not have an undue quantum of sleep, for, in the next berth to mine, was a *settler* to me, sure enough, in the form of one of those worst of all bores to a tired man—a *snorer!*

How the deuce is it that *lean* men never snore? Obese in the extreme, as *snorers* always are, one would think that the breath might easily enough slip in and out of their car-cases, and that the application of any oleaginous substance to their nasal organs would be a work of supererogation. However, "Nothin' like try," is an old maxim; but it proved entirely useless on this occasion, so we "*bore*" it—but we could not *grin*!" \* \* \* \* \*

At Smithland, Ky., (the veritable John resides here) we took



on board a genuine specimen of the Yankee species, fresh from the green mountains—a verdant youth, surely—bound for the “far west,” to seek his fortune. The strange sights and sounds had completely turned the poor fellow’s head, and he wandered round, drinking in, as it were, at his eyes, all that met his astonished vision. The engine attracted his particular attention, and he so bothered the engineers that they were obliged to forbid his appearance on the lower deck. From this time he grew melancholy and morose. No one on board could [?] give him any light on the subject, and his baffled curiosity so affected him that he looked the very picture of despair! The poor fellow was deprived of his rest by horrid dreams of all sorts of infernal machines; disjointed and lame cylinders, of immense size, spouting out steam at every breath, pursued him on crutches made from broken eccentrics; and, so completely would the vapour at times hide them from his sight, that, before he was aware of their contiguity, they would rap him over the head with a huge iron crank and be off with a “puff” in a “jiffy!”

God knows what he suffered. But he could not stand such horrid suspense any longer; so, one morning, at the peep of day, he crawled out of his bed and made his way up to the hurricane-deck—a feat which he had never before dared to perform! He directed his gaze first to the hen-coop, and then to the “pilot-house.” As our hero looked at the pilot, and saw him at the “wheel,” working it *this way and that*, to keep the boat in the channel, his eyes brightened up like two lard lamps in a foggy evening; and he turned away with a quick step, and went straightway to the state-room, and there, snug in bed, slept soundly until tea!

At the ringing of the bell our Yankee was on hand, quite a different person; and his face, where so lately brooded dark clouds, was literally “wreathed with smiles!” The company stared in amazement, and the question ran round the table to know the cause of the change.

“I’ll tell ye after supper,” said Johnson; “I can’t stop now, for I aint enjoyed a meal of ‘vittles’ afore since I came on this boat!”

The cloth was speedily removed, and every one flocked round to hear him explain.

“Ye see,” said our hero, “I’m a real live Yankee, and no mistake. I can’t sit still, like all on ye here, and hear this boat splash, splash, and splash on at this rate, and not want to know what sends her ahead! No, no; not I! I’ve an *inquiring* mind, and I’ve inquired, and inquired, and inquired into this matter, until I’ve discovered it all by mere accident! Gentlemen,” and here he drew himself up and assumed a patronizing air, “gentlemen, this steam-engine is no sich great shakes arter all. It’s made of *iron*, to be sure, and a darn site bigger; but it’s built on exactly the same principle of our *Jake’s wooden clocks*! and, if you’ll only step up here on the roof with me, you’ll see the man in the *belfry* what keeps all the time winding it up as fast as it runs down. You will, by *gerry*!” J. K. K.

FRIENDSHIPS are sometimes as warm as they are accidental. One may be formed by sharing a Prayer-book in St. Paul’s; another from a passenger in Oxford-street communicating the pleasing intelligence that our purse has been just abstracted by a pickpocket. A man who holds out for formal introduction before he ventures to offer a civility, goes to the grave leaving an unregretted clique behind, who do not value his demise at a pin’s fee, while he who takes mankind as they come, rough and smooth together, will find ore and dross combined, but, with a little discrimination, he will not be frequently puzzled in making his election between the two.

#### MERRY OLD CHRISTMAS.

There is an old man whom we all of us know,  
With a merry bald pate, and a beard white as snow;  
He knocks at the door, both of cottage and hall,  
And a right hearty welcome receives at them all.  
This old man for ages has trod o’er the earth,  
With the same happy vigour, the same social mirth;  
By the aged rever’d, by the youthful ador’d,  
And care flies abashed, when he sits at the board.  
Now who is this jolly old fellow, I pray?

Who but old Christmas,

Merry old Christmas,

Dear to the heart as the sun to the day.

Our forefathers hail’d him as we hail him now,  
With the ever-green leaves round his ever-glad brow.  
When smok’d the oak benches with good homely fare,  
Plum pudding, roast beef, stout “October” so rare,  
He smil’d at the zest which the bold yeoman show’d.  
When the trenchers were filled, and the foaming brown  
flow’d.

Then, as the cheer raised the mirth to a roar,  
Old Christmas laugh’d out, till his old sides were sore.  
Who was the best friend of our fathers I pray?

Who but old Christmas,

Merry old Christmas,

Dear to the heart as the sun to the day.

Good luck! what mad pranks the old joker has seen,  
When the girls were entrapp’d neath the *Miaslotee*  
green;

But why should we envy the jolly years fled,  
We have eyes quite as bright and ripe lips quite as red.  
Our country is dear as it ever has been,  
Where honour and liberty ever is seen;  
Our stout manly hearts every foe can withstand,  
And the world still confesses Columbia the land.  
Then welcome old Christmas, to every heart dear,  
Sing to old Christmas,

Happy old Christmas,

With hearts blithe and warm may he long find us here.

A belle and a beauty requests the publication of the following very pretty story. We have not the heart to refuse her any thing:

In a small cottage at Richmond, commanding a delightful view of the Thames, lived Madame La Roche and her only child, Adeline.

At an early age the parents of Madame La Roche had taken her from her native country, England, to France, in order that her education might be completed. Here a certain Monsieur La Roche, a man much older but also much richer than herself, had solicited her hand. In obedience to the commands of her parents, and in spite of her strongly-expressed aversion, the match was concluded, and the elderly husband and the young wife took up their abode in Paris. Three years afterwards Monsieur La Roche died, leaving one child, a daughter. Since that event Madame La Roche had resided in Switzerland first, and subsequently in Germany. At length, tired of the Continent, she returned to England, where she had now lived two years, and where she firmly intended to spend the remainder of her days.

As woman is placed in our present social system, perhaps the most independent and life-enjoying of the sex is a young and attractive widow. Madame La Roche was both young and attractive—and sensible, too, or she would have been envious of her sweet daughter, Adeline. As it was, she treated her with the warmth of a mother, and the confidence of an elder sister.

On a certain summer day, Adeline La Roche was seated in a room opening on a lawn which sloped to the river. By her side, and close by her side, was a man youthful and handsome. He held one of her hands clasped in his, and was looking with a most impassioned air into her face. Her eyes were cast down, and the slightest suspicion of a blush was upon her cheek. The blush would have been deeper, but it was a situation she was somewhat used to. They loved each other.

“And you fear, George, that mamma would never consent?” said Adeline, continuing a colloquy that had been proceeding, heaven knows how long; for in such cases (I’m told) hours are like minutes.

“I fear it much,” said George Trevor. “What pretensions have I? A man of wealth and consideration like Mr. Crofton may hope—but I can hope for nothing.”



"Ha! ha! you are jealous," said Adeline, looking up and smiling archly. "Do you distrust me, then?"

"No, dear Adeline, indeed," replied George. "I do believe that your heart is mine, and mine only; but say if I have not cause for suspecting that Mr. Crofton is my rival, and that your mamma favours him?"

"Now you mention it," said Adeline, "I will confess to you that I am very miserable on this account. Ever since we first met Mr. Crofton at that horrid ball, he has been eternally at the house. He must perceive how coldly I receive him."

"And how does Madame La Roche receive him?" said Trevor.

"Ah, too well!" replied Adeline. "I often see them sitting together in a corner talking in a low tone, and every now and then looking towards me, as if I were the subject of conversation. He is trying to gain mamma over to his interest, I know. It will be of no use if he does. I would sooner die than marry him!"

"So having experienced the misery of a forced match herself, she would doom you to the same fate?" said George Trevor, with vehemence.

"I hardly know what to think," said Adeline, gently. "When I remember how affectionately she always treats me, it seems impossible; but when I see her encourage so evidently the visits of Mr. Crofton, I am compelled to dread everything."

"We may be mistaken after all, Adeline," said Trevor. "These visits are probably intended for Madame La Roche. Remember, Mademoiselle, you are not the only young and pretty inhabitant of Vine Cottage."

"Oh, I am sure that is not the case," said Adeline. "Mamma has told me, often and often, that no consideration on earth should induce her to marry again, and that all her care now was to see me happily settled. Mr. Crofton and mamma are now viewing the conservatory together. George, I feel a strange presentiment that he will propose formally for me this morning, and that I shall be called upon to give him an answer at once."

"You will reject him, then, dear Adeline?" said Trevor anxiously.

"Can you ask me?" exclaimed Adeline. "I will never bestow my hand where I cannot bestow my heart. *That*, George, is yours—past praying for!"

"Ten thousand thanks for this one more proof of constancy," said Trevor. "To doubt your truth now would indeed be to think you unworthy of love. But I hear footsteps approaching: they are returning from the conservatory. Adieu, dear Adeline, for a time. I will not meet Mr. Crofton—but I am not jealous, mind!"

Scarcely had George Trevor left the apartment when Madame La Roche and Mr. Crofton entered from the lawn. Mr. Crofton rather precipitately took his leave, and Madame La Roche and Adeline were alone.

"Sit down, Adeline," said her mother. "I have something very particular to say to you."

Adeline obeyed with the air of a martyr. Her presentiment had evidently been but too true.

"My dear child," continued Madame La Roche, "you are now of an age when you should begin to think of being settled in life. Nature has given you beauty and talents; I have, to the utmost of my ability, given you good education, and I may say, without flattery, that you are capable of making any man happy. Why, then, remain single if you meet with one for whom you can feel an affection?"

Adeline offered no observation, and Madame La Roche continued:

"There is a gentleman who, I am certain, loves you. I have seen enough of him to be as certain that he deserves your love in return, and it will give me pleasure if you tell me that he possesses it."

"My dear mamma," said Adeline, with firmness, "it is better to be candid at once. I know whom you mean, and all you are going to say; but it is in vain. I do not love him—I never shall love him—and I cannot marry him."

"Adeline, Adeline!" cried her mother laughing, "you are too quick by far for me. Do you not love—and cannot you marry—George Trevor?"

"George Trevor!" exclaimed Adeline, her breath nearly taken away by astonishment.

"Ay, George Trevor!" said her mother. "So, you blush

now; and I was not mistaken, I find, in supposing that you loved each other. I am glad of it, dear child, and give my most willing consent to your union."

"I feared you would not listen to him, or I would have confided in you," said Adeline, half-laughing and half-crying at this sudden and unexpected realization of hopes she scarcely dared to entertain.

"Not listen to him! and that merely because at present he happens to be poor!" exclaimed Madame La Roche. "Ah, my Adeline! it is love, not wealth, that should be considered; and if George Trevor be poor—are we not rich enough? But," exclaimed she, holding down her head and speaking falteringly, "now that I have wished you all happiness and consented to your marriage, will you, dear little friend, wish me the same—and consent to my marriage?"

"You? you marry again?" exclaimed Adeline.

"And have you been so blind as to suspect nothing?" said Madame La Roche, raising her head and smiling. "I will conceal it from you no longer. You know that I was married in France at a very early age; but you do not know that before that I had given my heart in England to a youth whose only fault was poverty. My parents had forbidden him the house, and on hearing of my engagement on the continent, he went out in despair to India. Some two months ago, you may remember, we were at a large ball. How can I describe to you my sensations when I saw there the man whom I had loved in my early youth—whom I still loved! I recognized him even before I heard his name."

"And that name was—Crofton," said Adeline, much affected.

"It was," replied Madame La Roche. "He had remained single, though he had grown rich enough to buy, if he had so willed it, some poor girl—as I myself had been bought. Adeline, he has prevailed on me to change my resolution of never marrying again. Do you wish me joy?"

The mother and the daughter fell into each other's arms and mingled their tears; but assuredly they were not tears of sorrow.

On the same morning the two weddings were celebrated; and opinions were divided whether the matronly or the youthful bride looked the more charming.

## THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"Women, who comprehend well their rights and duties as mothers, cannot certainly complain of their destiny. If there exist any inequality between the means of happiness accorded to the two sexes, it is in favour of women."

"The mother who lives in her children and her grandchildren, has, among the human race, the beautiful privilege of not knowing the sorrows of old age."

### THE GRANDMOTHER.

The education of women tends chiefly towards the intellect; but it is to the cultivation of the moral sense, to the cultivation of the heart, that it should be directed. Were we to enlighten the heart, virtues only would remain, and, instead of women, we might have angels.

And it is, indeed, to this defect of education, that the chief misfortunes of women may be traced. Maternal tenderness, for example, is full of deceptions, which, though taking their rise in cold selfishness, we never fail of attributing to love. Enlighten the soul of the poor mother, and you will cause transports of delight to spring from the very feeling which now overwhelms her.

A woman grows old; the homage of the world forsakes her; but she has children; she nurses, she educates, she basks in the warm rays of these young creatures, who are born to love her. Nevertheless, there is an hour marked out both by nature and the Gospel, in which the child must leave its mother; the son to receive his wife, the daughter to receive her husband. The maternal nest is no longer large enough; the birds fly away, the brood is dispersed. Other rocks are wanting to the eagle, other shades to the dove, other loves to all. It is then that the poor mother, oppressed with feelings hitherto unknown, finds her task finished, perceives her own isolation, sees a blank in the future, and knows no longer how to employ life. Here indeed is a profound evil, though hitherto unnoticed by moralists!

This feeling, which devours her, and which has not a name; this feeling, which saddens her in beholding her daughters happy and in a happiness which springs not from herself, cannot be jealousy, cannot be selfishness, or even

regret of the past; and yet we detect in it every appearance of them. The soloons of Paris yet resound with the history of Madame de Bal—, a pious and charitable woman, resplendent in all the graces of second youth, who threw herself into a cloister to avoid witnessing the happiness of her two daughters, whose education she had carefully directed. "What!" said she, "strangers to supplant me in my daughters' affections! Twenty years of tenderness and devotion to be effaced by a few days of delirium! To be left thus alone, to be forgotten by my children, and to have my sufferings even held in derision! I dare not interrogate myself; my feelings affright me; they resemble envy. But can I be jealous of the affections of my daughters?" A sad question, but one which almost every mother might address to herself, at the fatal hour when a husband separates her from her daughter. Let us leave the unreflecting to accuse nature of a monstrosity, the whole cause of which is to be found in our false system of education. We have pointed out the evil; we must now look for the remedy. The evil is in believing that the mission of the mother has terminated the moment that she is deprived by some stranger of the attentions of her daughters. For the remedy—it consists in the discovery of the true mission of the grandmother, that is to say, in the discovery of all the joys which she can diffuse, of all the benefits which she can confer.

It is but too true, that marriage weakens, at least in appearance, those sweet ties which unite the daughter to the mother. But how shall this be otherwise? Unhappy mothers! before you accuse nature, have courage to ask yourselves what you have done to prepare for a revolution so complete in the existence of this feeble creature? Yesterday she was a timid child, living only in the affection of her mother; to-day she is a woman, who imparts happiness, and whose caprices are deified by love. The young girl obeyed, the young wife commands; and, in this rapid transition, you wonder that vanity, delirium of the senses, pride, and, more than these, love, have wrought their accustomed effects.

But this evil, which you deplore, and which it has been so easy to avert, is but a transient effervescence. The mother will soon recover her daughter; she will find her again, happy or unhappy, (no matter,) she will find her daughter again, to console, to enlighten, to love her. Consolations and love are the life of the maternal heart.

Thus then the mother, far from being transformed into an useless and passive being, after the marriage of her children, becomes the guardian angel of her new family. Careless of the charms which yet remain to herself, freed from domestic anxieties, having renounced the world and its frivolities, she finds herself again in the midst of her beloved ones, whom she enriches with the treasures of her experience. She alone understands attentive devotedness, kind foresights; she alone possesses that goodness which nothing exhausts, and that unfulfilling tact, which, taking its rise in love, can comprehend or divine all griefs. See her at her daughter's side on every approach of indisposition; how she foresees the accidents, how she guards against the uneasiness, the disgusts, that threaten her! What tender confidings! What sweet ministrations! What cares, which she alone knows the exact moment to alleviate! At length comes the first pains, which cause the young husband to fly, but which chain the mother more closely to the bed of her daughter. There is also another woman, who awaits the new-born and handles it with indifference; it is the nurse, who only acts in her vocation. But with what transport does the grandmother receive the innocent creature! how she broods over it with her looks, how she cherishes it with her love! Oh, she is doubly a mother; she has recovered both the emotions of her youth and the joys of maternity. There she is, all tenderness, bustle, and trepidation; she watches over the child's slumbers, comprehends its least cries, anticipates all its wants, and divines all its instincts. The young wife, exhausted and suffering, scarce dares, in her inexperience, to touch the fragile creature; but the grandmother, radiant with joy, raises it to the maternal bosom, and, having placed it at this source of life, brings back the distracted husband to the bed of suffering, and in the fulness of maternal feeling thus doubled, pours over these three beings the treasures of her benediction. Oh, then all pains are forgotten, and, as in the first days of the Creation, the family prospers and increases under the eye of the Almighty. Then comes the physical cares, necessary alike to the health of

the mother and to the life of the child; missions of prudence and devotedness, which demand a long experience aided by much love, and which a young wife can learn only from her mother. For instance, there is not a wife, who, at the cradle of her babe, does not give way to the most restless inquietude. The slightest accident throws her into a fever, the feeblest cry alarms her. Harken to her; she is recounting sad stories, and, in the vivacity of her anguish, becomes exhausted without comfort to herself or good to the child. Not so with the grandmother; she is less alarmed, because she has more experience; and then she is acquainted with the symptoms, she has secrets of her own for alleviating them; then she is patient, she can wait; and it is a fact worthy of attention, that, in all the ills of infancy, nature calls more for our patience than for our remedies. The best physician of infancy is patience.

Such is the almost divine mission of the grandmother. It is to accomplish this mission, that God has endowed women in the decline of life, with so much courage and sensibility. In proportion to the wretchedness of her, who, forgetting her lost freshness of youth, and laden with finery, runs after the vain homage that flies her, is that woman's glory, who, though still beautiful, is seen surrounded by her children and grandchildren. Thus the woman between forty-five and sixty, instead of withering away in solitude, becomes the soul of a new society. Every young household claims her and makes a holiday of her presence, for wherever she turns her steps, moral power and tender consolations are in her train. It is thus that families, true to the laws of nature, find, within themselves, their pleasures, their glory, their instruction and their support. All is linked together in the moral, as it is in the physical world; and the grandmother is not only the joy, but the light of childhood. It is through her that the daughters resemble their mother, and that the sons, in marrying, carry into the conjugal mansion the virtues which they have practised under the maternal roof.

When the immortal Richardson sought to trace, in the character of Harriet Byron, the ideal type of a perfect woman, he gave to her for her instructress her grandmother, Mrs. Shirley, remarking, on all occasions, that the deceased mother of Miss Byron had been an excellent wife. This admirable genius wished us to understand that the grandmother is a second mother, and that her vivifying influence can exercise itself over two successive generations. And, on this subject, we remember to have heard it said by Madame Campan, that, of all the young girls confided to her care, the best was one who had been brought up by her grandmother. This amiable child was remarkable for tender piety, order, submission, attentive obedience, and that gentleness, which, if it be not the first virtue in a woman, is perhaps her most powerful means of happiness. Not, indeed, that we mean to insist on the education given by a grandmother as being better than that given by a mother, but only that the grandmother can best inspire and direct the mother in each successive care required by infancy and youth; delightful cares, which ward off peril and lead to virtue by the path of pleasure and example; cares, which all women understand, and of which it has been given to no man to comprehend the charm and possess himself of the sweet secrets. We will enter into no details on this part of education: Jean Jacques Rousseau exhausted it; but what we shall never be weary of repeating, is, that the heart of a wife, the heart of a mother, is the strongest, the most disinterested, and the most ardent, upon earth.

From all these conclusions are to be drawn: the first, that women are not unhappy in growing old, except when they misunderstand their twofold mission of mother and grandmother; the second, that society, in the present day, shaken even to its foundations, can only be re-established by means of the family, and that the family itself cannot acquire true elevation except by the maternal influence.

If you want to be happy, mount a hobby. If you want to be learned, have a hobby. This world is a dreary place to a man who has not a hobby. He knows not what to do with his time if he has got any to spare, and if he has got none to spare, he knows not how to season his labour so as to make it palatable. A man will learn more in a week riding on a hobby, than in twelve months walking on his leather soles. Boys should not cease to ride hobbies when they become men; they ought merely to procure more manly hobbies, and ride on.

## A DREAM OF HOME.

The day is gone, dark grow the skies,  
 The timid stars their lamps reveal,  
 And o'er earth's weary, drowsy eyes,  
 Night's deep and tomb-like shadows steal.  
 But o'er my soul a pale light streams,  
 Too faint for heaven, too pure for earth;  
 It guides me through the land of dreams,  
 To my far-distant land of birth.  
 The land of friends, the land of love—  
 How radiantly its vision beams,  
 As well-known faces seem to move  
 And smile before my sight, in dreams.  
 Their voices on my senses fall,  
 Like heavenly music, silent long;  
 They tremble on my heart, and call  
 Its slumbering echoes into song.  
 Now as I gaze their forms expand,  
 More closely to my side they move;  
 They take me gently by the hand,  
 They utter words of peace and love.  
 I feel their kisses on my brow,  
 Their soft sighs stealing through my hair,  
 I see their eyes with love o'erflow—  
 My tears of joy flow freely there.  
 Beautiful forms! They put to flight  
 The moody clouds that round me roll,  
 And shine like gentle stars, to light  
 The solemn midnight of my soul!  
 A lovely dream!—but it is gone—  
 Awaken'd by the noise of men,  
 I lie upon my couch alone,  
 And rise to busy life again.  
 The dream is gone—but still the hue  
 Of its rare lustre round me gleams,  
 And, for this happy interview,  
 I bless the God of love and dreams.  
 I give, not niggardly, to Him,  
 Thanks for my present peace of mind,  
 Thanks for the memory of my dream,  
 Thanks for the hope with it combin'd.  
 And ever, when night's heavy wing  
 Shall fan me till mine eyelids close,  
 I'll need no brighter dream to bring  
 My worn-out spirit to repose.

R. V.

## SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

To MESSRS. GALES AND SEATON:

A fit of illness and a subsequent absence from town have interrupted my bi-weekly missives for a while, but having recovered both health and customary whereabouts, I beg leave to resume the long-held button of your subscribers' attention. While I am getting over my *desorienté* feeling, perhaps you will permit me to endeavour to amuse them with some things I have noticed out of New-York.

By special favour I got a sight, while in Boston, of Crawford's statue of Orpheus, not yet open for public exhibition. As I stated in a former letter, the *Athenæum* has, most appreciatively, erected a new building expressly for this work of art, and nothing remains to be done but the finishing of the walls of the interior. It is a lofty room, and the statue is placed on a pedestal of masonry (rather oddly I thought) in the corner. It was, unfortunately, badly packed at Florence, and when taken from the box, in Boston, the legs were found to be both broken off. Mr. Dexter, a young sculptor of singular mechanical *dexterity* as well as promising genius, (the author of the admirable bust of Dickens,) was employed to restore it, and has done it wonderfully. It requires close examination to perceive the fracture, and the discolouration might easily be taken, even then, for stains in the marble, so evidently are the statuary lines preserved as the artist designed them.

The statue is of the size of life—nude, with the exception of a short mantle, and sandals upon the feet. Orpheus is represented as just emerging from hell, and passing Cerberus, whom he has put to sleep with his music. The three-headed dog is "nid, nid, nodding" with his three heads, and

either has two tails (which was not down in my mythology) or his *unicus* is carefully combed away, madonna-wise, into two parts. The figure is bent over, like a man emerging from a cavern, and the right hand is held over the eyes as if to protect them from the sudden blaze of daylight, while the mantle is lifted from the back by the current of air rushing in, leaving the body and limbs, by this natural and poetical contrivance, nude for sculpture. The face of Orpheus, like the action and feeling of the limbs, expresses intent, but soft and subdued, earnestness. It is an exquisitely beautiful youth, on the verge of manhood—slight, graceful and bloomingly filled out; and I thought the body one of the most life-like and perfect representations of nature I had ever seen in marble. I presume the artist intended to represent Orpheus at the moment *before* he sends his wife back to hell by looking prematurely after her. (Query—moral?) He holds the lyre, with which he has just charmed the infernal, upon his left hip, and the eager action, expressing the instant preceding the completion of a desperate undertaking, is finely conceived, and breathed into sculpture. The only objection I could make to the statue was one that is simply a difference of conception, and, to his own, the artist is quite entitled. I expected a less effeminate person and countenance. Orpheus was an "old married man," and a reformer and lawgiver *before* Eurydice's fatal flirtation with Aristæus; and his character, both in fact and fable, in tradition and in Virgil's verse, was one of most masculine and self-denying energy. He was a Grahamite, too, (the only man of that age who would not eat flesh and eggs,) and was finally torn in pieces by the women because he was an incorrigible widower—both which evince rather harsh qualities, and are not expressed in the Cupidon figure of Crawford's Orpheus. I am glad I have such trouble to find a fault, however, and I rejoice in the work altogether, as a most triumphant effort of American genius.

I saw another fine piece of art in Boston—Harding's full-length portrait of Governor Seward. It carries conviction, at a first glance, that it is true to the life, and, indeed, a finer piece of work than the head cannot be found in the portrait-painting of this country. It is breathing with character and individuality, and an absolute likeness, besides being faultless in colour. The figure is correctly done, no doubt, but Jupiter himself in black coat and trousers would be unpicturesque, and Harding has done his possible, redeeming the horrors of modern costume a little by an ingenious and graceful disposition of the cloak. Beside this picture stood the most capital portrait of the country, I think—Harding's Allston. This "other self" of the departed post-artist is about to be engraved in the best style of the art, I am happy to hear.

Speaking of Allston, I was told in Boston that his funeral was by torch-light, after nine in the evening, and one of the most impressive and befitting ceremonies ever witnessed. He was laid on the bier, simply wrapt in his shroud and covered with a pall, and was borne on men's shoulders to the tomb, and there coffined. These differences from ordinary burial were of his own directing some time before death. The wish to be excepted from the commonplace horrors of burial would be very natural to a mind like Allston's.

The Lecturing System, which the Evening Post thinks is dying by surfeit in New-York, is in full vigour in Boston, and it was thought that Macready would have made more money at it than by theatricals. I think myself that lecturers should be rather differently chosen, and that the object should be rather to come amusingly at the anatomy of society than to hear the preaching-and-water of which the lecturers are now delivered. Why not specify the subjects and choose the lecturer accordingly? If Sprague the cashier

would lecture on the pathos of discount and the anxieties of investment; if the head clerk in a retail dry-goods shop would unfold the inveiglements used for cheapening and getting credit, (life across the counter, that is to say); if a fireman would give us the pros and cons of excitement and combination, *esprit de corps*, and what stimulant there would be in putting out fires for charity were other stimulants to fail; if any intelligent business man or mechanic would lecture simply on the threads of society and common life which he lives by pulling—why, then, it seems to me, lectures would be entertaining and in no danger of being thinly attended. The greatest mysteries of life are the common linings of common brains, and since people are tired of the “turning out to the sun” of the satin and velvet of refinement and education, it would be well to come to the plainer stuffs without ceremony. A lecturer hired to pick each trade and profession of its mysteries by diligent inquiry, and to embody these mysteries in presentable elocution, might do a thriving business.

I was talking of pictures just now. A Boston merchant told me that he had made a considerable speculation lately by sending fifty “copies of the old masters” (imported Italian pictures) to *California*! He chanced to be passing a shop where they were to be put up at auction, and bought the lot—fifty paintings—at ten dollars each, frame and all. They sold to the Californians at a great profit. But *the original faith in the speculation* is the miracle of the business.

The influenza is raging in Boston, every body talking thick through the nose. I never saw such universality of *grippe*. The air in New-York is as pitiless and penetrating as a search-warrant, but it seems to have the wholesomeness of the “Etesian breezes,” and a bad cold I started with from Boston left me somewhere in the Sound, for I arrived without it. Perhaps, like Eurydice, it turned back at *Hell-gate*.

The pulse of Broadway is accelerated to fever beat. There is good sleighing in the white *margins* of that long page of black letter, and the astonished coal and smoke at weathercock level is doubtless agitated violently with the change from the *contralto* monotone of wheels to the “frightful tintamarre” of bell-metal. Sidewalks wet and slippery.

A very short absence from a great city unhinges one's metropolitan habitude, and, on returning, one looks at the placards on the walls as one does at the features of a long absent friend, doubtful of what degree of change these superficial lines may be the exponents. None but your diurnal cit reads playbills with indifference and incredulity! The writing on the walls just now is, more than usual, flowery in its promises of amusement, and though “promising is the very air o' the time,” and “performance is ever the duller for his act,” I wanted last night a Mephistophilian ubiquity—the temptations were so many. Niblo's equestrian pageants are glowingly advertised, and said to be very splendid. New dancing-girls at the Chatham—new fun at Mitchell's Olympic—concerts in all directions—lectures more than plenty—fortune-tellers and jugglers, dwarfs and fat children, new oyster palaces, and all manner of balls, bewilder the eye of the street passenger with their rhetoric of placard.

Macready was playing *Werner* at the Park last night, and I looked in for a few moments. The house was about half full. As I entered he was commencing the long passage of reproach to Ulric, which he utters throughout at the tip-toe agony scream. A smart friction of the tympanum of the ear with a nutmeg-grater would be an emollient in comparison. Why should this accomplished actor aggravate his defects so painfully! That pipe of his would have been a disqualification for any *viva voce* vocation to the mind of a less persevering man, but it seems to me that its

dissonance might be abated by the degree of discipline he is willing to practice on other capabilities. He was well supported, by the way, by Miss Cushman. Mrs. Sloman has given place to this lady, and returned to the shades of the past generation. Her Orpheus, Mr. Simpson, will not go after her again, it is to be hoped.

A sudden impulse, as I came out of the theatre, led me to the discovery of a new milliners-land in New-York—the existence of which, “minion of the lamps” as I have been, I had not suspected. I jumped into an omnibus that was passing, with a mere curiosity to see how far into the Orient the brilliant shops of East Broadway extended. We passed by the *terra cognita* of Catherine-street and Chatham, and their picturesque sellers of chesnuts by torch-light, and kept up the well-lighted avenue of the Bowery, when (to my momentary disappointment) the omnibus turned suddenly to the right, down Grand-street. As the brilliancy of the lamps and shop windows did not diminish, however, I kept my seat, and, to my surprise, rode on through a new Broadway which seemed to me interminable. I got out at last to walk back and look at it more leisurely. The shops on the south side were nearly all those of milliners and fancy article dealers, differing from those of Greenwich-street on the other side of the city in being smaller, brighter coloured in the array of goods, (as if ministering to a gaudier taste,) and more in the style of street stalls, such as are common in small Italian towns. There was another primitive peculiarity in the apparent custom in that region, for the whole family to wait behind the counter. In one very crowded and low-raftered shop, the sign of which was “Cheap Jemmy,” the mother and half a dozen stout daughters were all busy waiting on customers, while a child in arms was dandled by a little girl sitting by the stove. Every thing about the shop was of the strictest school of the *thrifty primitives*. Seeing a pretty and intelligent-looking milliner with her hands crossed over the glass case on her counter, a few doors from “Cheap Jemmy,” I went in and bought a pair of gloves, for the sake of asking a question or two. She said rents were much cheaper in Grand-street than in the other shopping streets of the city, and goods proportionably cheaper. The coloured people do their shopping principally there. She was not acquainted at all in Grand-street. When she wanted to go out she got into an omnibus and went down town. Altogether, the Grand-street shops are unlike the other parts of the city—gayer and more picturesque—and life seems to be centralized and crowded together there, as if it were a suburb across a river. I must give you some notion of the geography of this quarter. Imagine Manhattan to be a man-with-a-hat-on (Union square the hat) lying on his back, with Castle Garden for a bunion on his great toe, Broadway would be his spine and intestinal canal, Chelsea and Greenwich his right arm, *Grand-street his outstretched left arm*, the Tabernacle and Tomb, City Hall and Park, his rotund corporation, spleen, liver, &c. In ancient times the resemblance would have been seized upon at once for a deification.

A *chef d'œuvre* of daguerreotype is in preparation. The Senate chamber is to be engraved after photographs in the best style of Apollo, Chilton, and Edwards! These gentlemen (the god of light not the least enterprising and efficient of the three) have in preparation a magnificent engraving of the senators in appropriate positions, after the manner of some of the finest English prints. This is a bold and beautiful undertaking, and, from the known skill and enterprise of these gentlemen, will doubtless be successfully accomplished. Whether an adequate recompense can be realized in this country remains to be seen. Most of the miniatures

for this engraving were obtained at the daguerreotype gallery of these gentlemen, and there is an art particularly suited to the transfer of the strong lineaments of senatorial faces. The engraving will be a curiosity. A celebrated artist is to be employed for the grouping.

A couple of lads of fourteen have issued the first number of a newspaper about as large as two outspread hands, called *The Independent*. I was standing in my office yesterday, when one of them, a singularly beautiful and bright-looking little fellow, stepped in and handed me one of his papers with the finished air of a Ganyমেদে. It is very cleverly put together, and I should think *might* go as long as boys and girls (with the permission of Miller and the prophets) are perpetuated.

I am very sorry to hear that the gifted artist Inman, who has been some time ill, is supposed to be beyond hope of recovery. The country would lose in him one of its most brilliant men of genius.

The sun has been doing *his* work while I have been doing *mine*, and has blackened the earth that was white in the morning, as I have blackened this sheet that was in the morning as immaculate. I shall leave my more industrious cotemporary to go on, while I stop and dine.

The public has been in the dilemma of Captain Macheath for several days—two enchanters having appointed for their delights the same evening.

Late, last night, the Norwegian, Olé Bull, (pronounced *Olay Bull*.) did the magnanimous, and yielded the use of one of the world's entire evenings to his rival, *Vieux-temps*, whose concert comes off, therefore, as announced, *this* evening. I shall go to hear him, and will tell you all I can fathom in what I hear.

I do not believe that the leaven of *cognoscenti*, which "leavens the whole lump" into rapture with these performers, amounts to more than three people in an audience of three thousand, and I think that even those three would be puzzled to distinguish between Wallace, Olé Bull, and *Vieux-temps*, if they played the same pieces behind a screen. (I do not mention Artot, because he plays to the heart exclusively.)

Nobody with nerves can sit out a concert, it is true, without having the keys of tears occasionally swept over, as a child, thrumming a piano, will occasionally produce a sweet or mournful combination of sounds by accident. But because our eyes are once or twice moistened, and because we occasionally feel that the corner of the veil is twitched which separates us from the chainless articulation we ache after, it is no sign that we at all comprehend the drift of the player's meaning, or see into the world of complex harmony whither he gropes but confusedly himself. I have not heard the violin of Olé Bull, but I have talked with him for an hour or two, and I think he is one of the most inspired creatures, (and I should have thought so if I had met him as a savage in the woods,) whose conversation I have ever listened to. He talks a braided language of French, Italian, and English, plucking expression to himself with a clutch; and though he moulds every idea with a powerful originality, he evidently does not give birth to more than a fraction of what is writhing in his brain. If there were a volcano missing in Norway, I should fancy we had encountered it on its travels—the crater not provided for in its human metempsychosis. Probably Olé Bull finds his violin a much more copious vent than language, for his imprisoned lava—but to *coën* that lava into language as he pours it out in tangled chromatrics, would be to comprehend his music, and that, I say again, is not done by more than three in three thousand, if *done at all*! I told him I should like to hear him play a *l'improvisi*, after he had seen Niagara, and upon that he gave me

a description of wild Norwegian scenery, describing how he had tried to utter in music the effect it had produced upon him—gave it me with a "fine frenzy," that pulled hard (and I should like to know the philosophy of that) upon the roots of my hair. There is something weird and supernatural about the man.

Mechanical dexterity on the violin has as much to do with music, I believe, as drawing a bank-check has to do with credit at the bank—a very necessary part of the matter, but owing its value entirely to what has gone before. Music is *mind* expressed in one of the half-dozen languages we possess—and as capable of logic and transfer into words, as painting or poetry, or expression of feature and gesture. Olé Bull when playing has (or ought to have) an explainable argument in his mind, and the bridge wanting between him and his audience is a translation of his musical argument into language—given before or after the performance. This he could easily do. At present, it is, to the audience, like a most eloquent oration in an unknown tongue—comprehensible only to the orator.

I have mentioned in some book, that while at Vienna, I saw a self-educated philosopher at the institute, who was discovering the link between music and geometry. He took a pane of glass and covered it sparsely with dry sand, and then, by drawing a particular note upon the edge with a fiddle-bow, he drove the sand by the vibration into a well-defined circle, or triangle, or square—whichever we chose of half-a-dozen geometrical figures. I have looked ever since, to hear of an advancement in this phase of daguerreotype. Once reduced to a grammar, music would be as articulate as oratory, and we should be able to distinguish its sense from its gibberish.

In person Olé Bull is a massive, gladiator-like creature, rather uncouth, passionately impulsive in his manners, and with a confused face, which only becomes legible with extreme animation. Wide-awake, he is often handsome—fast-asleep, he is doubtless as plain as a Norwegian boulder-stone. If he ever work his musical logic up to his musical impulse and execution, he will hang the first lamp in the darkest chamber of human comprehension.

I have two more steps to announce to you in the advance of the gynocracy. There is a gymnasium in the upper part of Broadway, where the LADIES don the Turkish costume, and ARE TAUGHT SPARRING and CLIMBING in jackets and loose trousers. Great-coats with a snug fit to the back are superseding cloaks for ladies' out-of-door wear. "Merciful heavens!" as Dick Swiveller would say.

I have been looking over a file of English papers, published at Canton, China, in which I find that the interpreter to the French consulate has obtained a copy of the famous Chinese Dictionary, which is an encyclopedia of the history, sciences, arts, habits and usages of the Chinese, composed at the commencement of the eighteenth century by order of the Emperor Ram-hi. A very small number of these was printed, for the emperor and principal functionaries of the empire only. It is to be reprinted immediately, with a French and English translation. Mr. Cushing goes there in a good time for finding the material he will want for researches, literary and political.

I am tempted occasionally to send you for extract some racy, brilliant and graphic sketches of the city and goings-on which appear in the Aurora. If you are ever "gravelled for lack of matter," you will find spicy clippings in that paper. The writer, whoever he is, should be labelled.

Very black overhead, and (between *mauvais-temps* and *Vieux-temps*) a fine prospect of a harvest to-night for the hack-drivers.

## THE DYING YEAR.

Winter is come again. The sweet south-west  
Is a forgotten wind, and the strong earth  
Has laid aside its mantle to be bound  
By the frost-fetter. There is not a sound,  
Save of the skater's heel, and there is laid  
An icy finger on the lip of streams,  
And the clear icicle hangs cold and still,  
And the snow-fall is noiseless as a thought.  
Spring has a rushing sound, and Summer sends  
Many sweet voices with its odours out,  
And Autumn rustleth its decaying robe  
With a complaining whisper. Winter's dumb!  
God made his ministry a silent one,  
And he has given him a foot of steel  
And an unlovely aspect, and a breath  
Sharp to the senses—and we know that He  
Tempereth well, and hath a meaning hid  
Under the shadow of his hand. Look up!  
And it shall be interpreted. Your home  
Hath a temptation now. There is no voice  
Of waters with beguiling for your ear,  
And the cool forest and the meadows green  
Witch not your feet away; and in the dells  
There are no violets, and upon the hills  
There are no sunny places to lie down.  
You must go in, and by your cheerful fire  
Wait for the offices of love, and hear  
Accents of human tenderness, and feast  
Your eye upon the beauty of the young.  
It is a season for the quiet thought,  
And the still reckoning with thyself. The year  
Gives back the spirits of its dead, and time  
Whispers the history of its vanished hours;  
And the heart, calling its affections up,  
Counteth its wasted treasure. Life stands still  
And settles like a fountain, and the eye  
Sees clearly through its depths, and noteth all  
That stirred its troubled waters. It is well  
That Winter with the dying year should come!

## OUR ADIEU TO THE MAGAZINES.\*

ADIEU to the third sign of the zodiac! Adieu, oh GEMINI! Adieu, GODEY and GRAHAM! Most liberal of paymasters,—most gentle of task-masters,—Pashas of innumerable tales, adieu! adieu! adieu! We have learned to love you in our captivity. The messenger moon which you sent, duly, to remind us, with the holding up of her silent silver finger, that it was time to write, was not more punctual than the golden echo to our compliance! Pleasant has been our correspondence! Pleasant the occasional meetings in your city of Phil-gemini—Phil-adelphus—Phil-Graham and Godey—(synonyms not down in Crabbe.) Adieu to our captivity in magazine-land! We may look back from the *land of promise*, as the Israelites hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt—but we shall return no more!

Adieu, oh constellation of "Principal Contributors,"† in whose company we have done our allotted shining! We leave your choral hymn in which our *mal sostenuto* was drowned in the general diapason, to sing and shine in a fixed star's formidable solo. We trust to be missed among the listening Misses and Mrs.-es of your expanded orbit, and to be liked and listened to, as the new moon would say, "upon our own hook" hereafter. May the Pioneers in prompt payment be long able to fill your lamps with the oil of equivalent, and may you shine on, like the Pleiades, oh remaining seven! though the eighth star from the troop be departed!

Adieu, oh flattering eighth of unquestionable quarter-dollar appreciation! Of praise paid in money we scorn to be incredulous! We believe! To the eighty thousand enlightened persons who have for us (our share) an admiration amounting (*tale quale*) to three cents per month, we bid an affection-

\* Graham and Godey have still, each, an unpublished tale and poem of ours in their pigeon-hole keeping, we believe. We mention it to prevent misconstruction when they shall appear.

† "PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS"—W. C. Bryant, J. F. Cooper, R. H. Dana, J. K. Paulding, H. W. Longfellow, J. C. Neal, C. F. Hoffman, N. P. Willis."—Cover of *Graham's Magazine*.

ate adieu! At our first leisure we shall pack up our magnetic trunk and visit in spirit the eighty thousand spots, more or less secluded and sacred, in which we have done service as a while-time and care-beguiler. Let us down softly from your height of favour, oh kind three-centarians! We leave you reluctantly. Cling to our hand at parting, and wish us well in our own hook-tivity! Kind Graham! Kind Godey! another brace of adieus to you! And now, gentlemen and ladies who love us doubly and singly (i. e. sixpence-ly and for ourself) in the Mirror—we are yours, "from the pineal gland to the palate, from the palate to the fingers' end"—(the devotion exacted of his cook by old Anacreon, the hilarious.)

"Moxque amnes alii, que qua tulit impetus illos  
In mare (i. e. Mirror) deducunt fœnas erroribus undas."

For which prophetic contribution to our pages the ghost of Ovid will "please draw at sight"

The following writ has been served upon us for the recovery of two disregarded contributions—but we will take our corporal oath we never saw them.

*Monmouth County, New-Jersey, ss.*

## COURT FOR THE TRIAL OF SMALL CAUSES.

BEFORE PUBLIC OPINION, JUSTICE.

H. M. Plaintiff,

vs.  
NEW MIRROR, Defendant.

The plaintiff complains of the defendant in the following:—For that he, the said plaintiff, a small scribbler, did, some weeks ago, send unto the said defendant, the *New Mirror*, for publication in said *New Mirror*, a song, commencing:

"I know that I shall die in spring,  
Amid love's first caressing;"

and did, afterwards, to wit, some four weeks since, leave personally in the office of the said *Mirror*, addressed to the said defendant, a second article for insertion, commencing:

"I have seen one like her, a stripling boy,  
With the very pensive eyes;"

both of which said articles were signed with the said plaintiff's initials, "H. M." and that the said defendant has not inserted or noticed as rejected either of the said articles. The plaintiff, therefore, prays that the said defendant shall show cause why he has done neither with the articles in question.

H. M.

*Middletown, New-Jersey, 27th Nov. 1843.*

You are an intrepid man, Mr. "O!" You send us a story and tell us it is "brilliant"—and so it is, ("though you say so, that shouldn't say so")—"brilliant by the multitude of flaws, not by the quantity of light." You must go elsewhere to "turn your diseases into commodity."

An anonymous friend has sent us a police report clipped from the *Aurora*, setting forth that a certain "Willis alias Morris" has been convicted of a "burglary in the third degree." We beg burglars in the third degree to show more tact in their nomenclature! For anything in the *first* degree, we flatter ourselves, we might serve your purpose, gentlemen—but so low down in the calendar! Of course you were detected! The little biography appended to the tail of the report is an equally inapt sequent to the name of our firm, we presume to say. "There were four or five other indictments against the prisoners, for notwithstanding they were both of them young men, they have always led vicious lives!" Rain off a duck's back.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Your patronage would be more serviceable to us, dear reader, if you would receive the *Mirror* *through the mail*, in preference to any other medium, and thus communicating with us directly. The postmasters, as you know, are authorized to send us your letters enclosing money, &c. free of postage.

We have sent our last tale to our liberal friends, Graham and Godey, and have, of course, a spacious pasture to add to the freehold of the homestead. We have

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The mechanical execution of the present edition of this work is superior to anything of the kind ever issued from the press, and the publishers respectfully invite all those who are interested in the progress of the beautiful science of Music, as well as those who are fond of elegant specimens of Mechanic Arts, to call and examine this new work.

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R. L. & A. STUART, 285 Greenwich st., corner of Chamber st., have now on hand a large variety of French Fancy Boxes, Cornets, Cornucopias, &c., with the usual assortment of Candies and Sugar Plums, suitable for Holiday Presents.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is published every week by N. WILLIS, at No. 11 Cornhill, Boston. It has been printed upwards of sixteen years, and is the largest juvenile paper published, containing twice as much matter as some that are offered at a lower rate. Price one dollar a year—six copies for five dollars.

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Was bestowed upon a Roman who saved the life of a fellow-citizen. Were this the custom in vogue here, the proprietors of Peters' Vegetable Pills and Medicated Lozenges would be smothered under a forest of laurel wreaths. Thousands have been snatched from the very gates of death by these excellent preparations, and the fame of the cures they have wrought has increased the demand for them so immensely, that the machinery for their manufacture, vast as it is, and continually in motion, is scarcely adequate to supply the call for them. Pulmonary diseases generally yield to Peter's Cough Lozenges within forty-eight hours after they are administered, and coughs of long standing are generally cured by them in a single day. The Vegetable Pills remove all obstructions from the bowels, and purify the sources of the blood, and cure all diseases incident to the great organ of life. Principal office, 125 Fulton-st, New York; 2 Milk-st, Boston.

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## THE NEW MIRROR.

VOLUME II.]

PUBLISHED BY MORRIS, WILLIS, &amp; CO., ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

[NUMBER 13.]

Terms, \$3] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1843.

[per annum.]

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All the cheap publications of the day at prices. Address, GRAHAM

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# SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

To promote the health of the body and increase the tranquillity of the mind, are among the most important objects for which man lives, and for which the sages of antiquity labored with incessant and unremitting toil. The constitution of man was their study, in order to discover the seat of his maladies, and source of all his corporeal misery. To alleviate the drooping spirits, to inspire confidence to the desponding mind, and ease the sorrowed heart, all the arts and arguments of their philosophy and powers of reason were turned. Among the varied branches of worldly learning, there can be none equal in importance to that of the Healing Art, for the soul in a diseased body may be aptly compared to the martyr in his dungeon, which retains its real value, but has lost its usefulness. Many or most diseases have their origin in an impure or impoverished state of the blood, and this being a fluid *sua generis*, extending to the most minute ramifications of the system, the subtle poison is infused, and the seed being sown, brings forth fruit in abundance; in one instance causing a swelling of the glands, resulting in Scrofula or Kings-evil—in another ossification of the arteries or turning them into bone; also rheumatism and disease of the heart, cutaneous eruptions, diseases of the liver, and a variety of other maladies which soon hurry their victim to his grave. *Sands's Sarsaparilla*, a purely vegetable medicine, which is the result of years of labour and chemical research, in bringing it to its present state of perfection, will arrest, and, if timely administered, perfectly cure these diseases, by purifying the vital fluid, regenerating the constitution, dispelling diseased action, giving tone to the general energies of the system, and enabling the blood to course on freely, and bringing with it health and renewed vigor. As the Phoenix rises from the ashes of its fire, re-animated with new life, so does this medicine re-invigorate the whole system, enkindling its expiring energies and overcoming disease. The *Sarsaparilla* is furnished gratuitously to all who are unable to purchase it, on sufficient proof being given of their being fit objects of charity. The following certificates recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reader is referred to a pamphlet, which is furnished without charge by all the agents.

NEW-YORK, December 1, 1843.

MESSES. SANDS:

Gentlemen—Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of *Sands's Sarsaparilla*. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most inveterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bad, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her life. The complaint commenced in the roots of her hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then it attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continued to increase until it covered the most of her body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged; this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to prevent natural rest, and the odor from the discharges so offensive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention the nature of the case required. The disease was called Scald head and general Salt Rheum. We tried various remedies, with little benefit, and considered her case almost beyond the reach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your *Sarsaparilla*, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; and the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and the result is a perfect cure. To all parents we would say:—If you have children suffering with any disease of the skin, use *Sands's Sarsaparilla*. With feelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.

ELIHU and SARAH SOUTHWAY,

No. 95 Madison-street, New-York.

MESSES. A. B. SANDS & CO.

Gentlemen—I can speak from a very gratifying personal experience of the great value of your preparation of *Sarsaparilla*. For about nine months I suffered beyond expression from an attack of that Protean and destroying disease, Neuralgia, by which I was rendered incapable of attending my ordinary employment. For months I was unable to write a line or hold a pen, or convey food to my mouth; and such was my bodily distress that to sleep, except in brief catches after extreme exhaustion, was impossible. The medical treatment usual in this disease availed me nothing, and I was at last persuaded to try your *Sarsaparilla*. Before the second bottle was quite used the disease abated. I continued to take it to the amount of six bottles, and was perfectly relieved, and I hope permanently, no indication of a relapse having appeared yet.

I believe you have not claimed for your *Sarsaparilla*, that it is particularly adapted to the tormenting disease to which I was subject; but I have no doubt it was the means of my recovery, and should have no hesitation in recommending it to others who may be suffering from Neuralgia. The rationale of its success is, I think, not difficult of explanation.

Several metallic preparations, such as nitrate of silver and arsenic, have been much relied on in late years, but they failed in my case. Respectfully, your friend and obedient servant,

C. HOOVER.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. Sept. 23, 1843.

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The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is *Sands's Sarsaparilla* that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for *Sands's Sarsaparilla*, and take no other.

## A CIVIC CROWN

Was bestowed upon a Roman who saved the life of a fellow-citizen. Were this the custom in vogue here, the proprietors of *Peters' Vegetable Pills* and *Medicated Lozenges* would be smothered under a forest of laurel wreaths. Thousands have been snatched from the very gates of death by these excellent preparations, and the fame of the cures they have wrought has increased the demand for them so immensely, that the machinery for their manufacture, vast as it is, and continually in motion, is scarcely adequate to supply the call for them. Pulmonary diseases generally yield to *Peters' Cough Lozenges* within forty-eight hours after they are administered, and coughs of long standing are generally cured by them in a single day. The *Vegetable Pills* remove all obstructions from the bowels, and purify the sources of the blood, and cure all diseases incident to the great organ of life. Principal office, 125 Fulton-st, New York; 3 Milk-st, Boston.

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LADIES about to give entertainments are invited to call and see the entirely new and beautiful sets of Forms and Moulds, just received.

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On the second floor, has been enlarged, so as to extend from the front to the rear of the building, and furnished in the most costly and sumptuous manner with Brussels carpet, French sofas, ottomans, divans, &c., where—in addition to every description of Confectionery—will be served up Oysters, French Soups, Sandwiches, Coffee, Chocolate, and a variety of Relishes, in a superior style.

This has already become a favorite resort for Ladies, who, after the fatigue of shopping, or a morning promenade, require some quiet, elegant retreat like this, in which to rest and refresh themselves; and also, for parties returning from a Concert or the Theatre, who can enjoy the most delightful snappers, without the trouble and inconvenience of preparing them at home.

## DR. ELLIOTT,

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Broadway, corner Warren-street,

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# THE NEW MIRROR.

EVERY NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH A STEEL ENGRAVING.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1848.

NUMBER 14.

THE unexampled success of the New Mirror has enabled us to adorn the present number with a highly-finished engraving. Will the reader do us the favour to examine the "View of Vienna," on the opposite page? If a more beautiful plate has appeared in any American periodical, we have not seen it. Hereafter these embellishments will be of a superior description. The New Mirror is no longer an experiment. Its foundation is broad and permanent. We already circulate TEN THOUSAND COPIES, and the subscription-list is daily on the increase, thanks to the liberality of a community who are ever ready to cherish and encourage industry and perseverance in the cause of literature and the arts.

## SHAHATAN.

In one of the years not long since passed to your account and mine by the recording angel, gentle reader, I was taking my fill of a delicious American June, as Ducrow takes his bottle of wine, on the back of a beloved horse. In the expressive language of the raftsmen on the streams of the West, I was "following" the Chemung—a river whose wild and peculiar loveliness is destined to be told in undying song, whenever America can find leisure to look up her poets. Such bathing of the feet of precipices, such kissing of flowery slopes, such winding in and out of the bosoms of round meadows, such frowning amid broken rocks, and smiling through smooth valleys, you would never believe could go on in this out-of-doors world, unvisited and uncelebrated.

Not far from the ruins of a fortification, said to have been built by the Spaniards before the settlement of New-England by the English, the road along the Chemung dwindles into a mere ledge at the foot of a precipice, the river wearing into the rock at this spot by a black and deep eddy. At the height of your lip above the carriage track, there gushes from the rock a stream of the size and steady clearness of a glass rod, and all around it in the small rocky lap which it has worn away, there grows a bed of fragrant mint, kept by the shade and moisture of a perpetual green, bright as emerald. Here stops every traveller who is not upon an errand of life or death, and while his horse stands up to his fetlocks in the river, he parts the dewy stems of the mint, and drinks, for once in his life, like a fay or a poet. It is one of those exquisite spots which paint their own picture insensibly in the memory, even while you look on them, natural "Daguerreotypes," as it were; and you are surprised, years afterwards, to find yourself remembering every leaf and stone, and the song of every bird that sung in the pine trees overhead while you were watching the curve of the spring-leap. As I said before, it will be sung and celebrated, when America sits down weary with her first century of toil, and calls for her minstrels, now toiling with her in the fields.

Within a mile of this spot, to which I had been looking forward with delight for some hours, I overtook a horseman. Before coming up with him I had at once decided he was an Indian. His relaxed limbs swaying to every motion of his horse with the grace and ease of a wreath of smoke, his neck and shoulders so cleanly shaped, and a certain watchful look about his ears which I cannot define, but which you see in a spirited horse—were infallible marks of the

race whom we have driven from the fair land of our independence. He was mounted upon a small black horse—of the breed commonly called Indian ponies, now not very common so near the Atlantic—and rode with a slack rein and air, I thought, rather more dispirited than indolent.

The kind of morning I have described, is, as every one must remember, of a sweetness so communicative that one would think two birds could scarce meet on the wing without exchanging a carol; and I involuntarily raised my bridle after a minute's study of the traveller before me, and in a brief gallop was at his side. With the sound of my horse's feet, however, he changed in all his characteristics to another man—sat erect in his saddle, and assumed the earnest air of an American who never rides but upon some errand; and, on his giving me back my "good morning" in the unexceptionable accent of the country, I presumed I had mistaken my man. He was dark, but not darker than a Spaniard, of features singularly handsome and regular, dressed with no peculiarity except an otter-skin cap of a silky and golden-coloured fur, too expensive and rare for any but a fanciful, as well as a luxurious purchaser. A slight wave in the black hair which escaped from it, and fell back from his temples, confirmed me in the conviction that his blood was of European origin.

We rode on together with some indifferent conversation, till we arrived at the spring-leap I have described, and here my companion, throwing his right leg over the neck of his poney, jumped to the ground very actively, and applying his lips to the spring, drank a free draught. His horse seemed to know the spot, and, with the reins on his neck, trotted on to a shallower ledge in the river and stood with the water to his knees, and his quick eye turned on his master with an expressive look of satisfaction.

"You have been here before," I said, tying my less disciplined horse to the branch of an overhanging shrub.

"Yes—often!" was his reply, with a tone so quick and rude, however, that, but for the softening quality of the day, I should have abandoned there all thought of farther acquaintance.

I took a small valise from the pommel of my saddle, and while my fellow-traveller sat on the rock-side looking moodily into the river, I drew forth a flask of wine and a leathern cup, a cold pigeon wrapped in a cool cabbage leaf, the bigger end of a large loaf, and as much salt as could be tied up in the cup of a large water-lily—a set-out of provender which owed its daintiness to the fair hands of my hostess of the night before.

The stranger's first resemblance to an Indian had probably given a colour to my thoughts, for, as I handed him a cup of wine, I said, "I wish the Shawanee chief to whose tribe this valley belongs were here to get a cup of my wine."

The young man sprang to his feet with a sudden flash through his eyes, and while he looked at me, he seemed to stand taller than, from my previous impression of his height, I should have thought possible. Surprised as I was at the effect of my remark, I did not withdraw the cup, and with a moment's searching look into my face, he changed his attitude, begged pardon rather confusedly, and, draining the cup, said with a faint smile, "The Shawanee chief thanks you!"

"Do you know the price of land in the valley?" I asked, handing him a slice of bread with the half pigeon upon it, and beginning to think it was best to stick to commonplace subjects with a stranger.

"Yes!" he said, his brow clouding over again. "It was bought from the Shawnee chief you speak of for a string of beads the acre. The tribe had their burial-place on the Susquehannah, some twenty miles from this, and they cared little about a strip of a valley which, now, I would rather have for my inheritance than the fortune of any white man in the land."

"Throw in the landlord's daughter at the village below," said I, "and I would take it before any half-dozen of the German principalities. Have you heard the news of her inheritance?"

Another moody look and a very crisp "Yes," put a stop to all desire on my part to make further advances in my companion's acquaintance. Gathering my pigeon bones together, therefore, and putting them on the top of a stone where they would be seen by the first "lucky dog" that passed, flinging my emptied water-lily on the river, and strapping up cup and flask once more in my valise, I mounted, and with a crusty good morning, set off at a hand-gallop down the river.

My last unsuccessful topic was, at the time I write of, the subject of conversation all through the neighbourhood of the village toward which I was travelling. The most old-fashioned and comfortable inn on the Susquehannah, or Chemung, was kept at the junction of these two noble rivers, by a certain Robert Plymton, who had "one fair daughter and no more." He was a plain farmer of Connecticut, who had married the grand-daughter of an English emigrant, and got, with his wife, a chest of old papers, which he thought had better be used to mend a broken pane or wrap up groceries, but which his wife, on her death-bed, told him "might turn out worth something." With this slender thread of expectation, he had kept the little chest under his bed, thinking of it perhaps once a year, and satisfying his daughter's inquisitive queries with a shake of his head, and something about "her poor mother's tantrums," concluding usually with some reminder to keep the parlour in order, or mind her house-keeping. Ruth Plymton had had some sixteen "winters' schooling," and was known to be much "smarter" (*Anglicé*, cleverer,) than was quite necessary for the fulfilment of her manifold duties. Since twelve years of age (the period of her mother's death) she had officiated with more and more success as bar-maid and host's daughter to the most frequented inn of the village, till now, at eighteen, she was the only ostensible keeper of the inn, the old man usually being absent in the fields with his men, or embarking his grain in an "ark," to take advantage of the first freshet. She was civil to all comers, but her manner was such as to make it perfectly plain even to the rudest raftsmen and hunter, that the highest respect they knew how to render to a woman was her due. She was rather unpopular with the girls of the village from what they called her pride and "keeping to herself," but the truth was, that the cheap editions of romances which Ruth took instead of money for the lodging of the itinerant book-pedlars, were more agreeable companions to her than the girls of the village; and the long summer forenoons, and half the long winter nights, were little enough for the busy young hostess, who, seated on her bed, devoured tales of high-life which harmonized with some secret longing in her breast—she knew not and scarce thought of asking herself why.

I had been twice at Athens, (by this classical name is known the village I speak of,) and each time had prolonged

my stay at Plymton's inn for a day longer than my horse or my repose strictly exacted. The scenery at the junction is magnificent, but it was scarce that. And I cannot say that it was altogether admiration of the host's daughter; for though I breakfasted late for the sake of having a clean parlour while I ate my broiled chicken, and, having been once to Italy, Miss Plymton liked to pour out my tea and hear me talk of St. Peter's and the Carnival, yet there was that marked *retenue* and decision in her manner that made me feel quite too much like a culprit at school, and large and black as her eyes were, and light and airy as were all her motions, I mixed up with my propensity for her society, a sort of dislike. In short I never felt a tenderness for a woman who could "queen it" so easily, and I went heart-whole on my journey, though always with a high respect for Ruth Plymton, and a pleasant remembrance of her conversation.

The story which I had heard farther up the river was, briefly, that there had arrived at Athens an Englishman, who had found in Miss Ruth Plymton, the last surviving descendant of the family of her mother; that she was the heiress to a large fortune, if the proof of her descent were complete, and that the contents of the little chest had been the subject of a week's hard study by the stranger, who had departed after a vain attempt to persuade old Plymton to accompany him to England with his daughter. This was the rumour, the allusion to which had been received with such repulsive coldness by my dark companion at the spring-leap.

America is so much of an asylum for despairing younger sons and the proud and starving branches of great families, that a discovery of heirs to property among people of very inferior condition, is by no means uncommon. It is a species of romance in real life, however, which we never believe upon hearsay, and I rode on to the village, expecting my usual reception by the fair damsel of the inn. The old sign still hung askew as I approached, and the pillars of the old wooden "stoop" or portico, were as much off their perpendicular as before, and true to my augury, out stepped my fair acquaintance at the sound of my horse's feet, and called to Reuben the ostler, and gave me an unchanged welcome. The old man was down at the river side, and the key of the grated bar hung at the hostess's girdle, and with these signs of times as they were, my belief in the marvellous tale vanished into thin air.

"So you are not gone to England to take possession," I said.

Her serious "No!" unsoftened by any other remark, put a stop to the subject again, and taking myself to task for having been all day stumbling on *malapropos* subjects, I asked to be shown to my room, and spent the hour or two before dinner in watching the chickens from the window, and wondering a great deal as to the "whereabout" of my friend in the otter-skin cap.

The evening of that day was unusually warm, and I strolled down to the bank of the Susquehannah, to bathe. The moon was nearly full and half way to the zenith, and between the lingering sunset and the clear splendour of the moonlight, the dusk of the "folding hour" was forgotten, and the night went on almost as radiant as day. I swam across the river, delighting myself with the gold rims of the ripples before my breast, and was within a yard or two of the shore on my return, when I heard a woman's voice approaching in earnest conversation. I shot forward and drew myself in beneath a large clump of alders, and with only my head out of water, lay in perfect concealment.

"You are not just, Shabatan!" were the first words I distinguished, in a voice I immediately recognized as that of



my fair hostess. "You are not just. As far as I know myself I love you better than any one I ever saw—but"—

As she hesitated, the deep low voice of my companion at the spring-leap, uttered in a suppressed and impatient guttural, "But what?" He stood still with his back to the moon, and while the light fell full on her face, she withdrew her arm from his and went on.

"I was going to say that I do not yet know myself or the world sufficiently to decide that I shall always love you. I would not be too hasty in so important a thing, Shahatan! We have talked of it before, and therefore I may say to you, now, that the prejudices of my father and all my friends are against it."

"My blood"—interrupted the young man, with a movement of impatience.

She laid her hand on his arm. "Stay! the objection is not mine. Your Spanish mother, besides, shows more in your look and features than the blood of your father. But it would still be said—I married an Indian, and though I care little for what the village would say, yet I must be certain that I shall love you with all my heart and till death, before I set my face with yours against the prejudices of every white man and woman in my native land! You have urged me for my secret, and there it is. I feel relieved to have unburthened my heart of it."

"That secret is but a summer old!" said he, half turning on his heel, and looking from her upon the moon's path across the river.

"Shame!" she replied; "you know that long before this news came, I talked with you constantly of other lands, and of my irresistible desire to see the people of great cities, and satisfy myself whether I was like them. That curiosity, Shahatan, is, I fear, even stronger than my love, or at least, it is more impatient; and now that I have the opportunity fallen to me like a star out of the sky, shall I not go? I must. Indeed I must."

The lover felt that all had been said, or was too proud to answer, for they fell into the path again, side by side, in silence, and at a slow step were soon out of my sight and hearing. I emerged from my compulsory hiding-place wiser than I went in, dressed and strolled back to the village, and finding the old landlord smoking his pipe alone under the portico, I lighted a cigar, and sat down to pick his brains of the little information I wanted to fill out the story.

I took my leave of Athens on the following morning, paying my bill duly to Miss Plymton, from whom I requested a receipt in writing, for I foresaw without any very sagacious augury beside what the old man had told me, that it might be an amusing document by-and-by. You shall judge by the sequel of the story, dear reader, whether you would like it in your book of autographs.

Not long after the adventure described in the preceding chapter, I embarked for a ramble in Europe. Among the newspapers which were lying about in the cabin of the packet, was one which contained this paragraph, extracted from a New-Orleans Gazette. The American reader will at once remember it:

"*Extraordinary attachment to savage life.*—The officers at Fort ———, (one of the most distant outposts of human habitation in the west) extended their hospitality lately to one of the young *protégés* of government, a young Shawanee chief, who has been educated at public expense for the purpose of aiding in the civilization of his tribe. This youth, the son of a Shawanee chief by a Spanish mother, was put to a preparatory school in a small village on the Susquehanna, and subsequently was graduated at ——— College

with the first honours of his class. He had become a most accomplished gentleman, was apparently fond of society, and, except in a scarce distinguishable tinge of copper colour in his skin, retained no trace of his savage origin. Singular to relate, however, he disappeared suddenly from the fort, leaving behind him the clothes in which he had arrived, and several articles of a gentleman's toilet; and as the sentry on duty was passed at dawn of the same day by a mounted Indian in the usual savage dress, who gave the pass-word in issuing from the gate, it is presumed it was no other than the young Shahatan, and that he has joined his tribe, who were removed some years since beyond the Mississippi."

The reader will agree with me that I possessed the key to the mystery.

As no one thinks of the thread that disappears in an intricate embroidery till it comes out again on the surface, I was too busy in weaving my own less interesting woof of adventure for the two years following, to give Shahatan and his love even a passing thought. On a summer's night in 18—, however, I found myself on a *banquette* at an Almack's ball, seated beside a friend who, since we had met last at Almack's, had given up the white rose of girlhood for the diamonds of the dame, timidity and blushes for self-possession and serene sweetness, dancing for conversation, and the promise of beautiful and admired seventeen for the perfection of more lovely and adorable twenty-two. She was there as chaperon to a younger sister, and it was delightful in that whirl of giddy motion, and more giddy thought, to sit beside a tranquil and unfettered mind and talk with her of what was passing, without either bewilderment or effort.

"What is it," she said, "that constitutes aristocratic beauty?—for it is often remarked that it is seen nowhere in such perfection as at Almack's; yet, I have for a half-hour looked in vain among these handsome faces for a regular profile, or even a perfect figure. It is not symmetry, surely, that gives a look of high breeding—nor regularity of feature."

"If you will take a leaf out of a traveller's book," I replied, "we may at least have the advantage of comparison. I remember recording, when travelling in the East, that for months I had not seen an irregular nose or forehead in a female face; and, almost universally, the mouth and chin of the Orientals are, as well as the upper features, of the most classic correctness. Yet where, in civilized countries, do women look lower-born or more degraded?"

"Then it is not in the features," said my friend.

"No, nor in the figure, strictly," I went on to say, "for the French and Italian women (*vide* the same book of *memoirs*), are generally remarkable for shape and fine contour of limb, and the French are, we all know (begging your pardon) much better dancers, and more graceful in their movements than all other nations. Yet what is more rare than a 'thorough-bred' looking French woman?"

"We are coming to a conclusion very fast," she said, smiling. "Perhaps we shall find the great secret in delicacy of skin, after all."

"Not unless you will agree that Broadway in New-York is the *'prato fiorito'* of aristocratic beauty—for nowhere on the face of the earth do you see such complexions. Yet, my fair country-women stoop too much, and are rather too dreamy in their tastes to convey very generally the impression of high birth."

"Stay!" interrupted my companion, laying her hand on my arm with a look of more meaning than I quite understood; "before you commit yourself farther on that point, look at this tall girl coming up the floor, and tell me what you think of her, *apropos* to the subject."

"Why, that she is the very forth-shadowing of noble parentage," I replied, "in step, air, form—everything. But surely the face is familiar to me."

"It is the Miss Trevanion whom you said you had never met. Yet she is an American, and with such a fortune as hers, I wonder you should not have heard of her at least."

"Miss Trevanion! I never knew anybody of the name, I am perfectly sure—yet that face I have seen before, and I would stake my life I have known the lady, and not casually either."

My eyes were rivetted to the beautiful woman who now sailed past with a grace and stateliness that were the subject of universal admiration, and I eagerly attempted to catch her eye; but on the other side of her walked one of the most agreeable flatterers of the hour, and the crowd prevented my approaching her, even if I had solved the mystery so far as to know in what terms to address her. Yet it was marvellous that I could ever have seen such beauty and forgotten the when and where, or that such fine and unusually lustrous eyes could ever have shone on me without inscribing well in my memory their "whereabout" and history.

"Well!" said my friend, "are you making out your theory, or are you 'struck home' with the first impression, like many another dancer here to night?"

"Pardon me! I shall find out presently, who Miss Trevanion is—but, meantime, *revereuse*. I will tell you where I think lies the secret of the aristocratic beauty of England. It is in the lofty *maintien* of the head and bust—the proud carriage; if you remark, in all these women—the head set back, the chest elevated and expanded, and the whole port and expression, that of pride and conscious superiority. This, mind you, though the result of qualities in the character, is not the work of a day, nor perhaps of a single generation. The effect of expanding the breast and preserving the back straight, and the posture generally erect, is the high health and consequent beauty of those portions of the frame; and the physical advantage, handed down with the pride which produced it, from mother to child, the race gradually has become perfect in those points, and the look of pride and high-bearing is now easy, natural and unconscious. Glance your eye around and you will see that there is not a defective bust, and hardly a head ill set on, in the room. In an assembly in any other part of the world, to find a perfect bust with a gracefully carried head, is as difficult as here to find the exception."

"What a proud race you make us out, to be sure," said my companion, rather dissentingly.

"And so you are, eminently and emphatically proud," I replied. "What English family does not revolt from any proposition of marriage from a foreigner? For an English girl to marry a Frenchman or an Italian, a German or a Russian, Greek, Turk, or Spaniard, is to forfeit a certain degree of respectability, let the match be as brilliant as it may. The first feeling on hearing of it is against the girl's sense of delicacy. It extends to every thing else. Your soldiers, your sailors, your tradesmen, your gentlemen, your common people, and your nobles, are all (who ever doubted it, you are mentally asking) out of all comparison better than the same ranks and professions in any other country. John Bull is literally surprised if any one doubts this—nay, he does not believe any one *does* doubt it. Yet you call the Americans ridiculously vain because they believe their institutions better than yours, that their ships fight as well, their women are as fair, and their men as gentlemanly as any in the world. The 'vanity' of the French, who believe in themselves, just as the English do, only in a less

blind *entireness* of self-glorification, is a common theme of ridicule in English newspapers; and the French and the Americans, for a twentieth part of English intolerance and self-exaggeration, are written down daily by the English, as the two vainest nations on earth."

"Stop!" said my fair listener, who was beginning to smile at my digression from female beauty to national pride, "let me make a distinction there. As the English and French are quite indifferent to the opinion of other nations on these points, and not at all shaken in their self-admiration by foreign incredulity, theirs may fairly be dignified by the name of *pride*. But what shall I say of the Americans, who are in a perpetual fever at the ridicule of English newspapers, and who receive, I understand, with a general convulsion throughout the states, the least slur in a review, or the smallest expression of disparagement in a tory newspaper. This is not pride, but vanity."

"I am hit, I grant you. A home thrust that I wish I could foil. But here comes Miss Trevanion, again, and I must make her out, or smother of curiosity. I leave you a victor."

The drawing of the cord which encloses the dancers, narrowed the path of the promenaders so effectually, that I could easily take my stand in such a position that Miss Trevanion could not pass without seeing me. With my back to one of the slight pillars of the orchestra, I stood facing her as she came down the room; and within a foot or two of my position, yet with several persons between us, her eye for the first time rested on me. There was a sudden flush, a look of embarrassed but momentary curiosity, and the beautiful features cleared up, and I saw, with vexatious mortification, that she had the advantage of me, and was even pleased to remember where we had met. She held out her hand the next moment, but evidently understood my reserve, for, with a mischievous compression of the lips, she leaned over, and said in a voice intended only for my ear, "Reuben! take the gentleman's home!"

My sensations were very much those of the Irishman who fell into a pit in a dark night, and catching a straggling root in his descent, hung suspended by incredible exertion and strength of arm till morning, when daylight disclosed the bottom, at just one inch below the points of his toes. So easy seemed the solution—after it was discovered.

Miss Trevanion (ci-devant Plymton) took my arm. Her companion was engaged to dance. Our meeting at Almack's was certainly one of the last events either could have expected when we parted—but Almack's is not the place to express strong emotions. We walked leisurely down the sides of the quadrilles to the tea-room, and between her bows and greetings to her acquaintances, she put me *au courant* of her movements for the last two years—Miss Trevanion being the name she had inherited with the fortune from her mother's family, and her mother's high but distant connexions having recognized and taken her by the hand in England. She had come abroad with the representative of her country, who had been at the trouble to see her installed in her rights, and had but lately left her on his return to America. A house in May Fair, and a chaperon in the shape of a card-playing and aristocratic aunt, were the other principal points in her parenthetical narration. Her communicativeness, of course, was very gracious, and indeed her whole manner was softened and mellowed down, from the sharpness and hauteur of Miss Plymton. Prosperity had improved even her voice.

As she bent over her tea, in the ante-room, I could not but remark how beautiful she was by the change usually

wrought by the soft moisture of the English air, on persons from dry climates—Americans particularly. That filling out and rounding of the features, and renewing and freshening of the skin, becoming and improving to all, had to her been like Juno's bath. Then who does not know the miracles of dress? A circlet of diamonds whose "water" was light itself, followed the fine bend on either side backward from her brows, supporting, at the parting of her hair, one large emerald. And on what neck (aye—even of age) is not a diamond necklace beautiful? Miss Trevanion was superb.

The house in Grosvenor Place, at which I knocked the next morning, I well remembered as one of the most elegant and sumptuous in London. Lady L—— had ruined herself in completing and furnishing it, and her parties "in my time" were called, by the most apathetic *blasé*, truly delightful.

"I bought this house of Lady L——," said Miss Trevanion, as we sat down to breakfast, "with all its furniture, pictures, books, encumbrances and trifles, even to the horses in the stables, and the coachman in his wig; for I had too many things to learn, to study furniture and appointments, and in this very short life, time is sadly wasted in beginnings. People are for ever *getting ready* to live. What think you? Is it not true in everything?"

"Not in love, certainly."

"Ah! very true!" And she became suddenly thoughtful, and for some minutes sipped her coffee in silence. I did not interrupt it, for I was thinking of Shabatan, and our thoughts very possibly were on the same long journey.

"You are quite right," said I, looking round at the exquisitely-furnished room in which we were breakfasting, "you have bought these things at their intrinsic value, and you have all Lady L——'s taste, trouble, and vexation for twenty years, thrown into the bargain. It is a matter of a life-time to complete a house like this, and just as it is all done, Lady L—— retires, an old woman, and you come all the way from a country inn on the Susquehannah, to enjoy it. What a whimsical world we live in!"

"Yes!" she said, in a sort of soliloquizing tone, "I do enjoy it. It is a delightful sensation to take a long stride at once in the art of life—to have lived for years believing that the wants you felt could only be supplied in fairy-land, and suddenly to change your sphere, and discover that not only these wants but a thousand others, more unreasonable, and more imaginary, had been the subject of human ingenuity and talent, till those who live in luxury *have no wants*—that science and chemistry and mechanics have left no nerve in the human system, no recess in human sense, unquestioned of its desire, and that every desire is supplied! What mistaken ideas most people have of luxury! They fancy the senses of the rich are always over-pampered, that their zest of pleasure is always dull with too much gratification, that their health is ruined with excess, and their tempers spoiled with ease and subserviency. It is a picture drawn by the poets in times when money could buy nothing but excess, and when those who were prodigal could only be gaudy and intemperate. It was necessary to practice upon the reverse, too, and hence all the world is convinced of the superior happiness of the ploughman, the absolute necessity of early rising and coarse food to health, and the pride that *must* come with the flaunting of silk and satin."

I could not but smile at this cool upset of all the received philosophy of the poets.

"You laugh," she continued, "but is it not true that in England, at this moment, luxury is the science of keeping

up the zest of the senses rather than of pampering them—that the children of the wealthy are the healthiest and fairest, and the sons of the aristocracy are the most athletic and rational, as well as the most carefully nurtured and expensive of all classes—that the most costly dinners are the most digestible, the most expensive wines least injurious, the most sumptuous houses best ventilated and wholesome, and the most aristocratic habits of life most conducive to the preservation of the constitution and consequent long life. There will be excesses, of course, in all spheres, but is not this true?"

"I am wondering how so gay a life as yours could furnish such very grave reflections."

"Pshaw! I am the very person to make them. My aunt (who, by the way, never rises till four in the afternoon) has always lived in this sublimated sphere, and takes all these luxuries to be matters of course, as much as I take them to be miracles. She thinks a good cook as natural a circumstance as a fine tree, and would be as much surprised and shocked at the absence of wax candles, as she would at the going out of the stars. She talks as if good dentists, good milliners, opera-singers, perfumers, etc., were the common supply of nature, like dew and sunshine to the flowers. My surprise and delight amuse her, as the child's wonder at the moon amuses the nurse."

"Yet you call this dull unconsciousness the perfection of civilized life."

"I think my aunt altogether is not a bad specimen of it, certainly. You have seen her, I think."

"Frequently."

"Well, you will allow she is still a very handsome woman. She is past fifty, and has every faculty in perfect preservation; an erect figure, undiminished delicacy and quickness in all her senses and tastes, and is still an ornament to society, and an attractive person in appearance and conversation. Contrast her (and she is but one of a class) with the woman past fifty in the middle and lower walks of life in America. At that age, with us, they are old women in the commonest acceptation of the term. Their teeth are gone or defective from neglect, their faces are wrinkled, their backs bent, their feet enlarged, their voices cracked, their senses impaired, their relish in the joys of the young entirely gone by. What makes the difference? *Costly care*. The physician has watched over her health at a guinea a visit. The dentist has examined her teeth at twenty guineas a year. Expensive annual visits to the sea-side have renewed her skin. The friction of the weary hands of her maid has kept down the swelling of her feet and preserved their delicacy of shape. Close and open carriages at will, have given her daily exercise, either protected from the damp, or refreshed with the fine air of the country. A good cook has kept her digestion untaxed, and good wines have invigorated without poisoning her constitution."

"This is taking very unusual care of one's self, however."

"Not at all. My aunt gives it no more thought than the drawing on of her glove. It is another advantage of wealth, too, that your physician and dentist are distinguished persons who meet you in society, and call on you unprofessionally, see when they are needed, and detect the approach of disease before you are aware of it yourself. My aunt, though 'naturally delicate,' has never been ill. She was watched in childhood with great cost and pains, and, with the habit of common caution herself, she is taken such care of by her physician and servants, that nothing but some extraordinary fatality could bring disease near her."

"Blessed are the rich, by your showing."

"Why, the beatitudes were not written in our times. If

long life, prolonged youth and beauty, and almost perennial health are blessings, certainly, now-a-days, blessed are the rich."

"But is there no drawback to all this? Where people have surrounded themselves with such costly and indispensable luxuries, are they not made selfish by the necessity of preserving them? Would any *exigence* of hospitality, for instance, induce your aunt to give up her bed, and the comforts of her own room to a stranger?"

"Oh dear, no?"

"Would she eat her dinner cold for the sake of listening to an appeal to her charity?"

"How can you fancy such a thing?"

"Would she take a wet and dirty, but perishing beggar-woman into her chariot on her way to a dinner party, to save her from dying by the road-side?"

"Um—why, I fear she would be very near-sighted till she got fairly by."

"Yet these are charities that require no great effort in those whose chambers are less costly, whose stomachs are less carefully watched, and whose carriages and dresses are of a plainer fashion."

"Very true!"

"So far, then, 'blessed are the poor!' But is not the heart slower in all its sympathies among the rich? Are not friends chosen and discarded, because their friendship is convenient or the contrary? Are not many worthy people 'ineligible' acquaintances, many near relations unwelcome visitors, because they are out of keeping with these costly circumstances, or involve some sacrifice of personal luxury? Are not people, who would not preserve their circle choice and aristocratic, obliged to inflict cruel insults on sensitive minds, to alight, to repulse, to neglect, to equivocate and play the unfeeling and ungrateful, at the same time that to their superiors they must often sacrifice dignity, and contrive, and flatter, and deceive—all to preserve the magic charm of the life you have painted so attractive and enviable?"

"Heigho! it's a bad world, I believe!" said Miss Trevanion, betraying by that ready sigh that even while drawing the attractions of high life, she had not been blind to this more unfavourable side of the picture.

"And, rather more important query still, for an heiress," I said, "does not an intimate acquaintance with these luxurious necessities, and the habit of thinking them indispensable, make all lovers in this class mercenary, and their admiration, where there is wealth, subject at least to scrutiny and suspicion?"

A quick flush almost crimsoned Miss Trevanion's face, and she fixed her eyes upon me so inquisitively as to leave me in no doubt that I had inadvertently touched upon a delicate subject. Embarrassed by a searching look, and not seeing how I could explain that I meant no allusion, I said hastily, "I was thinking of swimming across the Susquehannah by moonlight."

"Puck is at the door, if you please, Miss!" said the butler, entering at the moment.

"Perhaps while I am putting on my riding-hat," said Miss Trevanion, with a laugh, "I may discover the connection between your two last observations. It certainly is not very clear at present."

I took up my hat.

"Stay—you must ride with me. You shall have the groom's horse, and we will go without him. I hate to be chased through the Park by a flying servant—one English fashion, at least, that I think uncomfortable. They manage it better where I learned to ride," she added with a laugh.

"Yes, indeed! I do not know which they would first starve to death in the back-woods—the master for his insolence in requiring the servant to follow him, or the servant for being such a slave as to obey."

I never remember to have seen a more beautiful animal than the high-bred blood mare on which my *ci-devant* hostess of the Plymton Inn rode through the Park gates, and took the serpentine path at a free gallop. I was as well mounted myself as I had ever been in my life, and delighted, for once, not to fret a hundred yards behind, the ambitious animal seemed to have wings to his feet.

"Who ever rode such a horse as this," said my companion, "without confessing the happiness of riches! It is the one luxury of this new life that I should find it misery to forego. Look at the eagerness of his ears! See his fine limbs as he strikes forward! What nostrils! What glossy shoulders! What bounding lightness of action! Beautiful Puck! I could never live without you! What a shame to nature that there are no such horses in the wilderness!"

"I remember seeing an Indian pony," said I, watching her face for the effect of my observation, "which had as many fine qualities, though of a different kind—at least when his master was on him."

She looked at me inquiringly.

"By the way, too, it was at your house on the Susquehannah," I added, "you must remember the horse—a black, double-jointed —"

"Yes, yes! I know. I remember. Shall we quicken our pace? I hear some one overtaking us, and to be passed with such horses as ours were a shame indeed."

We loosed our bridles and flew away like the wind; but a bright tear was presently tossed from her dark eye-lash, and fell glittering on the dappled shoulder of her horse. "Her heart is Shahatan's," thought I, "whatever chance there may be that the gay honourable who is at our heels may dazzle her into throwing away her hand."

Mounted on a magnificent hunter, whose powerful and straight-forward leaps soon told against the lavish and high action of our more showy horses, the Hon. Charles—the gentleman who had engrossed the attention of Miss Trevanion the night before at Almack's—was soon beside my companion, and leaning from his saddle, was taking pains to address conversation to her in a tone not meant for my ear. As the lady picked out her path with a marked preference for his side of the road, I of course rode with a free rein on the other, rather discontented, however, I must own, to be playing *Monsieur de Trop*. The Hon. Charles, I very well knew, was enjoying a temporary relief from the most pressing of his acquaintances by the prospect of his marrying an heiress, and in two years' gay life in London I had traversed his threads too often to believe that he had a heart to be redeemed from dissipation, or a soul to appreciate the virtues of a high-minded woman. I found myself, besides, without wishing it, attorney for Shahatan in the case.

Observing that I "sulked," Miss Trevanion, in the next round, turned her horse's head towards the Serpentine Bridge, and we entered into Kensington Gardens. The band was playing on the other side of the ha-ha, and fashionable London was divided between the equestrians on the road, and the promenaders on the green-sward. We drew up in the thickest of the crowd, and presuming that, by Miss Trevanion's tactics, I was to find some other acquaintance to chat with while our horses drew breath, I spurred to a little distance; and sat mum in my saddle with forty or fifty horsemen between me and herself. Her other companion had put his horse as close by the side of Puck as possible, but there were other dancers at Almack's who had an eye upon

the heiress, and their *tete-a-tete* was interrupted presently by the how-d'ye-do's and attentions of half a dozen of the gayest men about town. After looking black at them for a moment, Charles — drew bridle and backing out of the press rather unceremoniously, rode to the side of a lady who sat in her saddle with a mounted servant behind her, separated from me by only the trunk of a superb lime-tree. I was fated to see all the workings of Miss Trevanion's destiny.

"You see what I endure for you!" he said, as a flush came and went in his pale face.

"You are false!" was the answer. "I saw you ride in — your eyes fastened to hers — your lips open with watching for her words — your horse in a foam with your agitated and nervous riding. Never call her a giraffe, or laugh at her again, Charles! She is handsome enough to be loved for herself, and you love her!"

"No, by heaven!"

The lady made a gesture of impatience and whipped her stirrup through the folds of her riding dress, till it was heard even above the tinkling triangle of the band.

"No!" he continued, "and you are less clever than you think, if you interpret my excitement into love. I am excited — most eager in my chase after this woman. *You shall know why.* But, for herself — good heavens, — why, you have never heard her speak! She is never done wondering at silver forks, never done with ecstasies about finger-glasses and pastilles. She is a boor — and you, are silly enough to put her beside yourself!"

The lady's frown softened, and she gave him her whip to hold while she re-imprisoned a stray ringlet.

"Keep an eye on her, while I am talking to you," he continued, "for I must stick to her like her shadow. She is full of mistrust, and if I lose her by the want of attention for a single hour, that hour will cost me yourself, dearest, first and most important of all, and it will cost me England or my liberty — for failing this, I have not a chance."

"Go! go!" said the lady, in a new and now anxious tone, touching his horse at the same time with the whip he had just restored to her, "she is off! Adieu!"

And with half a dozen attendants Miss Trevanion took the road at a gallop, while her contented rival followed at a pensive amble, apparently quite content to waste the time as she best might till dinner. The handsome fortune-hunter watched his opportunity and regained his place at Miss Trevanion's side, and with an acquaintance, who was one of her self-elected troop, I kept in the rear, chatting of the opera, and enjoying the movement of a horse of as free and admirable action as I had ever felt communicated, like inspiration, through my blood.

I was resumed as sole cavalier and attendant at Hyde Park gate.

"Do you know the Baroness —?" I asked, as we walked our horses slowly down Grosvenor Place.

"Not personally," she replied, "but I have heard my aunt speak of her, and I know she is a woman of most seductive manners, though said to be one of very bad morals. But from what Mr. Charles — tells me, I fancy high play is her only vice. And meantime she is received everywhere."

"I fancy," said I, "that the Hon. Charles — is good authority for the number of her vices, and begging you, as a parting request, to make this remark the key to your next month's observation, I have the honour to return this fine horse to you, and make my adieux."

"But you will come to dinner! And, by the bye, you have not explained to me what you meant by 'swimming

across the Susquehannah,' in the middle of your breakfast, this morning."

While Miss Trevanion gathered up her dress to mount the steps, I told her the story which I have already told the reader, of my involuntary discovery, while lying in that moon-lit river, of Shahatan's unfortunate passion. Violently agitated by the few words in which I conveyed it, she insisted on my entering the house, and waiting while she recovered herself sufficiently to talk to me on the subject. But I had no fancy for match-making or breaking. I reiterated my caution touching the intimacy of her fashionable admirer with the baroness, and said a word of praise of the noble savage who loved her.

N. P. W.

(The conclusion in our next.)

A mercantile friend requests us to "preserve in the columns of the New Mirror the following scrap of information respecting the origin of bills of exchange."

When the Jews were driven from Arabia, in their flight great numbers of them passed over to Spain, then in the possession of the Moors, by whom they were treated with great kindness. As no obstacle to improvement in learning or to promotion in rank was placed before them, the Jews, by their genius and attachment to the interests of the state, soon raised themselves to high civil offices about the persons of the caliphs, who respected them, their learning, wisdom, and virtue. They established the most celebrated schools then in the world, both for sacred and profane literature. The Talmud, which in Arabia had been the only book studied by the Hebrews, gave place to the Scriptures, together with the most elaborate treatises on the arts and sciences; in the knowledge of which they took precedence of every learned fraternity in Europe. In the fine arts they likewise made great proficiency. Several among them are celebrated to this day as astronomers, architects, jurists, historians, poets, painters, and physicians. But neither the learning nor loyalty of the Jews availed them aught, when the crescent was supplanted by the red banners of the Cross. On the defeat of the Saracens, Ferdinand and Isabella left them no choice between baptism and banishment; and, with the exception of five hundred, whom the extremes of age and poverty prevented from removing, all preferred the latter. As the period for their departure was limited to a fixed hour, after which those remaining were liable to suffer death in case they refused baptism, the condition of the Jews was the most lamentable that can well be imagined. But they were not suffered to remain in the peaceable enjoyment of the time allotted to them by the royal edict. The Christians fell on them in many places, and put them to death without regard to age, sex, or condition. Those of them who had escaped towards the sea previous to the breaking out of the disturbances in the interior of the country, were either pursued and butchered on the coast, or were drowned in great numbers through the treachery of those who supplied them with vessels. Few arrived safely in Italy; and even there were only sheltered from a fate such as they had fled from by a papal bull. It was on this memorable occasion that some Spanish Jew merchants contrived, by the invention of bills of exchange, to possess themselves in Italy of that wealth which they had no means of removing out of the dominions of Ferdinand. Of what immense utility that invention has since been to the mercantile world it is needless to inquire.

#### MORNING.

THERE is a parting in night's murky veil,  
A soft pale light is in the eastern sky;  
It steals along the ocean tremblingly,  
Like distant music wafted on the gale.  
Stars, one by one, grow faint, and disappear,  
Like waning tapers, when the feast is o'er;  
While, girt with rolling mists, the mountains roar,  
High o'er the darkling glens their tops uprear.  
There is a gentle rustling in the grove,  
Though winds be hush'd: it is the stir of wings,  
And now the skylark from the nest upsprings,  
Trilling, in accents clear, her song of love;  
And now heaven's gate in golden splendour burns—  
Joy to the earth, the glorious sun returns.

## THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires  
 From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;  
 On that holy altar they kindled the fires,  
 Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.  
 Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,  
 Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand,  
 While mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,  
 And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given  
 Of mild resignation, devotion and love,  
 Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,  
 A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.  
 In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—  
 Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—  
 But God is the same in the aisle or the air,  
 And He is the Rock that we lean upon still. G. F. M.

## THREE VISITS

## TO THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

SECOND VISIT—1806.

THE first of September, 1806, a fine autumnal afternoon, Napoleon mounted his horse and left St. Cloud, his favourite residence, with the intention of taking a short ride about its environs. Accompanied only by a grand-marshal, a page, his aide-de-camp, (Rapp,) and a piqueur, he galloped towards the Bois de Boulogne, which he could have traversed soon, but, by one of those caprices common with him, when he had reached the grille of Passy, instead of going back he turned to the left, and followed the avenue leading to the wood by the gate of Maillot. He then stopped, and addressing Rapp, who was placed at his left, according to the duty of his office, he said:

"What think you of pushing on as far as l'Etoile, to see how they are getting on with the triumphal arch?"

"I think, sire, that your majesty would not stay there long."

"Why so, Monsieur?"

"Because it is still daylight, and your majesty would no sooner reach it than, recognized and surrounded—"

"Recognized?" interrupted Napoleon; "and by whom? Have I not my great-coat. I would pass for a citizen. It is you and these others who would make me known," added he, casting a look at the grand-marshal, who, with his handkerchief, was brushing the rich embroidery of his uniform, all covered with dust.

"But, sire," resumed the aide-de-camp, "it is the hour at which the Parisians usually go to promenade in the Bois de Boulogne. Your majesty once known, you could not examine at your ease what you wish to see, nor even free yourself from the curious crowd that would beset you; and you do not want an escort."

The last words were pronounced by the aide-de-camp in a tone almost reproachful.

"Come, come, do not scold, you are right; but, no matter, we can still make the tour to the triumphal arch without stopping there, while we passed under—a little later," he added, smiling.

Then addressing the grand-marshal:

"Duroc, you can return to St. Cloud; I will be there soon. Take Guérin with you."\*

Napoleon, perceiving the page getting ready to follow, as if delighted to make the excursion with him, said to him, with a mischievous expression:

"Monsieur, I have no further need of you; follow the grand-marshal, and go to studying."

The latter sadly turned the reins after Duroc, who was in advance of him. The emperor, followed by Rapp, entered

the avenue de Neuilly. Some minutes after both passed at full gallop to the left of the scaffolding of the monument, which was then only begun, to the great astonishment of the frightened pedestrians and cavaliers, not less scandalized to see a general officer and a citizen giving full reins to their horses in so frequented a promenade.

At the barrier de l'Etoile, Napoleon slackened his course, and followed the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, then, turning to the right, speedily gained the quay de Bailly. Arrived opposite the Invalides, he stopped his horse, and remained a moment in contemplation before the work of Louis the fourteenth. Day was already declining, and the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from the dome of the edifice, rising high and gleaming with gold above the dark roof of the Hotel.

"It is beautiful! it is beautiful!" he repeated many times. "Indeed, Louis the fourteenth was a great king!"

Then addressing Rapp, who appeared to feel the same emotions of admiration:

"Have you never wished to go up to the cupola you see there beneath the spire?"

"No, sire; Marshal Serrurier once proposed it to me, but I refused."

"Why, you are not a coward?"

"I think not, sire; but I know not—cooped up in such a cage, my head might turn, and—*ma foi*—"

"Ah, well, I would not go up there; not from prudence, but because from that point I should fear my soldiers would look too small."

"Much less would you, since your majesty does not find them any too large when on foot," said Rapp, smiling.

"I wish to go and see how they are to-day," resumed the emperor, without appearing to have heard the reply of his aide-de-camp; "but I wish to go alone, and without letting the marshal know it. Accompany me just here. Keep my horse; I will only stay a moment."

And Napoleon resumed his course.

"Sire," said Rapp, as they were passing the bridge, "let me remind your majesty that it is late. It will soon be dark. You have no escort, and—"

"You have already told me so," hastily interrupted Napoleon.

"And her majesty the empress will await you to dinner," continued the aide-de-camp.

"Bah! bah! she will have breakfast twice. At farthest, what time is it?"

"I have no watch, sire."

At this reply Napoleon checked his horse, (they had arrived at the esplanade des Invalides,) and, looking steadily at his aide-de-camp, said, frowning:

"What has become of the one I gave you two years ago?"

"I have never worn it, sire, since your majesty reproached me for its losing twenty-four a day when in your service."\*

\* The year before, while at Malmaison, Napoleon wrote one morning to Rapp, who was staying at Paris, to come to him at a specified time during the day. The emperor always exacted punctuality. The footman who was charged with the letter amused himself by stopping to drink while on his way, so that the aide-de-camp did not receive the imperial missive until the next day. When taking it soiled from the hands of the messenger, who avowed his fault, weeping, Rapp, who was goodness itself, said to him:—"At least, promise me to be more careful in future. I will not tell of it, for if the grand-marshal finds out that, charged with a letter from the emperor, you had stopped in a tavern and gressed it, he would dismiss you instantly; and he would do right." Rapp then hastened to the emperor, who, having vainly awaited him the evening before, reproached him severely. Fearful of causing the footman to lose the place by which he supported his family, Rapp assumed the responsibility of the delay himself, and tried to exculpate himself by laying the fault on his watch, (one the emperor had given him as a new-year's present

\* One of the ordinary piqueurs of the emperor.

This time Napoleon could not help understanding the allusion, it was so direct; but he knew how, by the aid of one of those innocent falsehoods it pleased him to tell, when he was in a good humour, to make it turn to his advantage, and replied to his favourite aide-de-camp, who was holding the stirrup for him to alight:

"Monsieur, the bad jester, I told you, on the contrary, that your watch advanced twenty-four hours a day when my service required it. You misunderstood me; a thing you do sometimes."

Then, smiling, he added:

"Wait for me here; no one will observe you. I will return in a few moments."

Napoleon walked quickly towards the principal entrance of the Invalides. It was growing dark. At the sight of a man wearing a military hat, boots with silver spurs, and two epaulettes, half-concealed by the great coat, the sentinel thought it was one of the superlour officers, and let him pass unquestioned, although the time for retiring had been announced in the interim in the Hotel.

As was his custom when he wished to observe, Napoleon crossed his hands on his back, and sauntered along the courts and under the galleries. A profound stillness reigned everywhere, for, the evening's repast being finished, the soldiers had retired to their dormitories. Armed sentinels, with sabres, were walking their rounds. They, supposing also that the individual who passed there was one of the superlour officers, did not disturb his meditations.

Napoleon walked towards the court leading to the chapel, and stopping at one of the side doors, looked up and endeavoured to read, as well as the twilight would permit his strained eyes, these verses, from the *Petréide* of Thomas, engraved above the door-way, and which the restoration has since effaced:

"Formerly, to prolong his days  
In an ungrateful country, saved by his courage,  
The warrior had not, in his declining years,  
An asylum wherein to live, a tomb wherein to be buried.  
The kingdom he has defended at last deigns to maintain him."

Just then the conversation of two invalids, who were coming out of the church, attracted his attention. In order the better to hear what they said, he followed on carelessly, regulating his steps by their movement, which was very slow.

These two men seemed bending under the weight of years. The eldest, conducted by the less aged, appeared asking some question of the latter, whose looks were alternately directed to the entrance of the court, lighted by a lantern, and the comrade whose tottering steps he was assisting.

"Jerome," said the oldest invalid, in a trembling voice, "do you not see him coming yet?"

"No, father; but, never mind, I will give him a sermon that he will remember! His conduct is not that of a man!"

"Jerome, we must have some indulgence for children," resumed the eldest; "we have been young too, and, *me foi*, at his age I was not, perhaps, worth as much as he. Eh! eh!" continued the old man, leaning on his crutch, "that was a hundred years ago! 'Twas in the time of his late majesty Louis the fourteenth. I had not then married thy mother."

"Never, father, never!" replied Jerome, striking his forehead with the only hand left him. "Respect the aged! Such was our motto in the time of Marshal Saxe; and, for

the strongest of reasons, too, when the aged are our own fathers."

"Come, come, my good Jerome, he is coming; poor little Cyprien. Don't be angry! He is a child to us. He has thought my prayer would be a long one, and so has gone to amuse himself at the grille. Do not scold him too much, for he loves you dearly. Do you see," said he, lowering his voice, "it is my fault. I ought to have said one more good confiteor."

Napoleon heard all, and, with the intention of learning more, accosted them frankly:

"From what I see, my friends, you are awaiting some one?"

At these words the least aged raised his head, and immediately lifted his hand to his hat, for he had seen the golden epaulettes glittering beneath Napoleon's great-coat.

"Yes, my colonel, I and my father Maurice, whom you see here, are waiting our idle boy, who has not come yet. He knows very well, the heartless fellow, that his grand-father has need of both his arms to help him up to his chamber, for he has them! while I—"

And Jerome shook his armless sleeve.

"You are a brave man!" said the emperor with emotion, "and your son does wrong. But," demanded he, walking along with them, "why did your old father stay as long at the chapel? It is contrary to the regulations of the Hotel."

"My colonel, it is in virtue of a permission of our marshal. Every year, on the first of September, my father spends a part of the day in saying prayers for the repose of the soul of the king whom he formerly served; and, since I have been with him in the Hotel, I have never known him fail in this pious exercise."

"Of what king?" asked Napoleon.

"Of his late majesty, Louis the fourteenth!" said the old man, who had not till then taken part in the conversation.

"Of Louis the fourteenth!" repeated Napoleon, with astonishment. "Is it possible you have ever seen him?"

"Here, even in this place. He spoke to me and I replied to him," said Maurice, proudly.

"You are very fortunate!" resumed Napoleon. "But, then, you must be more than a hundred years old?"

"My colonel, I shall be one hundred and twenty-one\* come next candlemas."

"One hundred and twenty-one!" exclaimed the emperor, stupefied; and, passing rapidly to the right of father Maurice, he took his arm, saying, in a tone full of benevolence, "lean on me, my old comrade; it is my place to help you."

"Ah! my colonel," replied the old man, in a voice of emotion, "I dare not; I know, too well, the respect—"

"Give me your arm; I wish it!"

And, taking hold of the invalid's arm, who still drew back, the emperor placed it gently within his own.

"Come, father, you must obey," said Jerome; "you see plainly that the colonel does not resemble the marquises of former times; and, with all your profound bowing, you will finish by taking cold this evening. You know that little father Costet has forbidden you, under pain of *ptiase*. And that confounded Cyprien does not come yet. He shall pay dearly for this to-morrow morning."

"You could not have been in many battles," demanded Napoleon of the centenarian, as they slowly resumed their

the preceding year,) saying that it lost time enormously, without his knowing it. Napoleon was not the man to be satisfied with such an excuse, and said it was very astonishing that a watch should lose twenty-four hours in a day. In the end, the emperor learned the truth; but, as was his custom, said nothing to his aide-de-camp about it, who, some time afterwards, told it to the grand-marshal.

\* In 1806, there were several centenarians among the invalids; the father, Maurice, who died in 1809, was one hundred and twenty-four.

† Then head-physician in the Hotel des Invalides.



course, momentarily interrupted, "for you must have been very young when you saw Louis the fourteenth."

"Eh! eh!" said old Maurice, coughing hardly, "I was eighteen when I made my *début* at Friedlengen.\* The following year I received my third wound at Hochstett, at the same moment that the son of Marshal Tallard, who was a cornet in one of the red companies—"

"Hochstett! do you say? That was long since—it was the French who lost the battle, although commanded by two marshals of France in person, and a prince of Bavaria. I do not remember—"

"Yes, my colonel, the elector of Bavaria and the Marshals Tallard and Marséin; famous warriors in the time of his late majesty, Louis the fourteenth. Oh! I remember it well; a musket ball entered my left shoulder, and passed out through my right. I fell from the blow, shouting *Vive le roi!* A year after my cure, I obtained from his late majesty, Louis the fourteenth, the favour of entering the Hotel des Invalides."

"It was not a favour," interrupted the emperor; "it was justice."

"It will soon be one hundred and two years that I have lived in this Hotel. I have married here, and have seen many of my comrades die. Although at present there are only young persons here, still I am very happy. Oh yes, very happy, particularly since my children have come to join me here."

"M. Jerome," asked Napoleon, touched by the recital of this Nestor of the army, "you, who are the son of this brave old man, what age are you?"

"Almost ninety-one, my colonel. I was born in 1715."

"Yes," interrupted the centenarian, "just the same year that his late majesty, Louis the fourteenth, died.† Oh! I remember it as well as if it was yesterday."

"Ninety-one years!" cried Napoleon. "No one, certainly, could take you to be so old. You must have been a long time in the army?"

"Twenty-eight years, my colonel. I have served successively under the Marshals Saxe, de Soubise, de Broglie, de Contades, and under the Prince of Condé. I was at Fontenoy, at Lawfeld, at Rosbach, at Berghen, and at Fribourg, where I lost my arm, as you see. I have been here since 1763; it will soon be forty-three years; but I belong to the time of Louis the fifteenth."

"Yes, Louis the fifteenth," said Napoleon, in a low tone; "a poor king, who signed that shameful treaty by which the French gave up fifteen hundred leagues.‡"

"And, for forty-three years," resumed the centenarian, "Jerome has acted the part of a good son towards me. Why does not his resemble him?"

This bitter speech fell heavily on the head of the absent one.

"Father," said Jerome, with apparent calmness, "Cyprien is young; there is some excuse for him."

"Certainly," added Napoleon, "young folks need indulgence. Yourself, my old comrade, just now admitted as much."

"My colonel," replied the old man, in a very low tone, "it is a *ruse de guerre*. Eh! eh!" and he coughed again; "when I see my son angry with his, I make believe I am still more angry than he. By means of this tactic, peace is soon established between them."

\* The battle of Friedlengen, in Suabia, gained the fourteenth of October, 1703, by the Marquis de Villars over the Prince of Baden. Villars was saluted Marshal of France by his troops on the field of battle.

† Louis the fourteenth died at Versailles the first of Sept. 1715.

‡ The treaty of Paris, 1763.

At this moment the little group had arrived at the end of a long gallery, feebly lighted by reflectors that only cast a doubtful light on all around; old Maurice stopped, and softly asked his son if he did not see Cyprien.

"No, father," replied the latter, in an accent of sadness, trying to see whether he could not see the delinquent coming; "I'll warrant the wicked fellow has obtained permission to sleep abroad without telling us anything about it. Oh! to-morrow! to-morrow!"

"Let us see," said Napoleon, with an unconcerned air, to the old man; "since M. Cyprien fails you, will you that I should take his place? Your son and I can aid you up stairs. The wind grows cold, and at your age it would not be well to keep watch."

"Oh! the eve of Hochstett, in the time of his late majesty, Louis the fourteenth, I remained six hours on duty before the enemy's line, at a half-shot from *Marlborough's* sentinels. The anapestade\* had completely forgotten me."

"The anapestade was capable of that in the time of Marlborough," said Napoleon, smiling; "but then you had a hundred years less than at present, and that makes a difference."

"Ah! my colonel!" said Maurice, wishing to disengage his arm that Napoleon still held; "I can not allow it."

"Come, come, father, since the colonel wishes to do this kindness, profit by it. The wind is rising. You already cough a great deal. Take care of the priam to-morrow morning!"

The centenarian yielded, and, with the aid of the emperor, and leaning on his son, ascended the large steps of the gallery, when Jerome cried:

"Here he is at last!"

"Cyprien?" asked Maurice.

"Yes, father," replied Jerome, muttering between his teeth the epithets of idler and libertine.

"Do not scold him too much," resumed Maurice, softly;

"do not scold him too much, he will not do so again."

"I know what I have to do," replied the latter dryly; "he is an incorrigible *mauvais sujet*."

"Where do you see your Cyprien?" asked Napoleon of Jerome.

"*Parbleu!* below! my colonel, before you."

The emperor looked round attentively in every direction, to see this *mauvais sujet*, this disrespectful child; he perceived only instead an invalid, whose silver chin glittered in the moonlight, and who was coming directly toward them as fast as his two wooden legs would permit him. It was the idler, the libertine, on whom had fallen so grotesquely the paternal recriminations of two generations. At the sight of this victim of war, Napoleon could not help feeling both pity and admiration.

The invalid, number three, was about sixty. His face was so mutilated it was horrible to look at. Besides the fictitious chin, which the art of the silvermith had managed to mount on the lower part of the face, he had a glass eye, whose fixed stare gave to his physiognomy a very singular expression. A glass eye for an invalid was there the *as plus ultra* of coquetry, and Cyprien must have been very much of one in his youth. He was tall, vigorously built, and walked slowly, it is true, but perfectly erect. He must have felt very culpable, for at that moment his air was quite humble. Jerome was ready to load him with reproaches, when the former, after giving the emperor a military salute, cut short his father's speech by saying, with admirable *sans froid*, and in a merry tone:

\* The anapestade was formerly the lowest under-officer in the infantry, and filled the same station which the corporal does now.

"Papa! papa! be calm. You must not judge without a hearing, as the illustrious Dugommier, my ancient general, used to say. I was not present at the roll of the drum, that is positive; but listen to me; I have remarked, that when grandfather, as to-day, passes a part of his time in the chapel, reciting in the morning the whole service, and in the evening his ancient catechism, a glass of wine more than ordinary enlivens him, and gives him natural legs to go up to the dormitory. Very well; I, who have only artificial ones, I had to run in search of Golibert, my chamber neighbour, to get him to let me have his portion of wine in exchange for mounting guard for him to-morrow in the lodgings of the marshal. There, you have that portion of consolation! Now scold me, if it is your pleasure, although I am radically innocent. I am very sure grandfather will not blame me this time."

On saying this the invalid drew from his pocket a bottle, covered with osier, and presented it to the centenarian. Jerome made no reply, but Maurice looked affectionately upon his grandson, and then addressed Jerome:

"Did I not tell you that Cyprien was not to blame? But, my child," he added, taking the bottle, which he shook with a trembling hand, "there is more than the ordinary portion here?"

"That is proved, grandfather; there is mine, also, that ran into the bottle without doing it on purpose. You would not be so very well off with only one portion."

And Cyprien drew from his pocket some lumps of sugar, and a piece of white bread.

"I profited by the coincidence to buy at the cantine of the infirmary these prohibited colonial productions. With this bit of bread and these ingredients I am going to prepare you a fricassee, in the best mode. It will have the effect on your poor stomach, a little rusty from the service of years, of a real under-waistcoat of Utrecht velvet."

"That is fine and good," resumed Jerome, quite appeased; "but, while waiting for you, you placed us in a cruel embarrassment; and without the help of the colonel, who had the kindness to assist my father, I do not know how I should have got him so far as this, with the cold too."

Cyprien again saluted the emperor.

"Papa, the march is not long, and the route is magnificent. It is all paved;" and, lifting his one eye to the heavens, at that moment sparkling with stars, "this weather reminds me of the illustrious Dugommier, my ancient general!"

Then, passing to the left of Maurice, he gayly added:

"I resume my place in battle and my post of honour."

"Yes, Monsieur Cyprien," said Napoleon, who stepped back a little, and, until then, had been listening to the justification of the invalid, "this place is now for you a real post of honour, and you should be jealous of yielding it to anybody."

"It is positive, my colonel, that I shall not abandon this now any more than I abandoned others formerly."

"I believe it. At what affair were you thus martyred?"

"My colonel, at the battle of Fleurus, gained over the Austrians by General Jordan, now marshal of the empire. When falling upon the enemy's cannon, one of them, loaded with canister, razed off my chin, as you see, put out one of my eyes, and rid me of my two legs at the same time. But," said Cyprien, "striking his large breast with both hands, "the stomach remains intact, and the heart has not been touched."

Napoleon smiled and continued:

"The battle of Fleurus took place on the twenty-sixth of June, 1794."

"Yes, my colonel. It was warmer then than it is at this hour, I assure you."

"That was in Bonaparte's time," said the centenarian.

"Grandfather," resumed Cyprien, with vivacity, "say, without reminding you, of the Emperor Napoleon the great; these are his baptismal names, and he is named only in this way in the Hotel."

"Yes, like his late majesty, Louis the fourteenth."

"Eh! grandfather!" cried Cyprien, with impatience, pirouetting on one of his legs; "let us have done with that monarch of the *ancient regime*, who made war only in peruke and silk stockings! Your Louis the fourteenth was only a ribboned and plumed king, good for nothing but to command the ancients in the camp of de la Lune! He is not to be compared to Napoleon, emperor of the French, and king of Italy. There is a pure monarch for you! He wears boots, a great coat, short hair, and a chapeau like ours! A consolidated hero, and the best bound together according to the ordinance! Is he not, my colonel?"

At this appeal the emperor frowned, and, with that grave voice, which dictated the destinies of the world, replied coldly:

"You are mistaken, M. Cyprien; Louis the fourteenth was a great king! It was he who raised France to the first rank of the nations of Europe; it was he who was the first to have four hundred thousand men on foot, and a hundred vessels at sea. He enlarged France with Roussillon, Franche Comte and Flanders; he seated one of his children on the throne of Spain; in a word, it was he who made the Hotel des Invalides! There is no king of France since Charlemagne to be compared with him!"

Hearing Napoleon pass this eulogy on the prince, for whom he professed a sort of worship, the centenarian made an effort to stand quite erect, and his eyes, sparkling with memories, his voice moved with admiration:

"Bravo! bravo!" said he to the emperor. "Ah! my colonel! You are worthy of serving his late majesty, Louis the fourteenth! In his time merit was so well appreciated he would have made you a field-marshal!"

Cyprien, more confounded by the accents in which Napoleon expressed his thoughts than by the words of his grandfather, held down his head, and tried to stammer something in justification:

"Pardon, excuse, my colonel, I never knew the monarch of grand-papa. I have never heard him spoken of but by the old comrades in the Hotel."

"And they, in speaking of him as you have done, are to blame," quickly replied Napoleon; for, if the memory of Louis the fourteenth ought to be venerated anywhere, it is here, in this place! Let them cast their eyes over everything around them! This magnificence, the provident solicitude with which they are surrounded, do they not tell them that the grand king wished to leave them a proof of his generosity and his power?"

At this moment a bright light appeared at the other extremity of the building; at the same time, a noise of steps, mingled with the hum of voices, was heard. It was Rapp, conducted by Marshal Serrurier, accompanied by his state-major, and followed by many invalids, bearing torches of resin.

THICK waters show no images of things;

Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be  
Clearer than crystal, or the mountain springs,

And free from cloud, design, or flattery.

For vulgar souls no part of friendship share,  
Poets and friends are born to what they are.

## ON A VERY OLD WEDDING-RING.

The device—two hearts united.  
The motto—"Dear love of mine, my heart is thine."

I like that ring, that ancient ring  
Of massive form, and virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it—for it waits me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.  
But most I like it as it tells  
The tale of well-requited love;  
How youthful fondness persevered  
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove;—  
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,  
Though *she*, unpitied, long denied,  
Till, soften'd and subdued, at last,  
He won his fair and blooming bride;—  
How, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-footed hours;—  
How then the white-robed maiden train  
Srew'd their glad way with freshest flowers;  
And how, before the holy man,  
They stood in all their youthful pride,  
And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows  
Which bind the husband to his bride;  
All this it tells;—the plighted troth,  
The gift of every earthly thing,  
The hand in hand, the heart in heart—  
For this I like that ancient ring.  
I like its old and quaint device;  
Two blended hearts, though time may wear them,  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
"Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.  
Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,  
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
These two, the world's rough pathways trod.  
Age might impair their youthful fires,  
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,  
Still, hand in hand, they travel'd on,—  
Kind souls! they slumber now together.  
I like its simple poem too;  
"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!"  
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,  
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.  
"This heart is thine, mine own dear love!"  
Thine, and thine only, and for ever;  
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail—  
Thine, till the chords of life shall sever:  
Remnant of days departed long,  
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
Of heartfelt, holy love, the token—  
What varied feelings round it cling!  
For these, I like that ancient ring.

## MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The age of Louis XV. was a bad age: a king without power, a nobility without dignity, a clergy without virtue; the loose manners of the regency mixed with the gothic prejudices of the middle ages; all the feudal race in embroidered coats; princes, dukes, marquises, gentlemen, making an art of corruption, and a merit of debauchery; noble by the grace of God, philosophers by the grace of Diderot; empty, foolish creatures, aspiring to profound thoughts, and taking refuge in incredulity on the faith of the facias of Voltaire or of a tale of Voltaire! Such was the age in which Rousseau appeared.

Below this gilded troop there was a people which looked on—they had been forgotten there in the street; and notwithstanding they looked on, amused with this grand spectacle, the actors of which, stripped all at once of their coat of mail, and of their feudal appurtenances, began to appear a less pure and formidable race. Bowed down beneath the weight of their long servitude, the people had remained barbarous in the midst of civilization, ignorant in the midst of science, miserable in the midst of riches; they had been instructed neither in their rights nor in their duties, and they suddenly found themselves face to face with their masters, like a lion before its prey, free in his strength and in his ferocity.

And what did power oppose to these imminent perils? Where was the legislation which should protect the citizens, and the evangelical worship which was to reform the man-

ners? Power apprehended nothing, it went on as before, without thinking of the future; employing the Bastille to controul the nobility, the Sorbonne to controul the philosophers, and having neither strength to modify laws, which had remained barbarous amidst the progress of the age, nor yet to awaken the clergy, stupidly occupied with the miracles of St. Paris in the company of the encyclopedists.

One man, one man alone, at this juncture, thought of the future destinies of the country; and this man was not even a Frenchman, he was the son of a poor watchmaker of Geneva, named Rousseau. Struck with the universal disorganization, he conceived one of those lucid ideas to which are attached, by imperceptible threads, the destinies of humanity. His aim was to give citizens to the country, while he appeared only to think of giving mothers to our children! The mother's milk shall be the milk of liberty! Concealing the regeneration of France beneath the veil of an isolated education, he removes his pupil from the falsehoods of public education: in this plan, so vast, in which one saw merely the child and its tutor, the genius of Rousseau comprised all that might constitute a great people; he knew that ideas of individual liberty do not fall speedily to become ideas of national liberty. While educating a man, he thought of forming a nation.

And what would be the means of this great revolution? Amidst so much vileness, who would dare to animate souls with the sacred love of truth? There is in the heart of woman a something of republicanism which incites her to heroism and self-sacrifice; and it is there that Rousseau looks for support: it is there, also, that he finds the power. He does not come as a severe moralist to impose sad and importunate duties: it is a family *fête* which he convokes; it is a mother which he presents to the adoration of the world, seated near the cradle, a beautiful child on her bosom, her countenance beaming with joy beneath the tender looks of her husband. Delightful picture, which revealed to woman a divine power, that of rendering us happy by virtue. Never did the human voice fulfil a more holy mission; at the voice of Rousseau each woman again becomes a mother, each mother again becomes a wife, each child will be a citizen.

Thus was the family to be regenerated, and by means of the family the nation. Thus woman worked, without knowing it, a universal regeneration. Rousseau had enlisted them on his side, without placing them in his confidence; and while Europe thought that it only owed to him the happiness of the children, and the virtue of the mothers, he had laid the foundation of the liberty of the human race.

Such was the influence of Rousseau on women, and later on the nation. All that he exacted from women he obtained; they were wives and mothers. One step more, and by entrusting them with the moral education, as much as he had entrusted them with the physical education, of their children, he would have made of maternal love the most powerful promoter of the interests of humanity. Unfortunately he stopped short. He who, speaking of women, had so well observed, "What great things might be done with this lever," dared not propose to them any thing great; he only left to their tenderness the management of early childhood, and thought their mission accomplished.

Something, then, remains to be done after Rousseau; the impulsion which he gave to moral studies wanted force, because it wanted an agent which we must seek, not among the learned and philosophers, but in the very bosom of the family. Men only educate those who have gold; one may buy a tutor. Nature is more munificent, she gives one to each child. Leave, then, the child under the protection of its mother; it is not without design that Nature has confided it at its birth to the only love which is always faithful, to the only devotedness which terminates but with life.

THE London "Forget-me-Not," (the oldest of the English annuals,) for the present year, contains an original letter from Lord Byron to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. This and two others were overlooked, we are informed, at the time when Mr. Moore was collecting his materials for the life of the bard.

"13, Terrace, Piccadilly, March 1st, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I never was offended with you, and never had cause. At the time I received your last letter I was

'marrying and being given in marriage,' and since that period have been occupied and indolent; and am, at best, but a very ungracious or ungrateful correspondent—hardly ever writing letters but by fits and starts. At this moment my conscience smites me with an unanswered letter of Mr. W. Scott's, on a subject which may seem to him to require an answer; and it was on something relative to a friend\* of his, for whose talents I have a sincere admiration. My family, about three months ago, was increased by a little girl, who is reckoned a fine child, I believe, though I feel loth to trust my own partialities. She is now in the country. I will mention your wishes on the score of collection and publication to Murray, but I have not much weight with him: what I have I will use. As far as my approval of your intention may please you, you have it; and I should think Mr. Scott's liking to your plan very ominous of its success. The objections you mention to the two things of mine lately published, are very just and true; not only with regard to them, but to all their predecessors, some more and some less. With regard to the quarter from which you anticipate a probable and public censure, on such points I can only say, that I am very sure there will be no severity but what is deserved; and, were there ever so much, it could not obliterate a particle of the obligation which I am already too much under to that journal and its conductors (as the grocer says to his customers) 'for past favours.' And so you want to come to London? It is a d—d place, to be sure, but the only one in the world (at least, the English world) for fun. Though I have seen parts of the world that I like better, still, upon the whole, it is the completest, either to help one in feeling one's self alive, or forgetting that one is so. I am interrupted, but will write again soon. Yours very truly,

BYRON.

"P. S.—I forgot to thank you for telling, &c. &c., but am much obliged to you, as well as for a former compliment in the inscription of your 'Pilgrims of the Sun.'"

## SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MESSRS. GALES AND SEATON:

THE Hebrew Benevolent Society had a very brilliant dinner on Thursday, I understand, and drew a large contribution for its excellent objects from the present possessors of the "divining rod"—the violinists. Olé Bull, whose heart is as prodigal as his genius, and who gives money to street beggars by the handful, gave a hundred dollars, and Vieuxtemps and Wallace agreed to combine in a charity concert. The other contributions, I understand, were correspondingly liberal.

One of the essays, the most *ad rem* that I have lately seen, is an address on the "Prevention of Pauperism," by a brother of the late Dr. Channing. The preface has a certain bold resignation about it which is very idiosyncratic. Mr. Channing says that he was desired to read a discourse before a society for the Prevention of Pauperism, and agreed to try to do so—but he did not know to what he had pledged himself. He then defines very philosophically what he found, upon reflection, was to be his task, and goes on to say:

"I went to work. That which might, in the reading, be endured forty minutes, grew to twice that allotted time, or more; and when the day came for the anniversary, I found I could not read the half I had set down. The auditory was very small; and the few, at first, were less before the forty minutes were up. The contribution boxes came to the church altar with little weight of metal, and few bills—say about twenty-seven dollars and twenty-three cents, all told. Thus was my work accounted little, and paid harmoniously. But some, a very few, have asked me to print my writing. From so small a company a large request could hardly come. I have done what those few friends have asked me to do."

\* Probably the Rev. Mr. Maturin.

The address is very philosophic, though tinctured with peculiar views of the social system. The leading propositions, which are very eloquently illustrated, are worthy the room they will take in your columns, if it were only as a skeleton map of the subject carefully laid out and available for the guidance of enquirers:

"1st. That every social institution, or custom, which separates man from man—which produces distinct classes in the community, having distinct privileges—which is daily occupied to build higher and stronger the partition walls between men—such institution, or custom, I say, produces and continues poverty.

"2d. That the political institutions of society, or their administration, frequently become causes of the extremest and widest national poverty.

"3d. That the spirit of party, so widely and deeply cherished as it is by society, does, by its exclusiveness, its selfishness, and its intolerance, minister directly to the production and continuance of poverty.

"4th. That such employment of capital by society, as in its products ministers only to the most debasing habits, does directly produce and continue crime and poverty.

"5th. The sudden reduction of wages, extended to large numbers, is not only directly injurious to wide interests, but produces pauperism.

"6th. That in a country like ours, in which the law of entail does not exist to make property a permanent possession in families, a system of education which has regard only to simple mental culture, and which leaves the physical powers uncultivated—in which manual labour, a practical knowledge of farming, or the mechanic arts, forms no part—I say that such a system of early education favours the production of pauperism."

Apocryphal of beggars—the system of ingenious beggary, so curiously described in Grant's "Great Metropolis," is beginning to be tried on in New-York. There is one young lady (of very correct habits, I believe, in point of fact) who makes a living by means that wear a somewhat questionable complexion out of "distinguished strangers." A member of Congress, or a diplomatist in transit, for example, receives a note, the day after his arrival is advertised, in a handwriting of singular beauty. In the most graceful language, and with the daintiest use of French phrases, he is informed that a young lady who has long watched his career with the deepest interest—who has a feeling for him which is a mystery to herself—who met him accidentally in a place she will recall to his memory should she be so fortunate as to see him again—who is an unhappy creature of impulse, all too fondly tender for this harsh world and its constructions—would like to see him on a certain sidewalk between eight and nine. By holding his hand across his left breast, he will be accosted at that time and place. The lady-likeness and good taste of the note, so different from the usual tentatives of that description, breed a second thought of curiosity, and the victim is punctual. After a turn or two on the appointed sidewalk, he encounters a tall young lady, deeply-veiled, who addresses him by name, takes his arm, and discourses to him at first upon his own ambitious history, contriving to say the true and flattering thing, for which she has duly informed herself. She skillfully evades his attempts to make her talk of things more particular, and regretting feelingly that she can only see him on the sidewalk, appeals to his "well-known generosity" for ten dollars to keep her and her dear mother from being turned out of doors. She takes it with tremulous pathos, demands of his honour that he will not follow her, and slips round the corner to meet another "distinguished stranger"

with whom she has appointed an interview fifteen minutes later in the next street! I was in a company of strangers at a hotel not long ago, when one of these dainty notes was produced, and it so happened that every man present had one in his pocket from the same hand! Among the party there were four appointments proposed by the same lady, to come off on the four sides of a certain square, for that evening! She is probably doing a good business.

Mr. Cole is preparing an exhibition of his landscapes and descriptive pictures, to which his friends were invited, in the way of private view, to-day. The courage to forego immediate profit for *invested* study and ultimate fame is a quality exceedingly to be admired in an artist, and Cole's has been a career shaped entirely by the shining of this fixed star of high ambition. His pictures are full of thought—poems in paint indeed, better than most poems done in ink—and no one could sit before any one of his landscapes without finding his imagination gone from him into the picture. And this is elevating and salutary. And the public is benefitted, I think, by the exhibition of such works of art and imagination.

There has been a certain most eligible shop, with a most impracticable rent, (3 Astor House, rent \$1,000,) for a long time vacant. Yesterday the broad doors were thrown open, and an effulgent placard announced it as the depot of the *Columbian Magazine*. The new periodical lay upon the counter in a most Chapman-esque cover, lettered gorgeously in vermilion and azure, with a device of Columbus on his pedestal, John Inman *editor*, in the blue of the scroll, and Israel Post *publisher*, in the vermilion of the supporting tablet. (This arrangement is wrong, if there be any meaning in colours, for the ingredients of vermilion are *sulphur* and *quicksilver*—stuff of better prophecy for an editor than a publisher.) I understand that the foundations of this new magazine are thirty thousand dollars deep, and as there is great store of experience in both publisher and editor, it is likely to crowd Graham and Godey—though it will require almost an “avatar of Vishnu” to crush those giants of monthly literature. We are to see whether magazine popularity is like the oil from the glass tomb of Belus—which, once exhausted, never could be refilled.

The history of the monthlies, for the last few years, forms a chapter by itself of American progress. It is but a very short time since the “dollar a page” of the North American Review was magnificent pay, and considered quite sufficient for articles by Edward Everett! The old New-York Mirror paid five hundred dollars a year for the original “Pencilings by the Way”—the republication of which has paid the author five thousand. Nathaniel Greene, of the Boston Statesman, was the only man I could hear of, in 1827, who paid regularly for poetry, and I have heard that Percival was kept from starving in New-York by selling his splendid poem on the Plague for five dollars! I lost some of the intermediate steps of literary valuation, but I think the burst on author-land of Graham's and Godey's liberal prices was like a sunrise without a dawn. They commenced at once paying their principal contributors at the rate of twelve dollars a page—nearly three times the amount paid by English magazines to the best writers, and paying it, too, *on the receipt of the manuscript*, and not, as in London, on the publication of the article. We owe to these two gentlemen the bringing out of a host of periodical talent, which, but for their generous and prompt pay, would have remained dormant, or employed in other channels; and they should be recorded as the true and liberal pioneers of progress in this branch of literature. They have done very much the same thing with regard to engraving and the encouragement of the arts, and

I believe the effect they have produced on the refinement of the country has been worthy of note—their beautiful books having been sent into its remotest corners by their unprecedented circulation.

The prices paid now to acceptable magazine-writers are very high, though the number of writers has increased so much that there are thousands who can get no article accepted. There are so many people, too, who, like the Ancient Mariner, are under dire compulsion to tell their tale—paid or not paid—that any periodical, with a good finisher and mender, may fill its pages, for nothing, with very excellent reading. A well-known editor once told me that he could make a very good living by the same people were willing to pay to see themselves in print. The *casoties scribendi* would doubtless support—*does doubtless support*—a good many periodicals.

I see that Thomas Dunn English is publishing a temperance novel of great power of description in the successive numbers of the Cold Water Magazine, issued in Philadelphia. It is illustrated with cuts by Darley.

Olé Bull played to another crammed audience at the Park last night, but the angel, or demon, imprisoned in his violin was not tractable. If it had been his first appearance, he would have made a losing trip to America. There was a tone in the applause which showed very clearly that his music was turned back at the inner vestibule of the ear. He will probably redeem himself to-night at the Tabernacle—his closing concert.

A new bazaar has been opened for the sale of nick-nackeries at the corner of Liberty-street and Broadway, the doors of which are guarded by two Ethiopians in scarlet coats, cocked hats, plush small-clothes, and white stockings! The “salesmen” are pretty girls—the wares mostly French.

S. H. Parker, the veteran publisher of Boston, and the first publisher, I believe, of a cheap edition of the Waverley Novels, is about to put another edition of Sir Walter's works to press, at twelve and a half cents a volume. The type is to be large and handsome, and the whole set to embrace fifty-four volumes—the cheapest edition ever set on foot.

I hear great complaints that the *canvases-back ducks* are not of as good flavour as usual this year. Will you tell us the *pourquoi*—or whether it is that the wild colery is not in perfection this season? My own experience goes the other way—for such delicious ducks, so deliciously dressed, I never saw, as lately at “Guy's Monument House, in Baltimore.” He is a fit cook for Apicius, it is true, and perhaps his sauce deceived me. But the canvases-back is part of our national honour, and the causes of falling off should be looked after.

Mr. Nahum Capen, publisher, of Boston, has prepared a most able paper on the subject of copyright, which is to be presented to Congress in the shape of a memorial.

I am delighted to see that our great comedian, Harry Placide, is up to the lips in success and popularity at New Orleans. God bless those southern people—they know a good thing when they see it! The theatres there are a kind of last appeal—confirming just appreciation, and reversing very often the cold injustices of the north. Wallack is gone there now, and he will come away with warm pockets. Burton, the comedian, is also in migration—a man of genius with his pen, and a most attractive actor. I wish we could have a good rollicking season of good acting at the Park, and go in deep for old-fashioned close criticism.

I sent you a paragraph yesterday which I am anxious to overtake with another—though the paragraph-chase, especially if the pursuer be a correction of an error, is much more desperate than the shadow's hope of overtaking the substance. Olé Bull, to my thinking, (corroborated since by

the opinions of some musical people,) played *without his inspiration* the last night he played at the Park, and so I stated. At the Tabernacle on Tuesday night his violin-fiend (or angel) was *at home*, and so completely did he search every chamber of my sense of musical delight, and so triumphantly drive out all unbelief, and fill me with passionate admiration and wonder at his skill and power, that I feel a certain compunctions reproach for ever having qualified my homage. One of his themes was a rhapsody of religious music, composed by himself, and, without irreverence, it seemed to me that St. John, in the Apocalyptic vision, could scarcely have been within the compass of music more rapt and unearthly. Nearly four thousand people held their breath in ravished ecstasy with this performance, and the only drawback to my own rapture was the conviction that, transparent and articulate as was the meaning of every note, to translate it into language the poet must first be himself translated—to the sphere and capabilities of an angel. You will think that I, too, am “bit by the dipsas”—but I, at least, gave up my soul to this *Old Bull*-madness with some reluctance. Genius-like, the Norse-magician is *journalier*, as the French say; but I pray that when he shall play at Washington he may “give a rise” to the embodied intellect of the capital which will show them a heaven above politics.

The Hibernia has brought me a gossiping letter or two from England; and, by way of letting you down softly from the balloon-flight of the paragraph foregoing, I will quote you a passage from the clever hand of our friend S—, the artist, now resident in London, and fully employed in transferring aristocratic beauty to ivory. Buckwheat and molasses, it should be premised, are undiscovered luxuries to the Londoners, and it is pleasant and apposite, at this particular season, when these *friandises* are in conjunctive culmination, to see how they loom in the traveller's memory. Says our friend—

“So you have taken up your abode at the Astor. You have done well. There are many good things at the Astor; above all, the *buckwheats*; and I can fancy you at this moment, while I am breaking my fast upon a flabby ‘French roll,’ (so called because no bread of the kind was ever seen in France,) with a pile of them smoking before you, and pouring over them, with a liberal hand, copious libations of that exquisite, delicate, transparent *molasses* which the Astor alone provides, and which has always reminded me of the wine of the veiled prophet—

“No juice of earth is here,  
But the pure *tracole* of that upper sphere,  
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,  
Catching the gem's bright colour as they go.”

Green corn and sweet potatoes, hickory nuts and hominy, are also unknown to the trans-frog-pondere, and some enterprising missionary of succulents should turn his attention to the enlightening of these pagans of pabulum. Major Brigham's list of drinks, by-the-way, (which I copied from his *carte* in one of my former letters,) has been sent to the Comoro Islands in a despatch containing pictures of steam-boats and other indices of advanced civilization; and, by-the-way second, I was lately in Boston, and was presented by a couple of literary friends to this renowned compounder of things to drink. In a private letter, and in less teetotal times, I should grow eloquent on what I saw and tasted. Here and now I can only commend Major Brigham's acquaintance to the Apician.

A letter from a literary friend in London informs me that Lady Blessington is suffering from a lethargy from which she finds it next to impossible to arouse herself for literary labour. The society she lives in draws very exhaustingly upon her powers of attention, and she has been all her life

one of those who “crowd a year's life into a day.” My friend adds:

“You had some expectation of seeing D'Orsay in America, but he never had any intention of going out. He has been a prisoner for the last two years in Lady Blessington's house, at Kensington. There is an acre or two of garden, as you know, in the rear, shut in with a wall high enough to keep out creditors, and here D'Orsay takes his exercise on horseback. He devotes himself entirely to painting, making portraits of his friends and receiving money for them—in short making a profession of it. Every Saturday night, at twelve o'clock precisely, his cab is at the door, and he drives to his club, and on Sundays he is to be seen in the Park, driving with Lady Blessington and her two exquisitely beautiful nieces, (the Misses Power)—taking care to be home again, like Cinderella, before twelve o'clock at night. Not long ago, a meeting of his friends took place, and an effort was made to relieve him. They subscribed twenty thousand pounds, which would have given his creditors four shillings in the pound. The proposal was made, and the creditors refused to accept. The subscription was consequently abandoned.”

There is an article afloat upon the raft of fugitive literature (“a stick of timber among the flood (—) trash,” as they say on the Susquehannah) which is worth hauling ashore and preserving—*Perke Godwin's Essay on Shelley in the Democratic Review*. It comes from a mind of the finest powers of analysis and the warmest glow of poetical appreciation, and if we had in our country the class of well-patronized sober magazines which they have in England, this writer's pen, and Whipple's would be the two best worth paying in the country, for that kind of article.

*Ticknor & Co.* have re-published a volume of devotional poetry by Dr. Bowring, called *Matins and Vespers*. It is pure, even, moderately-inspired, and scholar-like poetry—of the best quality for family reading. The Doctor's pursuits are all on a lofty level—philanthropy, patriotism, emancipation, and religion—and if his other faculties (all of which are of more than respectable calibre) were as largely developed as his veneration, he would be the moral Washington of his era. The last time I saw him he was in a great rage with a certain Yankee, who, upon very cool acquaintance, had drawn at sight upon his hospitality, by having himself and his baggage set down in the Doctor's entry, and sending in the servant to borrow money to pay his coach-fare from Liverpool! With the exception of this private-life “repudiator,” however, he is a great admirer of America and Americans.

The Langleys have got up a most presentable and elegant edition of the poems of Eliza Cook—the most fireside and home-like of modern poets. There is a great deal in this volume that will touch the “business and bosoms” of the many. Mrs. Osgood (herself a poetess of the affections, and wanting nothing but a little earth in her mixture) gives a sketch of Miss Cook in the preface, which is as good as a personal introduction.

*Friday.*—I began this letter on Wednesday, and the first part of it may have got cold. Pay, praise, and a beginning without ending, are the first, second, and third best of an author's luxuries, and the latter, though I can seldom afford it, is very enjoyable. You must excuse me for the delay.

P. S. I have had an indignant letter from a friend for not returning a call made on me lately at Gadby's. Perhaps you will lend me a line's room to say to him and others that I have not been there, and that there is another person of exactly my name travelling “with his lady,” and lately a guest at that hotel.

Here is a scrap written with a sort of ploughshare energy that we like. It is by Hon. George Lunt, and dedicated (when set to music) to Miss MARY WILLARD.

Oh, 'tis merry and free, by the wild, wild sea,  
Where the tumbling billows dash and howl;  
But we, who are boys of the greenwood tree,  
Love the tossing bough and the forest growl;  
And over the Prairie, away, away,  
What wave so swift as our forest steeds!  
We sling out our rifles ere peep of day,  
And off! for the glades where the wild-deer feeds!

At the wintry morn, when, with circling flow,  
The dancing blood in the keen air springs,  
We're up and away o'er the tinkling snow,  
That under our tread with a music rings!  
And the silvery sparkles flash and fly  
From the iron hoofs that are fleet and strong,  
And the grey quail darts with her whistling cry,  
And the partridge whirrs as we pass along.

And over our saddles, while day is bright,  
We fling the dun-deer and the prairie bird,  
And hey! for the eyes that will dance in light,  
When the homeward tramp of our steeds is heard!  
Oh, this is the life of the woodman free,  
In his hut by the clearing wild and rude,—  
Though 'tis merry and free, by the glad, glad sea,  
Yet ours be the life of the green wild-wood!

#### EGOTISM AND LIBEL.

WHEN the "last page" morning arrives, dear reader, we, for the first time in the week, pull the "stop politic" in our many-keyed organ of livelihood-making, and muse a little on expediency while the ink dries upon our pen. This morning,—this particular morning—we chance to have "belayed," as the sailors say, "a loose balliard" in our rigging, and in casting an eye "a-low and aloft," to see how it draws upon the canvass, we have determined to alter a little our trim and ballast. You are our passenger, dear reader, and our object is to make the voyage agreeable to you, and the query is, therefore, how much you would be interested in these same details of trim, ballast and rigging. Our coffee stands untasted, (for we write and breakfast, as an idle man breakfasts and dawdles, all along through the up-hill of the morning,) and our omelette must cool while we amputate one horn of this dilemma.

We have never explained (have we?) that as an artist needs a "*lay-figure*" whereon to adjust drapery and prepare effects, an editor in the fancy-line (*our line*) requires a personification, from the mouth of which he may speak with the definite identity of an individual. There are a thousand little whims and scraps of opinion kicking about the floor of common-place, which, like bits of cloth and riband, might be pinned on to a drapery with effect, though worthless if simply presented to you in a bundle. A periodical needs to be an *individual*—with a physiognomy that is called up to the mind of the subscriber, and imagined as speaking, while he reads. An apple given to you by a friend at table is not like an apple taken from the shelf of a huckster. An article on the leading topic of the day, in a paper you are not accustomed to, is not read as the same article would be in your favourite periodical. The friend's choice alters the taste and value of the apple, as the individual editor's selection or approbation gives weight and value to the article. The more you are acquainted with your editor,—even though, in that acquaintance, you find out his faults,—the more interest you feel in his weekly visit, and the more curiosity you feel in what he offers you to read. What made the fortune of Blackwood but "Christopher North's" splendid egotism! A magazine without a distinct physiognomy visible through the type of every page, has no more hold on its circulation than an orchard on the eastern of apple-tara.

And if the making of this physiognomy visible be egotism, then is egotism in an apothecary's sign or in the maker's name in your boot-leg.

There is, of course, a nice line to be drawn, between the saying *that* of editorial self, which every reader would like to know, and the incurring the *deserved* charge of egotism; and it was by that line exactly that we were trying to navigate in the dilemma with which we started. Should we,—or should we not—bother the reader's brain with what was bothering ours? To a limited and bearable degree, then, we will.

We determined to live by periodical literature, and we came to New-York prepared of course to unship the wings of our Pegasus and let him trot—if trotting is "the go"—quite sure that if he is worth keeping, his legs are as sound as his feathers. It is one thing to be "willing to come to the scratch," however, and another thing to find out definitely where *the scratch* is. We were prepared to turn owl and armadillo—be indefatigable in our cage, and abroad only by night—to live on one meal a day—to be editor, proof-reader, foreman and publisher, and as many other things as we could get out of life, limb and twenty-four hours—prepared for any toil and self-denial, in short, to quash debt and keep up the Mirror. Excellent virtue cutely thrown away! The Mirror rose as easy as the moon, went on its way rejoicing, and is now out of the reach of kites, rockets and steeples! *Which way lay—then—the dragons to vanquish?* This brings us to the head and front of our dilemma. *Personal slander is the only obstacle in American literature.*

So BE IT! We do not complain of it. We have not the presumption to be above our country. America demands of her literary children that they should submit to calumny—demands it in the most emphatic of all voices, by her support of the presses which inflict it. We agree. We cannot make shoes, though to that trade there is no such penalty. We should throw away our apprenticeship, if we attempted to live, now, by any but the one trade whose household gods are outlawed. We honour our country. We *will live* by *American literature*, with its *American drawback*. We can suffer as much as another man. We are no coward. We will step into the arena, and let the country, that looks on, decide upon the weapons and terms of combat. Yet still there is a dilemma.

We have tried for fifteen years the *silent system*—the *living down* slanders, as the watchman wakes down the stars that rise again in twelve hours. The only exception to our rule occurred in England, where an English pen assumed a few American misstatements—and being "among the Romans," we did as they do in such cases—got the necessary retraction through the "law of honour." Lately, as perhaps the reader knows, we have taken a fancy to see whether there was any difference between public opinion and the law, as to the protection of literary men against slander. The author of the particular set of slanders we chanced to light upon for the experiment, is, we understand, a clergyman and an abolitionist, and though we have literally *proved* that he published seven or eight direct lies against our private character, we are condemned by many of the press for what they call "Coopering an editor," and one paper in Philadelphia attacks our defence of our own character as a shallow piece of ostentation, got up for effect! We humbly ask which is most agreeable to the public? Do they like it submitted to silently, or do they prefer it defended, by dragging our private life with all its details into the street? We will accommodate them—for we must live in the country we were born in, and live by literature!



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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1844.

NUMBER 15.

## LADY GRIZZLE.

WE show our readers to-day a sight they will only see in aristocratic England—very mundane clay treated like excellent porcelain! Oh horrid Lady Grizzle! you are like many a promenader of Regent-street—many a possessor of a high-sounding name in the sweet *country* places of England—an abomination to the age, followed by servility and worship. We don't see such things in Broadway.

## THREE VISITS

### TO THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

RAPP had waited patiently for half an hour in the place assigned him by the emperor. Not seeing him returning, he left his post, and slowly approached the grille, through which he saw him enter. Another half hour elapsed. It was now night; the uneasiness of the aide-de-camp soon followed his impatience; and, a quarter of an hour after, no longer regardless of his trust, he made himself known to the sentinel, gave the emperor's horse and his own to the care of an invalid, and then hurried with all speed to the governor's lodgings, where he found him at the table with his family, and told him, with a frightened air, that the emperor had been *incognito* for more than an hour in the Hotel.

At this news, Marshal Serrurier precipitately hurried on his blue velvet embroidered coat, informed his officers, and in a moment all were running, weeping with joy to know Napoleon was in the midst of them. They soon found their well-beloved emperor under the galleries, talking with the father Maurice, Jerome and his son.

At the cries of—"There he is!"—"Vive l'Empereur!"—"This way, comrades!"—Cyprien, who, in the warmth of the discourse, had not observed either the figure or costume of Napoleon, now fixed his looks more attentively upon the pretended colonel, and recognized him who, two years before, came to distribute the cross of honour at the Hotel. Clapping his hands, he exclaimed:

"Ah! my emperor! pardon all my incoherences!"

Then, addressing himself to Maurice and Jerome:

"But father, but grandfather," said he, convulsively twisting his chapeau in his hand, "it is the emperor and king who is before you; it is the Emperor Napoleon, I tell you."

"Are you the emperor, my colonel?" cried the two old men, with *avide* stupor, as if struck with the same electric spark.

"Yes, my children," replied Napoleon, affectionately restraining them from falling on their knees before him, "I am your father, for I am the father of all the soldiers who have fought valiantly, in every epoch, for the happiness of France."

Rapp, the governor, his state-major, and the invalids accosted the emperor. When Rapp approached Napoleon, the latter gave his aide-de-camp a severe look, and, in a reproachful tone, which no one else could hear, said:

"Again you have not had patience to wait."

Then, stepping forward, he said, in the most affable manner:

"Approach, gentlemen officers; approach, Monsieur the marshal; and you, my old comrades, (addressing the invalids,) surround me! You shall aid me to recompense worthily three generations of heroes! Here are three brave men," he added, pointing to Maurice, Jerome and Cyprien, "who have fought at three epochs, equally glorious to France: at Friedlingen, at Raucourt, and at Fleurus. The same recompense ought to be awarded to their valour, for these three great battles are sisters. My dear marshal," said he to Serrurier, "will you lend me your cross. I will return it to-morrow," he added smiling. "Give me thine," said he to Rapp.

"Having received the two crosses, Napoleon gave one to Jerome and the other to Cyprien; then, taking off his own, he put it on the breast of the centenarian, beneath the two small swords, in a cross whose medallion already decorated him, and said with goodness:

"My old comrade, I regret not having acquitted before this debt of France to you."

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" "*Vive l'Empereur!*" cried the invalids.

"Sire," said the centenarian, in a voice rendered more tremulous from delight, "you deck my tomb, and you make me all-glorious for having given to my country two sons, whose services your majesty has just paid so honourably."

"My brave," replied Napoleon, giving his hand to old Maurice, who seized it, and carried it respectfully to his lips, "I repeat to you, I only pay the debt of the country, for I too am a soldier, and it is to them that I owe everything."

Then, addressing the governor with a smile:

"Monsieur, the marshal, to come to the Invalides without making a visit to my old comrades would be like going to Rome without seeing our holy father, the pope.\* Will you accompany me."

As they proceeded, the emperor expressed the desire of going through the *lingerie*. Rapp, the governor, and his state-major still attended him. He commenced by visiting this essential part of the establishment, then confided to a person whom Napoleon knew—Madame Charles.† On entering he was enraptured from the first with the admirable order that reigned among the numbered boxes, in which were the linen and the handkerchiefs of the soldiers. He questioned the directress on the employment and duration of everything, with all the solicitude of a thrifty housekeeper; at last he asked Madame Charles:

"How many shirts has each one?"

"Three, sire."

"Three! One on the soldier, one at the wash-woman's, and the other in the box; it is not enough, Madame. I wish your boarders henceforth to have five." And, turning to the governor—"Do you hear, Monsieur, Marshal, five shirts! I order this."

After conversing a moment longer with the directress he turned to go out, but, when he reached the door, he stopped and said to her:

\* In the long abode which Marshal Serrurier had formerly made at Rome and different parts of Italy, (from 1795 to 1799,) he never had the opportunity of seeing the pope.

† This lady gave the security of fifty-three thousand francs, which was not surprising when we reflect that the material in the *lingerie* of the Invalides was worth more than two hundred thousand francs. At the School of St. Cyr the widow of a colonel or even field-marshal fills this office.



"When your linen returns from the wash-woman's, in what order do you place it in the boxes?"

She smiled at the singularity of the question. Napoleon smiled himself, and added:

"Why do you laugh?"

"Sire, I place my linen as you have seen it."

"It is not that I wish to know. What I mean is, you should always put the linen, when it is brought back, under the old. In that way all get worn equally. Besides, the soldier finds it perfectly dry. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, sire; we always do so. But, indeed, your majesty will permit me to express my astonishment for his knowledge of those cares which belong only to the mother of a family."

"My dear lady, it is because the general ought to be the mother of the soldier as well as the chief. It is his duty to see everything that can ameliorate a condition which is not the less really unfortunate for being the first condition in the world's history. You can understand me."

Madame Charles made her curtsy without adding a word. Napoleon began his reply gaily, but at the last words his countenance grew serious. He lifted his hand to his chapeau and left the *lingerie*, while its inmates were happy and charmed with his appearance among them.

He then proceeded to the infirmary, which was calculated to give the emperor one of those painful impressions which, as a soldier, as a sovereign, as a politician, his soul would feel profoundly. Just as he was about to enter he hesitated; he seemed almost to fear to open the door, beyond which an afflicting spectacle would most certainly meet his eyes. At length he went in; but those who were near him observed his countenance grow pale as his looks ran over the triple row of beds, on which so many brave men were at the point of death. In the infirmary of the Invalides nothing can equal the solicitude of the physicians, and the kindness and attention of the overseers, unless it be the serenity of the sick. Is it because, purified by bloody baptisms, all leave this world as if sure of the one in which they are to enter? No contortions, no convulsions are seen in the faces of those who are suffering.

Napoleon went up immediately to a sick man, whom he saw surrounded by many persons, among whom he remarked the Abbé Pichot.\* He was assisting at the last moments of an old under-officer, who was more than a hundred years old. This invalid had never received the slightest wound in any of his campaigns; age alone had taken him slowly to this couch of pain. His grandchildren were in tears, kneeling at the foot of the bed, for the physician had left the dying man, saying to the priest, "He has no business now with any but yourself!" The emperor approached the old soldier and took off his hat; and when the Abbé Pichot aided the overseers to raise the decrepit body of the dying man, and while he himself, bent down with the weight of years, sustained also by two assistants, gave the saint-viatum to the invalid, who raised his eyes imploringly, one would have said that the scene of the *Communion of Saint Jerome*, the chef-d'œuvre of the Dominican, was passing in reality. Napoleon inclined himself, as well as all who were present; and, when he raised his head, traces of tears were discovered on his pale cheeks, which had flowed during the last touching ceremony. Fifteen years afterwards, he said to his chaplain, Vignani, in his last hours—"The whole science of life is to learn how to die well."

Napoleon quit the infirmary without opening his lips; but, arrived at the landing-place, he pressed the arm of the marshal, and in a low voice, full of emotion, said:

\* Then chief chaplain at the Invalides.

"I seem to have been receiving once more the last adieu of my father."

While descending the stairs, the governor informed him that the old man had been sick for eighteen months; and that during that time he was seeing himself die, limb after limb, without being able to find any position in which he might get an instant's respite from his pains.

"And that is what is called dying a *fine death*!" said Napoleon to Rapp, who was walking at his side. "What, then, is a horrible death?"

"Sire, it is very certain such a death as your majesty has just witnessed."

"Yes, to die a *fine death* is when a cannon-ball strikes you down without pain, without anguish."

"I really hope," resumed Rapp, "that I shall have no other?"

"But I wish it!"

"Sire, much obliged," said Rapp, with an inclination of his head.

"Simpleton," replied Napoleon, pulling slightly the moustache of his aide-de-camp, "it is for myself I speak."

In the meantime, warning had been given throughout the Hotel. On learning their emperor was among them, the invalids had been deaf to the voice of their superiors, and, regardless of their regulations and discipline, came out of their dormitories into the courts, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur*!" In a moment, Napoleon saw himself surrounded, pressed. It was a concert of acclamations; it was who could get nearest to Napoleon; it was who could recall a victory, a triumph.

"My emperor!" they exclaimed, all speaking together. "I was with you at Toulon!" "I at the passage of St. Bernard!" "Do you remember that of Trebia?" "You spoke to me at Aboukir!" "I divided my bread with you at Roveredo." "I picked up your chapeau at Marengo!" "I was with you at Austerlitz," &c.

Napoleon smiled at the remembrances of these *Xenophons*, *improvises*; he endeavoured to reply to each of them, and inquired if they were content, and if his paternal intentions were punctually followed.

It was a touching inspection the emperor made that night. No one would ever have recognized in that little army of braves, mutilated and tottering, the young and brilliant conquerors of Italy, of Egypt, and of Germany! How, under their misshapen hats, under those large coats tucked up with poor clasps, how reconcile this with the thoughts of the grenadier of the old guard, the audacious guide, the intrepid hussar, the nimble lancer, the herculean forms of the musketeer, with the imposing cap, the scarlet fur-robe, the Polonaise plume, the Roman casque, the golden cuirass? And yet among these soldiers were some who had been in a position to have married some German baroness, some Italian countess, but who had preferred remaining faithful to glory, who was so beautiful, so generous to her favourites, under the republic, under the consulate, and under the empire.

At last, after an hour had elapsed, the emperor made a sign to Rapp, and said to the governor that he regretted to be obliged to leave them. Immediately, from an order of the governor, the crowd fell back respectfully, and the emperor passed on to the grille. Rapp had taken the precaution to send the horses to the stables du Carrousel, order a carriage, and dictated a message to l'Ecole Militaire, for an escort of chameaux of the guard. Napoleon got into the carriage with his aide-de-camp, amidst cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*!" which the echoes of the Seine still repeated on his way.

"This has been one of the finest evenings of my life," said he to Rapp. "Hold!" cried he, making him observe the blaze of fire before the portico, caused by the light of the torches the invalids still held up, "it reminds me of Austerlitz. I hope you remember it?"

"I remember it?" replied Rapp, putting his head out at the door; "I remember it as if it was yesterday."

"And I, as if it were to be to-morrow. I shall recall this visit a long time," added Napoleon. "I would like to spend my life at the Hotel des Invalides."

"And I would like to be sure of being buried there," replied the aide-de-camp, with his customary frankness.

"Who knows!" said Napoleon, smiling, "that might happen."

"At least I should have the certainty of not being in bad company," continued Rapp; "and that is always something."

"Ah! ah! Monsieur stickler," cried Napoleon, pinching the ear of his aide-de-camp, "I know why you said that; it is an allusion again to the visit I made the other day to St. Denis? Had I been in the place of Louis the fourteenth, instead of letting myself be interred, (for, after all, St. Denis is only a receptacle of *rois faibles*), I would have wished to have been deposited at the Invalides, between Turenne and Vauban. The Hotel des Invalides was his work. Do you not think like me?"

Rapp made a negative sign with his head, and Napoleon added:

"I can find men of my opinion, if it were only this brave old Maurice!"

### THIRD VISIT—1840.

Thirty-four years after this visit, under a magnificent winter's sun, the fifteenth of December, 1840, a funeral car, loaded with immortal crowns, preceded by the banners of France, and followed by the living fragments of its forty armies, passed slowly beneath the arcade-triumph de l'Etoile. This sarcophagus, surrounded by so much military pomp, and received with the deafening acclamations of a whole nation, inclosed the mortal remains of a man who, in the space of fifteen years, had combined in himself the glory of Alexander, of Caesar, of Charlemagne, and Louis the fourteenth! Napoleon, after his death, was to take the place, beneath the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, which, while living, he had thought the spot for heroes.

On the evening of this day, as some old warriors were walking silently by star-light around the temple erected by the grand king, they thought they saw, in the waving folds of the tri-coloured flag, planted above the portal, the genius of Austerlitz, and the shaft of the banner seemed to bend under formidable strength; afterwards, in the midst of the profound silence, they heard something like the flight of a bird, and saw a colossal figure pass and alight upon the summit of the edifice. Then, in their belief that Napoleon could not die, they believed it was the apparition of the emperor, who wished to bind once more, as he had done at Fontainebleau, the glorious symbol that he carried through the fire of Waterloo. Indeed, the spirit of Napoleon must have stirred in passing beneath the arches of the temple hospitalier. It must have recognized the standards which the genius of war was pleased to bestow upon the intrepidity of his children. In the thin ranks of those mutilated veterans who came to weep at the feet of his funeral honour, he must have recognized some of those proud com-

panions, who had followed him formerly over the crests of the Alps and Pyrenees, over the sands of Syria, and even through the snows of Russia. He must have smiled, and, as in former times, said:

"Soldiers, I am satisfied with you!"

The night of this tardy apotheosis, when the crowd had retired sadly from the sacred precincts, when the murmur of the thousand voices was hushed, when the solitude was complete, and the silence profound, an invalid, nearly a hundred years old, blind, walking with the help of wooden legs, entered the chapel where the body of Napoleon was laid. Arriving with difficulty at the foot of the imperial funeral decoration, he wished to have his wooden legs taken off that he might the better kneel; then, prostrating himself, and with his bald head resting upon the steps, was heard, mingled with sobs and inarticulate stammerings, the words of God, Emperor, Father. At last, when two invalids had torn away their old comrade from his poignant grief, and came out of the chapel to retire, it was remarked that the superiour officers of the Hotel took off their hats respectfully as the old man passed.

The invalid, who had just rendered this last homage to the remains of Napoleon, was Cyprien, grandson of the old Maurice.

E. F.

### SHAHATAN.—Concluded.

In the autumn of the year after the events outlined in the previous chapter, I received a visit at my residence on the Susquehanna, from a friend I had never before seen a mile from St. James'-street—a May Fair man of fashion who took me in his way back from Santa Fe. He stayed a few days to brush the cobwebs from a fishing-rod and gun which he found in inglorious retirement in the lumber-room of my cottage, and, over our dinners, embellished with his trout and woodcock, the relations of his adventures (compared, as everything was, with London experience, exclusively,) were as delightful to me as the tales of Scheherazade to the caliph.

"I have saved to the last," he said, pushing me the bottle, the evening before his departure, "a bit of romance which I stumbled over in the prairie, and I dare swear it will surprise you as much as it did me, for I think you will remember having seen the heroine at Almack's."

"At Almack's?"

"You may well stare. I have been afraid to tell you the story, lest you should think I drew too long a bow. I certainly never should be believed in London."

"Well—the story?"

"I told you of my leaving St. Louis with a trading party for Santa Fe. Our leader was a rough chap, big-boned and ill put together, but honestly fond of fight, and never content with a stranger till he had settled the question of which was the better man. He refused at first to take me into his party, assuring me that his exclusive services and those of his company had been engaged at a high price, by another gentleman. By dint of drinking 'juleps' with him, however, and giving him a thorough 'mill,' (for though strong as a rhinoceros he knew nothing of 'the science,') he at last elected me to the honour of his friendship, and took me into the party as one of his own men.

"I bought a strong horse, and on a bright May morning the party set forward, bag and baggage, the leader having stolen a march upon us, however, and gone ahead with the person who hired his guidance. It was fine fun at first, as I have told you, to gallop away over the prairie without fence or ditch, but I soon tired of the slow pace and the monotony of the scenery, and began to wonder why the

\* It is known that Rapp, who was badly wounded, went to announce to the emperor the winning of this battle; and that Gerard has preserved this fact in his admirable picture.

deuce our leader kept himself so carefully out of sight—for in three days' travel I had seen him but once, and then at our bivouac fire on the second evening. The men knew or would tell nothing, except that he had one man and a pack-horse with him, and that the 'gentleman' and he encamped farther on. I was under promise to perform only the part of one of the hired carriers of the party, or I should soon have made a push to penetrate 'the gentleman's' mystery.

"I think it was on the tenth day of our travels that the men began to talk of falling in with a tribe of Indians, whose hunting-grounds we were close upon, and at whose village, upon the bank of a river, they usually got fish and buffalo-bump and other luxuries not picked up on the wing. We encamped about sunset that night as usual, and after picketing my horse, I strolled off to a round mound not far from the fire, and sat down upon the top to see the moon rise. The east was brightening, and the evening was delicious.

"Up came the moon, looking like one of the duke of Devonshire's gold plates, (excuse the poetry of the comparison,) and still the rosy colour hung on in the west, and turning my eyes from one to the other, I at last perceived, over the southwestern horizon, a mist slowly coming up, which indicated the course of a river. It was just in our track, and the whim struck me to saddle my horse and ride on in search of the Indian village, which, by their description, must be on its banks.

"The men were singing songs over their supper, and with a flask of brandy in my pocket, I got off unobserved, and was soon in a flourishing gallop over the wild prairie, without guide or compass. It was a silly freak, and might have ended in an unpleasant adventure. Pass the bottle and have no apprehensions, however.

"For an hour or so, I was very much elated with my independence, and my horse too seemed delighted to get out of the slow pace of the caravan. It was as light as day with the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere, and the full moon and the coolness of the evening air made exercise very exhilarating. I rode on, looking up occasionally to the mist, which retreated long after I thought I should have reached the river, till I began to feel uneasy at last, and wondered whether I had not embarked in a very mad adventure. As I had lost sight of our own fires, and might miss my way in trying to retrace my steps, I determined to push on.

"My horse was in a walk, and I was beginning to feel very grave, when suddenly the beast pricked up his ears and gave a loud neigh. I rose in my stirrups, and looked around in vain for the secret of his improved spirits, till with a second glance forward, I discovered what seemed the faint light reflected upon the smoke of a concealed fire. The horse took his own counsel and set up a sharp gallop for the spot, and a few minutes brought me in sight of a fire half concealed by a clump of shrubs, and a white object near it, which to my surprise developed to a tent. Two horses picketed near, and a man sitting by the fire with his hands crossed before his shins, and his chin on his knees, completed the very agreeable picture.

"'Who goes there?' shouted this chap, springing to his rifle as he heard my horse's feet sliding through the grass.

"I gave the name of the leader, comprehending at once that this was the advanced guard of our party; but though the fellow lowered his rifle, he gave me a very scant welcome, and motioned me away from the tent-side of the fire. There was no turning a man out of doors in the midst of a prairie; so, without ceremony, I tethered my horse to his stake, and getting out my dried beef and brandy, made a second supper with quite as good an appetite as had done honour to the first.

"My brandy-flask opened the lips of my sulky friend after a while, though he kept his carcass very obstinately between me and the tent, and I learned that the leader, (his name was Rolfe, by-the-by,) had gone on to the Indian village, and that 'the gentleman' had dropped the curtain of his tent at my approach, and was probably asleep. My word of honour to Rolfe that I would 'cut no capers,' (his own phrase in administering the obligation,) kept down my excited curiosity, and prevented me, of course, from even pumping the man beside me, though I might have done so with a little more of the contents of my flask.

"The moon was pretty well overhead when Rolfe returned, and found me fast asleep by the fire. I awoke with the trampling and neighing of horses, and, springing to my feet, I saw an Indian dismounting, and Rolfe and the fire-tender conversing together while picketing their horses. The Indian had a tall feather in his cap, and trinkets on his breast, which glittered in the moonlight; but he was dressed otherwise like a white man, with a hunting frock and very loose large trousers. By the way, he had moccasins, too, and a wampum belt; but he was a clean limbed, lithe, agile-looking devil, with an eye like a coal of fire.

"'You've broke your contract, mister!' said Rolfe, coming up to me; 'but stand by and say nothing.'

"He then went to the tent, gave an 'shem!' by way of a knock, and entered.

"'It's a fine night!' said the Indian, coming up to the fire and touching a brand with the toe of his moccasin.

"I was so surprised at the honest English in which he delivered himself, that I stared at him without answer.

"'Do you speak English?' he said.

"'Tolerably well,' said I, 'but I beg your pardon for being so surprised at your own accent that I forgot to reply to you. And now I look at you more closely, I see that you are rather Spanish than Indian.'

"'My mother's blood,' he answered rather coldly, 'but my father was an Indian, and I am a chief.'

"'Well, Rolfe,' he continued, turning the next instant to the trader who came towards us, 'who is this that would see Shabatan?'

"The trader pointed to the tent. The curtain was put aside, and a smart-looking youth, in a blue cap and cloak, stepped out and took his way off into the prairie, motioning to the chief to follow.

"'Go along! he won't eat ye!' said Rolfe, as the Indian hesitated, from pride or distrust, and laid his hand on his tomahawk.

"I wish I could tell you what was said at that interview, for my curiosity was never so strongly excited. Rolfe seemed bent on preventing both interference and observation, however, and in his loud and coarse voice commenced singing and making preparations for his supper; and, persuading me into the drinking part of it, I listened to his stories and toasted my shins till I was too sleepy to feel either romance or curiosity; and leaving the moon to waste its silver on the wilderness, and the mysterious colloquists to ramble and finish their conference as they liked, I rolled over on my buffalo-skin and dropped off to sleep.

"The next morning I rubbed my eyes to discover whether all I have been telling you was not a dream, for tent and demoiselle had evaporated and I lay with my feet to the smouldering fire, and all the trading party preparing for breakfast around me. Alarmed at my absence, they had made a start before sunrise to overtake Rolfe, and had come up while I slept. The leader after a while gave me a slip of paper from the chief, saying that he should be happy to give me a specimen of Indian hospitality at the Shawanec

village, on my return from Santa Fe,—a neat hint that I was not to intrude upon him at present."

"Which you took?"

"Rolfe seemed to have had a hint which was probably in some more decided shape, since he took it for us all. The men grumbled at passing the village without stopping for fish, but the leader was inexorable, and we left it to the right and 'made tracks,' as the hunters say, for our destination. Two days from there we saw a buffalo—"

"Which you demolished. You told me that story last night. Come, get back to the Shawanees! You called on the village at your return?"

"Yes, and an odd place it was. We came upon it from the west, Rolfe having made a bend to the westward, on his return back. We had been travelling all day over a long plain, wooded in clumps, looking very much like an immense park, and I began to think that the trader intended to cheat me out of my visit—for he said we should sup with the Shawanees that night, and I did not in the least recognize the outline of the country. We struck the bed of a small and very beautiful river, presently, however, and after following it through a wood for a mile, came to a sharp brow where the river suddenly descended to a plain at least two hundred feet lower than the table-land on which we had been travelling. The country below looked as if it might have been the bed of an immense lake, and we stood on the shore of it.

"I sat on my horse geologizing in fancy about this singular formation of land, till, hearing a shout, I found the party had gone on, and Rolfe was hallooing to me to follow. As I was trying to get a glimpse of him through the trees, up rode my old acquaintance Shahatan, with his rifle across his thigh, and gave me a very cordial welcome. He then rode on to show me the way. We left the river which was foaming among some fine rapids, and by a zig-zag side path through the woods, descended about half way to the plain, where we rounded a huge rock, and stood suddenly in the village of the Shawanees. You cannot fancy anything so picturesque. On the left, for a quarter of a mile, extended a natural *steppe*, or terrace, a hundred yards wide, and rounding in a crescent to the south. The river came in towards it on the right in a superb cascade, visible from the whole of the platform, and against the rocky wall at the back, and around on the edge overlooking the plain, were built the wigwams and log-huts of the tribe, in front of which lounged men, women and children, enjoying the cool of the summer evening. Not far from the base of the hill the river re-appeared from the woods, and I distinguished some fields planted with corn along its banks, and horses and cattle grazing. What, with the pleasant sound of the falls, and the beauty of the scene altogether, it was to me more like the primitive Arcadia we dream about, than any thing I ever saw.

"Well, Rolfe and his party reached the village presently, for the chief had brought me by a shorter cut, and in a moment the whole tribe was about us, and the trader found himself apparently among old acquaintances. The chief sent a lad with my horse down into the plain to be picketed where the grass was better, and took me into a small hut, where I treated myself to a little more of a toilet than I had been accustomed to of late, in compliment to the unusual prospect of supping with a lady. The hut was lined with bark, and seemed used by the chief for the same purpose, as there were sundry articles of dress and other civilized refinements hanging to the bracing-poles, and covering a rude table in the corner.

"Fancy my surprise, on coming out, to meet the chief

strolling up and down his prairie shelf with, not one lady, but half a dozen—a respectable looking gentleman in black, (I speak of his coat) and a bevy of nice-looking girls, with our Almack's acquaintance in the centre,—the whole party, except the chief, dressed in a way that would pass muster in any village in England. Shahatan wore the Indian's blanket, modified with a large mantle of fine blue cloth, and crossed over his handsome bare chest something after the style of a Highland tartan. I really never saw a better made or more magnificent looking fellow, though I am not sure that his easy and picturesque dress would not have improved a plain-er man.

"I remembered directly that Rolfe had said something to me about missionaries living among the Shawanees, and I was not surprised to hear that the gentleman in a black coat was a reverend, and the ladies the sisterhood of the mission. Miss Trevanion seemed rather in haste to inform me of the presence of 'the cloth,' and in the next breath claimed my congratulations on her marriage? She had been a chieftainess for two months.

"We strolled up and down the grassy terrace, dividing our attention between the effects of the sunset on the prairie below and the preparations for our supper, which was going on by the light of pine-knots stuck in the clefts of the rock in the rear. A dozen Indian girls were crossing and re-crossing before the fires, and with the bright glare upon the precipice, and the moving figures, wigwams, &c., it was like a picture of *Salvator Rosa's*. The fair chieftainess, as she glided across occasionally to look after the people, with a step as light as her stately figure would allow, was not the least beautiful feature of the scene. We lost a fine creature when we let her slip through our fingers, my dear fellow!"

"Thereby hangs a tale, I have little doubt, and I can give you some data for a good guess at it—but as the 'nigger song' has it,

"Tell us what dey had for supper—  
Black-eyed peas, or bread and butter?"

"We had everything the wilderness could produce—appetites included. Lying in the track of the trading-parties, Shahatan, of course, made what additions he liked to the Indian mode of living, and except that our table was a huge buffalo skin stretched upon stakes, the supper might have been a traveller's meal among Turks or Arabs, for all that was peculiar about it. I should except, perhaps, that no Turk or Arab ever saw so pretty a creature as the chief's sister, who was my neighbour at the feast."

"So—another romance?"

"No, indeed! For though her eyes were eloquent enough to persuade one to forswear the world and turn Shawanee, she had no tongue for a stranger. What little English she had learned of the missionaries she was too shy to use, and our flirtation was a very unsatisfactory pantomime. I parted from her at night in the big wigwam, without having been out of ear-shot of the chief for a single moment; and as Rolfe was inexorable about getting off with the daybreak the next morning, it was the last I saw of the little fawn. But to tell you the truth, I had forty minds between that and St. Louis to turn about and have another look at her.

"The big wigwam, I should tell you, was as large as a common breakfast-room in London. It was built of bark very ingeniously sewed together, and lined throughout with the most costly furs, even the floor covered with highly-dressed bear-skins. After finishing our supper in the open air, the large curtain at the door, which was made of the most superb gold-coloured otters, was thrown up to let in the blaze of the pine torches stuck in the rock opposite, and, as the evening was getting cool, we followed the chieftainess

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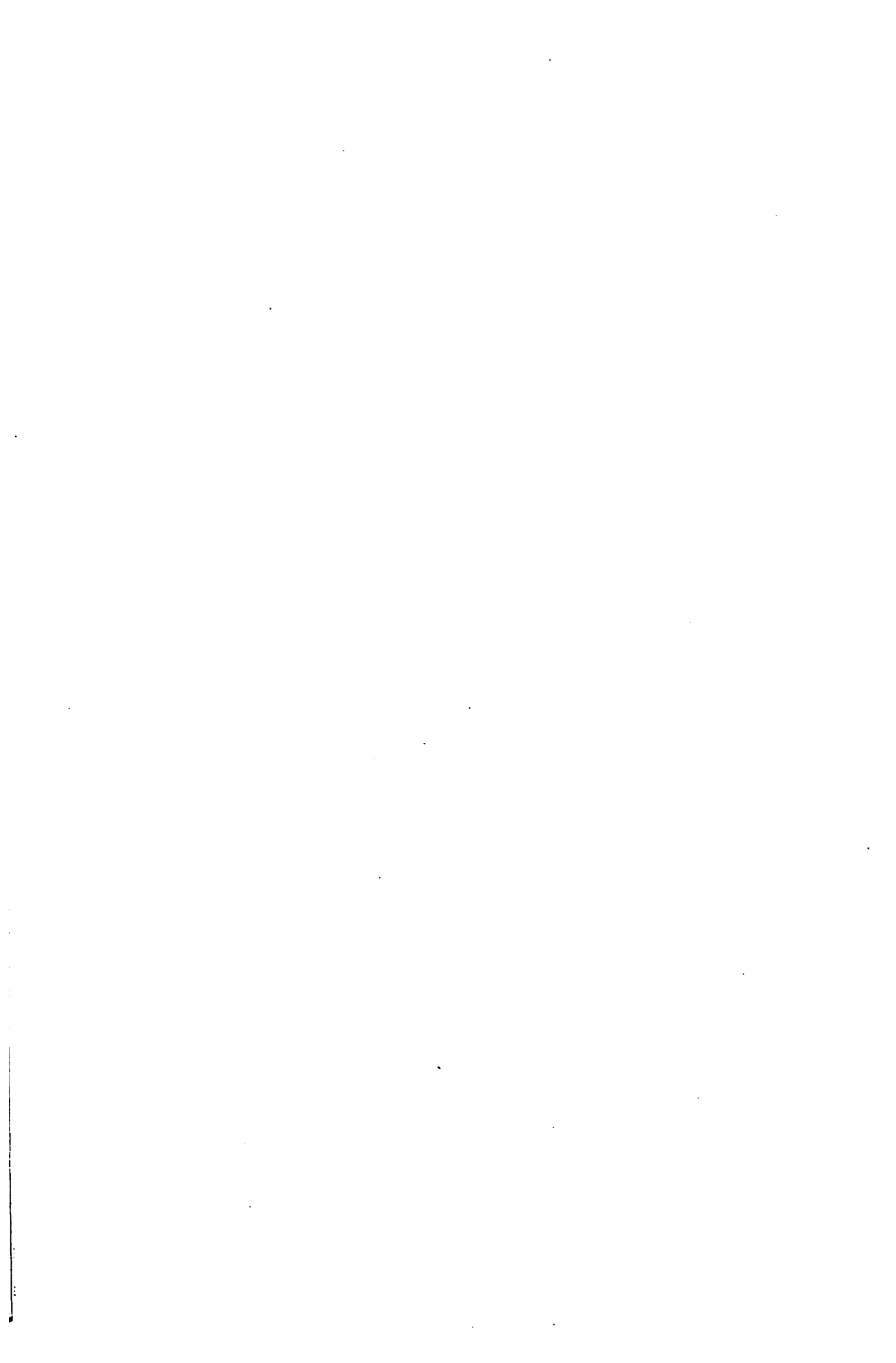
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"If, Monsieur, I have been an unintentional witness to your chagrin and grief, perhaps my devotion and friendship may be of some service."

"Yes, yes, you are right. Not that you can avert my fate, still, you can, at least, receive my last wishes and my last vows; it is the only service you can render me."

He shut the door, returned and seated himself near me, who, affected and trembling, listened to his words, in which there was something grave and solemn. His countenance wore an expression such as I had never seen before.

His forehead, which I had examined attentively, seemed marked with fatality. His face was pale; his black eyes gleamed with lightning; and from time to time his features, though altered from suffering, were contracted by an ironical and infernal smile.

"What I have to tell you," said he to me, "will confound your reason. You will doubt. You will not believe. I often doubt myself, at least I wish to, but the proofs remain besides in everything that surrounds us; and even in my organization, there are other mysteries we are obliged to submit to without being able to understand them."

He stopped a moment as if to collect his thoughts, passed his hand over his brow, and continued:

"I was born in this chateau. I had two brothers older than myself, to whom would descend the wealth and honours of our house. I had, therefore, nothing to expect but the cloak and little collar, and yet dreams of glory and ambition agitated my mind and caused my heart to beat. Unhappy on account of my obscurity, thirsting for renown, I thought only of the means of acquiring them, and these thoughts rendered me insensible to all the pleasures and enjoyments of life. The present was nothing to me. I existed only in the future, and this future was presented to me under the most sombre aspect. I was then nearly thirty and was nothing yet. At that time, there were literary characters in the capital whose dazzling fame reached over provinces. Ah! I often thought to myself, if I could only make myself a name in the career of letters, it would still be renown, and in that alone is happiness. The confidant of my chagrin was an old domestic, an old negro, who had been in the chateau long before I was born. He was, without doubt, the oldest in the mansion, for no one remembered when he came to it. The peasants pretended that he had known Marshal Fabert, and had assisted at his death."

At that moment, seeing me make a gesture of surprise, he stopped and asked what ailed me. Nothing, I replied; but in spite of myself, I thought of the black man the inn-keeper mentioned. M. de C—— continued:

"One day, before Iago, (the name of the old negro,) I gave way to the despair I felt on account of my obscure situation, and the uselessness of my days, and exclaimed: 'I would give ten years of my life to be placed in the first rank of our authors.'"

"'Ten years,' said he coldly, 'is a great deal; it is paying dear for a small thing. No matter, I accept your ten years. I take them; if you recall your promise, I shall keep mine.'"

"I cannot describe the surprise I felt on hearing him speak in this manner. I thought that age had enfeebled his reason. Shrugging my shoulders and smiling, I left him, and a few days after departed from the chateau for Paris. There I found myself thrown into the society of men of letters. Their example encouraged me, and I published many works, the success of which I will not recount. All Paris was eager to see them. The journals were filled with my praises. The new name I had taken became celebrated, and even yesterday, young man, you admired it."

Here another gesture of surprise interrupted his recital. "Are you not the Duke de C——?" I exclaimed.

"No," he coldly replied; while I asked myself who can he be? Is he a celebrated man? Can he be Marmontel? Is he d'Alembert? Is he Voltaire?

My unknown sighed; a smile of regret—of scorn, passed over his lips, and he resumed—

"The literary reputation I had so much coveted, was soon insufficient for a soul like mine. I aspired to more noble success; and said to Iago, who had followed me to Paris, and remained with me, 'There is no real glory, no true renown, except in the career of arms. What is a man of letters—a poet? Speak to me of a great captain—of the general of an army. That is the destiny I covet; and, for a military reputation, I would give ten years of the life which is left me.' 'I accept them,' replied Iago; 'I take them; they belong to me; do not forget it.'"

While he was thus walking rapidly, and speaking with warmth, or with enthusiasm, my surprise benumbed my faculties, and I wondered who he could be. Perhaps Coigny—Richelieu—Marshal Saxe.

From this state of excitement, my unknown fell into dejection; and, approaching me, said, in a melancholy tone—"Iago spoke truly; and when later, disgusted with the vain phantom of military glory, I aspired to that which seemed the only real and positive good in this world. At the price of five or six years of my existence, I desired gold—riches, and they were granted. Yes, young man; yes, I have seen fortune second—surpass all my wishes. Estates, forests, chateaux—even this morning, they were still in my power; and if you doubt me—if you doubt Iago—wait, wait; he is coming—you shall see for yourself, with your own eyes; for that which shocks your reason and mine, is unfortunately only too real."

The unknown went up to the mantel-piece, looked at the clock, shuddered, and said, in a low tone—

"This morning, at break of day, I was so feeble, so prostrated, I could hardly rise. I rung for my valet-de-chambre. It was Iago who appeared. 'What is this I feel?' said I to him. 'Master, it is nothing but what is very natural—the hour approaches; the moment is coming.' 'The what?' I exclaimed. 'Do you not suspect? Heaven destined you to live sixty years—you were thirty when I began to obey you.' 'Iago,' said I, with terror, 'are you speaking seriously?' 'Yes, master. In five years, you have expended for glory twenty-five years of existence. You gave them to me—they belong to me; and the days you have taken must now be added to mine.' 'What! was that the price of your services?' 'Others have paid dearer than that—witness Fabert, whom I also protected.' 'Hold your tongue—hold your tongue,' I replied; 'it is not true.' 'Indeed—but prepare yourself; for you have only half an hour to live.'

"'You mock me; you are deceiving me.' 'Well, then, calculate for yourself. You have actually lived thirty-five years, and twenty-five years you have lost; total, sixty—it is your account,' and he turned to leave me. I felt my strength diminish, and I feared my voice would fail me."

"'Iago! Iago!' I exclaimed, 'give me a few hours more.' 'No, no,' he replied; 'it would be taking from my account, and I know better than you the price of life. No treasure can buy two hours of existence.' 'Alas!' said I, making an effort, 'take back the wealth for which I have sacrificed so much. Give me four hours more, and I will renounce my gold, my wealth, all my opulence.' 'Be it so. You have been a good master, and I am willing to do something for you—therefore, I consent to it.'

"I felt my strength returning, and I exclaimed—'Four

hours are too little. Iago! Iago! four hours more, and I will renounce my glory, all my works, everything that has placed me so high in the esteem of men.' 'Four hours for that?' cried the negro, in disdain. 'It is a great deal. No matter—I will not refuse your last favour.' 'Not the last,' said I, joining my hands. 'Iago! Iago! I pray you give me till evening—the twelve hours; the whole day; and let my exploits, my victories, my military renown, be forever effaced from the memory of men. Let nothing more remain on earth. The day, Iago—the whole day—and I will be too content!'

"'You abuse my goodness,' he replied, 'and I should act like a fool; but no matter—I give you till sunset. After that, ask nothing further. This evening, then, I will come to take you;' and he departed," continued the unknown, in despair; "and this day, in which I am speaking to you, is the last that remains for me." Then, approaching the glass door that led into the park, he exclaimed—"I shall no longer see this beautiful sky, this green turf, these sparkling waters. I shall no longer breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool that I was! These blessings God gives to all. These blessings, to which I was insensible, and which I can now comprehend their sweetness, I could have enjoyed twenty-five years longer; but I have spent my days, I have sacrificed myself for a vain chimera, for a fruitless glory, that has not rendered me happy, and which is dead before I am."

"Hold," said he, as he pointed to the peasants crossing the park, and singing as they were going to their work; "what would I not give now to participate in their toil and poverty—but I have nothing to give, nothing to hope here below!—not even misery!"

At this moment a sunbeam, a sunbeam of May, fell on his pale and haggard features; he seized my arm in a kind of delirium, and said:

"See—see! How beautiful the sun is, and I must quit this all! Ah! that I could enjoy it again to-morrow. How completely I have delighted in this day, so pure, so beautiful, which for me will not usher in another!"

He darted forward and ran across the park, and, at the winding of an alley, he disappeared before I could attempt to detain him. To tell the truth, I had not the strength to do so. I fell back under the canopy, shocked and confounded with all I had just seen and heard. I arose and began to walk, to convince myself I was awake—that I was not under the influence of a dream. At this moment the door opened, and a servant said:

"Here is my master, M. the Duke de C——."

A man about sixty, with a distinguished physiognomy, advanced, held out his hand to me, and begged pardon for having obliged me to wait so long.

"I was not at the chateau," said he; "I have been to the town for advice in regard to the health of the Count de C——, my youngest brother."

"Is he in danger?" I exclaimed.

"No, Monsieur, thank heaven," replied the duke; "but in his youth, ideas of ambition and glory had excited his imagination, then a very serious illness he has had lately, in which he thought he should die, has affected his brain with a species of delirium and derangement, causing him to fancy he has only one day longer to live."

Everything was explained to me.

"Now," continued the duke, "let us return to you, and see what can be done for your advancement. We will go to Versailles the last of this month. I will present you—"

"I know your kindness, Monsieur, for me, and I come to thank you."

"What! you have not renounced the court, and all the advantages you might attain there?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"But just think, with my influence, you would make rapid advancement, and with a little patience and assiduity, you could in ten years—"

"Ten years lost!" I exclaimed.

"Very well!" resumed he, with astonishment; "is that paying too dear for glory, fortune, honours? Come, come, young man, we must go to Versailles."

"No, Monsieur, I shall return to Brittany, and again beg you to receive my thanks, and all those of my family."

"This is folly!" cried the duke.

While I, thinking of all I had just seen and heard, said to myself, it is reason.

The next day I was off, and with what delight I saw again my fine Chateau de la Roche-Bernard, the old trees in my park, and the beautiful sun of Brittany, may be imagined! I found my vassals, my sisters, my friends, and happiness! which have never left me; for, eight days after my return, I married Henrietta.

E. P.

## SLIP-SLOPPERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MESSRS. GALE AND SEATON:

ONE of the most beautiful sights I have lately seen was the SPREAD for the *New England Dinner* in the large dining-room of the Astor. It would have given, even to a "picked man of countries," a heightened standard of sumptuousness in banquet—in fact, (and republicans may as well know it,) royal entertainments in Europe beat it by nothing but the intrinsic value of the table service. Galleries were erected for ladies behind the columns at either end of the hall, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

It struck me that the "old Plymouth rock" was a little too much hammered upon, and, indeed, I thought, during the dinner, that the fragment of it (which was set upon the table) had better be used for the weight and countenance it could give to objects worthy of the Pilgrim spirit, than as an anvil for self-glorification. There are interests constantly arising of a philanthropic character general enough for all parties to partake in, and to the sluggish movement of which the steam of local patriotism might worthily be applied. Without the bugbear of a contribution at the time, a fine orator and philanthropist like Horace Mann might have been invited by the committee to delight and instruct the picked audience with eloquence on one of his apostolic schemes of benevolence. As it was, the predominance of one political party made it a whig dinner instead of a New England dinner. Admiring Mr. Webster as I do, and willing as I am to do more to see the other remaining Titan of our country (Mr. Clay) in the presidential chair than for any other object not personal to myself, I wished that he had replied to the "common-school" toast instead of the one he selected, and kept to the spirit of New England exclusively in the determination of his "thunder." Mr. Bellows took up this just mentioned topic, and compared the red school-houses (more graphically than felicitously) to an eruption on the face of New England! He is a great pulpit orator, but a man who is accustomed to steer by the sober rudder of a pen runs adrift in trusting himself to extemporaneous impulse. The best-judged and most nicely-turned speech of the evening, I thought, was by Mr. Colden—and quite the most applauded.

I see by a chance paper I picked up, that a Mr. D. W. Swartz advertises that he "will charter a vessel for ten months, should sufficient encouragement be offered, for an excursion to the Levant," and that "*London, Persia, Rome,*

and *Athens* would be the principal *seaports* for rest and recreation."

The adorable singer, Castellan, gave a concert last night—stated as her "Farewell." For *enjoyable* music, there is nobody like her, and one more round of the *ladder of finish* would set her at the top of her profession, I have no doubt, in Europe as well as here. Her voice is a phenomenon.

The overflow of the city's fountain of curiosity pours just now into the fancy-stores and curiosity-shops—the stockings of Santa Claus gaping wide for "gratifications." The new bazaar, with the negroes in cocked hats for "sticks in waiting," is thronged like a levee, and, truly, the variety of new nonsenses is marvellous and bewildering. Tiffany's carries the palm, and you would think, to walk around that museum of elegancies, that the Fine Arts had turned their whole force and ingenuity into the invention of trifles. It would be curious to trace back the *genius* that invents these things to its home and condition in life.

One of the new books that will most interest you and the Members of Congress is "Simcoe's Military Journal; a history of the operations of a partisan corps called the Queen's Rangers, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Simcoe, during the war of the Revolution, illustrated by engraved plans of action," &c. Bartlett & Welford, the great bibliologists of New York, found a copy of the work in their researches in foreign libraries, and Mr. Bartlett, who is a scholar, thus prefaces the American re-publication:

"The military journal of Lieutenant Colonel Simcoe, now first published, was privately printed by the author in 1787 for distribution among a few of his personal friends. The production has hitherto, it would seem, *entirely escaped the attention of those who are curious in the history of our Revolutionary war*. As a record of some interesting particulars and local occurrences of that memorable struggle, and as a well-written documentary illustration of the times and the circumstances of the American rebellion, it deserves circulation and favour. The fortunate procurement of a copy of the work in London enables the publishers to present it in an edition securing its preservation, and facilitating a general knowledge of its contents. A memoir of so much of the author's life as is not exhibited in his journal, it is thought, will interest the reader and increase the permanent value of the volume. Accordingly, such a memoir has been prepared from available and authentic materials, and, by way of introduction, may serve to fill out the history of the commander of the Queen's Rangers, presenting also a few facts concerning the corps, not otherwise appearing. Not to extend that portion of the publication too far, however, various relevant quotations from different sources, interesting essentially and expletive in their character, are thrown into the appendix, in addition to what the journalist has given in that form himself."

There is a very well conducted paper in New York called the "Mirror of Fashion," the avowed object of which is to furnish plates and descriptions of gentlemen's fashions in dress—this feature taking the place, in a sheet of general interest, which politics or religion take in others. One sentence of the advertisement runs thus:

"I shall strive my utmost to make the Mirror of Fashion reflect all the important changes in styles of dress, whether in cut, colour, or make, that may from month to month be adopted in this metropolis, *always eschewing the freaks and follies of foreign fancy*. I shall, as I ever have done, recommend only that which is strictly consonant with American feelings and predilections."

The motto of the paper, very properly, is taken from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Thus, in the one pregnant sub-

ject of *clothes*, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, or been; the whole external universe, and what it holds, is but clothing; and the *essence* of all science lies in the philosophy of clothes. There is evidently a man of reading and talent at the head of this paper, and the subject touches men's "business and bosom" so closely and widely that it may well be considered a *quadrimester* *etat*, and have its *organ* to represent it.

I recommend to those of your readers who are lovers of true poetry to cut out from the newspapers a piece of exceeding sweetness and beauty, entitled *The Heritage*, written by James Russell Lowell for "The Child's Friend."

If May be the season for "the raging calenture of love," this is the calenture of the social affections—the fever-crisis of the year, when the heat that is in the system comes to the surface. Most quiet men go to a ball or two in the holidays—dance a quadrille or two to show the old year that they are not of its party in going out—pay a compliment or two more flowery than their wont; in short, put on the outer seeming which would befit them in a Utopia. I have tried on, like others, for the last week or two, this holiday humour; and, though I shall be accused of "keeping a sharp eye to business," I must jot down for you a thought or two that has occurred to me, critical and comparative, on the present condition of New-York society.

It strikes me that there is no provision in the gay society of New-York for people of middle-age. A man between thirty-five and forty is invited to a large party. He goes too early if he arrives before eleven. He finds the two principal rooms stripped of carpets and of most of the sitting-down furniture, and the reception-room entirely lined with the mammas and chaperons of the young ladies on the floor. However he might be a "dancing man" in Europe, where people dance till their knees fail them, he knows that in this haste-to-grow-old country it would be commented harshly upon, especially if he has a wife, for whom it is expected his overflow of spirits should be reserved. As he don't dance, he would like to converse. The old ladies talk of nothing but their daughters, and the daughters, if not dancing, think it would repel a probable partner to seem much occupied in conversation. He looks around for a sofa and a lady who don't dance. Sofa there is none, and in a chair in the corner perhaps there is one lady who is neither young nor old—*rare avis*! He approaches her, and, well nigh jammed against the wall, undertakes a conversation not audible (he standing and she sitting) unless kept up at a scream. After a half hour of this, the lady, if she be discreet, remembers that "it looks particular" to be engrossed more than half an hour by one gentleman, and looks or says so. The middle-aged man slides along the wall, gets back into the crowded reception-room, talks a little to the chaperons, comes back and looks on at the waltz, and so passes the three hours till supper—on his legs. The ladies take an hour to sup, and, about three o'clock, he gets a corner for some oysters and champagne, and between that and four o'clock gets home to bed. He is a business man and rises at eight, and by three o'clock the next day he looks and feels as a man naturally would who had burnt his candle at both ends—for nothing!

It is not wonderful that there are no conveniences for conversation in society, for there really is no conversation to provide for. The want would create the supply. It is one of the most peculiar of our country's features that conversation is not cultivated as a pleasure. When American women leave off dancing they think they have done with society till they reappear to bring out their daughters. All the agreeableness of their middle life—the most attractive and

delightful portion of life too, perhaps—is expended on an appreciative husband who wants and uses it all! *Not at all* as a disparagement to this state of things, perhaps you will allow me to mention a case, that *may be* somewhat parallel, which has turned up in my zoological reading: “These little insects (the cocoon, of the family *gallinsecta*) are remarkable for many peculiarities in their habits and conformation. The *males* have long large wings! The *females* have *no wings*, but at a certain period of their life attach themselves to the plant or tree which they inhabit, and remain thereon immovable during the rest of their existence. As soon as the eggs are produced, they pass immediately under the female parent, whose body becomes their stationary covering and guard. By degrees her body dries up and flattens, and forms a sort of shell, and, when life is quite extinct, the young insects leave their hiding-place.” Whether society has not some claim on them—whether their minds would not be kept from narrowing by conversation with agreeable men—whether the one exclusive errand of the loveliest portion of humanity is to rear children, are questions which in this country must be handled very gingerly—at least in print. I may be permitted to go on and say “how they do in Spain,” however.

A middle-aged man in London may or may not be a dancer. There is no comment either way—but he must be *something*—dancer or good conversationist, or he is dropped as “lumbering up the party.” Few men can afford to be seen by the mistress of the house to be *unamused* and *unamusing*. A cultivated man, then, who don’t dance, gets an hour or two of pleasant society in the early part of the evening at the opera. If there is a small party afterwards he prefers it to a ball; but if he goes to the ball, he finds that the pleasantest people there are the married women. They do not sit together without room for a gentleman between them, but every lady is bodily approachable, and with a little management he can get a comfortable seat beside any one whom he may know and prefer. If he find her interesting, and talk to her the whole evening, there is no scandal, unless there are other corroborating circumstances: indeed, the openness of the attention would rather discredit any unfavourable comment. If there is a new lion present, or any attraction peculiar to one person, a small circle is formed in a corner, or a group stand around and let the conversation be managed by the persons most interested, like listening to music. You could seldom go to a party in London without hearing something worth telling to a person not there, and *society* (not the newspapers) has the first use and enjoyment of all news and novelties of every description. Newspapers are stale to a man actively conversant in the best society of London. People collect news, and see sights, and invent theories, and study and think—to have material for being brilliant in society, and for no other purpose. A *habitué* of the best houses grows well informed by *absorption* only—if he keep his ears open. *And this entire stage of society is wanting in New-York.*

I may as well be honest and call this an essay—but I sat down to write a letter, I assure you! My next shall be more miscellaneous.

One of your intelligent correspondents remarked lately upon the absurdity of copying English hours for gayety without copying the compensating English hours for repose. It is the aim of aristocracy to have such habits as to distinguish aristocrats from the working classes, and lords and ladies please themselves with going home to sleep when the clowns are getting up to toil. *Until* we can afford to lie abed like a lord, till noon, we are fools to lose the clown’s slumber, and a fashionable lady would deserve well of her

country who would tacitly acknowledge her husband to be a man of business, by giving her party at hours when he and his merchant friends could attend without loss of needful sleep. Who would not be glad to go to a ball at seven instead of eleven? This change, and the introduction of comforts and accommodations for conversable wall-flowers, would in my opinion, improve even the charming circles of grown-up children who now constitute New-York society.

I see no very marked differences in the dress or usages of the ball-room. Rather more waltzing and less quadrilling, if any thing—but still “marvellous few” tolerable waltzers. Could most of the waltzing men in New-York “see themselves as others see them,” they would practice the difficult ease of this accomplishment elsewhere for a while. The lower classes of Germans have balls in their peculiar haunts which it would be good practice to attend.

## HOW TO MAKE A PARADISE

IN THE COUNTRY.

THE back of the winter is broke, dear reader, and it is down hill to spring. Those who have not our brick and mortar destiny, are chatting, over their evening table, of gardens and fruit-trees, crops and embellishments, and *longing* the snow off their lawns and fields, and the frost out of their furrows. We have been passing a leisure (not an idle) hour in reading our friend Downing’s elegant and tempting book on rural architecture—a book which, with others by the same scholarlike and tasteful pen, we commend to your possession—and it brings to our mind a long letter we wrote during our last year’s residence on the Susquehannah, on the subject of economical and comeatable paradise-making in the country. For a change—let us turn over for you this leaf of our common-sense book. Thus runs the body of it:

Landscape gardening is a pleasant subject to expand into an imaginative article, and I am not surprised that men, sitting amid hot editorials in a city, (the month July,) find a certain facility in creating woods and walks, planting hedges and building conservatories. So may the brain be refreshed, I well know, even with the smell of printing-ink in the nostrils. But landscape gardening, as within the reach of the small farmer people, is quite another thing, and to be managed (as brain-gardening need not be, to be sure,) with economy and moderation. Tell us in the quarterlies, if you will, what a man may do with a thousand acres and plenty of money; but we will endeavour to show what may be done with fifty acres and a spare hour in the evening—by the tasteful farmer, or the tradesman retired on small means. These own their fifty acres, (more or less,) up to the sky and down to the bottom of their “diggings,” and as nature lets the tree grow and the flower expand for a man, without reference to his account at the bank, they have it in their power to embellish, and most commonly, they have also the inclination. Beginners, however, at this, as at most other things, are at the mercy of injudicious counsel, and few books can be more expensively misapplied than the treatises on landscape gardening.

The most intense and sincere lovers of the country are citizens who have fled to rural life in middle age, and old travellers who are weary, heart and foot, and long for shelter and rest. Both these classes of men are ornamental in their tastes, the first because the country is his passion, heightened by abstinence; and the latter because he remembers the secluded and sweet spots he has crossed in travel, and yearns for something that resembles them of his own. To begin at the beginning, I will suppose such a man as either of these in search of land to purchase and build upon. His means are moderate.

Leaving the climate and productiveness of soil out of the question, the main things to find united are *shade, water, and inequality of surface*. With these three features given by Nature, any spot may be made beautiful, and at very little cost; and, fortunately for purchasers in this country, most land is valued and sold with little or no reference to these or other capabilities for embellishment. Water, in a country so laced with rivers, is easily found. Yet there are hints worth giving, perhaps, obvious as they seem, even in the selection of water. A small and rapid river is preferable to a large river or lake. The Hudson, for instance, is too broad to bridge, and, beautiful as the sites are upon its banks, the residents have but one egress and one drive—the country behind them. If they could cross to the other side, and radiate in every direction in their evening drives, the villas on that noble river would be trebled in value. One soon tires of riding up and down one bank of a river, and, without a taste for boating, the beautiful expanse of water soon becomes an irksome barrier. Very much the same remark is true of the borders of lakes, with the additional objection, that there is no variety to the view. A small, bright stream, such as hundreds of nameless ones in these beautiful Northern States, spanned by bridges, at every half mile, followed always by the roads which naturally seek the level, and winding into picturesque surprises, appearing and disappearing, continually; is, in itself, an ever-renewing poem, crowded with changeable pictures, and every day tempting you to follow or trace back its bright current. Small rivers, again, ensure to a degree the other two requisites, shade and inequality of surface—the interval being proportionately narrow, and backed by slopes and alluvial soil, usually producing the various nut and maple trees, which, for their fruit and sap, have been spared by the inexorable axes of the first settlers. If there is any land in the country, the price of which is raised from the supposed desirableness of the site, it is upon the lakes and larger rivers—leaving the smaller rivers, fortunately, still within the scale of the people's means.

One more word as to the selection of a spot. The rivers of the United States, more than those of older countries, are variable in their quantity of water. The banks of many of the most picturesque, present, at the season of the year when we most wish it otherwise, (in the sultry heats of August and September,) bared rocks or beds of ooze, while the stream runs sluggishly and uninvitingly between. Those which are fed principally by springs, however, are less liable to the effects of drought than those which are the outlets of large bodies of water; and, indeed, there is great difference in rivers in this respect, depending on the degree in which their courses are shaded, and other causes. It will be safest, consequently, to select a site in August, when the water is at the lowest, preferring of course a bold and high bank as a protection against freshets and flood-wood. The remotest chance of a war with water, damming against wash and flood, fills an old settler with economical alarm.

It was doubtless a "small chore" for the deluge to heave up a mound or slope a bank, but with one spade at a dollar a day, the moving of earth is a discouraging job, and in selecting a place to live, it is well to be apprised what diggings may become necessary, and how your hay and water, wood, visitors and lumber generally, are to come and go. A man's first fancy is commonly to build on a hill; but as he lives on year after year, he would like his house lower and lower, till, if the fairies had done it for him at each succeeding wish, he would trouble them at last to dig his cellar at the bottom. It is hard mounting a hill daily, with tired horses, and it is dangerous driving down with full-belld

ones from the stable door, and your friends deduct from the pleasure of seeing you, the inconvenience of ascending and descending. The view, for which you build high, you soon discover, is not daily bread, but an occasional treat, more worth, as well as better liked for the walk to get it, and (you have selected your site of course with a southern exposure,) a good stiff hill at your back, nine months in the year, saves several degrees of the thermometer and sundry chimney-tops, barn-roofs, and other furniture peripatetic in a tempest. Then your hill-road washes with the rains, and needs continual mending, and the dweller on the hill needs one more horse and two more oxen than the dweller in the valley. One thing more. There rises a night mist, (never unwholesome from running water,) which protects fruit-trees from frost to a certain level above the river, at certain critical seasons, and so end the reasons for building low.

I am supposing all along, dear reader, that you have had no experience of country life, but that, sick of a number in a brick block, or, (if a traveller,) weary of "the perpetual flow of people," you want a patch of the globe's surface to yourself, and room enough to seream, let off champagne corks, or throw stones, without disturbance to your neighbour. The intense yearning for this degree of liberty has led some seekers after the pastoral rather farther into the wilderness than was necessary; and while writing on the subject of a selection of rural sites, it is worth while, perhaps, to specify the desirable degree of neighbourhood.

In your own person, probably, you do not combine blacksmith, carpenter, tinman, grocer, apothecary, wet-nurse, dry-nurse, washerwoman, and doctor. Shoes and clothes can wait your convenience for mending. But the little necessities supplied by the above list of vocations are rather imperative, and they can only be ministered to in any degree of comfortable perfection, by a village of at least a thousand inhabitants. Two or three miles is far enough to send your horse to be shod, and far enough to send for doctor or washerwoman, and half the distance would be better, if there were no prospect of the extension of the village limits. But the common diameter of idle boys' rambles is a mile out of the village, and to be just beyond that is very necessary if you care for your plums and apples. The church bell should be within hearing, and it is mellowed deliciously by a mile or two of hill and dale, and your wife will probably belong to a "sewing circle," to which it is very much for her health to walk—especially if the horse is wanted for ploughing. This suggests to me another point which I had nearly overlooked.

The farmer pretends to no "gentility;" I may be permitted to say, therefore, that neighbours are a luxury, both expensive and inconvenient. The necessity you feel for society, of course, will modify very much the just stated considerations on the subject of vicinage. He who has lived only in town, or passed his life (as travellers do) only as a receiver of hospitality, is little aware of the difference between a country and city call, or between receiving a visit and paying one. In town, "not at home," in any of its shapes, is a great preserver of personal liberty, and gives no offence. In the country you are "at home," *will-you, will-you*. As a stranger paying a visit, you choose the time most convenient to yourself and abridge the call at pleasure. In your own house, the visitor may find you at a very inconvenient hour, stay a very inconvenient time, and as you have no liberty to deny yourself at your country door, it may (or may not, I say, according to your taste) be a considerable evil. This point should be well settled, however, before you determine your distance from a closely-settled neighbourhood, for many a man would rather send

his horse two miles farther to be shod than live within the convenience of "sociable neighbours." A resident in a city, by the way (and it is a point which should be kept in mind by the retiring metropolitan) has, properly speaking, no neighbours. He has friends, chosen or made by similarity of pursuit, congeniality of taste, or accident, which might have been left unimproved. His literal neighbours he knows by name—if they keep a brass plate, but they are contented to know as little of him, and the acquaintance ends, without offence, in the perusal of the name and number on the door. In the city you pick your friends. In the country, you "take them in the lump."

True, country neighbours are almost always desirable acquaintances—simple in their habits, and pure in their morals and conversation. But this letter is addressed to men retiring from the world, who look forward to the undisturbed enjoyment of trees and fields, who expect life to be filled up with the enjoyment of dew at morn, shade at noon, and the glory of sunset and starlight, and who consider the complete repose of the articulating organs, and release from oppressive and unmeaning social observances, as the fruition of Paradise. To men who have experience or philosophy enough to have reduced life to this, I should recommend a distance of five miles from any village or any family with grown-up daughters. In my character of Dollar, I may be forgiven for remarking, also, that this degree of seclusion doubles an income (by enabling a man to live on half of it,) and so, freeing the mind from the care of self, removes the very gravest of the obstacles to happiness. I refer to no saving which infringes on comfort. The housekeeper who caters for her own family in an unvisited seclusion, and the housekeeper who provides for her family with an eye to the possible or probable interruption of acquaintances not friends, live at very different rates; and the latter adds one dish to the bounty of the table, perhaps, but two to its vanity. Still more in the comfort and expensiveness of dress. The natural and most blissful costume of man in summer, all told, is shirt, slippers, and pantaloons. The compulsory articles of coat, suspenders, waistcoat, and cravat, (gloves would be ridiculous,) are a tribute paid to the chance of visitors, as is also, probably, some dollars' difference in the quality of the hat.

I say nothing of the comfort of a bad hat (one you can sit upon, or water your horse from, or bide the storm in, without remorse,) nor of the luxury of having half a dozen, which you do when they are cheap, and so saving the mental burden of retaining the geography of an article so easily mislaid. A man is a slave to anything on his person he is afraid to spoil—a slave (if he is not rich, as we are not, dear reader!) to any costly habiliment whatever. The trees nod no less graciously, (it is a pleasure to be able to say,) because one's trousers are of a rational volume over the portion most tried by a sedentary man, nor because one's hat is of an equivocal shape—having served as a non-conductor between a wet log and its proprietor. But ladies do—especially country ladies; and even if they did not, there is enough of the leaven of youth, even in philosophers, to make them unwilling to appear to positive disadvantage, and unless you are quite at your ease as to even the ridiculous shabbiness of your outer man, there is no liberty—no economical liberty, I mean—in rural life. Do not mislead yourself, dear reader! I am perfectly aware that a Spanish sombrero, a pair of large French trousers plaited over the hips, a well made English shoe, and a handsome checked shirt, form as easy a costume for the country as philosopher could desire. But I write for men who must attain the same comfort in a shirt of a perfectly independent description, trou-

sers, oftenest, that have seen service as tights, and show a fresher dye in the seams, a hat, price twenty-five cents, (by the dozen,) and shoes of a remediless capriciousness of outline.

I acknowledge that such a costume is a liberty with daylight, which should only be taken within one's own fence, and that it is a misfortune to be surprised in it by a stranger, even there. But I wish to impress upon those to whom this letter is addressed, the obligations of country neighbourhood as to dress and table, and the expediency of securing the degree of liberty which may be desired, by a barrier of distance. Sociable country neighbours, as I said before, are a luxury, but they are certainly an expensive one. Judging by data within my reach, I should say that a man who could live for fifteen hundred dollars a year, within a mile of a sociable village, could have the same personal comforts at ten miles distance for half the money. He numbers, say fifteen families, in his acquaintance, and of course pays at the rate of fifty dollars a family for their gratification. Now it is a question whether you would not rather have the money in board fence or Berkshire hogs. You may like society, and yet not like it at such a high price. Or, (but this would lead me to another subject) you may prefer society in a lump; and with a house full of friends in the months of June and July, live in contemplative and economical solitude the remainder of the year. And this latter plan I take the liberty to recommend more particularly to students and authors.

Touching "grounds." The first impulses of taste are dangerous to follow, no less from their blindness to unforeseen combinations, than from their expensiveness. In placing your house as far from the public road as possible, (and a considerable distance from dust and intrusion, seems at first a *sine qua non*) you entail upon yourself a very costly appendage in the shape of a private road, which of course must be nicely gravelled and nicely kept. A walk or drive, within your gate, which is not hard and free from weeds, is as objectionable as an untidy white dress upon a lady, and as she would be better clad in russet, your road were better covered with grass. I may as well say that a hundred yards of gravel-walk, properly "scored," weeded and rolled, will cost five dollars a month—a man's labour reckoned at the present usage. Now no person for whom this letter is written can afford to keep more than one man servant for "chores." A hundred yards of gravel-walk, therefore, employing half his time, you can easily calculate the distribution of the remainder, upon the flower-garden, kitchen-garden, wood-shed, stable and piggery. (The female "help" should *milk*, if I died for it!) My own opinion is, that fifty yards from the road is far enough, and twenty a more prudent distance, though, in the latter case, an impervious screen of shrubbery along your outer fence is indispensable.

The matter of gravel-walks embraces several points of rural comfort, and, to do without them, you must have no young ladies in your acquaintance, and, especially, no young gentlemen from the cities. It may not have occurred to you in your sidewalk life, that the dew falls in the country with tolerable regularity; and that, from sundown to ten in the forenoon, you are as much insulated in a cottage surrounded with high grass, as on a rock surrounded with forty fathom water—shod a *la mode*, I mean. People talk of being "pent up in a city" with perhaps twenty miles of flagged sidewalk extending from their door-stone! They are apt to draw a contrast, favourable to the liberty of cities, however, if they come thinly shod to the country, and must either wade in the grass or stumble through the ruts of a dusty



road. If you wish to see bodies acted on by an "exhausted receiver" (giving out their "airs" of course,) shut up your young city friends in a country cottage, by the compulsion of wet grass and muddy high-ways. Better gravel your whole farm, you say. But having reduced you to this point of horror, you are prepared to listen without contempt, while I suggest two humble *succedanea*.

First—On receiving intimation of a probable visit from a city friend, write by return of post for the size of her foot, (or *his*). Provide immediately a pair of India rubber shoes of the corresponding number, and on the morning after your friend's arrival, be ready with them at the first horrified withdrawal of the damp foot from the grass. Your shoes may cost you a dollar a pair, but if your visitors are not more than ten or twelve in the season, it is a saving of fifty per cent. at least in gravelling and weeding.

Or, Second—Enclose the two or three acres immediately about your house with a ring fence, and pasture within it a small flock of sheep. They are clean and picturesque, (your dog should be taught to keep them from the doors and porticos,) and by feeding down the grass to a continual green-sward, they give the dew a chance to dry off early and enlarge your cottage "liberties" to the extent of their brownings.

I may as well add, by the way, that a walk with the sod simply taken off, is, in this climate, dry enough, except for an hour or two after a heavy rain; and besides the original saving in gravel, it is kept clean with a quarter of the trouble. A weed imbedded in stones is a much more obstinate customer than a score of them sliced from the smooth ground. At any rate, out with them! A neglected walk indicates that worst of country diseases, a mind grown slovenly and slip-slop! Your house may go unpainted, and your dress (with one exception) submit to the course of events—but be scrupulous in the whiteness of your linen, tenacious of the neatness of your gravel-walks; and, while these points hold, you are at a redeemable remove from the lapses, (fatally prone and easy,) into barbarianism and misanthropy.

Before I enter upon the cultivation of grounds, let me lay before the reader my favourite idea of a cottage—not a *cottage ornée* but a *cottage insoucieuse*, if I may coin a phrase. In the Valley of Sweet Waters, on the banks of the Barbyces, there stands a small pleasure palace of the sultan, which looks as if it was dropped into the green lap of nature, like a jewel-case on a birth-day with neither preparation on the part of the beetower, nor disturbance on the part of the receiver. From the balcony's foot on every side extends an unbroken sod to the horizon. Gigantic trees shadow the grass here and there, and an enormous marble vase, carved in imitation of a sea-shell, turns the silver Barbyces in a curious cascade over its lip; but else, it is all Nature's lap, with its bauble resting in velvet—no gardens, no fences, no walls, no shrubberies—a beautiful valley with the sky resting on its rim, and nothing in it save one fairy palace. The simplicity of the thing enchanted me, and, in all my yearnings after rural seclusion, this vision of old travel has, more or less, coloured my fancy. You see what I mean, with half an eye. Gardens are beautiful, shrubberies ornamental, summer-houses and alleys, and gravelled paths, all delightful—but they are, each and all, taxes—heavy taxes on mind, time, and "dollar." Perhaps you like them. Perhaps you want the occupation. But *some* men, of small means, like a contemplative idleness in the country. Some men's time never hangs heavily under a tree. Some men like to lock their doors, (or to be at liberty to do so,) and be gone for a month, without dread of gardens plundered, flowers trod down, shrubs browsed off by cattle. Some men like nothing out of doors but that which can take care of it-

self—the side of a house or a forest-tree, or an old horse in a pasture. These men, too, like that which is beautiful, and for such I draw this picture of the *cottage insoucieuse*. What more simply elegant than a pretty structure in the lap of a green dell! What more convenient! What so economical! Sheep (we may "return to muttons") are cheaper "help" than men, and if they do not keep your green-sward so brightly mown, they crop it faithfully and turn the crop to better account. The only rule of perfect independence in the country is to make no "improvement" which requires more attention than the making. So—you are at liberty to take your wife to the Springs. So—you can join a coterie at Niagara at a letter's warning. So—you can spend a winter in Italy without leaving half your income to servants who keep house at home. So—you can sleep without dread of hail-storms on your graperies or green-houses, without blunderbuss for depredators of fruit, without distress at slugs, cut-worms, drought or breachy cattle. Nature is prodigal of flowers, grapes are cheaper bought than raised, fruit *idem*, butter *idem*, (though you mayn't think so,) and as for amusement,—the man who cannot find it between driving, fishing, shooting, strolling, and reading (to say nothing of less selfish pleasures,) has no business in the country. He should go back to town.

We have a pleasant and welcome correspondent who signs himself "R. H. D.," and we have a treasured and admired friend known to the world as Richard H. Dana—and they are two different persons. We must beg our friend of the three disembodied initials to give way to the embodied three of the poet, though, as we well know, the three first letters of a man's name may be as momentous to him as the three legs to the "moving tripods" seen in the Indian temples by Apollonius. His miracle may be in them! We ourselves have been un-phoenixed of late (we thought there was but one of our kind!) by the discovery that there was another N. P. Willis—not a quill-pincher, we are pleased to understand.)

"Florian" wishes us to "draw the portrait of a man fitted by nature to be an editor." A model editor would be very difficult to describe, but among other things, he should answer to the description given in the sporting books of the dunhill cock. "The best cocks should be close hitters, deadly heelers, steady fighters, good mouthers, and come to every point."

The poem sent us without a signature, "on a lady with a sweet breath," implies rather too close quarters for print. Poetry for these days must be at arms' length. The new epithet "*pimento* breath" ought not to be lost, however—quite the *epiciest* new word that has lately been rolled under our tongue. It never occurred to us before that there was one word to express cinnamon, nutmegs and cloves. We wish we could manufacture more of these single triplicates. Does our nameless correspondent know, by the way, that bad breath in Prussia is good ground for divorce? We recommend him to write a parody on "Know'st thou the land," &c.

The Boston papers are glorifying (as was to be expected) the new volume of poems by Russell Lowell. We wish for a sight of it, for we are his self-elected trumpeter, and haste to know the key for a new blast. By the way, we have taken the liberty (as the immortality he is bound for is a long race) to drop the encumbrance of *James* from his musical name, and hereafter we shall economize breath, type and harmony by calling him RUSSELL LOWELL.

## SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

To promote the health of the body and increase the tranquillity of the mind, are among the most important objects for which man lives, and for which the sages of antiquity labored with incessant and unremitting toil. The constitution of man was their study, in order to discover the seat of his maladies, and source of all his corporeal misery. To alleviate the drooping spirits, to inspire confidence to the desponding mind, and ease the sorrowed heart, all the arts and arguments of their philosophy and powers of reason were turned. Among the varied branches of worldly learning, there can be none equal in importance to that of the Healing Art, for the soul in a diseased body may be aptly compared to the martyr in his dungeon, which retains its real value, but has lost its usefulness. Many or most diseases have their origin in an impure or impoverished state of the blood, and this being a fluid *sui generis*, extending to the most minute ramifications of the system, the subtle poison is infused, and the seed being sown, brings forth fruit in abundance; in one instance causing a swelling of the glands, resulting in Scrofula or Kings-eil—in another ossification of the arteries or turning them into bone; also rheumatism and disease of the heart, cutaneous eruptions, diseases of the liver, and a variety of other maladies which soon hurry their victim to his grave. *Sands's Sarsaparilla*, a purely vegetable medicine, which is the result of years of labor and chemical research, in bringing it to its present state of perfection, will arrest, and, if timely administered, perfectly cure these diseases, by purifying the vital fluid, regenerating the constitution, dispelling diseased action, giving tone to the general energies of the system, and enabling the blood to course on freely, and bringing with it health and renewed vigor. As the Phoenix rises from the ashes of its fire, re-animated with new life, so does this medicine re-invigorate the whole system, extinguishing its expiring energies and overcoming disease. The Sarsaparilla is furnished gratuitously to all who are unable to purchase it, on sufficient proof being given of their being fit objects of charity. The following certificates recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reader is referred to a pamphlet, which is furnished without charge by all the agents.

New-York, December 1, 1843.

MESSES. SANDS:

Gentlemen—Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of *Sands's Sarsaparilla*. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most inveterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bad, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her life. The complaint commenced in the roots of her hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then it attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continued to increase until it covered the most of her body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged; this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to prevent natural rest, and the odor from the discharges so offensive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention the nature of the case required. The disease was called Scald head and general Salt Rheum. We tried various remedies, with little benefit, and considered her case almost beyond the reach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your Sarsaparilla, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; and the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and the result is a perfect cure. To all parents we would say—if you have children suffering with any disease of the skin, use *Sands's Sarsaparilla*. With feelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.

ELIHU and SARAH SOUTHMAYD,  
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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1844.

NUMBER 16.

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Now, in the twilight's hour, my thoughts are turning  
Through mem'ry's vista, on the shadowed past,  
Whose shrine-lit fires are in my bosom burning,  
Sacred to joys too purely sweet to last;  
And that beloved form, whose spirit lingers  
Around the spot where grew its early love,  
With gentle whisper and with angel fingers,  
Toucheth the vibrous heart-chorus that they move,  
Trembling responsive.

They move, each impulse to existence calling  
Alternate thrills of rapture and regret,  
Prompting the smile, or bitter tear-drop falling,  
To tell of joys and sorrows holding yet  
Within my heart's deep cloisters their sad dwelling;  
They move, departed one, to thoughts of thee,  
To my bereaved soul their story telling,  
In visions sweet, of scenes long past, to be  
Remembered ever.

Here, where thy gentle voice, in tones of gladness,  
Hath steeped my senses in Lethæan bliss,  
Pervades a deep, a more abiding sadness,  
Than e'er methought could shroud a spot like this;  
But ah! there is a power unseen that guideth  
The wayward destinies of earth-born joy,  
And desolation's meager form abideth,  
Where once, in love's serene and sweet employ,  
Our hearts were blended.

All desolate my stricken heart now wanders  
From scene to scene made consecrate by death,  
And o'er each long-loved spot in sorrow ponders,  
With inspiration drawn from holier faith;  
And as each relic to my sight appeareth,  
Bringing again thy sainted image nigh,  
A lonelier garb my wearied spirit weareth,  
And from its inner cells the burth'ning sigh  
In grief ariseth.

There's sweetness in the thought that thou art near me,  
And yet I would not thy pure soul should know  
The anguish of my widowed heart, or hear me,  
When sadly thus I breathe my plaints of woe,  
For well I deem 'twould grieve thy gentle spirit,  
Could'st thou behold the pangs of blighted love;  
E'er from the realms of bliss thou dost inherit,  
Thy tears of pity, falling from above,  
With mine would mingle.

Yet there is joy, joy in my deepest grieving,  
Drawn from the fountains of celestial love;  
For tho' a mourner here, 'tis sweet believing  
That we shall meet again in realms above;  
And when at eve yon silent star first beameth,  
Like some bright spirit from its blissful goal,  
In pensive mood I gaze, for oh! it seemeth  
An angel's light, to guide my wand'ring soul  
Where thine abideth. T. R. W.

## THE DANUBE.

WITH AN EXQUISITE STEEL PLATE.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW MIRROR.

THERE is a charm in the very name of the Danube—the "dark-rolling Danube" of the poet—which rivets the attention, and conjures up a thousand associations. The Danube, the second river in Europe, receives the tribute of sixty others in its course, and rolls its majestic tide through empires, kingdoms and principalities. Its banks, "monumented" with the glorious deeds of old, and rich in magnificent scenery, have been hitherto reserved as a free and open field for the pencil of the illustrator. We have had the Rhine, the "Lordly Rhine," with its classic scenes, its "castled cliffs," the "Rolanddeck," the "Drachenfels," illustrated in every form; but the picturesque vale of the Danube—the castle-prison of our "Lion-hearted Richard,"—its banks

covered with cities, palaces, castles, convents, churches—the splendid memorials of feudal and monastic times—its battle-fields and romantic forests—these have never been fully illustrated by the hand of art. The poet has sung of its beauty—the novelist has chosen it for the scene of adventures—romance has invested its woods and rocks with supernatural interest—genius and fancy have enriched it with their own beautiful creations. From its source in the Black Forest, to its exit in the Black Sea, the banks of the Danube present a succession of magnificent landscapes, enhanced and enlivened by classic scenes and historical monuments. Among the latter is Dürrenstein, in which Cœur-de-Lion was imprisoned on his way home from the holy wars.

As the ancient frontier of the Roman empire, the Danube is full of interest to the classic reader. It still possesses in its mighty stream monuments of the Roman empire, and is celebrated by the poet as a river that would not yield the palm to the Nile itself. Through the valley of the Danube the hordes of Attila—the warrior-knights of Charlemagne—the long array of Christian pilgrims—the hardy bands of Gustavus Adolphus—the turbaned troops of Solymán the Magnificent—the victorious army of Marlborough, and the adventurous legions of Napoleon, have all marched in splendid succession, and left behind them tales and traditions which have become part of the scenery, and awaken bright reminiscences in the traveller's mind, as he descends this magnificent river.

Among the popular legends still current in the neighbourhood of the Danube is the following. It appears that the chief architect of the cathedral had an apprentice of singular acquirements in the art, and possessing so much of his master's confidence that he was entrusted with the erection of a bridge over the Danube. He set to work with so little doubt of his own abilities, that he laid a heavy bet with his master that he would finish the bridge before the other should arrive at the cope-stone of the cathedral, which was then building under the skill and experience of the master. The sacred pile, however, advanced so rapidly that the apprentice began to feel that he had entered into a very rash and foolish competition, in which he had only the prospect of defeat. Rendered desperate by these reflections, and finding that bridge-building on the Danube was not so simple a process as he had imagined, he gave vent to a fruitless volley of imprecations, and wished the arch-fiend had charge of the works! Now, speak of the devil, says the old proverb, and he will appear, and it so happened on this occasion; for no sooner had the speaker uttered the wish, than a venerable monk stood before him, and offered to take the work into his own hands.

"Who, and what art thou?" inquired the builder.

"A poor friar," said the fiend, "who, in his youth having learnt something of thy craft, would gladly turn his knowledge to the advantage of his convent."

"So, so!" said the architect, examining his sandals rather narrowly, "I think I see a cloven hoof—ay, by our lady, and a whisking tail to boot! But no matter; since thou comest in search of employment, build me those fifteen arches before May-day, and thou shalt have a devil's fee for thy pains."

"And what?" inquired the fiend, pricking up his ears.

"Why," answered the architect coolly, "as thou hast a particular affection for the souls of men, I will insure thee the first two—male and female—that shall cross this bridge."

"Say three, and done," said the devil greedily, and at the same time throwing off his friar's habit.

"Well, then, *three* be it," said the architect; and hereupon the fiend grinned with joy, and danced around like a satyr.

Before night-fall the spandrels of the arches were set—the stone came to hand ready hewn—the mortar was ready mixed—the bridge advanced so rapidly, that the master, watching his rival's progress from the cathedral, saw that the day was lost, and, stung with jealousy and disappointment, committed that fearful act which is still perpetuated by a statue. Now, this being May-day morning, and the bridge complete, a large crowd was collected at the entrance, all eager to be the first to open so new and magnificent a thoroughfare across the Danube. Delighted with his bargain, and ready to pounce on the three first who should set foot on the arch, the devil lay in ambush under the second pier, watching his prey.

"Stop," said the architect to the crowd; "stand back! In the opening of this bridge we have a solemn ceremony to go through, before it can be pronounced quite safe for the public. Jacob," said he, with a significant look to his foreman, "let the strangers take precedence."

And at these words a rough wolf-dog, followed by a cock and hen, were set at large on the bridge, and crossed the first arch. At the same instant a dreadful noise was heard under the piers, but the only word caught by the multitude was, "Cheated—cheated of my fee!" while the mangled remnants of the three animals were scattered in every direction. All were struck with amazement, and would not be satisfied till a procession of monks had pronounced the bridge quite steadfast, and sprinkled it with holy water; for some, more clear-sighted than others, had boldly affirmed that the arch-fiend was seen on the bridge, at that very instant, in a bodily shape. But no matter for that, he had now "gone, and ta'en his wages;" and in memory of an act in which he had so notably outwitted the prince of darkness, the architect caused the figures of a dog, a cock and a hen to be carved on the bridge, as may be seen even unto this day.

Keyser concludes one of his letters with the following account of an odd custom which prevailed in his time at the peasants' weddings in the villages near Ratisbon:—"When the bridesman, at the conclusion of the ceremony, attends the bridegroom from the altar to the choir, he pulls him sharply by the hair, and then hits him a good box on the ear, and all to remind him, it is said, of what the priest told him in regard to the duty which he owes his wife, as well as to fix the marriage-contract more effectually in his memory. For the same purpose it was formerly the custom, in several provinces of Germany, that when the inhabitants visited the bounds or limits of the several districts, any boys or young persons, who happened to be present, were soundly drubbed at the principal boundaries, in order to fix the idea of the place more strongly in their memories!"—But not having met with any similar observances at the village weddings, or at the adjustment of the rural boundaries on the Danube, it is but too likely that these edifying customs have been laid aside.

Among the other legendary stories connected with Ratisbon, a lively and popular author has favoured us with the following from Gemeiner's Chronicle:—"A certain worthy bishop of Ratisbon, not contented with fleecing his flock according to the approved and legitimate method, made it a

point of conscience to waylay and plunder his beloved brethren whenever they ventured near the castle of Donaustauf, in which he resided, on the banks of the Danube, a little below the town. In the month of November, 1602," says the chronicle, "tidings came to Donaustauf that on the following morning the daughter of the Duke Albert of Saxony would pass that way with a gorgeous and gallant escort. The bait was too tempting for the prelate. He sallied out upon the glittering *cortège*, and, seizing the princess and forty of her noblest attendants, led them captives to Donaustauf. The remainder, in astonishment, fled for redress, some to King Conrad and others to Duke Otho, at Landshut, who immediately took arms, and carrying fire and sword into the episcopal territories, soon compelled the mitred highwayman to make restitution, and sue for mercy. Conrad, satisfied with his submission, forgave him; in return for which the bishop bribed a vassal, named Conrad Hohenfels, to murder his royal namesake. Accordingly, in the night of the twenty-eighth of December, the traitor entered the abbey of St. Emmeran, where the king had taken up his abode, and, stealing into the royal chamber, stabbed the sleeper to the heart! Then, running to the gates of the city, he threw them open to the bishop and his retainers, exclaiming that the king was dead.

"The traitors, however, were sadly disappointed. Friedrich von Eweasheim, a devoted servant of the king, suspecting some evil, had prevailed on the monarch to exchange clothes and chambers with him, and the assassin's dagger had pierced the heart, not of Conrad, but of his true and gallant officer. The bishop escaped the royal vengeance by flight; but the abbot of St. Emmeran, who had joined the conspirators, was flung into chains, and the abbey, the houses of the chapter, and all the ecclesiastical residences were plundered by the king's soldiery. The pope, as might be expected, sided with the bishop, and excommunicated Conrad and Otho; but the murderer, Hohenfels, after having for some time eluded the hands of justice, was at last killed by a thunderbolt."

This tradition, abundantly characteristic of those remote times, is also mentioned by Duller and other picturesque writers of the Danube.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the French of Louis Larive.*

#### THE JAILER.

In that terrible and glorious time, called the revolutionary tempest, a public scene transpired in a village in the environs of Bourdeaux, the recital of which may serve as a prologue to the romantic history of my jailer.

A rabble from the city, led on by a commissary of the people, a commissary *improvisé*, hurried off one morning to the commune de Pessac, and approached the threshold of the famous chateau de Malartic. The chateau had belonged to a poor devil of the royalists, to a patriot-aristocrat, who had just expiated, on the scaffold in the place Saint Julien, the crime of having cried, *vive Bailly!*—while the noise in the distance of the axe was despatching first Bailly, then Barnave, La Rochefoucauld, Lavoisier, Thouret, and Malesherbes! The rabble of which I am speaking broke, with the first assault of the popular hand, the grilles of this old residence, which the imagination of the crowd, dazzled by tales of fabulous rumour, fancied contained numerous treasures, and all the wonderful splendours of aristocratic wealth.

"Whom seek you? What do you want?" demanded abruptly, while tottering down the steps of the grand entrance, the octogenarian servant, who had accompanied his unfortunate master even to the bloody steps of the scaffold.

"We seek no one," replied the commissary of the people; "we only want the ill-gotten wealth of an aristocrat, and we will have it!"

"The devil! and where is this fortune?"

"In the cellars, in the granaries, in the apartments of the chateau."

"Indeed! and the property of M. de Malartic belongs to you, without doubt?"

"It belongs to the nation!"

"If you please, where is the nation?"

"Here it is!"

At these words the commissary displayed an enormous tri-coloured flag, which he shook with a convulsive hand; the enthusiastic mob began to shout, "*Vive la république!*" while the official orator added, in a stentorian voice:

"Citizens, wherever the banner is, there is France!"

"Wonderful!" replied the old guardian of the mansion. "France comes to knock at the door of a royalist; let the door be opened instantly to her! Welcome, citizens; the spirit of my master salutes you! It appears you speak of a treasure? I only know of one in this abode: the glorious memory of M. de Malartic! You speak of jewels, of millions of money, of diamonds, of all the riches of the *Arabian Nights*? Enter, and search—perhaps you will find it!"

The commissary, Jean Cabanis, and a part of his men, began to ransack the house, the chambers, the armories, the furniture, the ceilings, the wainscot, under the floors, behind every corner, under the roofs, everywhere, with thrusts of pikes, blows of hammers and axes, without finding anything they were in search of, with loud cries, hurried steps, and frantic gesticulations. The perquisition, I was going to say the domiciliary demolition, lasted six hours. The terrible visitors sadly abused the posthumous hospitality of M. de Malartic; they broke all the windows of the chateau; they tore the hangings, the velvet, the carpets, and many rich stuffs; they executed the poor statues, in aristocratic guise, the refractory, and the suspected; they scattered over the garden-weeds magnificent paintings of religious personages and counter-revolutionists, who bore on their foreheads the holy radiance of Christian legends. But, alas! in vain for the revolutionists; there were no more jewels nor treasures among them than in the turf of the meadow, no more caskets of diamonds than in the dust on the highway! I am wrong; just as they were finishing the massacre of the innocent pictures, they heard a slight noise, a mysterious rustling on the other side of a partition covered with splendid canvas, a magnificent painting of a radiant figure of the Virgin; the picture was torn in the profanation of a wink, the partition flew in a thousand pieces, and instead of a painted Madonna, which, indeed, was a real chef-d'œuvre, the profaners perceived, kneeling before them, her eyes lifted to heaven, a living Madonna, wondrously beautiful.

The lady, the virgin, *at prayers*, who met their gaze as if by celestial enchantment, was so pretty, so graceful, so beautiful, and so tenderly inspired; she prayed with so much fervour, she looked, she supplicated heaven so ardently, as if she had already a glimpse of it; she had so much of the calmness of innocence and beatitude, one could have fancied her mingling, pell-mell, with the angels far from our world, far from all the wicked of this earth; in a word, it was an apparition so delightful, so ravishing, so divine, that even the commissary stopped to contemplate her in silence, and with feelings bordering on respect, stupor and admiration. But his friends took it into their heads to jeer and laugh; the most impatient, or the most audacious, dared advance towards her. In his turn, Cabanis dared place him-

self before her. He let one end of the flag fall over the kneeling virgin, as if to put her life and her honour under the safeguard of the republic; then, addressing his fiery companions who crowded around him on all sides, he cried, in a formidable voice:

"Citizens! the first one who touches this woman, the first who insults her, the first who speaks to her—shall die!"

Thanks to heaven, Cabanis was not obliged to kill any one; he raised the beautiful Christian who implored heaven; he supplicated her to be seated in a large fauteuil in the saloon; he respectfully took off his red cap; he flung away the murderous arms that might frighten the lady; he reassured her in his best manner, with words, and smiles that had nothing terrific in them; he told her, with emotion that rendered his lips tremulous:

"Whoever you are, have no fear, and deign to reply to me."

"To whom do I speak? To an enemy?"

"No; to a citizen, to a patriot, to an honest man."

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"I wish to know what you were doing there alone, concealed from all eyes, in that retreat so sad and so miserable, without air, without room, without liberty, without light?"

"I was praying God for you!"

"For us?"

"Yes, for my father's murderers!"

"Who, then, are you?"

"I am the daughter of an aristocrat. I am Mademoiselle de Malartic!"

To bear such a name—was it not a great crime? The commissary of the people must discharge faithfully his fearful duty, though his heart forbid him. The mob cried in the chateau:

"Bring down the aristocrat!"

Cabanis was obliged to command our heroine, who was already his *protégé*, to rise in haste, and venture in the midst of her enemies, to obey the law, and follow him.

"Adieu! we shall see each other again in a better world!" said Mademoiselle Malartic, giving her hand to kiss to the last of her father's servants.

"For the love of heaven!" stammered the old man, kneeling at the feet of Cabanis, "where is she going?" Where are you going to take her? Where are you dragging her thus?"

"To death!" replied one of the mob.

"To martyrdom!" replied Mademoiselle Malartic.

"To liberty!" murmured the commissary of the people.

Some hours afterwards, she was thrown in the dungeons of the fort du Ha; the same evening the jailer of the prison was dismissed, I know not why nor how. He was old, they said; and was replaced by a young and terrible man, by an inexorable patriot, whose courage, resolution, and popular influence was the boast of the whole village. This new jailer we know already; a few moments since, he bore the badge of a commissary of the people, and was called Jean Cabanis.

The next day what a singular surprise for Mademoiselle Malartic! Instead of the villainous jailer, who was so harsh to her the evening before, she saw entering her dungeon the man of the people, who had been so kind as to smile on her, to encourage and defend her in the grand saloon of her father's chateau. Cabanis took her hand in the humblest manner possible. He led her rapidly through the windings of a dark and fearful labyrinth, in which was heard only the doleful echoes of groans, prayers and sobs. They walked

thus for a long time through the prison, the one carrying the other; that is to say, she, feeble, trembling—he, eager, attentive to all her steps, movements, gestures, in order the better to guide the intricate way, and sometimes, perhaps, to have the right, so sweet, to take her and sustain her in his arms. At last the mysterious guide pushed his foot against a door, very low, very thick, armed with iron, and behold our fair prisoner in a room whose aspect alone elicited a cry of joy and gratitude. Judge: there was air, flowers, light, in this kind of cell; an odoriferous breeze swept through the grating of the window, the sun was sporting in a long spiral line of luminous dust, and small bunches of stock gillyflowers were luxuriantly waving on the outside of the window, in the fissures of the wall. Mademoiselle Malartic mounted a stool; she gathered a flower, which she deigned to present to her guardian, to her jailer, saying, with a sad smile:

"Monsieur, I owe to you alone, I am sure, all the charming luxury of my last abode in this world. One day more, one instant, perhaps, and without doubt I shall no longer exist. Here is a poor innocent gillyflower, a beautiful jewel, is it not, which I have just gathered from the brilliant treasures of my jewel-box of flowers! Accept it, Monsieur; 'tis all I possess; and keep it as a souvenir of your unhappy protégé."

"I swear to you that I will keep it!" replied Cabanis; and the untractable republican pressed carefully the little flower of the aristocrat. "Mademoiselle," he resumed in a low voice, "have you anything to command me, any duty to prescribe?"

"Yes; but at first I have one question to ask. Do you believe I shall have long to live?"

"I hope so!"

"Very well, if it may be so, I claim for your generous friendship a prayer-book, some apparel from my wardrobe, two or three volumes of poetry, and a little money, which you can send and take for me, from the chateau—"

"I shall go myself to the village to-night, and, if it please God, you shall have them all to-morrow."

"That is not all, Monsieur; and, indeed, I am ashamed of such exaction. I also ask for a pen, ink and paper."

"It shall be so, though I may lose my reputation, my honour, and perhaps my life! But, no matter; speak, command, tell your humble servant to arise, I will stand up; to kneel, and I will kneel; go, and I will go. Obey! I will obey; die! if it is necessary; and I will die! Adieu!"

The jailer went, or rather rushed, out of the apartment; he shut the wicket violently, and for a week the unfortunate found neither strength nor courage to appear before the eyes of the noble lady, the prisoner of distinction, whom he thought he had offended; only a turnkey, a man in the confidence of Cabanis, was charged to carry secretly to Mademoiselle Malartic the things she had asked for, and everything else she wished. Every day the valet of the prison went to receive his orders from her, whose desire, whose fancy, whose least word, was equal to the commandment of an irrevocable law, to the amorous jailer.

One morning, at an hour which was not the daily time for the turnkey's visit, the noise of the bolt was heard at the door of Mademoiselle Malartic. Some one softly opened the door, and the beautiful captive uttered a cry of surprise, I dare not say a cry of pleasure, at the sight of the poor Cabanis, who advanced towards her trembling, with downcast eyes, and who said, in the confused manner of a timid visiter:

"Reassure yourself, Mademoiselle; it is nothing—it is only me!"

"Come here!" replied she, smiling; "come here! Let me scold you, and let me thank you! You are the secret genius, who knows how to pity my misfortunes. Have you sworn to be only for your friend an invisible genius? Speak, Monsieur; you have promised to obey me. I command you to reply, and I will listen to you."

"Mademoiselle," replied the jailer, blushing at the gracious familiarity of his prisoner, "the reason which now brings me to you is this: I have promised to obey you, it is true, and to serve you in need, even beyond my right and duty; and so I do what I can—"

"I know it!"

"Imagine, if you can, that I have taken at first sight, without knowing it, without wishing it, a lively sentiment of unlimited friendship, an irresistible attachment to a person—"

"For me, perhaps?"

"Alas! Yes. I think of you so often that I am thinking of you all the time. I speak so frequently of your beauty, of your merit, that lately I speak of nothing else. You are the only subject of my conversation with the prisoners I visit. Thanks to my words, to my praises, to my admiration, every one fancies they know you; every one here loves you already, respects you, admires you. A few days since it was I who delighted to speak of you to everybody, now everybody delights to speak of you to me; this flatters me, and I am happy! Just now, I was chatting with a young prisoner, very intellectual, very amiable; a handsome nobleman, who is called M. de Castéra. Do you know him?"

"No."

"M. de Castéra, who has not the honour of knowing you, expressed to me on your account the most charming things. While talking thus, in regard to you, he began to write with charcoal upon the white walls of his chamber some poetry; when I, in the hope it would enliven you and please you, told him he ought to write some verses for the amusement of his pretty neighbour! But he had neither pen nor paper. I gave him my portfolio and pencil. He wrote poetic compliments and beautiful things, which I had not the hardihood to read, and now I have brought them to you, in the hope they may divert you."

The impromptu of M. de Castéra was only a simple, and jest, which, I believe, he entitled, "*Liberty in prison*." These miserable rhymes, after having been read and re-read, were hastily returned to Cabanis, with the wish he would instantly return them to the prison-poet; but the jailer, without any suspicion, without any reflection, told her, with a naïveté truly exemplary:

"Do better than send back what he has addressed to you. Answer him in prose or verse, as you please. Do not laugh at my folly, Mademoiselle; in prison the least amusement offers a great charm, and I should be right glad if you would accept this pleasure."

Without doubt, it seemed to Mademoiselle Malartic that the singular proposal of Cabanis was not altogether unreasonable, in such a place and under such circumstances. The singularity of such an adventure, the strangeness of this intimacy of two beings, invisible to each other, who were going to speak from a distance, to become acquainted, to appreciate, and to comprehend each other, in spite of doors bolted and barred, had something very attractive for the curiosity, the mind and the heart of the lady. Mademoiselle Malartic consented, with the best possible grace, to lend herself to the romantic propositions of the nobleman and the jailer. She deigned the poet a reply, and the next day another demand from M. de Castéra obliged her, in conscience,

to send another answer. The day after, days after that, a whole month, the letter-box of Cabanis received, with rare punctuality, the intimate confidences of the new friends; and this epistolary intrigue continued its little, mysterious round, its little, poetic course. The verses of M. de Castéra were, in turn, witty, gallant, frivolous, tender and passionate; the poet sang his prettiest airs, the airs most variable, gliding at will over all the notes of his amorous lute; the prose of Mademoiselle de Malartic never failed of being adorable, and if at times she seemed fearful, embarrassed, modest, trembling, it was, perhaps, because the genius of the abode wickedly brushed her pen; and her imagination and her heart quarrelled with her mind and reason.

What shall I say of this gentle adventure, of this romance by letters, of the gallantry which feared neither prison, nor jailers, nor judges, nor the scaffold? Tell me, do you not remember that sympathetic religion, which informs us of those sister souls, born of two kisses, the same day, the same minute, and who seek each other throughout the world, suffering a long time in the search, and who at last meet some happy day, in space, in heaven, or I know not where, to adore each other, and be united in a secret caress? Well, it was thus with the soul of this noble, and with the soul of this lady; they began to love while still seeking each other; and the amorous history of my two prisoners might well be entitled, "Love without sight!"

However, M. de Castéra had eyes to see and admire her whom he loved unseen, and therefore desired ardently to have what he called an interview *in the air*, if it were only a single look, a sigh, a word. Mademoiselle de Malartic was always alone, always *ennuyée*, always sad; she wanted courage to refuse the desire of her corresponding lover. They prayed, they supplicated Cabanis, who only suspected, in the so-much-wished-for meeting, a mere desire to lessen the sadness of their solitude; and one night, thanks to the blind devotion of the jailer, the two congenial, the two sister-souls, met in the cell of a prison, the one in the shape of a handsome nobleman, the other in the ravishing form of a peerless lady!

To tell the truth, the first interview of Castéra and Mademoiselle de Malartic was spoiled by the presence of Cabanis, who was one too many for the mysterious scene of a *tête-à-tête*; for many days, gallantry was reduced to a conversation on politics; the eyes alone of our two lovers hazarded to speak of love!

The patience of the prisoners was not doomed to endure a long trial. M. de Castéra, encouraged by the not very clear-sighted weakness of Cabanis, resolved to see and converse with Mademoiselle de Malartic, without witness, without interruption, without the jailer. The genius of the prison is an admirable magician, and when he falls in love there is infallible power. With what means, what stratagems, what fortunate inventions he inspired the audacity of M. de Castéra, to conduct him in secret to the feet of the lady, heaven only knows, and I do not care. What concerns me to know, and to inform you, is the *dénouement* of my story, and here it is.

One evening, after the customary round of the turnkeys, Castéra had the good fortune and address to glide into the chamber of Mademoiselle Malartic, who at first protested against the amorous burglary that had opened her door, against the gentle intrusion into her domicile. But, unfortunately, the imprudent was young, handsome, eloquent and enthusiastic. He besought her, on both knees, clasped hands, and eyes veiled with large tears, which also had their affecting merit and sweet language; the least cry, the least complaint, the least alarm, would ruin and separate them

forever from each other. Then, too, had not both many things to say, many questions to ask, many vows to interchange, many castles to build on the golden sand of the future? Mademoiselle de Malartic, whom Castéra now called Laurette, yielded so far, at first, as to raise him up, and to listen to him; then she deigned to reply, afterwards condescended to smile upon him, and at last affected, transported, too happy with all she had heard, with all she had hoped, perhaps, sighed profoundly, leaned her beautiful head on the arm of her lover, who only asked to support her, gently closed her eyes and began to weep! At that moment a violent shock was heard, the bolts of the door gave way, and the jailer appeared on the threshold, pale, motionless from anger; his look fixed on the nobleman, with a terrible voice he cried:

"Aristocrat, villain! Speak, answer quickly—how came you here at this hour?"

"You see, my dear fellow," replied Castéra, without concern or fear, "I came to console a lady, who suffers from weariness in her captivity. I came to love one who loves me, and I wipe away with my kisses the sweetest tears on earth! Monsieur Cabanis, I present to you Madame the Marchioness de Castéra."

"Indeed! When was the wedding, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"To-morrow—provided God sends us a priest and liberty!"

"To-morrow, for you, for her—the scaffold!"

The awful word, the scaffold, pronounced by the lips of a jailer, made Mademoiselle de Malartic tremble. One would have thought the preparations for the terrible punishment were already before her. She approached Cabanis; she took his hand, pressed it between both of hers; she prayed him to listen, and said:

"I have found in you a protector, a true friend, and that obliges me to repose in you a confidence—"

The jailer sadly hung down his head.

"Monsieur Cabanis," resumed the lady, "if you still love me, I beg a favour. Pardon me!"

The jailer regarded her without anger.

"My friend," continued Mademoiselle de Malartic, "I am going to confess to you in few words, heart to heart; you shall be my judge!"

The jailer began to blush with joy and pride.

"I owe to the generous care you took to cheer and divert my mind the first and the last poetic billet of M. de Castéra. Is it not true, Cabanis?"

"Yes!"

"I owe to your devotion to a prisoner the honour of having received, in the solitude of my prison, the visits of M. de Castéra, whom you brought to me yourself, once, twenty, a hundred times. Is it not true?"

"Yes, I did wrong!"

"Alas! my friend, you alone have been to blame. I received your *protégé* with politeness; I have received him with pleasure. You showed him the way to my room, and he has dared to come and see me without you. You praised an unfortunate captive so highly! You have repeated so often the merits of a noble prisoner! Thanks to you, M. de Castéra began to love me; while I—I know not how—I did not hate him. Just now, a moment since, a noble offered me his name, and I accepted it. He offered me his fortune, I have promised to partake it with him. He assures me happiness, and I hope for it! This is our crime. You invoke the justice of the executioner to punish us! Very well, my friend, let him do so!"

"The executioner will arrive too late, Mademoiselle!"

replied the jailer. "The executioner will call to-morrow and you will depart to-night!"

"This night!"

"Yes; up and follow me! Quick, quick! I have disguises for you. There is money in your pockets, and away to the frontiers! I came this evening to save you, and I will save you! In your turn, Mademoiselle, pardon me for trembling, for weeping thus, like a fool. It seems to me that I see you, I speak to you, I admire you for the last time! Adieu, then, and think of the jailer in the fort du Ha, when you have nothing better to think of!"

The next day M. de Castéra and Mademoiselle de Malartic were travelling, with all speed, far away from the village. Three days later, and they succeeded in entering Spain, and Cabanis nearly died from joy on learning the happy news.

The departure of the two prisoners was still unknown to any one. Morning and evening the jailer continued to make his usual visits to the rooms the nobleman and the lady had inhabited. The sight of the modest apartment that had served for the retreat of Mademoiselle de Malartic inspired poor Cabanis with singular ideas, with amorous childishness, that bordered on intoxication or delirium. He delighted to touch, to kiss, one by one, of the articles, the books, the papers of his ancient prisoner. He played with the flowers in the window she had forgotten to gather; he followed with his eyes the long spiral column of luminous dust that shone on her figure; he listened to the song of the birds, that once sang for her; he looked upon the horizon she had contemplated so many times, the stars she had doubtless adored, and the beautiful clouds she had seen passing in the heavens!

Cabanis went every day to remember, to weep, to give himself up to the enchantment of such ecstasies until he became almost crazy. One evening, after one of these strange visits he loved to pay to his absent friend, the jailer deserted the prison, presented himself at the bar of the redoubtable tribunal, recounted before the judges the innocent story of his love, and claimed from their justice the chastisement of a criminal, convicted of having favoured the escape of two state prisoners, of two suspected, of two aristocrats!

Cabanis was arrested, judged and condemned. Conducted to the fort du Ha, to wait for the coming of the cart, the former jailer obtained from the turnkey permission to visit once more the chamber of Mademoiselle de Malartic; he then marched gaily to the scaffold, shouting, "*Vive la France!*" "*Vive la liberté!*" "*Vive la république!*" E. P.

### THE STORY OF A KISS.

TOLD BY A LADY.

WHAT a poor, persecuted race the bachelor tribe are, to be sure!

There's my dear, kind-hearted friend and neighbour, Ben Aubrey; the very beau ideal of what one imagines in a single gentleman, quite given over to single-blessedness. The "convenient cousin Ben" of all the young ladies; the "rich uncle Ben" of all the young gentlemen; and the "good-natured Ben" of all the old ones. This very same "convenient, rich, good-natured" individual have the fates taken a pleasure in splitting for the last eighteen years; and it is really quite pathetic to hear him recount his experience in the "great bubble of human existence," as he is wont to style it, winding up his rather prosy description with a very earnest appeal to the young men to take warning from his experience; and, above all things, to beware of the "fasci-

nating sex;" for it was to *them*, it seems, he ascribed all his troubles.

This I hold to be very ungrateful in him, inasmuch as he was a very great favourite among the ladies, both young and old; and not a merry-meeting of young girls could take place in our neighbourhood but "convenient cousin Ben" was sure to be invited, and a strict injunction laid upon his not "failing to come." A hint might also be thrown out, that the two handsome nephews who resided with him would be welcome too; and one or two crabbed old maids was heard once to declare, that "cousin Ben owed his popularity among the young ladies more to those fashionable dandies by his side than to himself." A very uncharitable remark, I must confess, although scarcely to be noticed when one remembers who made it.

Fine matches, indeed, were those two young men, both being in possession of a moderate fortune, and a profession that promised to more than double it; besides all the accomplishments of gentlemen, united with the crowning grace of an excellent character, and an elegant, dignified address.

No wonder cousin Ben was so popular with the young ladies! and no wonder that they never pouted when he exercised his privilege of "old bachelorism," and "made the young men's hearts flutter," to use his own expressions, by kissing the prettiest girl in the room.

The blushing beauties considered it quite a compliment to be kissed by cousin Ben, and "Oh, you saucy fellow!" was all the resistance he ever got, with one single exception; and that, alas! altered the whole destiny of cousin Ben; as I shall proceed to relate.

It seems he took quite a fancy to a cousin of one of his most intimate lady-friends, a fair, blushing creature of twenty-three, or thereabouts, though scarcely looking eighteen; with a complexion that rivalled the whitest lily and the deepest rose-tint that ever blossomed, joined to a frank, open, joyous countenance, that seemed to mirror a kinder heart and a more obliging will than ever before blessed a human vision; at least so thought cousin Ben, when he was first introduced to Miss Green, "my cousin from the country," and the whole evening was spent by him in doing "the agreeable" to the fair stranger.

The lady soon got over her timidity, and chatted and laughed with a beautiful and natural simplicity, that, in spite of his former experience and present avowed indifference to the sex, quite put poor cousin Ben's heart in a delightful flutter that, for the life of him, he could not resist.

Oh! how the sweet ringing sound of that cheerful voice woke up the long-pent feelings of his breast, and how earnestly he wished he might dare love the bright being before him, with but one single ray of success. Oh how earnestly he would sue, how carefully he would watch every avenue to the heart, and anticipate every wish, until at last it would surrender to his well-tryed love, and bless him with some prospect of return.

Such were the ideas that passed rapidly through his mind after an hour's intercourse with Miss Green; but, alas! when his eye turned upon his young and handsome nephews, he felt how preposterous was the idea, and, with a stifled sigh, he resolutely turned his thoughts from the subject, and answered the summons of a young lady, who was laughingly offering him sibyl-leaves, with the intention of telling his fortune.

Suddenly, however, a ray of light flitted across his for once sombre countenance, as he bethought him of his parting privilege—the much-envied kiss—that no fair lips had ever yet denied him "since his hair had commenced turn-

# THE NEW MIRROR.

(The circulation of this work is 10,000 copies.)

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1844.

[per annum.]

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W. H. P. 1855

Fig. 1. View of the sea from the shore

London 1855

*London. View of the sea from the shore*

You really ought to know Tom, personally. He is not to be described with any justice. He is decidedly the most impudent man in New-York, (and that, I take it, is saying not a little,) and being handsome as a man could well be, (he used to sit to portrait painters for fancy pictures of Lord Byron,) with a most unmatched face and figure, it is not to be wondered that Tom never went in a crowd without being the target of all the bright eyes in it; while he was not slow in catching and returning any chance glance that gave the faintest shadow of encouragement to his impudence. His talk was fairly fascinating. The unsurpassed brilliancy of his wit, when he chose to be witty—the depth of his pathos, when it was his cue to be sentimental—the full hearty frankness of delivery, which his musical voice could assume upon occasion—and the apparent running over of his soul, brimful of humour and good nature at all times, made him a dangerous companion for any susceptible little heart not over well guarded; and it was as difficult for a lady to repulse him when he once fairly set himself at work to get in her good books, as it was for the mother of all women to repulse his snakeship, at the time the great example was set for sinning. Tom was one of a million; and his unabashed and unabashable assurance, his wonderful self-possession in every emergency, made him the marvel and admiration of his chums. He was a treasure anywhere, (except in the company of your sweetheart,) but as a stage-coach or steamboat companion, he was invaluable. I pit him against the world as a fellow-traveller, and challenge it to produce his parallel.

Getting the luggage properly bestowed in the crates, and my pockets full of tin tickets, I groped my way to the cabin, and bribing the steward for a cup of hot coffee in his private pantry, and a marvellous nice bit of dry toast, I made myself comfortable, washing down the remnant of my bad humour with the solacing warmth. A short time only elapsed before Tom made his appearance, his face glowing with satisfaction.

"How is it, Tom?" said I.

"All right," said Tom; "there's a glorious creature on board, all muffled up in her mantle, so I cannot see her figure; but she has the most enchanting little foot that ever crept out of the skirt of a travelling dress, positive evidence of things unseen, so I know her figure is faultless; and such a face, my boy, large glorious black eyes, ravishing rosy lips, and as pretty a set of teeth as ever bit bread and butter. She is a little pale and languid, though, but that is the effect of this confounded early rising; and then there is the delicate outline of a sable crescent under each eye, as if she had not slept well, or had slept too much; but the sun and air will bring these things all right after we get under weigh. She is a treasure, my boy. I knew there would be something nice on board."

"And you propose to get acquainted with her?"

"No, I don't propose to do any such thing. It is already done."

"You haven't spoken to her?"

"That's a lie!"

"You know her, then?"

"Yes."

"An old acquaintance?"

"No, never set eyes on her before in my life. But I half run over her, as she sat in the cabin; then adjourned, and calling her by name—"

"By name! How did you know it?"

"None of your business. I knew it, that is enough. I apologized for my clumsiness—she could not but excuse me, you know, and I then said something about the weather

being cold; she corroborated the idea; I said I thought it would be warmer by-and-bye, and she said she thought so too; so there was a community of feeling in the outset, you see. I told her I was going to Philadelphia, and found the current of her destiny set the same way; in short, in five minutes I have made the entering wedge for an acquaintance which will make the trip delightful. I will introduce you by-and-bye."

"Introduce me? preposterous!"

"I will, after I am a little better acquainted myself, and that will be after breakfast. A breakfast-table in a steamboat is the greatest place in the world to push an acquaintance, you have so many opportunities for being civil, and if you oblige a lady she can't but be civil to you. So I am in for it; and, sure as you live through the forenoon, I will introduce you."

"What is her name?"

"Mary Ann Morrell."

"Why, you know it like a god-father."

"To be sure I do, and will know its owner, like a brother."

"How did you find it out?"

"You will not find out how. That is my affair. Private."

"Well, Tom, I must say that you are a —"

"No, you must not say any such thing, for I know you are going to be very moral by the length of your face, and I hate a lecture before breakfast. Morality is bad on an empty stomach; so no more of it. Let us take a turn on deck."

We whiled away the time by pacing to and fro between decks, until the breakfast-bell summoned us down. The ladies were already seated. By dint of pushing, elbowing, and crowding, Tom worked his way up toward the head of the table, and found the seat opposite his new acquaintance already occupied by a gentleman. Stooping down, he very blandly asked the gentleman for his seat, that he might "be opposite his lady." Lady in such a case meaning wife, of course, the humbugged individual gave up his seat with a very bad grace, for which Tom thanked him ceremoniously, and left his credulous victim to find another seat where he could, or go breakfastless.

Innate modesty had, of course, kept me in the back ground, and I was seated among the he-ones, far away to the other end of the table. I could see his "lady" but not him, and truly he had made a judicious selection. She was positively beautiful, and to all appearance alone. Occasionally, I could see Tom's hand stretch out upon the table in assisting her—he had a beautiful hand, and sundry glittering rings made it conspicuous. He knew it, and always availed himself of it. His face I could not see, but I knew very well it was on its best behaviour. The lady received his attentions wonderingly, but not repulsively. Her large black eyes were continually turning towards him, and she appeared lost in trying to recollect where she had seen him, or else wondering at his impudence. She smiled very courteously to his obliging attentions, and showed the prettiest little mouthful of teeth that ever glittered out of a dentist's show-case. But she was very pale.

Breakfast over, I went on deck, and was soon lost in contemplating the smoke of a delicious seagar, which was half gone, (but the white ashes still held in an unbroken and beautiful symmetry to its very point,) when Tom again made his appearance. He had to wait so long, he said, for the long string of ladies that sat above her to get through their breakfast, as he had, of course, to escort the lady to the cabin door. Declining a proffered seagar, he disappeared on the after deck.

(The conclusion in our next.)

## THE DAYS OF OLD.

Tell me of olden days,  
The grand, the shadowy past,  
Sing me those antique lays,  
That make my heart beat fast;  
The present seems a theme  
Too stern, too sad, too cold,  
The future, but an empty dream—  
Tell me of days of old!

I love those legends, gray  
With venerable years,  
They have a power to sway  
My mood to smiles, or tears.  
They sweep my spirit's strings,  
As winds the lyre might sweep,  
And waken high imaginings  
From their oblivious sleep.

Trace thou the ancient page  
Of noble thought and deed,  
When patriot, prince, and sage  
Sought only honour's meed;  
When love of home and hearth,  
Was sacred held as breath;  
When virtue gave to glory birth,  
And triumphed over death.

Oh sing of courtly days,  
When woman's gentle hand  
Decked the hero's bays,  
And clasped his shining brand;  
When rose the minstrel's tales,  
Of bard and troubadour;  
Oh! these are stirring memories,  
Which thou canst well restore.

And if too much I live  
In that long-vanished time,  
Thou surely canst forgive  
An error, half sublime;  
For thou, like me, hast learned,  
That in the past alone,  
Reality may be discerned,  
The perfect truth be known.

The vanity of joy,  
Upon whose footsteps tread  
Pale phantoms, to destroy  
Illusions moment-bred;  
The fearfulness of heart,  
That to the present clings,  
And trembles with its dearth to part,  
For what the morrow brings.

The dark anxiety,  
Whose shade o'er all is cast,  
That warns us to defy  
The bliss, too bright to last;  
And points with gesture dread  
To that portentous sword,  
Which hangs above each mortal head—  
A hair its slender cord.

These are the present's dower,  
And these the future's bane,  
We feel their spells of power  
Around us like a chain,  
And tremble to bestow  
On hope a form too fair,  
Because so often doomed to know  
The sickness of despair.

Suffice not these to turn  
The spirit to the past?  
Where stars undying burn,  
In realms remote and vast.  
Oh! next to dreams of heaven,  
That here their empire hold,  
I cherish these the past hath given,  
The glorious days of old!

## A SCENE AT THE AMERICAN.

In the month of May, and in the year 18—, two young subalterns of the army, both of whose names were printed in the Register for that year with T. D. affixed thereunto, had just completed their first Washington campaign. They had danced, waltzed, talked, sighed and eaten oysters, all in the usual mode and quantity—had beheld with their eyes all the big fish, in and out of office, there congregated, from

General Jackson down—had heard with their ears the varied eloquence of the American senate and forum. And when, at length, undeniable evidences of the rapid, insidious approaches of the seedy state became manifest in their "Wilton" outfits, the scarlet and gold of which were fast changing to hues of raw mutton and copper—when they had witnessed the fitting of the last gay belle to more genial dimes—and most especially, when they had looked their last at the last half-dollar of their summer savings and "pay now due"—it was very natural that they, too, should wish to go a-field again. In justice to these young officers, however, one must not pretermit to state, that, in addition to their regular performance of all other functions of the life capitulation, they had rendered unto their country some small, and, peradventure, not valueless services, in the very faithful execution of certain topographical drawings (very beautiful to be beholden) of plans, sections, and other details of a canal with feeders, locks, &c., hereafter, perhaps, to be dug out, embanked and built across the Green mountains, being a link of a chain intended to bind Lake Champlain to the Atlantic.

They were again under written orders to the field, "without delay," receiving, at the same time, a second section, accompanied by a poke in the ribs, from their good-natured chief, which allowed them to while away a week or two, en route; and a still more gratifying permission to leave one set of signed duplicates a-piece, behind, in place of sixty-two-fifty—paid.

"Shall we go to the City or the American—Willard or Milford?"

"Toss up; heads for Willard—"

"Tails it is; the American has it."

We were smoking an evening cigar, chatting of old times and gazing out upon the broad pavé and its ever-moving throng. A fairy form flitted past our window, close to the palings, and, turning the corner, my companion caught a glimpse of her face.

"Oh, Jupiter," shouted Lieutenant D. as he sprang up, through the door, down the steps, and down Barclay-street.

"Baby of Venus!" exclaimed I, as I joined in the chase.

It was a long run, but we treed her at number four hundred and something Greenwich-street.

"As I thought," said D., reconnoitering the premises.

"Well, what did you think?" said I.

"Why, that was Julia M., and I think I shall have to stay a couple of weeks here in New-York."

We were again seated in our old quarters, deliberating between stepping over to the old Drury and going to the Bowery, when a note was put into D.'s hands, the mercury who bore the same disappearing very quickly.

"Do not attempt to see me again, as you value your own safety and mine. I entreat, I command you." JULIA.

"But I will see you again, and that this blessed night; or—"

"Shall I go with you, Frank?"

"No, no, my friend; I'll go through with this thing, God willing, alone, and then I'll tell you all about it. Good night."

I went to the theatre. D.'s adventure, as he related it to me late that night, is as follows:

"When you left me to go to see Forrest, I sat pondering upon the short, and no ways sweet contents, of Julia's note, and I reflected much on past events of my life, not wholly unknown to you. I revolved in my mind the wisdom or the folly of troubling myself any further about one whom I had some reason to believe to be as heartless a coquette as ever turned the heads of congress, army, navy, and the

marine corps. To tell the truth, at the last interview I had with her at Mason's Island, that beautiful spot where you and I had just passed so many pleasant days, I had inwardly resolved to cut her acquaintance from that moment; and not having seen her since till now, I had had no opportunity of carrying into effect my lofty resolve. Quite the contrary; the little witch had gotten the start of me completely in that cursed note of hers. I was sorely perplexed as I still sat chewing a cud of sweet and bitter fancy, and also one of Milford's very superlative Turkish, shred, perfumed and opiated cigars.

"I found myself standing right opposite number four hundred and whatever-it-was. All was still and dark. No light, sound or motion indicated the existence of any living thing in the immediate neighbourhood. Afar off was the subdued hum of the great city, gradually subsiding into the short interval of comparative stillness which marks the short period of repose of its summer nights. Presently I heard the footsteps of one advancing along the sidewalk, and a dim form stopped at the palings in front of number four—. A slight knock, cough, and, as I thought, whistle. Impelled by, I don't know what motion, I crossed over just in time to be admitted, along with the other, into the area. It was all dark, and we moved onward and then *down* into the lower regions of the premises. We entered what I took to be a long corridor or passage, for our movements made slight echoes above and around us. Our conductor's step appeared to me between the unknown and myself. I struck my foot against a brick, and the blow produced so lively an impression at the very core (of a corn) that I uttered an inverted blessing. A soft hand was upon my breast, and thence, soon finding my mouth, it pressed that dangerous organ for an instant. I returned the pressure with my lips as well as I could, for the touch was slightly electric or galvanic in its effect. A gentle voice, in the very least audible whisper in the world, said:

" 'Hisht!'

"I began to consider this an adventure—a kitchen adventure, peradventure; but *laissez aller*, as the saying is.

" 'Hisht! don't open your mouth again, but follow me and obey my directions; for the present, stay where you are.'

"I groped with my hand till I felt a delicate little arm, the which I very gently squeezed, in token of assent. I was alone; whether on, or a little under, the crust of this earth, I could not tell. The atmosphere of this subterranean passage was none of the purest, and, to the very sensible dampness around, I must ascribe the creeping chill which ran over me, somewhat as the shower-bath, but without its refreshing effects. The first excitement of adventure beginning to subside, and the dead silence in such a confoundingly dungeon-like place, were working a great reaction in my ideas as to the propriety of the step I had taken, and vague notions of what might be were getting uppermost in my mind. It occurred to me that I might have made a mistake in the house, or the number of the street. Yet I could not be deceived on that score, for my previous reconnaissance had been quite thoroughly and understandingly made, and, above all, who but Julia could be acting as my mentor and guide, perhaps protector, in that strange place? I thought of burkers, counterfeiters, robbers, and other associations who might have established their den here, on whose threshold I was now standing. But Julia drove all that out of my head; she could not be the confederate, associate—not even the daughter of such outlaws. I knew, or rather felt, I could not be mistaken in that voice, whose clear, silver, bell-like tones were as familiar to my ear as no other sound can ever be.

So, on the whole, my confidence and my circulation returned with the warm glow of hope, love, and so forth, and I resolved to see this affair through to its end, be that end what it might, as became a man and a member of the 'galkan fourth,' and, should luck favour me, to pass the 'shank of the evening,' as they say down in Georgia, with my fair one.

" 'Hisht!' again, right at my elbow.

" 'In—' the rest was smothered in that same, soft little hand. I knew it must be very, very white, so I kissed it.

" 'You are a very rash and foolish boy to thrust yourself in here; but there's no help for it now. You don't know what you've done, nor what may come of it, nor what trouble I shall have to get you back to daylight again.'

" 'My dear Miss Julia, I am in no particular hurry for daylight with you.'

" 'Hold your tongue, sir, and listen to me. They'll be coming now, every minute for the next hour, and I dare not attempt to pass you out the way we came in. There's half-a-dozen already in, and there's only one place—the coal-hole.'

" 'The coal-hole?'

" 'Yes, and you ought to be thankful for a safe shelter from the consequences, to both of us, of your imprudence.'

" 'And where am I, then?'

" 'There you go again. Come, sir, will you follow me?'

" 'Follow you?' said I, laying my hand on my left breast, 'Oh! Julia, any where—'

"My speech was cut off in the midst as before, I saluting the cover, as usual.

" 'There,' said she at length, closing and fastening the door; 'sit down, be quiet, and wait further orders.'

"She was off.

"I was in the coal-hole. \* \* \*

"Through a barred opening I looked in upon a dimly-lighted room, long, narrow, and with a very low ceiling. At one end was an elevated platform, with a chair and table, the seat being occupied by a burly, beer-drinking personage with a hideous physiognomy, and the many benches were filled with the most motley-looking crew that imagination could paint, or that eye ever saw. Some were dressed in antique Dutch costume, with peaked hats, doublets, enormous breeches and huge boots; others were in common sailor clothes, with blue jackets and shining tarpaulin hats; some nondescripts with but scant covering to their dirty persons, and a few quite respectable and well-dressed individuals. The chairman, secretary, and some of those immediately around the platform, had scarfs and insignia, resembling, somewhat, those worn by odd-fellows or masons. I observed, too, as I ran my eye over this mixed and novel collection, that a great proportion of them appeared to be foreigners, for I could distinguish Spaniards, Dutchmen, Germans, and Irish. Near my place of concealment was an old Frenchman, who, with characteristic politeness, offered his box to his neighbours, and took enormous pinches himself. He had just passed it to a spruce-looking, half-dandified young gentleman, who was leaning against the partition of my prison, within two feet of me. Whether the youth did not take tobacco, or that he had more than sufficed for his weak nerves, I know not, but he discharged behind him, with a flirt, the contents of his thumb and finger, and the pungent dust flew directly at my nasal organ, as if snuff, by fate, were compelled to lodge in noses only.

" 'Ah! eh! e'er rush ho! Ah r-r-rush ho-o-o!' I never could sneeze without alarming the neighbourhood.

" 'Vat ish dat?'

" 'Who's there?'

" 'Drag him out!'



" 'He's a hoarse-er—I knows the button!'

" 'Put him down the holler.'

" 'Sell him to the doctor.'

" 'Hang the eaves-dropper and spy!'

" These, and other interesting greetings, were passing as I emerged from the coal-hole, dragged along by three or four powerful fellows, by whom I was soon placed in front of the chairman, and thus became the focus of the concentrated glances of this band of desperate and powerful-looking men.

" A slight figure, wrapped in cloak and hood, glided noiselessly into the apartment, and coming up behind the chair, whispered to my burly friend who occupied it.

" He shook his head.

" Another whisper—another shake.

" 'Mr. President, that ar' feller's a spy, catch in the fact. I demand hexecution.'

" A dozen voices seconded the motion.

" 'Put him down the holler!' roared the judge.

" 'Mercy, mercy,' screamed my beloved Julia, falling on her knees.

" Every hand, or rather, every pair of hands in the room seemed extended towards me, and already I felt the rude grasp of some dozen or two, who were about proceeding to execute the sentence upon me.

" 'Ho! stand back there, you ruffianly scoundrels,' I exclaimed, suddenly throwing off the gripe of those nearest to me, and, at the same time, drawing my famous couteau from my bosom—"

" There I stood, right in the middle of the floor, several gentlemanly persons smiling at me, several waiters giggling behind me, and Milford's honest face right in front."

" You've been walking in your sleep, Mr. D.," said he.

" I rather think I have," said I, rubbing my eyes, and recovering the use of my senses.

Before ten the next morning we landed at the Point, and took one of Cozzens' most luxurious rooms. As we expected, the next day brought the daily papers, in one of which was the anecdote of a queer event at the American.

But they didn't give my name to the public, though.

#### NEW-YEAR'S DAY AT THE CAPITOL.

*Washington, January, 1844.*

New-year's day has passed, and never was a brighter and gayer anniversary seen in the metropolis. The sun shone out in unusual splendour, and the day was mild and refreshing as a morn in early spring. The whole population were in the streets, and Pennsylvania Avenue, with its throng of gay and animated faces, would have reminded you of a time of carnival. The boarding-house messes turned out their complement of members of Congress; the fancy-shops were filled with lively, merry hearts; and the masses, in their holiday suits, were on their way to the President's house, to see and be seen in the great levee.

It has ever been customary on this day for the President's house to be open to the people; and the day, having an official stamp of observance, it becomes a general holiday; the public departments transact no business; and the stores, mostly, are closed.

We went to the President's early, before twelve o'clock; and, even at this hour, the long line of carriages in front, dotted here and there with the liveries and cockades of the *cortéges* of the foreign ministers, foretold that a goodly company had already arrived. We made our entrance through the crowd at the front door, unresisted by guards or bayonets, and passed on to the receiving-room, without any

ceremony, and shook the hand of the President of the United States. The President was surrounded by his cabinet; and, giving to each guest, as he approached, a very bland salutation, he handed them over to the ladies of his family on his left. The receiving-room is the centre oval room; and, passing from thence through another adjoining apartment, following in the train of the crowd, you find yourself in the far-famed east room, where the sovereigns of the land make their circuit. The dimensions, garniture, and hangings of this room have been often described. It was crowded on this occasion, and every class of society was fully represented. The room presented a bright and gratifying scene; all seemed to feel at home, and each face wore an abandon of care. The number of ladies was unusually large, and some were very beautiful, in full morning-dress, with hats and feathers, and glittering gowns, standing in one position. While the company made the evolution of the room, you saw all that passed. The officers of the army and navy, in full dress, made a fine appearance. Among the latter were seen Major-Generals Scott, Gaines, Gibson, Towson, Jessup—all heroes of the last war. Many senators and members of the House were present; and this being the first levee of many of the new members, they were particularly attracted by the brilliant court-costumes of some of the foreign ministers. The dress of the Mexican minister, General Almonte, seemed to carry the day, in the rich profusion of gold embroidery. The dress of the French minister, of blue and gold, was rich and unpretending. The Spanish minister and suite, in light blue and silver, looked well. The Brazilian, in green and gold, the white Austrian and Swedish uniforms, were very handsome. The Portuguese minister and suite, the Belgian, Russian, Danish, and Sardinian *chargés* were also present. Mr. Fox, the British minister, was absent, from indisposition.

We looked around in vain for Mr. Bodisco, who was wont to appear in such state on presentation days, in his silver coat, and whose kind manners made him so many friends. He has gone to Russia, on leave of absence, but will return again. There is a great change in the formation and spirit of the diplomatic corps from what it was some few years back, when each minister lived in his own establishment, with full delegations of secretaries and *attachés*, and gave extensive entertainments, and added so much to the social circle of Washington. Many pleasant recollections still remain of those who figured here in the old regime. Sir Charles Vaughan, who was also happiest when making others feel so; the gay and resplendent Stackelberg, whirling in the waltz, or shining at the whist-table; Baron Krudener, with his splendid waltzing parties; Huygens, Krehiners, Serrurier, Bankhead, the generous Pontors, Adams, Buchanan, Mastini, and others.

But few of the foreigners now here keep house; but they are, nevertheless, a very gentlemanly and courteous set. But we are still in the east room; the crowd is still pouring in without cessation, old and young, men, women and children, belles and maidens, brides and matrons, from the broadcloth coat to the homespun, from the silk brocade to the calico gown. For two hours there seemed to be no diminution in the crowd; the President's hand must have been in a sad way about two o'clock.

The marine band was playing in the hall, and the music and the hilarity of the people made it altogether a very gay and brilliant affair. As there is but one front door, the ladies were handed out of the windows in departing. The greatest decorum was preserved throughout; and even in front of the house, in the confusion of the crowd and carriages, no guard was visible or necessary. In the good city

of Boston, on such an occasion, the white *baton* would have been flourishing in every direction. The company, on leaving the President's, immediately repaired to pay their respects to Mrs. Madison, who lives in the square opposite. This venerable and still elegant lady received her guests in the same cordial and happy manner as in former days; and all sexes and ages united in doing her honour. Ex-President Adams also held his levee, which was very generally attended by his numerous friends of all parties. There is an innate politeness in the true American character, and they are never diffident in showing their respect to the aged or distinguished, who may deserve it. The houses of the citizens generally were open for the reception of their friends, as also those of the several cabinet officers. Mr. Spencer gave a very handsome entertainment at his house in the square. The secretary of state and postmaster-general the same, and several of the official officers of the government.

The day passed off most delightfully and happily; and if I should "jot" down the agreeable little incidents of the day, it would more than fill my share of space in the New Mirror. Adieu.

S. P. W.

We have been reading lately, with great pleasure, a small volume of religious essays published by M. W. Dodd, (Brick Church Chapel, opposite City Hall,) and called "THE FLOWER GARDEN," by *Charlotte Elizabeth*. She makes each flower the subject of a charmingly-written chapter. In her introduction, she expresses an independence that we have often sighed for in the management of our small garden of correspondents, compelled as we are to "prune, straighten and reject," like a surly old gardener:

"A large garden is undoubtedly a source of large enjoyment; but a small garden has this advantage, that it brings under your notice the personal and domestic concerns of every inmate of its narrow boundaries. In the former case, you must admit the aid of a gardener, who, whatever predilection he may have for his calling, will never enter fully into your views and wishes. His professional wisdom will clash with your secret partialities—he will see a necessity for closely pruning some shrubs, in the wild luxuriance of which you take especial delight—he will straighten, to your great discomfiture, shoots that naturally incline to the curving line of grace; and leave indelible traces of art where you would rather dispense with such appearances. A large garden is at best but a very limited monarchy, where all the power is vested in the administration. Your premier will indeed allow you to walk round it, and see how he manages matters; but beyond that, your privileges are wofully curtailed.

Now, in my own little territory, I am a perfect autocrat. Shrubs may run as wild, twigs grow as awry, and flowers spread as unrestrainedly as I please. Not a leaf can unfold but I take personal cognizance of it; not a blossom expands that I cannot rejoice over as the fruit of my special culture. No intermediate link separates me from my loving subjects—the royal prerogative of doing no wrong is mine, upon the agreeable principle that, having nobody else to please or to dissatisfy by my proceedings, my rule of right is simply to do whatever I like best."

THE following selected letter from a corpulent lady at sea, has been sent us for publication in the New Mirror. It is an amusing trifle, and we therefore let it pass:

OUR cabin has two boxes in it called berths; though coffins would be nearer the thing, for you think more of your latter end at sea a great deal. One of these is situated over the other like two shelves, and these together make what they call a state-room. What would they think at the real palace of such a state-room as this—of just a closet and no more, for the queen and her mother to sleep in—and no dressing-room nor nothing—but you shall hear all. My berth is the uppermost one, and I have to climb up to it,

putting one foot on the lower one, and the other away out on the washhand-stand, which is a great stretch and makes it very straining—then I lift one knee on the berth and roll it in sideways. This is very inconvenient to a woman of my size and very dangerous. Last night I put my foot on Mrs. Brown's face, as she laid asleep close to the edge of the lower one, and nearly put out her eye; and I have torn all the skin off my knees, and then I have a large black spot where I have been hurt, and my head is swelled. To dismount is another feat of horsemanship only fit for a sailor. You can't sit up for the floor overhead; so you have to turn round, and roll your legs out first, and then hold on till you touch bottom somewhere, and then let yourself down upright. It is dreadful work, and not very decent for a delicate female, if the steward happens to come in when you are in the act this way. I don't know which is the hardest to get in or get out of a berth—both are the most difficult things in the world, and I shall be glad when I am done with it. I am obliged to dress in bed afore I leave it, and nobody who hasn't tried to put on their clothes lying down, can tell what a task it is. Lacing stays behind your back, and you on your face nearly smothered with the bed-clothes, and feeling for the eyelet-hole with one hand, and trying to put the tag in with the other, while you are rolling about from side to side, is no laughing matter. Yesterday I fastened on the pillow to my bustle by mistake in the hurry and never knew it till the people laughed, and said the sea agreed with me, I had grown so fat: but putting on stockings is the worst, for their ain't room to stoop forward; so you have to bring your foot to you, and stretching out on your back, lift up your leg till you can reach it, and then drag it on. Corpulent people can't always do this so easy. I can tell you. It always gives me the cramp, and takes away my breath. You will pity me, if you could conceive; but you can't—no, nobody but a woman can tell what a female suffers being confined in a berth at sea.

THE following pleasant sketch of the great anti-temperance meeting of wine, spirits and beer in bottles, from the "London Comic Annual," is like the music of the fairy island—it gives delight, but hurts not.

A highly respectable meeting of some of the most influential wines, beers, and spirits, was held for the purpose of considering the best means of opposing the Temperance movement. Among those on the platform we particularly noticed Port, Sherry, and Claret; while, at the lower end of the room, were Cape, Marsala, and a deputation from the British Wines, who were represented by the Two-and-two-penny sparkling Champagne, more familiarly known as the "Genuine Walker." Most of the principal wines wore the silver collars of the orders to which they respectively belonged; and Port having been unanimously voted into the chair, the business of the meeting was opened by Cork-screw, in a concise but pointed manner. Champagne was the first to rise, in a state of great effervescence. He declared that he was frothing over with pure indignation at the idea of wine being excluded from the social board; and, indeed, he found it impossible to preserve the coolness which ought to belong to him. He was not one to keep anything long bottled up ("Hear!" and a laugh); indeed, when he once let loose, out it must all come; and he did say that the temperance movement was playing old gooseberry with him in every direction. (Cries of "Shame" from the Genuine Walker.) Claret said that he did not often get into a state of fermentation; but on this occasion he did feel his natural smoothness forsaking him. He begged leave to propose the following resolution:—"That the substitution of water for wine is likely to dissolve all social ties, and is calculated to do material injury to the constitution." Rum rose, he said, for the purpose of opposing this resolution, which he thought of too sweeping a character. He (Rum,) so far from wishing to get rid of water altogether, was always happy to meet with it on equal terms; and he knew that he (Rum,) as well as many of his friends around him, had derived a good deal of their influence from being mixed up with water, and going, as it were, half-way, which there could be no objection to. Gin begged leave to differ from the honourable spirit that had just sat down, and who was so unaccustomed to be on his legs at all, that it was not surprising he should have failed to make a respectable stand on the present oc-



casion. (*Cries of "Order!"*) He (Gin) had no wish to create confusion. (*Ironical cheering from Marsala.*) He understood the meaning of that cheer; and would certainly confess that the honourable beverage—for he would not use the stronger term of wine (*a laugh*)—was not likely to create confusion in any quarter. No; he (the honourable beverage) was not strong enough for that. (*Renewed laughter.*) He (Gin) had, perhaps, suffered more from water than all the other wines and spirits whom he now saw before him put together. His reputation had been materially hurt by it; and he was strongly of opinion that the only thing to be done with water is to throw it overboard. (*Hear, hear.*) A French wine, whose name we could not learn, let something drop, but we were unable to catch it. Cape now rose, but was immediately coughed down in a very unceremonious manner. The thanks of the meeting having been voted to Port for his able conduct in the decanter, the meeting separated; but not until a committee had been chosen, consisting of a dozen of wine and a gallon of beer, with power to add to their number, either by water or otherwise.

#### MATTERS ABOUT TOWN.

An editor is not supposed, (as the world and subscribers to newspapers know,) to require or possess the luxury of sleep. We sleep with one eye open—we scorn to deny. We see all that is going on about us, daylight or dark, and Washington being the fountain of law, order and information, we duly give the alarm—like the geese who saved the Capitol. Our readers have, from week to week, read our lucubrations in this wise, and here are some more of them. We send them to the *Intelligencer* as daguerreotypes of the present—sent as records of matters as they fly. We think they are worth preserving in the *Mirror* bodily—and we so preserve them.

The first day of '44 came in like a specimen number of a magazine, and the open doors of New-York, had at least one unexpected visiter in a veritable October sun. The day was mild enough to make overcoats uncomfortable in walking—the pavement was dry and summery—and all the male world seemed abroad. The household gods of Manhattan were probably unanimous in their happiness—as all the ladies were "at home," and all the ladies' lords were bound to be "out." This morning the weather is still softer—October, possibly, like other popular persons, not finding one day to suffice for its visits.

I have a headache on the top of my pen, and cannot venture any further description of new-year's day than the above *facts*, though yesterday I thought I could make you a tip-top gossipy letter out of the day's hilarities. The hosts of the Astor wound up the excitement for their guests by a superb dinner at candlelight, with champagne and sweetmeats "à discretion," and altogether I think *January one* must be marked with a white stone.

You have read, of course, and loved (much more, of course) Leigh Hunt's poem of *The Rimini*. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, have republished it in one of their beautiful boudoir editions, and along with it, in the same neat volume, the half dozen other poems, most famed, of Hunt's prolific pen. The story (of the lady who married one brother and loved the other) is told with a sort of entire newness of style and language, as if it were the *one* admirable work of a natural but unpractised poet, and it sticks to the memory after it is read like Moore's rose-scent to the vase. Leigh Hunt is a born poet, but one of the most unhappy citizens of the world that the world holds. With all the mental capabilities (the wit, the delicacy, the imagination and the desire) to be the carpet-poet of aristocracy that Moore is, he has a most wo-begone person, and a most marvellous lack of tact and reliability. He never can *stay-acquainted* with the only people who, by refinement and talent, are

alone capable of making friendship comfortable to him; and he has quarrelled with most other of his great contemporaries, as he did with Byron. And, by the way, he is dead—by *epigram*! Moore's felicitously witty verses on Hunt's *Life* of Byron killed him quite out of contemporary respect. The ludicrous image of the puppy-dog desecrating the body of the dead lion follows him into every drawing-room and walks behind him in every street. He will never recover from that epigram. Indeed, he has never been like himself since it was written. It is the most signal extinction of a great genius by ridicule that I know of on record—more enduring, from the fact that the English, among their other conservative peculiarities, have none of our marvellous alacrity at public forgetting. Had Leigh Hunt been born with a little thicker skin, somewhat a cooler head, and the inestimable power of catching the snow-balls of ridicule in his bosom, and keeping them there till they could be thrown back *hardened into ice*, he might have been something between Fonblanque and Moore, Thiers and Janin, and equal at least to either of these powerful "*penditti*." As it is, he is uncomfortably poor, and more uncomfortably *un-complacent*. With two lines very Leigh-Hunt-ish, I cut my paragraph short. He is describing Apollo's reverie while resolving upon the Feast of the Poets—

"I think," said the god, recollecting, (and then  
"He felt *twiddling a sunbeam*, as I would a pen.")

A very superb book of drawings is being subscribed for in New-York—"Forty Atmospheric Views of American Scenery," from water-colour drawings by George Harvey. The engravings are to be in *aqua-tint*, and to be beautifully and artistically coloured, so as closely to resemble the original designs. The views consist of different atmospheric effects at different times of day, beginning at daybreak and ending at midnight—each view a complete landscape, and the subjects emblematic of the progress of civilization, from the log-cabin to the highest achievement in architecture. Mr. Harvey is one of the leading artists of the new water-colour school, and this will probably be the most superb work of its kind ever published. A letter from Washington Allston to Mr. Harvey says:

"I am unwilling that you should leave Boston without knowing how much I have been gratified by your beautiful drawings of American Scenery. To me it appears that you have not only been successful in giving the character of our scenery, but remarkably happy in clothing it with an American atmosphere, which you have expressed with great truth and variety."

The letter-press is to be edited by Washington Irving. Subscribers direct their letters to Mr. George Harvey, Chambers-street, New-York.

By the thermometer, the winter has commenced this day, the 5th of January. People pass under my window with their backs shrugged up to their bump of philoprogenitiveness, and even the coats of the hard-working omnibus-horses "*stare*"—as the jockeys say. I wish the physiologists would explain why horses' coats do not lie closer when it is cold, and why men, with the same sensation, raise their arms instinctively from their sides. Cats and dogs seem to economize their bodily heat better—lying down when cold in such an attitude as to expose as little surface to the air as possible.

Public amusements in New-York are in a temporary trance. The excitement is diverted from the epidermis to the heart. Social gaiety is at its holiday effervescence, and the town is what the stranger calls dull. The Park theatre is shut up. Macready is on his way South—diminishing in attraction, I understand, as he goes. The indi-

genous theatrical force of the country is now concentrated on New Orleans, and I see by the papers that the leading stars, Placide and others, are drawing houses of the old-fashioned overflow. Wallack will find that he is "himself again" at New Orleans, or I am much mistaken.

Among good things floating by in the newspapers, I have remarked a very fine critique on Prescott's Mexico in the Boston Daily Advertiser, and a most honest, truthful, and discriminating "notice in the Boston Morning Post," on the character of Lowell's genius and writings.

I am pleased to see that George Lunt, who was some time since metamorphosed from a poet into a legislator, has come back to Castaly for a drink. Some stirring poetry from him is among this week's "fugitives."

#### LAST PAGE MORNING.

Our thoughts are entirely occupied this morning with two poets. It must be a pleasant book that we take for company the first hour after waking, and to-day, with his new volume of Poems open on our dressing-table, we dressed and read LOWELL. Thence he went with us to a *l'été-a-l'été* breakfast, (for we chanced, else, to be breakfasting alone,) and we were reading him with a cup of coffee in one hand and his book in the other, when the letters came in from the Post—and one letter was from a poet new-plumaged, of whom we had never heard, and who had probably never heard of himself, (as a poet,) but still indubitably a poet—albeit "an apprentice-boy in a printing-office" in a small village in Pennsylvania. We read his timid letter and two sweet pieces of poetry enclosed within it, marked the poetry "good" for the Mirror, and then reverted to our breakfast and book. But, so early in the morning, a little reading is enough for a brainfull of thought, and from pondering on Lowell's "Shepherd of King Admetus," we fell to thinking over the probable position and destiny of these two poets.

Lowell is the best-launched poet of his time, and the defect of his poetry is an advantage to his *go-along-ery*. He is stern and strong enough to "take the wall" of Envy and Misfortune, but not yielding and soft enough to bend to the unconscious and impulsive abandonments of love. Love with him is sound sense, not beautiful madness. He is too bold and abstract for the

"levia affectuum vestigia  
Gracilesque sensus lineas,"

and, if he knows, he has a contempt for, the

"quibus  
Vehantur alis blanduli Cupidines."

The way Lowell handles the word *love* makes one start like seeing Rolla pick up Cora's baby with one hand. The fact is, he is a strong minded, tough sinewed, defying poet, fit to be a martyr to opinion or a partisan soldier, and if his love be not an excellent lamp not yet lighted (which is possible) he has never experienced its first timidity, nor is he likely to know its ultimate frenzy and prodigality. He has drawn his own portrait, however, in a "Sonnet written on his Twenty-Fourth Birthday," and let us read his character from it:

"Now have I quite pass'd by that cloudy If  
That darken'd the wild hope of boyish days,  
When first I launched my slender-sided skiff  
Upon the wide sea's dim, unsounded ways;  
Now doth Love's own my soul with splendour fill,  
And Hope hath struggled upward unto Power;  
Soft Wish is hardened into sinewy Will,  
And longing unto certainty doth tower:  
The love of beauty knoweth no despair;  
My heart would break, if——"

What should you think would naturally follow this "if,"

dear reader? He is twenty-four—in the full tide of blood and youth, and "Love's sun has filled his soul with splendour." In building up a climax of his feelings at this impetuous and passionate age, what should you fancy would rush up to crown it like flame to a volcano? What would his "heart break" for, at passionate twenty-four?

"If I should dare to doubt  
That from the wrong, which makes its dragon's lair  
Here on the Earth, fair Truth shall wander out  
Teaching mankind, that Freedom's held in fee  
Only by those who labour to set free."

In another poem on "Love," he describes "true love" as

"A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,  
But faces Truth and Beauty as their peer,  
Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts  
By a clear sense of inward nobleness:  
A love that in its object findeth not  
All grace and beauty, and enough to sate  
Its thirst of blessing, but, in all of good  
Found there, it sees but heaven-granted types  
Of good and beauty in the soul of man  
And traces in the simplest heart that beats  
A family-likeness to its chosen one  
That claims of it the rights of brotherhood."

This is a cold description of "true love," and it is not half so warm as the "love" which Lowell exhibits in his preface, for his friend William Page. Compare the above description, in poetry, of true love for a woman, with the following confession, in prose, of love for a man:

"My dear friend. The love between us, which can now look back upon happy years of still enlarging confidence, and forward, with a sure trust in its own prophecy of yet deeper and tenderer sympathies, as long as life shall remain to us, stands in no need, I am well aware, of so poor a voucher as an Epistle Dedicatory. True, it is one of love's chiefest charms, that it must still take special pains to be superfluous in seeking out ways to declare itself—but for these it demands no publicity and wishes no acknowledgment. But the admiration which one soul feels for another loses half its worth, if it slip any opportunity of making itself heard and felt," etc.

Lowell is one kind of poet, and it is the worst manner of criticism to tell what a poet is *not*, except more clearly to define what he is. Though his sexual heart never swims in his inkstand, he is warm enough in his enthusiasm for all generous sentiments, and both daring and delicate enough in his powers of imagination. Truth, good sense and fancy were seldom more evenly braided together than in his poem of "The Heritage," and Rosaline, (though it never could have been conceived by a man who had passionately loved,) is the very finest cobweb of fancy. Nobody could help loving the truth, honesty, fearlessness and energy, stamped on all his poetry, and as we said before he has the "vim" to carve out for himself any destiny he pleases. He has determined to live by literature, but we do not believe he will long remain a poet only. He will wish to take the world by the beard in some closer clutch than poetry gives room for, and his good judgment as to the weight of heavy English words, will try itself before long on more serious matter than sonnets. At least that is what we think, while admiring him over our breakfast.

As to the other poet, Bayard Taylor, we had a great deal to say to him—sympathy, encouragement, promises of watchfulness over his fame, etc. etc. But he will need no special kindness yet awhile. Love is plenty for new-found poets. Many people love little chickens who are insensible to the merits of cocks and hens, and we reserve our friendship till he is matured and envied. Meantime, if he wants our opinion that he is a poet, and can be, with toil and study—immortal—he has it. His poetry is already worthy of long preserving—apprentice-boy though he be.

## SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

To promote the health of the body and increase the tranquility of the mind, are among the most important objects for which man lives, and for which the sages of antiquity labored with incessant and unremitting toil. *The constitution of man was their study*, in order to discover the seat of his maladies, and source of all his corporeal misery. To alleviate the drooping spirits, to inspire confidence to the desponding mind, and ease the sorrowed heart, all the arts and arguments of their philosophy and powers of reason were turned. Among the varied branches of worldly learning, there can be none equal in importance to that of the Healing Art, for the soul in a diseased body may be aptly compared to the martyr in his dungeon, which retains its real value, but has lost its usefulness. Many or most diseases have their origin in an impure or impoverished state of the blood, and this being a fluid *sui generis*, extending to the most minute ramifications of the system, the subtle poison is infused, and the seed being sown, brings forth fruit in abundance; in one instance causing a swelling of the glands, resulting in Scrofula or Kings-evil—in another ossification of the arteries or turning them into bone; also rheumatism and disease of the heart, cutaneous eruptions, diseases of the liver, and a variety of other maladies which soon hurry their victim to his grave. *Sands' SARSAPARILLA*, a purely vegetable medicine, which is the result of years of labor and chemical research, in bringing it to its present state of perfection, will arrest, and, if timely administered, perfectly cure these diseases, by purifying the vital fluid, regenerating the constitution, dispelling diseased action, giving tone to the general energies of the system, and enabling the blood to course on freely, and bringing with it health and renewed vigor. As the Phoenix rises from the ashes of its fire, re-animated with new life, so does this medicine re-invigorate the whole system, enkindling its expiring energies and overcoming disease. The *Sarsaparilla* is furnished gratuitously to all who are unable to purchase it, on sufficient proof being given of their being fit objects of charity. The following certificates recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reader is referred to a pamphlet, which is furnished without charge by all the agents.

New-York, December 1, 1843.

Mrs. SANDS:

Gentlemen—Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of *Sands' Sarsaparilla*. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most inveterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bad, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her life. The complaint commenced in the roots of her hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then it attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continued to increase until it covered the most of her body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged; this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to prevent natural rest, and the odor from the discharges so offensive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention the nature of the case required. The disease was called Scald head and general Salt Rheum. We tried various remedies, with little benefit, and considered her case almost beyond the reach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your *Sarsaparilla*, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; and the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and the result is a perfect cure. To all parents we would say.—If you have children suffering with any disease of the skin, use *Sands' Sarsaparilla*. With feelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.

ELIHU and SARAH SOUTHWAY,  
No. 95 Madison-street, New-York.

Mrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.

Gentlemen—I can speak from a very gratifying personal experience of the great value of your preparation of *Sarsaparilla*. For about nine months I suffered beyond expression from an attack of that Protean and destroying disease, Neuralgia, by which I was rendered incapable of attending my ordinary employment. For months I was unable to write a line or hold a pen, or convey food to my mouth; and such was my bodily distress that to sleep, except in brief catches after extreme exhaustion, was impossible. The medical treatment usual in this disease availed me nothing, and I was at last persuaded to try your *Sarsaparilla*. Before the second bottle was quite used the disease abated. I continued to take it to the amount of six bottles, and was perfectly relieved, and I hope permanently, no indication of a relapse having appeared yet.

I believe you have not claimed for your *Sarsaparilla*, that it is particularly adapted to the tormenting disease to which I was subject; but I have no doubt it was the means of my recovery, and should have no hesitation in recommending it to others who may be suffering from Neuralgia. The rationale of its success is, I think, not difficult of explanation.

[S] Several metallic preparations, such as nitrate of silver and arsenic, have been much relied on in late years, but they failed in my case. Respectfully, your friend and obedient servant,  
C. HOOVER.

New BRUNSWICK, N. J. Sept. 25, 1843.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. SANDS & CO., Druggists and Chemists, Granite Buildings, No. 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers-street, New-York. Sold also by A. B. & D. Sands, Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-street; David Sands & Co., No. 77 East Broadway, corner of Market-street; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is *Sands' Sarsaparilla* that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for *Sands' Sarsaparilla*, and take no other.

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Rich fancy goods of elegance and utility, for presents, comprising every Parisian novelty; fine English fancy articles; the finest Paris perfumery, cosmetics, and soaps; dressing-cases; portable desks; English cutlery, of the first makers; opera fans, combs, brushes and toilet articles generally, of the best quality; embroidered purses, gold-mounted cages, elegant work-boxes and papeteries, toilet and writing apparatus in compact form for convenience of travellers, and all the general variety usually kept by the Parisian establishments of similar descriptions; an assortment unsurpassed in this country, and will always be replenished with the desirable novelties simultaneously with their appearance at the manufacturers, as near as practicable, and will be always offered at the lowest prices they can be sold for in this country. French and English fancy goods, &c. imported to order. N16

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The Proprietor of the ALHAMBRA begs to call the attention of the fashionable public to the great improvement he has made in the preparation of ICE CREAM and other CONFECTIONERY. Being determined to make his Establishment THE FIRST in this country, he has spared neither pains nor expense to attain that end. In addition to the immense outlay in fitting up and furnishing his Saloons, he has engaged, at a great expense, a number of celebrated Foreign Artists, who have arrived at the greatest possible perfection in their art—some of whom have been in the service of the kings of France and Bavaria, and assisted in the preparation of the State Banquets given by those personages—he can, therefore, safely promise those who favor him with their patronage to furnish every description of Confectionery used on festive occasions, of a quality and in a style not to be equalled by any other establishment. TABLES will be set and arranged, for those who desire it, in the most tasteful and attractive manner, without involving any additional expense.

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This has already become a favorite resort for Ladies, who, after the fatigue of shopping, or a morning promenade, require some quiet, elegant retreat like this, in which to rest and refresh themselves; and also, for parties returning from a Concert or the Theatre, who can enjoy the most delightful suppers, without the trouble and inconvenience of preparing them at home.

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We would suggest to our patrons that from this additional facility, we shall be able to supply them at an early date with all the novelties of the London and Paris markets, and sustain the reputation of the establishment for the moderate prices which have elicited so liberal a patronage, since the adoption of the ready-money system, by which we are enabled to furnish garments at from 25 to 33 per cent less than formerly.

A feature in the Establishment, which must commend it to those requiring articles for immediate use, is the addition to our stock of an assortment of first quality ready-made garments, including Furtrons, Cloaks, Dress and French Coats, Pantalons, Vests, &c.

N15

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Notice is hereby given that Bags will be made up on and after this date, for the above places. All matter to be sent must be pre-paid. The number sent must be marked on the package. No correspondence will be sent other than that relating to the packages. It must be understood that no letter or private correspondence will be received for the Publishers' Mail, and should any one conceal the same in their newspapers or magazines, they will be dealt with according to the laws of the Post Office Department.

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New-York City, December 11th, 1843.

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Was bestowed upon a Roman who saved the life of a fellow-citizen. Were this the custom in vogue here, the proprietor of Peter's Vegetable Pills and Medicated Lozenges would be smothered under a forest of laurel wreaths. Thousands have been snatched from the very gates of death by these excellent preparations, and the fame of the cures they have wrought has increased the demand for them so immensely, that the machinery for their manufacture, vast as it is, and continuously in motion, is scarcely adequate to supply the call for them. Pulmonary diseases generally yield to Peter's Cough Lozenges within forty-eight hours after they are administered, and coughs of long standing are generally cured by them in a single day. The Vegetable Pills remove all obstructions from the bowels, and purify the sources of the blood, and cure all diseases incident to the great organ of life. Principal office, 123 Fulton-st, New York; 2 Mill-st, Boston.

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Rich Embroidered White Watered Poult de Soie Dresses for weddings and balls.

Rich Embroidered Crapes and Tarleton robes, of all colours and styles.

Rich Embroidered Nealin Robes, from one to six Rich, with embroidery between each.

Rich Figured Illusion Robes, filled centres, and embroidered skirt.

Striped Tarleton Dresses with folds, entire new style.

Striped, Plain, and Watered Heranges of all colours, Tarleton ditto.

Very Rich Brocade Poult de Soie, Figured Satins, and Gros de Naples.

Superior Camelon Silks, light and dark colours, 14 and 24 inches wide.

Rich Plaid and Striped Camelions, Poult de Soie.

Black Watered Gros de Naples, of all qualities, White de Sauns of all colours, Gros de Afrique, and Gros de Orleans.

Mousselin de Laines, of every quality and style.

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French Medaines, of the best manufacture, at all prices.

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White and Black Silk Hose, Plain, Embroidered, and Open Worked.

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Engraved expressly for the New Mirror.



# THE NEW MIRROR.

EVERY NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH A STEEL ENGRAVING.

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with serious looks, which, as he was now alone, it could be seen that he was armed with sword and pistols. His countenance was stern, his brow knit until the large eyebrows nearly met; and, as he now and then glanced upon the female, he compressed his lips until the blood seemed ready to start. The two others were much younger, and were apparelled after the fashion common to young men of that period, and, like the elder, they were also armed. The young female, who rode between the two last-mentioned

surges would bring her back."

"Perhaps it were better she should never revive," replied the other. "Minion! but see, she opens her eyes. Come, madam, rouse yourself! No more swooning, if you please! Come, get up," (seizing her rudely by the arm,) "we have something of a journey yet to go to-night, which may not prove quite so pleasing to your fancy as the one you undertook with your Indian lover."





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EDITED BY G. P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1844.

NUMBER 17.

THE picture for this week represents the Landing of Roger Williams at Providence, in the year 1636. The poem, written by Frances H. Whipple, which we give in illustration, is taken from the "Rhode Island Book." The drawing is by Hoppin, one of the most spirited designers in the country. It is impossible for the burin to do him full justice. The original is very life-like and beautiful.

Illustrious pioneer of liberty;  
Parent and founder of the truly free!  
No treachery deforms thy peerless story;  
No deed of vengeance sullies thy pure glory.  
Thy precept and example, hand in hand,  
Went like fair sisters o'er the smiling land;  
While the rude Indian, true to Nature's law,  
Knew what was good, and trusted what he saw.  
He met thee as a brother, gave his land,  
And thou gavest him an open, honest hand;  
Nor was his simple nature e'er deceived,  
Nor his proud, noble spirit once aggrieved;  
He was thy brother—thou, 'neath closest scan,  
Mid all temptations, wert an honest man.  
Rhode Islanders, with virtuous pride, can tell  
Thy line of life has but one parallel.  
Thou, and the Son of Peace—the western sage—  
Were the twin stars of your illiberal age.  
When warlike fame as morning mist shall fly,  
And blood-stained glory, as a meteor, die;  
When all the dross is known, and cast away,  
And the pure gold, alone, allowed to stay,  
Two names will stand, the pride of virtuous men,  
Our ROGER WILLIAMS and good WILLIAM PENN.

We have great pleasure in again presenting our readers with an original story from the author of "Stella Lee," a delightful little sketch published in the first volume of the New Mirror, which, after going the rounds of the press on this side of the water, has been extensively copied abroad. We are proud of our fair correspondent, and so will the country be one of these days, for she is destined, or we have "no skill in either prophecy or rhyme," to take a high and prominent position among the lady-writers of the age. Remember, if you please, Sir Critic, what we have now said, for we may have occasion to remind you of it one of these fine afternoons. But read, and judge the matter for yourself.

## THE DISCARDED.

It was already three o'clock, P. M., in the month of November, 1769, that a party of four persons might be seen riding swiftly along the beach, opposite the town of Stonington. The afternoon was cold and gloomy, the wind blowing almost a gale; and the waves, as they rolled and broke with violence upon the beach, seemed threatening, in every receding surge, to sweep off both horse and rider. The persons mentioned consisted of three men and one female, the latter evidently a prisoner. The elder of the party was a stout-built man, apparently of some sixty years. His dress denoted him above the common peasantry; he wore a cloak with scarlet facings, which, as the wind blew aside, it could be seen that he was armed with sword and pistols. His countenance was stern, his brow knit until the large eyebrows nearly met; and, as he now and then glanced upon the female, he compressed his lips until the blood seemed ready to start. The two others were much younger, and were apparelled after the fashion common to young men of that period, and, like the elder, they were also armed. The young female, who rode between the two last-mentioned

persons, could not, from her appearance, be more than eighteen years of age. Her face was the hue of marble, her eyes downcast, and her whole bearing evincing deep dejection. Her dress was a dark riding-habit, fitting closely her slender figure, and a small beaver-hat and plume.

The young men kept close to her side; indeed one held tightly her bridal rein, while the elder personage rode on a few feet in advance.

Heedless of the wind and the dashing of the surf, the party galloped swiftly along. For some time not a word was spoken, until turning a rocky point, where all further progress seemed impossible, and with nothing to impede the view of the raging sea; the young girl now, for the first time, raised her head, and, in a voice of terror, demanded:

"Father, dear father, where are we going? Where will you take me?"

"That you will soon know," replied the person addressed; then, suddenly reining in his horse, he said, speaking to the young men:

"Here I shall leave you. Remember, Walter; and you, too, Basil; act no woman's part. As for you," turning as he spoke to the trembling girl, "take your father's last words—his curse!"

"Father, father, curse me not!" she shrieked, springing from her horse, and clasping the knees of the speaker: "curse not your child!"

"Off, serpent, off!" cried the old man, spurning her with his foot; "kneel not to me—think of your poor, distracted mother—of the disgrace and wretchedness you have brought to our once-happy fireside! Again I curse you—yes, may the curse of an outraged father ever ring in your ears!"

The girl uttered a piercing scream, and sank senseless upon the sands. For a few moments her father sternly regarded her prostrate form; gradually his features relaxed, he became much agitated, and at length large tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Oh, my God," he ejaculated, "is it come to this! My daughter, my child, my child!"

Stooping down, he imprinted a kiss upon her marble brow; then, turning to his sons, he said:

"Walter, Basil, hear me; forget my weakness; remember, this erring child must not, *shall not*, be forgiven! Yet treat her kindly; be not too rough with her gentle nature. As for me, I shall never see her more!"

Thus saying, he turned his horse and rode swiftly away, in the same direction from which they came.

The two young men, in the meanwhile, appeared totally unmoved by the scene they had just witnessed; and, notwithstanding their father's injunctions, were striving, by no very gentle means, to restore consciousness to the unfortunate girl.

"Fest, she will never come to, as I see," said the one addressed as Walter; "one would think these drenching surges would bring her back."

"Perhaps it were better she should never revive," replied the other. "Minion! but see, she opens her eyes. Come, madam, rouse yourself! No more swooning, if you please! Come, get up," (seizing her rudely by the arm,) "we have something of a journey yet to go to-night, which may not prove quite so pleasing to your fancy as the one you undertook with your Indian lover."

The girl slowly arose; her face became the hue of scarlet, and, turning her dark hazel eyes upon the youth, she said:

"Basil, is it from you I hear those cruel words? Do you, too, cast me off? Do you no longer love me?"

"Love you," replied Basil, with a look of bitter scorn, "love you! No! I hate you!"

"Fie, Basil, for shame," interrupted Walter; "you are too bad. Remember, our father told us to treat this wretched girl with kindness."

"Did he, did he!" cried the poor girl. "Bless you, Walter, for those words. You, then, do not hate your poor sister?"

"No, Gaity, I do not hate you; yet still, for the disgrace you have brought upon us, I could plunge this dagger into your bosom! But come, Basil; see, the rain is already beginning to fall, and the Sound looks too rough for our passage."

"The more fitting our errand," replied Basil. "Neither thunder, rain, or old Ocean's self, though she chafe the very skies in her fury, shall stop me, until this dainty lady is in security."

So saying, and lifting Gaity into the saddle, he seized her bridle-rein, and the party once more galloped rapidly forward for about a quarter of a mile. Here they halted, and, dismounting, led their horses a few yards from the beach, where they fastened them to some rude stakes of what had probably once been a fisherman's hut. They next proceeded to unmoor a small boat, and then approached Gaity, who, with pale and alarmed features, had watched their movements.

"Where will you take me?" she cried, recoiling from their approach. "O, will you drown me! Alas, I am not fit to die!"

"Drown you," interrupted Basil; "no, drowning would be too good for you! Come, step in;" then rudely pushing her into the boat, where Walter was already seated, they put off upon the angry waters.

The rain, which had been threatening some time, now poured in torrents, while the winds and waves tossed the frail bark like an egg-shell; every sea, as it came rushing and roaring down, seemed ready to engulf them. After two hours of hard labour they reached the shore of Fisher's Island, and after some little difficulty effected a landing. Securing the boat, they then each seized an arm of their sister, who, speechless from terror, was passive in their hands; and, turning from the shore, plunged directly into a narrow path which led into the interior of the island; now lifting Gaity in their arms over tangled heaps of underbrush, or pulling her swiftly forward over the level ground. In this manner they proceeded for nearly an hour; at length they stopped. Here, on the borders of a thick forest stood a solitary house; it was evidently much decayed, part of the roof had fallen in, and most of the windows appeared to have been newly boarded up. On one side it leaned to a deep chasm, washed below by a swift-running stream, whose hollow murmur struck horror to the soul.

Leaving Walter and Gaity, Basil now approached the house, and, passing his hand through one of the broken cashes, drew forth a rusty key, which he applied to the door; it turned slowly on its hinges, and the party entered. Nothing could exceed the desolation within but the desolation without. The room was empty, not a vestige of furniture to be seen, while the rain beat in at the broken casement.

On one side was a flight of rickety stairs; up these the young men groped their way, bearing the almost insupportable form of Gaity in their arms. With the aid of flint, Walter

now struck a light. It seemed, indeed, as if *Misery and Want* might here have chosen their abode, so utterly desolate, so wretched did everything appear.

Poor Gaity, pale with alarm, overcome with fatigue, and her garments drenched with rain, had sunk into the only chair the room contained, the very image of woe; when Basil approached, and, with a low bow, said, in a voice of biting sarcasm:

"Welcome, mistress, to your *future home*."

Gaity raised her drooping head, looked from one to the other of her cruel brothers; no ray of pity beamed on their dark features, and, with a shudder which convulsed her whole frame, the miserable girl fell senseless to the floor.

Before the wigwam had disappeared from the forest, or the bow of the savage been unstrung, a few English families had made their settlement near the borders of the Mystic river, Connecticut.

On this very spot had been enacted one of the most dreadful tragedies that ever occurred in that fierce struggle with the Indians in the earlier settlement of the country—*survive for might, theirs for right!* Here it was, in the darkness and silence of the night, when the Indians were all sleeping in fancied security, that a party of English soldiers, commanded by Captain Mason, stole suddenly upon the Pequot fort, bringing death and destruction in their van. No warning had the doomed savage, save the dying howl of a faithful watch-dog, while, at the same moment, a heavy fire was poured in upon them. Then the cry of *Owanus! Owanus!* (Englishmen! Englishmen!) mingled with the terrific war-whoop, resounded through the fort; but it was too late! On every side they were surrounded, escape was impossible, and, horrible to relate, the order was at length given by the English to *fire the fort*, and hundreds of men, women and children perished in their wigwams!

"And, indeed," says the historian, "such a dreadful terror did the Almighty let fall upon their spirits, that they would fly from us into the very flames."

But, at the period this tale commences, not a trace of this cruel war remained. Small villages and clustering cottages skirted the banks of this pretty stream, and finely-cultivated farms stretched far in the distance. Now and then a few solitary remnants of the Pequot tribe would wander through the soil of their fathers; for it was then no rare thing to see these sons of the forest, who were generally treated with kindness by the whites, although that feeling of hostility and revenge, which had burned so furiously in the breasts of both, was not at that early period quite subdued, and occasional disputes, together with many petty acts of pilfering committed by the Indians, when under the influence of "*fire-water*," (for which, as is well known, their thirst was insatiable,) only served to keep alive the flame of discord.

Basil Trevor was from a noble family of England, but, being a younger son, was consequently dependent upon the church, army, or navy for his support. Preferring, however, to seek a fortune in the new world to either, he bade farewell to friends and country, and embarked for America; bringing with him all that pride of birth, and high and lofty bearing, which marked his descent. Disappointed love might, perhaps, have somewhat influenced his decision, as it was well known his final determination to seek a foreign land was not made until the Lady Edith had been forced into a marriage with a wealthy baronet.

To America, then, came Basil Trevor at the age of three-and-twenty. He landed at Boston, where, after tarrying a few weeks in company with others who, like himself, had left the shores of England to find a home in America, he

proceeded to the fertile region of the Connecticut. Pursuing his researches, he reached the neighbourhood of the Mystic, and, delighted with its romantic scenery, and the promising aspect of the soil, obtained a large tract of land on its borders. Here, shut out from the world, careless for fortune, Trevor resolved to seek for happiness amid the scenes of nature.

Under his persevering industry and energies, the "*wilderness soon blossomed as the rose*." Fields of corn, of waving wheat, rich clover-pastures, now flourished where once the great Sassacus stepped in his pride and might; and, in due time, a neat cottage took the place of the rude log-hut, which first sheltered the young adventurer.

As if on purpose to requite his unwearied industry, the obliging baronet broke his neck at a race-course, and Edith became a widow! This news was transmitted by some kind friend in the first ship, and, in less than a week after it was received, behold Basil Trevor a passenger in a vessel bound for London! He arrived safely in England, and hastened, with the speed of thought, *imbodied in four post-horses*, to the baronial castle of his dead rival—a scream of delight, and Edith is fainting in his arms! The marriage ceremony was performed without delay, and the lovely bride accompanied her husband to his new home.

But, alas! her tender nature was not suited to the hardships, the privations of this new life. Reared in the abodes of luxury, with every indulgence which wealth could give lavished upon her, she could ill meet the trials she was now called upon to sustain. Fortitude, affection, or kindness forsook not the pure temple of her heart—but her health yielded. She pined gradually away; her foot lost its lightness, her form became almost ethereal; and, although the dark eye sparkled and the rose tinted her cheek, after a few years she sank to rest with the summer flowers, leaving one sweet bud to shield, in its balmy beauty, the heart of the lone husband against despair.

Bitter, indeed, was the grief of Trevor at this sad bereavement; and yet, in one year after the death of Edith, he became the husband of another. Deem him not heartless, inconstant, or ungrateful; so soon to yield another the place where once the lovely Edith rested in her gentleness and beauty!

The rough nature of man was not suited to the nurture of so fragile a plant as the little Edith. The gentle hand of woman was required to cherish and defend the frail blossom from the many ills of childhood. No kind mother or sympathizing sister had the bereaved husband to take the babe to their bosoms, and, therefore it was, he offered his hand to the daughter of one who had emigrated from the mother country about the same time as himself.

A kind and gentle being was Gaity, and in her the sweet babe found indeed a mother; and, although as years rolled on, other and closer ties were woven around the heart of Mrs. Trevor, she never for a moment loved the little Edith less fondly, or suffered those new ties to weaken that chain of sympathy which bound her to the motherless child.

A blooming family grew up around Mrs. Trevor, of which the little bright-eyed Gaity was the youngest and cherished favourite. Her slightest wishes were to her fond parents as laws, while her two brothers and Edith were never wearied of devising amusements for this dazzling pet. Although as beautiful as the first blush of morn, Gaity was a wayward and stubborn child, to which, undoubtedly, the extreme indulgence of those around her was only adding new vigour. She was, however, kind and affectionate in her nature, to which feelings she yielded with all the impetuosity of a spoiled child; no matter by what excited, a bird, a flower,

a pet lamb or kitten, all in turn called forth her devotion. Dearly, too, did she love her sister Edith, whose winning manners, and kind, persuasive words often possessed an influence over the wilful child, which naught else could effect.

As before-mentioned, the Indians were then no strangers to the soil. Often parties of from fifty to a hundred would encamp in the adjacent woods, and there tarry sometimes for months; their baskets, brooms, moccasins, and other articles of traffic, finding a ready sale in the houses of the whites.

Unlike most children of her age, Gaity fearlessly attached herself to these dwellers of the forest, who, in return, manifested, by their uncouth gestures of delight, and many little presents of ingenious fabric, their fondness for the little white maiden, or, as they usually styled her, "*the little Sloe-blossom*." Springing like a fawn to the arms of the savage, Gaity would cling fondly to them; sometimes passing whole days amid their wigwams, in unrestrained freedom, playing with the little papoose, weaving rushes with her small taper fingers, or learning to adorn the smooth bark with the quills of the porcupine.

This wandering tribe were generally accompanied by a venerable Indian, claiming to be the son of the great Sassacus himself. Whether this assertion might be considered as truth is uncertain; but there was a quiet dignity in the manners and bearing of the old chief, which might well warrant the assumption. He mixed but little with his tribe, his wigwam was remote from theirs, and his time generally occupied in hunting the game, which, even at that early period, was beginning to be considered a rarity; or in his birch canoe, accompanied by his grandson, Onowahoo, a lad of twelve, would softly glide where the umbrageous woods over-canopied the river, and there, with a composure which "old Izaak" might have envied, ensnare the silvery trout which frequented its waters. The results of these labours or pleasures often found their way to the table of Mr. Trevor, being usually left after nightfall upon the door-stone, in the most quiet manner, by Monatahqua himself, who took this method to manifest his gratitude for various kindnesses received at the hands of Mr. Trevor.

Between Gaity and the young savage Onowahoo there had always existed the warmest friendship. He brought her the most beautiful birds'-eggs, the greenest moss, the clearest pebbles, to adorn her little play-house; and would spend hours in weaving baskets and other ingenious articles to give her pleasure, while, in return, Gaity shared with him her nicest treasures, and, with her own little hands, knit gay comforters and leggins, to keep him warm through the cold winter.

Twice had Onowahoo saved the life of Gaity.

There was within a few miles of Poplar Grove, (the residence of Mr. Trevor,) an extensive pond, which, at certain seasons of the year, resembled a floating garden, so thickly was it covered with that fragrant and lovely flower, the pond-lily, resting in snowy purity so beautifully in its light green shallop on the glassy surface of the pond, peeping over, too, half-bashfully, as if to see itself mirrored therein in graceful beauty. Gaity had coaxed her father, by many well-timed hugs and kisses, (which the little gipsy knew very well when to apply,) into permission that she might accompany Monatahqua and Onowahoo upon an excursion to this beautiful pond. They accordingly set off through the forest, Gaity hand in hand with Onowahoo, laughing, chatting, and singing her little songs, half-English, half-Indian. When the little "*Sloe-blossom*" seemed weary, Monatahqua would bear her in his arms over the rough places; and the Indian

boy, running at her side, pluck the ripest berries to allay her thirst, and occasionally the happy party would rest together under some shady tree. In this manner they reached the pond; here they found a canoe, secured at the water's edge, in which they were soon seated, gliding gently to that part where the lilies seemed in greatest profusion. As they approached it, Gaity clapped her hands in ecstasy, and exclaiming:

"Some for ma'ms—some for Edith," reached over too hastily to pluck them; she lost her balance, and sank amid the lilies; which first yielding gently to their lovely burthen, then formed a fragrant pall above her. Another moment, and she was safe in the arms of Monatahqua; the next, a shower of lilies fell around her from the hand of Onowahoo, who had again plunged in to divert the terror of the trembling child.

At another time, when Gaity had been as usual rambling for hours in the forest, she became weary, and, throwing herself under a tree, lay for some time tracing pictures in the light fleecy clouds as they floated above, and in trying to count the green leaves flicking and dancing to the soft wind around her head. On a neighbouring tree a golden oriole had perched himself, swinging, with the most enviable security, upon the very extremity of a large bough, pouring forth his rich notes in one delicious gush of melody; these, too, did the little maiden try to imitate; but at length the clouds floated dreamily away, the leaves moved to a more gentle measure, and the song of the oriole grew ever fainter and fainter. The child slept.

It being near noon, Mr. Trevor himself went in search of his truant child. He soon discovered her, and advanced gently to awaken her; but, conceive his horror, on approaching nearer, to discover a large rattlesnake coiled within a few feet of the sleeping innocent! He dares not advance—he fears to move, lest he may arouse the reptile—his very senses seem to be forsaking him, from terror at the danger of his child; when, suddenly, he sees Onowahoo approach. The boy drops noiselessly amid the deep grass, and glides to the spot where poor Gaity, unconscious of danger, is so calmly sleeping. Already, with head erect, and eyes glittering in Iris hues of beauty, the snake seems about to dart upon its victim, when at that instant, with a rapid bound, Onowahoo seizes the venomous reptile by the neck; it coils its length in slimy folds around the naked arm of the brave boy, who, nothing daunted, compresses the throat of his victim ever tighter and tighter until death ensues!

It is not strange, then, that Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were much attached to the preserver of their darling child. Earnestly did they entreat Monatahqua to leave Onowahoo with them; promising that he should be treated as a child, and receive the same education as their sons. But Monatahqua pointed to the woods:

"There is room for the red man there," he said; "the cabin of the pale face would fetter the limbs of the Indian. The foot of Onowahoo must be fleet as the deer of the forest."

A period of six or eight months had elapsed since the last visit of the old chief, when, one morning, he suddenly entered the sitting-room of Mr. Trevor, leading Onowahoo by the hand. He was attired in much splendour; a bright scarlet blanket, adorned with wampum, was thrown over his shoulders; his leggins were of many-coloured cloth, and fancifully embroidered; and his brows were decorated with a variety of variegated feathers.

With a cry of delight, Gaity sprang to his side, and then, flinging her arms around the neck of Onowahoo, pressed his dark cheek with her rosy lips. With a low, guttural laugh,

Monatahqua passed his hand over the golden locks of Gaity, and then advancing to Mr. Trevor, he said:

"Chief, Monatahqua goes to the spirit-land; his Great Father calls him. The ears of Monatahqua are open; he will go, for now the war-path is hidden under the thick smoke of the calumet! Take, then, my son, that I may depart in peace."

Without waiting for a reply, the old chief then turned and walked with dignity from the room; leaving Onowahoo standing motionless as a statue, with Gaity still clinging around him.

It was the last visit of Monatahqua. He was never seen more.

#### TOM TUCKER—Concluded.

QUIETLY finishing my havana, I went aft, and found Tom seated in front of the captain's office with a paper in his hand, where he had a full view of the ladies' cabin-door. Near this door, and directly facing him, was seated "his lady," but she was not looking at him. Beside her sat a tall man, all muffled in a profusion of comfortables and bannanas, which were wrapped about his face and neck, while a huge travelling-cap was slouched down over his eyes, so that we could not see a particle of his countenance, though, from his position, he was evidently regarding Tom intently.

"This must be her protector," I whispered to Tom.

"Yes," said he; "hang him, he is going to be in the way."

Tom leaned back in his chair, apparently intent on reading the paper, but I could see the line of vision passed directly above it, and lighted full upon the lady. She sat with one foot on the lower bar of the chair before her, just lifting her dress enough to show the other cased in a neat black slipper, *a-la-Wadman*, with the well-rounded top of a most symmetrical ancle swelling upward in a spotless white stocking, rising from its dainty pedestal in perfect symmetry, and giving positive assurance of the sculptured beauty of the form which the multitude of cloaks and shawls hid from our view. Tom's eyes were rivetted on the beauty of that unsurpassed foot and ancle, though a careless observer would have thought he was intent upon his paper.

It was a long time before the muffled friend left her side. For nearly an hour he kept Tom in suspense, and evidently he knew it; for he would occasionally speak to his companion, and then turn his hidden frontispiece towards Tom.

"Now, I would give something to see that fellow's face," said Tom. "What is he—father, brother, husband, friend, or what? I cannot make him out from his manner, but he seems delighted to be near her, confound him! If I could get one glimpse at his mug, I should know my cue."

The muffled gentleman got up at last, and went into the ladies' cabin. Tom dropped his paper, went to the guard of the boat for a moment, looking over the side indifferently, and working his way gradually round, was soon near the absent gentleman's chair. I saw him speak to the lady; she replied with a smile; and without more ceremony he seated himself at once by her side, and was soon in animated conversation. The lady chatted as freely with him as if he had been the acquaintance of a lifetime. I had taken Tom's rejected paper and pretended to read, though I imitated his example in looking over the top of it, and watched them earnestly. How animated he looked; and, I must confess it, how handsome. My own unattractive exterior came forcibly before me in contrast, as I thought of the progress Tom had made in his acquaintance—a progress I should have failed in attaining in a fortnight's journeying on board an outward-bound packet. Presently, Tom telegraph-

ed me to come over and be introduced. I pretended not to understand it. He repeated it several times, but, in good truth, I was afraid the muffled gentleman would re-appear, and make a scene which I had not the effrontery to encounter. Tom, seeing my unwillingness, bent over and whispered to the lady. She turned her lustrous eyes upon me for a moment and replied smilingly, and he started directly for my seat. The impudent rascal! He had asked permission to introduce me, and had obtained it. There was now no alternative—go I must. I went up, frightened out of my propriety by my own daring, and stammered through an introduction to Miss Morrell. Tom was all ease, so was the lady; but so was not I, for I felt as nervous as a whipped dog. But he rattled on with his conversation, and I never knew him more brilliant or more animated. He had found out where she was from, and talked intimately, to all appearance, of the whole town. I was almost inclined to think she was an old acquaintance. But there was something in her manner impossible to describe, which convinced me of the truth of what Tom had told me. He never had seen her before, but any one not knowing the fact would have thought they were brought up at one apron-string. He chatted and laughed with her incomparably; she was evidently delighted with her new acquaintance; and they kept up an animated and interesting conversation, while I played the part of a good listener, until the boat touched the dock at Perth Amboy.

Here we were to change from the boat to the cars. Tom proposed to find the lady a seat away from the "sparks" of the locomotive, wisely refraining from giving utterance to any of the stereotyped jokes upon the word so common to the occasion. She consented at once, and took Tom's arm, to my unspeakable horror. An apparition of a very much muffled up and very justly enraged gentleman crossed my mental vision, but I saw him not, though I looked for him in every direction. Once I thought I caught a view of half his muffled countenance at the half-open door of the cabin, but I must have been mistaken, as I saw it only for an instant, and he did not appear. I followed them in stupid wonder; but as Tom handed her into one of the little crimson cars containing only seats for six, I pulled him by the sleeve.

"Tom! Tom!" said I, "where is her friend?"

"I don't know—overboard, I hope," said he, and sprang into the car. I followed mechanically. A gentleman and lady were already in, one on the front, the other on the back seat. Miss Morrell seated herself beside the lady, and Tom took the seat opposite to her, while I sat down by his side. There was, then, but one vacant seat in the car, the one next to Tom's lady, and I was nervously impatient to have it filled, before any acquaintance of the lady should appear. I could have been well content to have the veriest wrinkled hag in the universe for a seat-mate, so I could have been sure it was not a friend of the lady's, to make a scene and place us in a mortifying dilemma. We had been seated, however, but a moment, when I caught a glimpse of the muffled gentleman making lusty strides for our end of the train. Jogging Tom with my elbow, I called his attention to the unwelcome sight. Quick as thought he drew up the window, and asked the ladies if they would not be better accommodated if they should sit farther apart, and occupy the whole seat.

No, they were very well as they were!

Just at this moment the door of the car opened, the muffled head was poked in, and seeing the vacant seat, its owner deliberately followed and seated himself by the side of the lady. Tom winced, but ceased not his attentions to

Miss Morrell. Our uninvited friend said not a word, but sat bolt upright in his corner. The lady was slightly embarrassed for a moment, but only a moment; and quickly recovering herself, she introduced Mr. Tucker and his friend to her—husband! A badly smothered exclamation escaped from Tom, while the husband bowed gruffly. I crowded myself into the smallest possible space in the corner, and felt like paying a large premium for the temporary lease of a knot-hole.

Presently the husband began to disencumber himself of his wrappers, taking off one after another of the comfortable about his neck and face. Tom watched the operation with the sharp glance of an eagle. As the gentleman lifted his slouching cap, the eyes, I thought, looked familiar; but when he took off the last handkerchief, the well-known face of our mutual friend Jenkins was before us, bursting with suppressed laughter.

I am sorry to say that Tom broke the third commandment on that occasion, and uttered something very like an oath.

"Why, Jenkins," said I, spreading myself out of the corner, wonderfully relieved, "I was not aware you was married?"

"I was not a week ago," said he, as he looked at the blushing face of his wife, now as red as it had been pale.

"But why did you not make yourself known on board the boat?" said Tom, gaspingly.

"Because," said Jenkins, laughing, "I saw you on board before you saw me, and I knew your old tricks; so I made up my mind, if you spoke to my wife, as I was almost certain your rascally impudence would lead you to, to keep unknown and have a laugh upon you. An extra handkerchief or two about my face, and a burying of my forehead in the old cap, and the thing was done."

"But where were you at breakfast?"

"I kept away purposefully, first telling Mary Ann who and what you was, and giving her the cue."

The strangers in the car readily understanding the matter, joined in the general laugh, while Tom bit his lips in silence.

"But one thing I want to ask you," said Jenkins; "how did you learn my wife's maiden name, for I am certain you never knew her?"

Tom said not a word, but looked daggers at us all.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkins, "I am puzzled at that, as I never saw him in my life before to my knowledge. Will Mr. Tucker oblige me by solving the mystery?"

Tom's gallantry was touched. He cast one reproachful glance at her speaking face, which seemed to calm his ruffled temper, and leaning over, carefully pulled out an elegantly-worked handkerchief from her muff, spread one corner of it out, and pointed to the name of Mary Ann Morrell, daintily worked in its margin.

"There, madam; that corner of your handkerchief was exposed from the muff as you sat in the cabin, and I half broke my neck in trying to read it, upside down," said Tom.

This explanation turned the current of our laughing a little in Tom's favour, broke up the awkwardness, conversation was resumed, and we had a delightful and sociable ride to the city of squares, though it was far too natural and legitimate for Tom's taste.

The remainder of the ride passed off without incident, the other lady in the car being not sufficiently attractive for Tom to waste ammunition upon, so she escaped his annoying gallantry; and by three o'clock we reached the "city of brotherly love," renowned for its riots, murders, and other "brotherly" attributes.

The afternoon was well used up in attending to the business which called me from my warm nest in the morning, and I did not see Tom again until evening, when we met, by appointment, at the Chestnut-street theatre.

Tom never chose a seat at a public place hastily, or without due consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of his position. After much investigation of the faces in the different boxes of the theatre, he selected a seat in No. 7, immediately behind three fashionably-attired ladies, who had two savage-looking men in their company; and while the ladies were all decidedly attractive, the men were as decidedly repulsive. At least they appeared so to me. The small hindrance of forbidding-visaged men rarely influenced Tom, and in this instance did not in the least interfere with his arrangements. In peering about the theatre, preparatory to a seat selection, his eyes had casually encountered those of one of these ladies, which were sparkling from under her expansive brow, singularly wild and brilliant, and of that rare and beautiful blue which finds its only prototype in the deep richness of an autumn sky. She sat the farthest removed from the two gentlemen, but they were evidently more than usually regardful of her looks and actions, either from excess of affection, or known truancy of disposition on the lady's part. The latter was the more pleasing interpretation to Tom of their watchfulness; and as he had noticed, that while her eyes had been wandering over the boxes, as if in search of some loved object, or else filled with wonder at the dazzling splendour of the dress circle, she had, unconsciously probably, let them remain for an instant on his handsome face, (Tom's complexion was bewildering by gas-light!) he had of course construed it into an invitation of gallantry, and set about his arrangements accordingly.

It was a fashionable house, being the first appearance, for a long period, of Forrest, in his favourite character of "Spartacus," and the theatre was nearly full. By dint of crowding and squeezing, Tom got a seat immediately behind the blue-eyed unknown, while the utmost of my modest efforts only placed me on the seat next behind him. Just as the bell rang, and the curtain began to roll up, Tom accidentally hit his hand rather rudely against the shoulder of the lady, who turned suddenly round, as she felt the shock, and fastened those haughty but unspeakably wild and beautiful eyes upon Tom's face. They were full of indignation when she turned, but the moment they rested upon Tom's their expression changed, and she regarded him intently, but without anger. He apologized in his most bland and courteous manner; she smiled, bowed forgivingly, and then resumed her position. But she had been turned long enough to give Tom a chance to see not only her attractive eyes and face sparkling with beauty, but the sculptured contour of her form, perfectly millinerized, and rounded voluptuously. He had succeeded admirably—had managed to get the lady's eye for a moment under his fascinating glance—had spoken to her—she had smiled—and he leaned back in his seat, perfectly content, the coxcomb! while self-satisfaction lighted up his animated countenance.

Apparently, Tom paid strict attention to the play, but in reality he kept all his attention and half his looks to the lady before him, watching, with a satisfied smile, the faultless swell of her shoulders as they heaved with her hurried respiration during the performance of the tragedy. Presently, in her eagerness to look at the stage, she leaned a little forward in the seat, and Tom carelessly dropped his right hand over the bar upon which she had been leaning, while his face all at once became rivetted to the stage. The exciting moment in the play passing over, she leaned back

again, and Tom's hand disappeared in the folds of a light silk shawl, which was negligently hanging from her shoulder to her waist. I saw no more of Tom's hand until the play was over. It was probably quite satisfied with its silk resting-place, and the genial warmth of its position was not to be lightly given up. After the curtain dropped the whole party rose to go, without waiting for the afterpiece. Tom started at the same moment, and officiously offered to shawl the lady. With a frown she declined his proffered courtesy, and turned her back to the nearest lady, who raised her shawl, thus bringing her face full before Tom's, and within a few feet of it. This position was not occupied but an instant, but it was sufficient for those four eyes to say a great deal, and the electric glances he had no doubt were read and understood, without need of speech or interpreter. Love is blind, they say; but, without eyes, love would be a dolt.

Tom followed the party out, his lady leaning heavily on the arm of the most forbidding looking of the two gentlemen, who guarded her with the utmost anxiety and attention. I kept close to them, feeling nearly certain Tom would either find a bowie-knife sliding through his jacket, or else get a less dangerous rap from the fist of some outraged gentleman for his officious gallantry. But no! the party all went quietly out, and, immediately in front of the steps, got into a carriage, whose driver was evidently expecting them.

It had stormed during the evening, and the cold and sleety rain was still driving violently before the wind when we came out. The streets had become muddy, and almost impassable for thinly-shod pedestrians, and the crowd of waiting vehicles endorsed the necessity of a ride.

Making a dive for the nearest cab, Tom whispered to the driver—"Follow that yellow-bodied carriage!"

The driver thrust his arm before the half-opened door, as Tom placed his foot upon the step, and ejaculated—"engaged!"

"No matter," urged Tom; "go ahead, I will pay all damages!"

"Can't, sir,—engaged—positively!"

"Curse your stupidity," muttered Tom, and ran for another, but with no better success; "engaged,"—"engaged!" all were "engaged" to whom he happened to apply.

Meanwhile the door of the yellow-bodied carriage had been closed upon its freight; the driver remounted, and it was moving ponderously, but quickly, off through the mud. As Tom made his last unsuccessful application for a cab, the yellow-bodied carriage turned the corner of Fourth-street, and was out of sight.

Wrapping his cloak about him, and jamming his cap over his face, he started on a run after it. It was going at a quickened pace when it turned, and the last I saw of Tom he was flying round the corner where it disappeared at full speed, his cloak fluttering in the wind, and, having escaped his grasp, streaming out like a banner behind him, hanging only to his neck by the clasp; while his body was bent to a right angle, as he leaned forward to his work.

Up to this time, I speak of the adventure from personal observation; but the rest is abridged from Tom's own account of the matter.

As he turned the corner, he caught a glimpse of the yellow-body, just visible in the distance, now going at a furious pace down Fourth-street, and he dashed on heedless of mud and rain. Fast went the carriage, but faster went Tom. Every block he gained upon it. But a stern-chase is proverbially a long one. Street after street was traversed, and still the carriage kept provokingly before him, although he was within a few rods of it. Profiting by a little rising



ground, which slackened the speed of the horses, Tom redoubled his exertions, and ere they reached the top of the slight eminence, he grasped the back spring, and with a bound threw himself on the trunk-board. Once more the horses were whipped up, but Tom was safely in his seat. He heeded not the pelting of the rain, or the spattering of the mud from the carriage-wheels. "He was in for it," and it was no part of his character to abandon an adventure once undertaken. What he was to do he knew not. He had no plan—had made no calculation, but his vanity whispered he had made an impression; on whom, he knew not, but he was at least resolved to find out where his blue-eyed beauty lived, and trust the rest to circumstance. If he could accomplish no more, by finding where she lived he would have a basis for future operations, after he should have had time to think coolly over it, and form a project for making the lady's acquaintance. For a long, long time the carriage kept on its way through the muddy streets, occasionally turning a corner, until Tom's limited knowledge of the high-ways and by-ways of the city had long been exhausted, and he was going—he knew not whither; after—he knew not who; wet to the skin, and spattered with mud from head to heel.

At last, to his great relief, it stopped in a wide street, in a quarter of the city perfectly new to him, before a handsome three-story house with white marble steps, from whose windows a brilliant light was streaming on the wet and glistening pavement.

Two of the party left the carriage, and entered the door of the mansion. To Tom's inexpressible delight, one of them was the heroine of his night's adventure, while the other, to his great chagrin, was the more forbidding looking of the two gentlemen. As the carriage started on its way again with the rest of the party, Tom jumped from his perch, and hugging his wet and flabbing cloak about him, seated himself thoughtfully on the door stone. A strange figure he must have cut, seated in such a spot, at such a time, with the faultless adornment of his outer man wet and muddled in the chase after an unknown lady in a strange city! While ruminating what step next to take, a city watchman, muffled like a mummy, with his glazed cap glistening in the rain, passed slowly by, as he guardedly went the rounds of his beat. Tom instantly ran up the steps, noted the name and number—Dr. —, No. —, and then followed the watchman, resolved to pump the rest of the necessary information out of him.

"Moist evening, Charley!"

"Wet!" responded the sententious official.

"What street is this?"

"Lombard-street."

"What part of the city is it?"

"Southwest."

"How far are we from the Chestnut-street theatre?"

"Two miles."

"Two miles!" echoed Tom, horror-struck.

"Yes."

"Is there a cab-stand about here?"

"No."

"How near is there one?"

"There's a stable in Ann-street, near by."

"Ah! By-the-way, Charley, who lives in that large brick house with the marble steps, just back here?"

"Don't know."

"Do you know Dr. —?"

"No."

"Do you know any of his family?"

"No."

"Nor anything about him?"

"No."

"Well, I must say you are a very communicative watchman. If you don't know him, or his family, or anything about him, possibly you may be able to tell me where I can get information of him, or where I shall learn at what hour I can be likely to see him at home to-morrow?"

"No."

"Do you know where his office is?"

"No," and he began to grip his club more tightly, and eyed Tom askance, as if he smelt a burglary.

Seeing there was nothing to be gained from the watchman, and uttering an anathema upon his taciturn disposition, Tom took the direction and plodded his way to Ann-street. Being lucky enough to find a cab, he was soon in our comfortable quarters at the Washington House, and about midnight presented himself before me, a spectacle of mud. Slipping himself out of his ruined apparel, he communicated the particulars of his adventure, and was soon lost in dreams of his blue-eyed beauty.

The next afternoon Tom spent an extra hour in arranging his faultless toilette. Getting himself well adjusted in his most becoming adornment, he took a carriage, directing the driver to go to No. —, Lombard-street.

The narrative of his success I am compelled to curtail from his own eloquent account, which I wormed out of him the succeeding day.

On arriving at No. — he left his carriage, and walked boldly up the steps, and, with the most confident air in the world, pulled the bell as promptly as if he was an expected and much-desired visitor. Upon the servant's appearance, he asked for Miss —, (using the doctor's name) purposely slurring over the Miss, that it might be taken either for Miss or Mrs.

"There is no Miss — here, sir," said the servant.

"Mrs. —, I said," replied Tom, feigning anger.

"There is no Mrs. — here, sir."

Tom was staggered for the instant, but, just at that critical moment, the lady he was in search of leaned half-way out of the parlour door in the hall, but a few feet from the servant and full in sight of Tom, but unseen by the servant, whose back was towards her. She looked superbly beautiful, and her position displayed the faultless symmetry of her half-clad shoulders to Tom's admiring gaze. Placing her taper finger on a pair of the ripest lips that ever closed on a man's destiny, with a rapid motion she beckoned him in, and disappeared in the parlour.

Thrusting the staring servant aside, Tom entered, and depositing his hat and cloak on the table in the hall, walked at once, all unannounced, boldly and carelessly through the door where the object of his adoration had just retreated, and, with the most perfect self-possession, entered as unservedly into the room as if he had been the acknowledged master of the house.

Tom's lucky star was in the ascendant. There was but one person in the room other than his adorable, and that was a staid looking, matronly lady, who eyed him wonderingly through her spectacles. "This, of course, is the mother," thought Tom, and he bowed gracefully to her stare of wonder. The younger lady started immediately to her feet, and bounding eagerly forward, grasped his hand with the affection of a sister.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" said she; "why did you not come before? I have been expecting you all the morning. Oh, I am so happy now—I shall have nothing to fear, for you are by me, and you always will be,—wont you, dear?"

Tom was all amazement; but his extraordinary self-pos-

session did not permit his astonishment to become apparent, and he returned her grasp most heartily as he said :

"Certainly—always—always, my dear; I shall never go away again!" And he seated himself by her side as if he had been an acquaintance of years instead of minutes.

At this juncture the old lady rose and left the room.

Tom was in an ecstasy, and summoning his best powers to his aid, he began a voluminous and brilliant commentary on the performances of the evening previous, mingling his criticisms of Forrest with a profusion of his most choice compliments to the extraordinary beauty of his companion, which had distracted his attention from the play. The lady gazed wildly but fondly in his face as he talked, and listened with the most eager delight to every word that dropped from his lips, keeping his hand affectionately clasped in hers while he was speaking.

Tom's nerves began to yield under the close contact of so much loveliness, and his blood was bounding like a race-horse under its influence. Half intoxicated with delight, he grew rapidly more and more ardent in his speech, and in the midst of one of his highest flights of gallantry, the door of the room again opened, and the old lady reappeared, accompanied by the gentleman of the forbidding aspect, whose face Tom but too well remembered as the companion of the lady on the preceding evening. Tom's blood almost stopped, and his veins, which a moment before seemed filled with lightning, now chilled his heart as if filled with ice, as he met the cold and stony gaze of the gentleman. The young lady nestled up to his side like a bird, as she murmured :

"Oh do not let him take you away, he is terrible! Oh, terrible! terrible!"

Tom rose in his chair, but his companion rose also, and flinging her arms wildly about his neck, seemed determined to cling to him in all emergencies.

This was embarrassing.

An awkward silence of a moment ensued, as Tom bowed stiffly, which the new comer was the first to break.

"Do you know this lady, sir?"

"Certainly," replied Tom; "I have known her from childhood."

"Sir!" said the gentleman, sternly, "I am under the painful necessity of doubting your word. I supposed I knew all that lady's acquaintances, but to me you are an utter stranger. If you know her, sir, you know why she is here?"

"Certainly—certainly," stammered Tom, while the young lady, bursting into tears, leaned her head on his bosom, sobbing violently, and clinging tightly to his neck.

Tom's blood began to boil again. He saw there was a mystery of some kind—what, he could not penetrate; but his gallantry was aroused by the nearness of suffering beauty, and he resolved, at all hazards, to stand by the lady, come weal, come woe! It was but man to man.

"Once more, sir, I say," continued the gentleman, "I doubt your word. If you know her, you will at once see the necessity of calming her agitation, and releasing her to my care."

Tom's eyes flashed defiance, and his hand clasped more tightly the slender waist which he had mechanically circled with his arm as she leaned upon his breast.

The gentleman touched the bell-pull, and, almost instantly, two stout-handed servants entered the room. Directing them with a gesture towards Tom, they both seized him at once, and after a brief but violent struggle released the lady from his grasp. She uttered one piercing shriek, and the old lady, taking her tenderly by the arm, forced her gently from the room, while Tom remained in the servants' custody.

As soon as she was gone, the mystery was explained.

The house which he had so unceremoniously entered was a private mad-house under the supervision of Dr. ——. A party of sympathizing friends had, the evening previous, persuaded the doctor, against his better judgment to take the lady, then partially restored, to the theatre for relaxation and amusement, and they had all been pleased and cheered by her quiet attention to the play. Tom's obtrusive vanity had interfered, and the visit to the theatre seemed likely to be productive of more evil than good to the now excited and nervous patient. We learned subsequently, however, that the ill-effects were but temporary, and her mind was ultimately completely restored.

As for the rest of Tom's personal interest in the matter, I never could get the sequel of his scene in the parlour out of him by any ingenuity; but it has always been my private opinion that he was kicked out of doors, as he deserved.

All true stories have their moral. Here is mine, and it is all the better for being a stolen one :

Men must not meddle with married maidens or maniac maidens.

The alliteration is worthy of the sentiment. o.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE HON. MRS. NORTON,

AUTHRESS OF THE "WEDDING ONE."

*From the poem of the "Lady Jane."*

She had a low, sweet brow, with fringed lakes  
Of an unfathom'd darkness couch'd below;  
And parted on that brow in jetty flakes  
The raven hair swept back with wavy flow,  
Rounding a head of such a shape as makes  
The old Greek marble with the goddess glow.  
Her nostril's breaching arch might threaten storm—  
But love lay in her lips, all hush'd and warm.

And small teeth, glittering white, and cheek whose red  
Seem'd Passion, there asleep, in rosy nest :  
And neck set on as if to bear a head—  
May be a lily, may be Juno's crest,—  
So lightly sprang it from its snow-white bed !  
So proudly rode above the swelling breast !  
And motion, effortless as stars awaking  
And melting out, at eve, and morning's breaking ;

And voice delicious quite, and smile that came  
Slow to the lips, as 'twere the heart smiled through :—  
These charms I've been particular to name,  
For they are, like an inventory, true,  
And of themselves were stuff enough for fame ;  
But she, so wondrous fair, has genius too,  
And brilliantly her thread of life is spun—  
In verse and beauty both, the "Undying One!"

And song—for in those kindling lips there lay  
Music to wing all utterance outward breaking,  
As if upon the ivory teeth did play  
Angels, who caught the words at their awaking,  
And sped them with sweet melodies away—  
The hearts of those who listen'd with them taking.  
Of proof to this last fact there's little lack ;  
And Jules, poor lad ! ne'er got his truant back !

#### OUR NEIGHBOURS OVER THE WAY.

"We must keep up appearances, and, by a bold effort, force ourselves into society, or where is the use of living in Waverley Place. The neighbours know that we rent the house ready-furnished; and it is only by giving a large party now and then that we can hope to retrieve our former position."

"I tell you, my dear, I cannot afford it. There is a great difference between the financiers of nations and a second-rate Wall-street broker. My position now is scarcely tenable; a single false step would ruin me entirely."

"Others have been in as precarious a state as ourselves, and still attained a good rank in society by assuming the appearance of that wealth which, in reality, they did not possess. Boldness on your part will create confidence in the

mind of others; at all events, I am weary of seclusion, and, by giving a general party early in the season, we ensure to ourselves invitations through the whole winter."

"Eve gave me the apple and I did eat."

"Neighbour, where is thy boasted firmness, thy integrity, thy manly endurance of present privation, because thou canst not honestly partake of luxuries and festivities? Where thy practical appreciation of the duties between man and man?"

No parade of preparation is visible in our neighbour's domicile; rather an unusual influx of boxes and baskets induce us to suspect some change in the internal arrangements. It would not be polite to lift the covers of said boxes and baskets, else would a glittering display of crystal, plate, china, etc., dazzle our vision. Our neighbour is partially wise in holding as his own, for the time being only, these costly articles of display. We opine the twenty yards of Wilton carpet, spread from the illuminated hall to the curb-stone, could hardly be obtained otherwise than by an actual payment of one hundred and ten dollars. Most tradesmen hold in especial abomination notes of hand for mere luxuries; and a Wilton carpet, spread out for the use of the *casselle*, as well as the dainty foot of fashion, cannot possibly be construed into a necessity.

"These rooms look very well to-night, do they not? Costly furniture, rich draperies, fragrant flowers, mirrored walls, the brilliancy of countless lights, lead the mind from sombre care to elysium."

Care! who thinks of aught but enjoyment in a scene like this! Wiser than the Egyptians, we shroud this skeleton of pleasure in our hearts; the veil is only lifted on pay-day, and then the hideous monster stands confessed, the imbodiment of creditors; one bony hand thrust forth, presenting notes of hand due this day of our Lord, and not an asset forthcoming. The other, shaking before the eyes of memory bonds long since due, and the unauthorized pledge of state and country for their redemption.

Neighbour, while playing the host to this galaxy of fashion and beauty, while partaking with them of the choicest delicacies that nature and art can furnish, hast thou no compunctious visitings of conscience, when memory again brings before thy gaze the widow rendered penniless, the orphan destitute, the confiding bondholder bankrupt and disgraced by thy machinations? A time of reckoning will come, and thy dainties shall be as gall and wormwood; thy pyramids of ice, burning coals; thy refulgence of light, the very darkness of despair; and the bouquets of rare flowers spread beneath the feet of thankless and mocking guests, thorns and briars of vexation.

Neighbour, be advised and let "well enough" alone; it is better to plod on slowly and surely than to dazzle until the eleventh hour, and then make thy escape, clothed in the ashes of repentance, and leaving but a brittle name behind.

#### PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY

*During a visit to Dublin about the time of the Queen's marriage.*

THE usual directions for costume, on the occasion of the queen's marriage, a wedding favour, to be worn by ladies on the shoulder and by gentlemen on the left breast. This trifling addition to the dress of the individual was a matter of considerable importance to the milliners, hatters, etc., who, in a sale of ten or twelve hundred white cockades, (price from two dollars to five) made a very pretty profit. The power of giving a large ball to the more expensive classes, and ordering a particular addition to the costume—in other words, of laying a tax on the rich for the benefit of the poor, is ex-

ercised more frequently in Ireland than in other countries, and serves the double purpose of popularity to the lord lieutenant, and benefit to any particular branch of industry that may be suffering from the decline of a fashion.

The large quadrangular court-yard of the castle rattled with the tramp of horses' feet and the clatter of sabres and spurs, and in the uncertain glare of torches and lamps, the gay colours and glittering arms of the mounted guard of Lancers had a most warlike appearance. The procession which the guard was stationed to regulate and protect, rather detracted from the romantic effect—the greater proportion of equipages being the covered hack cars of the city—vehicles of the most unmitigated and ludicrous vulgarity. A coffin for two, set on its end, with the driver riding on the turned-down lid, would be a very near resemblance; and the rage of the driver, and the translucent leanness of his beast, make it altogether the most deplorable of conveyances. Here and there a carriage with liveries, and here and there a sedan chair with four stout Milesian calves in blue stockings trotting under the poles, rather served as a foil than a mitigation of the effect, and the hour we passed in the line, edging slowly toward the castle, was far from unfruitful in amusement. I learned afterwards that even those who have equipages in Dublin go to court in hack cars as a matter of economy—one of the many indications of that feeling of lost pride which has existed in Ireland since the removal of the parliament.

A hall and staircase lined with files of soldiers is not quite as festive an entrance to a ball as the more common one of alleys of flowering shrubs; but with a waltz by a military band resounding from the lofty ceiling, I am not sure that it does not temper the blood as aptly for the spirit of the hour. It was a rainy night, and the streets were dark, and the effect upon myself of coming suddenly into so enchanted a scene—arms glittering on either side, and a procession of uniforms and plumed dames winding up the spacious stairs,—was thrilling, even with the chivalric scenes of Eglington fresh in my remembrance.

At the head of the ascent we entered a long hall, lined with the private servants of Lord Ebrington, and the ceremony of presentation having been achieved the week before, we left the throne-room on the right, and passed directly to St. Patrick's Hall, the grand scene of the evening's festivities. This, I have said before, is the finest ball-room I remember in Europe. Twelve hundred people, seated, dancing, or promenading, were within its lofty walls on the night whose festivities I am describing; and at either end a gallery, supported by columns of marble, contained a band of music, relieving each other with alternate waltzes and quadrilles. On the long sides of the hall were raised tiers of divans, filled with chaperons, veteran officers, and other lookers-on, and at the upper end was raised a platform with a throne in the centre, and seats on either side for the family of the lord lieutenant and the more distinguished persons of the nobility. Lord Ebrington was rather in his character of a noble host than that of viceroy, and I did not observe him once seated under his canopy of state; but with his aides and some one of the noble ladies of his family on his arm, he promenaded the hall conversing with his acquaintances, and seemingly enjoying in a high degree the brilliant gaiety of the scene. His dress, by the way, was the simple diplomatic dress of most continental courts, a blue uniform embroidered with gold, the various orders on his breast forming its principal distinction. I seldom have seen a man of a more calm and noble dignity of presence than the lord lieutenant, and never a face that expressed more strongly the benevolence and high purity of character for which he is

distinguished. In person, except that he is taller, he bears a remarkably close resemblance to the Duke of Wellington.

We can scarcely conceive, in this country of black coats, the brilliant effect of a large assembly in which there is no person out of uniform or court dress—every lady's head nodding with plumes, and every gentleman in military scarlet and gold, or lace and embroidery. I may add, too, that in this country of care-worn and pale faces, we can as little conceive the effect of an assembly rosy with universal health, habitually unacquainted with care, and abandoned with the apparent child-like simplicity of high breeding, to the inspiring gaiety of the hour. The greater contrast, however, is between a nation where health is the first care, and one in which health is never thought of till lost; and light and shade are not more contrasted than the mere general effect of countenance in one and in the other. A stranger travelling in our country, once remarked to me that a party he had attended seemed like an entertainment given in the convalescent ward of a hospital—the ladies were so pale and fragile, and the men so unjoyous and sallow. And my own invariable impression, in the assemblies I have first seen after leaving my own country was a corresponding one—that the men and women had the rosy health and untroubled gaiety of children round a May-pole. That this is not the effect of climate, I do most religiously believe. It is *ever much care and ever much carelessness*—the corroding care of an avid temerity in business, and the carelessness of all the functions of life till their complaints become too imperative to be disregarded. But this is a theme out of place.

The ball was managed by the grand chamberlain, (Sir William Leeson,) and the aide-de-camp of the lord lieutenant, and except that now and then you were reminded by the movement around you that you stood with your back to the representative of royalty, there was little to draw your attention from the attractions of the dance. Waltz, quadrille, and gallop followed each other in giddy succession, and "what do you think of Irish beauty?" had been asked me as often as "how do you like America?" was ever mumbled through the trumpet of Miss Martineau, when I mounted with a friend to one of the upper divans, and tried, what is always a difficult task, and no where so difficult as in Ireland, to call in the intoxicated fancy, and anatomize the charm of the hour.

Moore's remark has been often quoted—"there is nothing like an Irish woman to take a man off his feet;" but whether this figure of speech was suggested by the little bard's common *soubriquet* of "Jump-up-and-kiss-me\*-Tom Moore," or simply conveyed his idea of the bewildering character of Irish beauty, it contains, to any one who has ever travelled (or waltzed) in that country, a very just, as well as realizing description. Physically, Irish women are probably the finest race in the world—I mean, taller, better limbed and chested, larger eyed, and with more luxuriant hair, and freer action than any other nation I have observed. The Phenician and Spanish blood which has run hundreds of years in their veins, still kindles its dark fire in their eyes, and with the vivacity of the northern mind and the bright colour of the northern skin, these southern qualities mingle in most admirable and superb harmony. The idea we form of Italian and Grecian beauty is never realized in Greece and Italy, but we find it in Ireland, heightened and exceeded. Cheeks and lips of the delicacy and bright tint of carnation, with snowy teeth, and hair and eyebrows of jet, are what we should look for on the palette of Appelles, could we recall the painter, and re-animate his far-famed models; and these varied charms, united, fall very commonly to the

share of the fair Milesian of the upper classes. In other lands of dark eyes, the rareness of a fine-grained skin, as necessary to a brunette, makes beauty as rare—but whether it is the damp softness of the climate or the infusion of Saxon blood, a coarse skin is almost never seen in Ireland. I speak now only of the better born ranks of society, for in all my travels in Ireland, I did not chance to see even one peasant girl of any pretensions to good looks. From north to south, they looked, to me, coarse, ill-formed, and repulsive.

I noticed in St. Patrick's Hall what I had remarked ever since I had been in the country, that with all their beauty, the Irish women are very deficient in what in England is called *style*. The men, on the contrary, were particularly *comme il faut*, and as they are a magnificent race, (corresponding to such mothers and sisters,) I frequently observed I had never seen so many handsome and elegant men in a day. Whenever I saw a gentleman and lady together, riding, driving or walking, my first impression was, almost universally, that the man was in attendance upon a woman of an inferior class to his own. This difference may be partly accounted for by the reduced circumstances of the gentry of Ireland, which keeps the daughters at home, that the sons may travel and improve; but it works differently in America, where, spite of travel and every other advantage to the contrary, the daughters of a family are much oftener lady-like than the sons are gentleman-like. After wondering for some time, however, why the quick-witted women of Ireland should be less apt than those of other countries in catching the air of high breeding usually deemed so desirable, I began to like them better for the deficiency, and to find a reason for it in the very qualities which make them so attractive. Nothing could be more captivating and delightful than the manners of Irish women, and nothing, at the same time, could be more at war with the first principles of English high breeding—coldness and *reté*. The frank, almost hilarious "how are you?" of an Irish girl, her whole-hearted and cordial grasp, as often in the day as you meet her, the perfectly un-missy-leh, confiding, direct character of her conversation, are all traits which would stamp her as somewhat rudely bred, in England, and as desperately vulgar in New-York or Philadelphia.

Modest to a proverb, the Irish woman is as unsuspecting of an impropriety as if it were an impossible thing, and she is as fearless and joyous as a midshipman, and sometimes as noisy. In a ball-room, she looks ill-drest, not because her dress was ill-put-on, but because she dances, not glides, sits down without care, pulls her flowers to pieces, and if her head-dress incommodes her, gives it a pull or a push—acts which would be perfect insanity at Almack's. If she is offended, she asks for an explanation. If she does not understand you, she confesses her ignorance. If she wishes to see you the next day, she tells you how and when. She is the child of nature, and children are not "stylish." The niminy-piminy, eye-avoiding, finger-tipped, drawling, don't-touch-me manner of some of the fashionable ladies of our country, would amuse a cold and reserved English woman sufficiently, but they would drive an Irish girl into hysterics. I have met one of our fair country-people abroad, whose "Grecian stoop," and exquisitely subdued manner, was invariably taken for a fit of indigestion.

The ball-supper was royally sumptuous, and served in a long hall thrown open at midnight; and in the gray of the morning, I left the floor covered with waltzers, and confessed to an Irish friend, that I never in my life, not even at Almack's, had seen the half as much true beauty as had brightened St. Patrick's Hall at the celebration of the queen's marriage.

E. F. W.

\* The name of a small flower, common in Ireland.

## OLDEN YEAR, FARE THEE WELL!

Olden year, fare thee well! Oh why shouldst thou stay?  
 All thy bright summer hours have long passed away;  
 All thy sweet tones that haunted the woods and the streams—  
 They are gone, like the music that's whispered in dreams:  
 And rude winds have ravished thy once leafy bowers,—  
 Oh, 'tis fit thou shouldst sleep with thy leaves and thy flowers.

Thou hast brought us some moments we would not forget,—  
 Some beams that shed brightness about our paths yet:  
 But often—too often—our tears have been shed  
 O'er our dreams as they faded—our hopes as they fled,—  
 Ah! deep in our hearts there lives many a spell,  
 That will make thee remembered,—Farewell, oh, farewell!

Yet why grieve o'er the Past? some hopes still are ours,  
 And the Future will bring us fresh leaves and fresh flowers;  
 And again there'll be music by mountain and stream,  
 And the stars that we loved still as brightly will beam;  
 And the Past yet hath left us some hints that are true—  
 Oh, let's cling to them closer, because they are true.

All hail! then, the New Year! let it bring what it will,  
 So it leave yet some fond heart to throb for its still—  
 Some bosom to rest on—some kind winning tone,  
 That shall soothe the sad heart when its dreamings are gone;  
 And then, e'en though all Life's summer hours be past,  
 We will live on, and love on, in hope to the last.

H.

## AN EARTH UPON HEAVEN.

SOMEbody, a little while ago, wrote an excellent article in the New Monthly Magazine on "Persons one would wish to have known." He should write another on "Persons one could wish to have dined with." There is Rabelais, and Horace, and the Mermaid roysters, and Charles Cotton, and Andrew Marvell, and Sir Richard Steele, *cum multis aliis*: and for the colloquial, if not the festive part, Swift and Pope, and Dr. Johnson, and Burke, and Horne Tooke. What a pity one cannot dine with them all round! People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven. As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record; and having got used to them, we think we could go very well on, and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude. Oh, to wear out one of the celestial lives of a triple century's duration, and exquisitely to grow old, in reciprocating dinners and teas with the immortals of old books! Will Fielding ("leave his card" in the next world? Will Berkeley (an angel in a wig and lawn sleeves!) come to ask how Utopia gets on? Will Shakespeare (for the greater the man, the more the good-nature might be expected) know by intuition that one of his readers (knocked up with bliss) is dying to see him at the Angel and Turk's Head, and come lounging with his hands in his doublet-pockets accordingly?

It is a pity that none of the great geniuses, to whose lot it has fallen to describe a future state, has given us his own notions of heaven. Their accounts are all modified by the national theology; whereas the apostle himself has told us, that we can have no conception of the blessings intended for us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc. After this, Dante's shining lights are poor. Milton's heaven, with the armed youth exercising themselves in military games, is worse. His best paradise was on earth, and a very pretty heaven he made of it. For our parts, admitting and venerating as we do the notion of a heaven surpassing all human conception, we trust that it is no presumption to hope, that the state mentioned by the apostle is the *final* heaven; and that we may ascend and gradually accustom ourselves to the intensity of it, by others of a less superhuman nature. Familiar as we are both with joy and sorrow, and accustomed to surprises and strange sights of imagination, it is difficult to fancy even the delight of suddenly emerging into a new

and boundless state of existence, where everything is marvellous, and opposed to our experience. We could wish to take gently to it; to be loosed not entirely at once. Our song desires to be "a song of degrees." Earth and its capabilities—are these nothing? And are they to come to nothing? Is there no beautiful realization of the fleeting type that is shown us? No body to this shadow? No quenching to this thirst and continued thirst? No arrival at these natural homes and resting-places, which are so heavenly to our imaginations, even though they be built of clay, and are situate in the fields of our infancy? We are becoming graver than we intended; but to return to our proper style:—nothing shall persuade us, for the present, that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond, in some less perishing region; that is to say, provided anybody has set his heart upon it:—and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence, in some snug interlunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbour, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.

It appears to us, that, for a certain term of centuries, heaven must consist of something of this kind. In a word, we cannot but persuade ourselves, that to realize everything that we have justly desired on earth, will be heaven;—we mean, for that period: and that afterwards, if we behave ourselves in a proper pre-angelical manner, we shall go to another heaven, still better, where we shall realize all that we desired in our first. Of this latter we can as yet have no conception; but, of the former, we think some of the items may be as follow:—

*Imprimis*,—(not because friendship comes before love in point of degree, but because it precedes it, in point of time, as at school we have a male companion before we are old enough to have a female)—*Imprimis*, then, a friend. He will have the same tastes and inclinations as ourselves, with just enough difference to furnish argument without sharpness; and he will be generous, just, entertaining, and no shirker of his nectar. In short, he will be the best friend we have had upon earth. We shall talk together "of afternoons;" and when the *earth* begins to rise, (a great big moon, looking as happy as we know its inhabitants *will* be,) other friends will join us, not so emphatically our friend as he, but excellent fellows all; and we shall read the poets, and have some sphere-music, (if we please,) or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases.

*Item*, a mistress. In heaven (not to speak it profanely) we know, upon the best authority, that people are "neither married nor given in marriage;" so that there is nothing illegal in the term. (By the way, there can be no clergymen there, if there are no official duties for them. We do not say, there will be nobody who has been a clergyman. Berkeley would refute that; and a hundred Welsh curates. But they would be no longer in orders. They would refuse to call themselves more reverend than their neighbours.) *Item*, then, a mistress; of course,—an angelical expression,—a peri, or houri, or whatever shape of perfection you choose to imagine her, and yet retaining the likeness of the woman you loved best on earth; in fact, she herself, but completed; all her good qualities made perfect, and all her defects taken away; (with the exception of one or two charming little angelical peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state;) good-tempered, laughing, serious, fond of everything about her without detriment to her special fondness for yourself, a great roamer in Elysian fields and forests, but not alone; (they go in pairs there, as

the jays and turtle-doves do with us;) but, above all things, true; oh, so true, that you take her word as you would a diamond, nothing being more transparent, or solid, or precious. Between writing some divine poem, and meeting our friends of an evening, we should walk with her, or fly (for we should have wings, of course) like a couple of human bees or doves, extracting delight from every flower, and with delight filling every shade. There is something too good in this to dwell upon; so we spare the fears and hopes of the prudish. We would lay her head upon our heart, and look more pleasure into her eyes, than the prudish or the profligate ever so much as fancied.

*Item, books.* Shakspeare and Spenser should write us *new ones!* Think of that. We would have another Decameron: and Walter Scott (for he will be there too;—we mean to beg Hume to introduce us) shall write us forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones; and radical as well as tory shall love him. It is true, we speak professionally, when we mention books.

"We think, admitted to that equal sky,  
The Arabian Nights must bear us company."

When Gainsborough died, he expired in a painter's enthusiasm, saying, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party."—He had a proper foretaste. Virgil had the same light, when he represented the old heroes enjoying in Elysium their favourite earthly pursuits; only one cannot help thinking, with the natural modesty of reformers, that the taste in this our interlunar heaven will be benefited from time to time by the knowledge of new-comers. We cannot well fancy a celestial ancient Briton delighting himself with painting his akin, or a Chinese angel hobbling a mile up the Milky Way in order to show herself to advantage.

For breakfast, we must have a tea beyond anything Chinese. Slaves will certainly not make the sugar; but there will be cows for the milk. One's landscapes cannot do without cows.

For horses we shall ride a pegasus, or Ariosto's hippogriff, or Sinbad's roc. We mean, for our parts, to ride them all, having a passion for fabulous animals. Fable will be no fable then. We shall have just as much of it as we like; and the utilitarians will be astonished to find how much of that sort of thing will be in request. They will look very odd, by the bye,—those gentlemen, when they first arrive; but will soon get used to the delight, and find there was more of it in their own doctrine than they imagined.

The weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome. April will dress the whole country in diamonds; and there will be enough cold in winter to make a fire pleasant of an evening. The fire will be made of sweet-smelling turf and sunbeams; but it will have a look of coal. If we choose, now and then we shall even have inconveniences.

#### GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

An Italian author—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but, on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing

is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thought for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, &c. will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold—from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies,"—fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster, as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?"—"Very cold, sir."—"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"—"Very cold indeed, sir."—"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, sir—I think it is." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however—get me some warm water."—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use?" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?"—"Yes, sir."—"Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?"—"No, sir: it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt;—linen gets very damp this weather."—"Yes, sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."—"Very well, sir."—Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villanous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.)—No wonder that the queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate king, her husband, who first affronted her

smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriance of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-riden Hassan.—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, above the prejudice of his time.—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thompson the poet, who exclaims in his Seasons—

Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake!

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

Quaint, pure, and beautiful—like a thought from a rarely opened chamber of a true heart.

I've been thinking of thee,  
Till, like a melody,  
Flew the sweet thoughts to me,  
Mary, Mary!

My heart sings like a bird,  
At sound of that dear word,  
The prettiest ever heard,  
Mary, Mary!

As, o'er and o'er again,  
I am murmuring the strain,  
Still echoes the refrain,  
Mary, Mary!

When, in the midnight deep,  
I sink to welcome sleep,  
On my lips the call I keep,  
Mary, Mary!

Then in a dream I glide  
To thy fond, faithful side,  
And clasp in love's warm pride,  
Mary, Mary!

#### TO THOMAS COLE.

Written after looking at his beautiful allegorical series of pictures, called the "Voyage of Life," and the historical picture of "Angels ministering to Christ in the wilderness."

While wandering through this wilderness of life,  
Suffering and sad, amid the barren rocks  
Of disappointment, and the bitter strife  
Of partisans, whose brawls are earthquake-shocks,  
We seek refreshment for our spirits, then,  
Creator of these glories! would we turn  
To thee! away from all the haunts of men;  
We'd drink at thy perennial fount, and learn  
To bow before the majesty, divine,  
Of living genius, whose reflected rays  
Are "angels ministering," and on whose shrine  
We lay heart-homage with our feeble praise.  
Such symbols of thy heaven-inspired mind  
Must send our evil demons far behind. S. H. J. P.

#### CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

New-York, January 5.

I had quite a summery trip to Philadelphia on the second day of the new year, sitting at the open window of the rail-car and snuffing the fragrance of the soft, sun-warmed fields with as good comfort as I ever found in April. But for the rudeness and incivility of all the underlings employed upon the line, (and I am too old a traveller and was in too sunny a humour to find fault unnecessarily,) I should have given the clerk of happiness credit for five hours "bankable" satisfaction. It tells ill for the manners of the "Directors of the Philadelphia and New York Railroad Line" that their servants are habitually insolent and profane—servants being usually what their masters look on without reproof.

Philadelphia makes an impression of great order, comfort, and elegance, upon a stranger, and there is no city in the country where I like better to "loiter by the way." Not feeling very "gregarious" the day I was there, and having heard much mention of Sanderson's restaurant—(moreover, having found a new book at Lea & Blanchard's, a look into which promised excellent dinner company,) I left my hotel and dined à la Française—I and my new book. I never had a more capital dinner in France than this impromptu one at Sanderson's, and I wish the book had been American as well as the dinner—for the glory it is to the country that produced it. It was to me much more enchainning and captivating than a novel, yet the subject was "The Education of Mothers, or the Civilization of Mankind"—a subject you would naturally expect to find treated with somewhat trite morality. This work, however, (which gained the prize offered by the French Academy,) is written with complete novelty and freshness, and—to define it in a way that every thinking man will comprehend—it is a most delightfully suggestive book—full of thoughts and sentences that make you stop and close the volume till you have fed awhile on what they convey to you. If this book were properly presented to the appreciation of the public, it would circulate widely on the two levels of amusement and instruction, and be as delightful in one field as it would be eminently useful in the other. I commend it to every one who is in want of enjoyable reading. The motto, by the way, is that true sentiment from Rousseau: "*Les hommes seront toujours ce qu'il plaira aux femmes. Si vous voulez qu'ils deviennent grands et vertueux, apprenez aux femmes ce que c'est que grandeur et vertu.*"

The New Mirror has published No. 3 of what a morning paper calls "aristocratic shilling literature," an extra containing "The Lady Jane, and other Humorous Poems," by N. P. Willis. The Lady Jane is a daguerreotype sketch of the London literary society in which Moore, Bulwer, D'Israeli, Procter, and others of that class habitually live, and it



is, at least, done with the utmost *labor limæ* of the author. Byron, in a manner, monopolized the Don Juan stanza, (in which this poem is written,) and no one could now attempt the stanza, however different the story and style of thought, without being criticised inevitably as an imitator. Still, it is the only stanza susceptible, to any high degree, of mingled pathos and humour, philosophy and fun, and it is likely to be used for such purposes until the monopoly is lost sight of—a hundred years hence. There is a great deal in "The Lady Jane" which is truer and newer than most sketches of society published in books of travel—a great deal that could only be told in such a poem, or in the rattle of familiar gossip.

I met just now, in the corridor of the Astor, Captain Chadwick, of the London packet-ship Wellington, just arrived in twenty-two days from England. At this season of the year, and *up-hill*, (as the sailors call it, westerly winds always predominating on the Atlantic,) this is a remarkable passage, and could only have been made by a fine ship, well sailed. I have made two remarkably short passages across the water with Captain Chadwick, and a more agreeable companion or a better "skipper," I believe, never tightened a halliard. He is one of those happy men famous for "good luck," which commonly means "taking good care." This is the ship on board which the Duke of Wellington made a speech (at a breakfast given to him by the captain) very complimentary to America and Americans.

The Gift, published this year by Carey & Hart, is making a stir in London. The "Art Union" newspaper says of it, that, "as to its literary contents, we are not quite sure that we are not compelled to rank them above those of either of our own." This is high praise from such a quarter, and well deserved. By the way, the most interesting paper in the Gift was the "Journal of a Wiltshire Curate"—certainly a most pathetic and curious production—translated lately from the German. I have lying by me at this moment a copy of it in English, published in the Boston Chronicle of January 4, 1766. The German author probably took it bodily from the English copy and called it his own.

Tuesday, January 9.

There is a considerable outbreak lately in the way of equipages in New-York. Several four-horse vehicles have made their appearance, driven by the young men who own them. I have noticed also a new curricule in beautiful taste, (driven with a steel bar over the horses' backs,) and a tilbury with two servants in livery, one on the seat with his master, and another on horseback, following as an outrider. We are to have a masked ball this evening, and a steeple-chase is to come off on the twentieth, (Viscount Bertrand one of the riders, and each competitor entering a thousand-dollar stake for the winner.) I shall be at the ball, not at the steeple-chase—for a horse must have iron legs to run over frozen ploughed fields, and a man must have less use for his life than I, who would risk a fall upon a surface like broken stones. The viscount has won several steeple-chases in England, and has had some rough riding after the Arabs in Algiers—so I would bet on him unless there happened to be a fox-hunting Irishman among the competitors. There are six riders, I understand, and one of them will win six thousand dollars of course, and probably six horses will be ruined and one or two necks broken. Fortunately, there is a superfluity of horses and young men.

The story goes that "there is a skeleton in every man's closet," and there is, of course, (in a country as independent as ours is of *les prestiges*,) a phantom following every man who is conspicuous and pointing at his drawback. The drawback to any elaborate novelty of luxury is at once read-

legibly in Broadway. Seeing a new and very costly equipage in England, you merely know that the owner had money enough to buy it. The contrivance of it, the fitting of the harness, the matching and breaking in of the horses, are matters attended to by those who make these details their profession. The turn-out is brought perfect to the owner's door, and he pays, simply, money for it. In this country, on the contrary, the purchaser and driver of such a vehicle pays for it money, contrivance, constant thought, and almost his entire attention. The clames are yet wanting who *purvey* for luxuries out of the ordinary course. There is no head-groom whose business it is to save his master from all thought and trouble as to his turn-out. The New-York "Glaucus" must go every day for a month to the coachmaker's, to superintend the finishing of his new "drag." He must hurry his breakfast to go to the stable and look after his irresponsible grooms. He spends hours at the harness-maker's. He racks his thought to contrive compact working-room for his wheelers, and get the right pull on his leaders. He becomes learned in harness-black-ing and wheel-grease, horse-shoes and horse-physics, and, in short, entirely occupies what philosophers are pleased to call "an immortal mind" in the one matter of a vehicle to drive. (He could be conveyed, of course, the same distance each day in an omnibus for sixpence—but he *does not* believe the old satire of "*aliquis in omnibus, nihil in singulis*." Quite the contrary!) A man who is not content, in this country, to be provided for *with the masses and like the masses*, becomes his own provider—like a man who, to have a coat different from other people, should make it himself, and, of course, be little except an amateur tailor. We shall have these supplementary links of society in time. There *will be*, doubtless, the class of *thought-severs*. But, until then, the same amount of thought that would serve a constituency in Congress will be employed in keeping a "snap-up turn-out," and rich young men will at least have the credit of choosing between stable knowledge and legislative ambition.

By the way, luxury has become an *etat*, and wants its organ. I was consulted the other day as to the expediency of establishing a kind of court journal, to be called "The Aristocrat." I thought that, if supercilious and clever enough, it would sell. The editor, however, should be strictly anonymous, and the price out of all reason.

I see in the "True Sun" an advertisement of a first-rate "magazine article" for sale. Bringing a *great deal* is so near to bringing *nothing at all*, in this commodity, that I should say there was great risk of the article being left on the editor's hands to pay for the advertisement.

The masked ball which is to come off to-night is, I am told, got up by a party of literary ladies, to *promote ease in conversation*! I can hardly fancy anything more easy than the "freedom of the press," and, I am told, most of the gentlemen of the press are invited, myself among the number. A man is a block, of course, who is not open to improvement.

There are two "Miss Clarendons" in the field as well as sundry Madame Adolphes. I see by a morning paper that "Miss Clarendon is giving readings and recitations to the factory girls at Lowell." The impulsive and beautiful actress of that name is at present in New-Orleans.

I had thought that the revenue which foreign theatres derive from selling to young men, at large prices, keys for the season to the behind-scenes, and the society of the goddesses of the ballet while off the stage, was not yet discovered in this country. The following paragraph, from this morning's True Sun, would seem to show that the *confesses*

are visited for their society, at least, and of course might be made "to pay."

"Among the cases which are set down for trial next term is one which will lift the curtain which conceals the affairs of a certain cheap theatre in this city, and give the public a bird's-eye view of what has been recently going on behind the scenes. The developments, if not prevented by an amicable arrangement, will be rich and rare—showing the procedure by which a luminary of the law has run out of his orbit, displacing, in his new and erratic course, a luminary of literature!"

The fine writing of this paragraph, by the way, is rather piquant.

The belle of the Olympic, pretty Miss Taylor, could scarce have a better advertisement for attraction than the paragraph which announces to-day that she "has been robbed of six hundred dollars worth of jewelry," and that "MANY heavy articles of plate, rich dresses, &c., were LEFT UNDISTURBED!" I am inclined to think that this is a covert puff from Mitchell's genius—for he is a genius, and quite capable of knowing that everybody will go to have a look at an actress who had "six hundred dollars worth of jewelry and many heavy articles of plate left undisturbed!" People, like pictures, are made to "stand out" by a well-contrived background! Ah, you bright fellow, Mitchell!

One of your subscribers complained to me that I was "falling off" by growing *less gossipy*. So I have crammed one letter with the gossip I should probably prate, among other things, to the masked ladies at to-night's ball—in the hope of pleasing one of your patrons, at least. I will leave off before I grow grave.

New-York, January 12.

The event ahead which has the most rose-coloured promise, just now, is the ANNUAL BALL of the CITY GUARD—to be given at Niblo's on the twenty-fourth. Niblo's finely-proportioned hall has been, for some time, undergoing a transformation into a model of the ancient Alhambra for the purpose, and Smith, the excellent scene-painter of the Park, and a troop of decorators and upholsterers under his direction, are doing all that taste and money can do to conjure up a scene of enchantment "for one night only." The supper is to make the gods hungry and envious on Olympus—so sumptuous, they say, are the preparations. The City Guard, as you may know, is what the English army-men call the "crack corps" of New-York. The probability is that its members represent more spirit, style and character than belong to any other combination of young men in the state. They have a great deal of fashion, as well as *esprit du corps*, and, what with their superb uniform, upish carriage, superiour discipline, and high-spirited union of purpose, they constitute a power of no little weight and consideration. Their ball will probably be the most showy festivity of the season.

I went to the MASK BALL of which I spoke in my last without any very clear idea of who were its purposers or what was its purposes. I found to my surprise that it was the celebration of the opening of the LADIES' CLUB in the upper part of Broadway, the prospectus of which I have given you in previous letters. A fine house has been taken and furnished, and the Reading-Room goes immediately into operation, I understand. Like the frolic they gave (in some country of which I have read and desire to know more) to the nuns before taking the irrevocable veil, the carpets were taken up and music and men introduced to make the gynocastic seclusion hereafter more marked and positive. Being "an early man" I stayed but an hour, listening to the band and looking on, but I saw beauty there which might make one almost envy the newspapers that are to be pe-

ruled by a "club" of such, and a general *air enjoué* more lovely than literary. The masks were few, and the fun of them was quite destroyed by the fact that every one seemed to know who they were. Indeed the pleasure of reputable masking lies in the momentary breaking down of barriers that in this country do not exist—in giving low degree and high degree a chance to converse freely, that is to say—and till we have unapproachable lords and princes, and ladies weary of the thin upper air of exclusiveness, masquerading will be dull work to us. At present the mask *makes*, rather than *removes*, an obstacle to intercourse. Anybody who is there in a mask, would be just as glad to see you *à-tête* by daylight, the next morning in her parlour, as to chat with you through pasteboard and black crape. Most of the ladies at this Literary Ball were in fancy dresses, however, and doubtless with their pastoral attractions displayed to the best advantage; and this part of it was commendable. If women knew what was attractive, I think they would make every ball a "fancy ball." "Medora" jackets, and "Sultana" trousers are *choses entraînantes*.

I think you would agree with me, after reading it, that BRANTZ MAYER's work on MEXICO, recently published, is as agreeably spiced with wit, humour and other pleasant mental pimento, as any book of travels written within new-book memory. I have run through it within a day or two with some suspense as well as great amusement—for so racy and sketchy a power of description should be in the corps of *professed*, not *amateur* authors. His descriptions of the outer features of Mexican life, of Mexican character, Mexican women, beggars, priests and gamblers, are admirably spirited and entertaining. There is also a good deal of statistical matter industriously and carefully got together, and Mr. Winchester, the publisher, has done justice to it all in the printing and getting up. There will be elaborate reviews of it elsewhere, but meantime I express my pleasurable surprise and admiration in a paragraph—commending it for purchase to your readers.

The fourth Extra of the New Mirror is about appearing—embodying Morris's popular songs and melodies, which have heretofore only been published with music, or in the very expensive embellished edition of his works. The hundred thousand lovers of *married poetry* (music the wife, or husband, I don't know which) will be glad to get these "winged words" in a lump for a shilling. Morris's popularity will send this Extra to every corner of the land.

I hear that there is a wonder in the way of patronage of the arts just now—half a dozen competitor-bidders for the unfinished picture of Cinderella, on which Sully is now at work. The Philadelphians must be recovering from their paralysis, and it is to their credit that the organs of taste are among the first to show activity.

The betting upon the riders in the proposed hurdle race (not *steeple-chase*, as I mentioned before,) goes on vigorously. I rather doubt, however, whether it will ultimately come off. There was a steeple chase got up on Long Island, last year, in which an Irishman and an Englishman, whose fames had followed them, as great hunters, were the competitors, and after getting over two fences by pushing them down with their horses' breasts, they got imprisoned in a clover-lot, from which they were extricated with great difficulty by the owner's letting down the bars and leading the horses over! There is a compact, jockey-built American among the competitors who has great skill as a horseman, and should there be snow on the ground, his light weight and superior practice will win the race for him without a doubt. The Viscount Bertrand, though doubtless the boldest of riders, is over six feet high and a heavy man.

## STANZAS.

When twilight folds her curtains gray  
 Around the golden west,  
 One lovely star, with gladsome ray,  
 Dawns brightly o'er retiring day,  
 And smiles upon his rest.  
 The vesper orb's refulgent light  
 Beams earliest on high,  
 And, like a gorgeous diamond bright,  
 It gems the brow of sombre night,  
 Advancing o'er the sky.  
 Thus oft when fades hope's day-born dream,  
 And fleeting joys decay,  
 Some welcome star will sweetly beam,  
 And o'er the eve of sadness gleam,  
 With fond, inspiring ray.  
 Then as the shadows deeper lie  
 On mountain, vale, and sea,  
 Eve's lovely lamp suspirant on high,  
 More glorious, illumines the sky  
 With rays of brilliancy.  
 So woman's love, that cheering light,  
 The paragon of earth,  
 Shines brightest o'er through sorrow's night  
 Upon the soul's enraptured sight,  
 A star of heavenly birth.

A. W. N.

## THE STATISTICS OF PUFFING.

We have been induced lately to look a little into the *meum* and *tuum* of puffing—partly from having been untruly, (qu. *prematurely*?) accused of "receiving consideration for the same," but more to see whether the consideration were worth the having in *case* conscience, ("John Tetzel, vender of indulgences" being dead,) could be brought to countenance it. We pique ourselves on looking things in the face, and having, and allowing, as few concealments as possible—so, first, for a clean breast on the subject,—say, up to Jan. 1, 1844.

We are not particular, as "Mrs. Grundy" knows, as to the subject we write upon, nor the harness in which we are put to work, nor the style, rhythm, or rhyme, we are called upon to write in. We go altogether for metallic magnetism. It is our duty, (on our way to heaven,) to try for a "plum"—in other words, to be "diligent in business." We write what in our judgment is best calculated to sell. But, in the course of this policy, it falls in our way to speak of things to eat, and things to wear—very capable topics, both, as to piquancy and interest. We have had occasion to describe glowingly FLORENCE's crustaceous cave, and the ice-cream ALHAMBRA, and to pronounce CARPENTER the *ne plus ultra* of coat-builders, and JENNINGS's the emporium of "bang-up" toggery, and for these and similar serviceable "first-rate notices," we have, *in no shape*,\* received "consideration." The gentlemen, who have said so, ("the hawks" who would "pick out hawks' een,") will please make an early meal of their little fictions.

As to literary puffs, we would as soon sell our tears for lemon-drops as to defile one of God's truthful adjectives with a price for the using it. We never asked for a literary puff in our life, nor made interest for it in any shape, nor would we sell one for the great emerald Sakhrul. But if we love a man (as we do many, thank God, whom we are called upon to criticise) we pick out the gold that is inlaid in his book, and leave to his enemies to find the brass and tinsel. And if that's not fair, we don't very much care—for we scorn to be impartial.

But let us hop off this high horse, and come down to the *trade* part of it once more.

In England *all influences that aid business* are priced and paid. The puffs of new books in the newspapers are

\* One exception—a *hat*! We had been somewhat emphatic in avowing Orlando Fish the nonpareil of hat-shapers, and (knowing the measure of our *head*—critical man!) he did send us a charming hat without the disenchantment of a bill. *Peccavimus!*

invariably sent, ready-written, by the publishers, and paid for at a much higher price than avowed advertisements. The continued effect of this abuse of the public ear is based upon the phlegmatic dullness of perception in the English public, and their consequent chronic humbuggability. It could never "answer" in *our country* after being once fully exposed. It is, to a certain degree practised, however—*and* pay for concert-puffing, music-puffing, theatrical puffing, etc.

Having confessed that we are willing to admit an entering wedge of iniquity in this line—in other words that we are willing to know whether it be honest to serve a man and contemplate his thanks in lucre,—let us "run the line," as the surveyors say, and see how our new territory of tribute may be virtuously bounded.

Authors have "the freedom" of us, of course. They are welcome to all we can do for them—if they publish on their own account. Otherwise, should it come in our way to help the sale of a book, we shall look for gratitude from the publisher in the shape of advertisements. Actors, singers, and painters are "chartered libertines" for whom we have a weakness, and, besides, the Mirror cannot feed on the wages of pleasure-makers. All other pursuits, trades, professions, we are half inclined to admit, will be at liberty to make us such acknowledgments as they choose for any furtherance to their merchandise (in sales or brains) which may come legitimately in our way. We shall, in any case, preserve the value of our commendation by keeping it honest, and we shall never commend any farther than is entertaining and readable—but there is a choice between subjects to write about, and a preference as to giving attention to things about town, and it is for this choice and preference that we may make up our mind to be susceptible of corruption. We write this in the cool of the morning. We don't know what we shall think in the more impulsive hour. Meantime—send it to the printer, and see what the *governor* says of it in the proof sheet.

P. S.—PRIVATE.—The general (God bless him!) has just issued his SONGS and BALLADS in a *Shilling Extra*. As everybody knows, who sings, or hears singing, or reads poetry or who knows people who do, Morris is the prince of American song-writers, and his "songs and ballads" will now be thumbed by all thumbs, dainty and dirty. This *shilling literature*, by the by, is a fortunate accident in the way of your procuring readable things, and when you have bought a dollar's worth of them, you have a book to hand which is well worth the binding and keeping. Till now it would have cost you ten times the money to get Morris's songs, and a better shilling's worth was never pocketed.

The lady who wishes us to define "talent and genius" will perhaps be content if we quote what Coleridge says on the subject:—"To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty which every day, for, perhaps, forty years, had rendered familiar—this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent."

"The Songs and Ballads of G. P. Morris" have just been published in an extra number of the New Mirror, and may be had at this office. Single copies, twelve and a half cents—ten copies, a dollar. This edition contains several new ballads not before printed. Among them the "Main-truck," the "Pastor's Daughter," "Oh, boatman, haste!" "O'er the mountain," etc.

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New-York, December 1, 1842.

During the first lecture was all mud, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; and the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credit to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued to use it a few days, and the result is a perfect cure. To all persons we would say—if you have children suffering with the disease of the skin, use Sarsaparilla. With feelings of great pleasure and respect, we are yours, &c.

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*View of the Oregon from the Battery*

Designed & Engraved expressly for the New Mirror by W. J. Bennett



# THE NEW MIRROR.

EVERY NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH A STEEL ENGRAVING.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1844.

NUMBER 18.

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## THE ENGRAVINGS.

AN esteemed correspondent complains—and not without reason—of the “Landing of Roger Williams,” published last week. As some explanation seems to be necessary, we may as well state the case at once, in a plain, straight-forward, business-like manner. The truth is, we did not fancy the plate ourselves; but we were compelled to issue it, and for three good and sufficient reasons: our engraver had disappointed us; we had nothing else ready; and, in these picture-book days, it would *never do*—at least so we are told—to issue even a single number of the work without an engraving. We would have been happy to have lost the cost of the plate in question; but the *New Mirror* is sold at a price which prevents “our indulging in such luxuries,” as Placide says in the comedy. Another correspondent—a lady—(may we not hope that we have many more such kind and considerate friends?)—remarks, in a note before us: “to be candid with you, we get our *sixpence worth* every week without any *picture* whatever. For my own part, I always look upon *that* as a gratuity; but, if you will make us these pictorial presents, let us have something worth preserving either in our favourite periodical or our portfolio—like “Santa Claus,” “Vienna,” “Westward-ho!” the “Danube,” “My Mother’s Bible,” and twenty other beautiful specimens of the fine arts that have appeared in former impressions.”—*We shall do so*, most generous and courteous of readers, and our future intentions are foreshadowed in the present number. Here is an original aquatint view, designed and engraved expressly for these pages, fresh from the burin of one of the best artists of the country. Examine it, if you please, minutely. Is it not a faithful view of the bay of New-York from the Battery, and well worth a place in either your “favourite periodical or your portfolio?” Next week we shall have the pleasure of presenting you with a striking resemblance to yourself, fairest and gentlest of critics, and the week following with another of Bennett’s admirable local marine views. Before we lay the pen aside, perhaps we may as well mention that we have placed several exquisite drawings in the hands of competent artists, to be engraved, not “executed,” for the *New Mirror*, and that nothing will ever hereafter appear in this journal inferior to the embellishment we now offer you. It is our pride and privilege to cater for the refined taste of an intellectual community, and we will do so to the best of whatever skill and ability we may happen to possess. We shall spare neither expense nor exertions to render the *New Mirror*, in every respect, all that its numerous friends and admirers can desire. The letter of the fair correspondent just referred to we shall “file away among papers to be preserved,” and profit by her suggestions at our leisure. In the meantime she has our thanks and best wishes.

## THE DISCARDED.—Part the Second.

THE young Indian had received a joyful welcome from each member of Mr. Trevor’s household, and was uniformly treated with kindness by all, save the two boys, Walter and Basil; who were, perhaps, envious of the superior strength and agility displayed by the Indian, especially in all games pertaining to forest life. Onowahoo, however, was ever tacit-

turn and reserved, seldom departing from the characteristic gravity of his race, and never mixing in the sports of boy-hood, except to please the whims of the little wayward Gaity. The habits of his fathers clung closely to him; and, notwithstanding the instructions and earnest persuasions of his present friends, “the Indian was an Indian still.”

In the meanwhile the days of childhood flitted away, now gay, now tearful; as the lark soars to heaven, its wings gemmed with the dews of morning, or as rose-leaves scattered by rain; and Gaity, now no longer a child, was forced to “put off childish things.”

Edith had already been sent to Boston, to receive those advantages of education which could not be obtained at the Grove; and the time had now arrived when it was deemed advisable by her parents that Gaity also should go from home for the same purpose.

Farewell, then, to frolic and mirth! Poor Gaity! with bursting heart, streaming eyes and pouting lip, was obliged to clip down her buoyant spirits to the narrow confines of a school-room.

From this time, for a period of two or three years, the sisters only revisited their home at intervals of six or eight months. Gaity retained all her wild impetuosity of character; and no bird, released from its wiry prison, ever winged its way with more gladness to its native woods than did Gaity upon these occasions fly back to the well-remembered haunts of childhood. Every nook and dell again felt the pressure of her light footstep; the meadow-brook again mirrored the bright, happy face of the maiden, and once more the woods resounded with her merry, ringing laugh.

Upon these occasions Gaity was seldom unaccompanied by Onowahoo; for her brothers, Walter and Basil, felt no sympathy in the feelings of the young girl, scorning those scenes in which the heart of their sister took such delight; while, at the same time, they taunted and ridiculed her fondness for forest life, styling her the “Indian Princess of the Grove!” Edith, although justly alive to the beauties of nature, found full occupation in assisting her mother in the household duties. Thus Gaity and Onowahoo were thrown much together.

High beat the heart of the young Indian at those traits in Gaity’s character, so similar to his own wild nature. He watched her graceful form, bounding like a fawn through the forest glades, and her speaking animated his countenance with delight. Nor is it to be wondered at that Gaity found a pleasure in his society, which, unknown to her innocent heart, constituted more than half the charm of her daily rambles.

Edith was the first to perceive the unhappy results of this constant companionship and affinity of tastes. She was inexpressibly shocked at the discovery, and gently warned Gaity against indulging or encouraging feelings so inimical to the happiness of both.

Crimsoned with blushes, Gaity, with a wild laugh, kissed the pale cheek of her sister, assuring her she need be under no uneasiness, and then added, with a haughty tone and sparkling eye, that if she *did* love Onowahoo, she would rather have a lodge in the wilderness with him than to reign queen of England’s realm.

But this conversation with Edith removed at once the veil

which had wrapped her heart in such blissful security, and, with true feminine modesty, she now absented herself almost entirely from the society of Onowahoo.

This sudden change of conduct was to him as a death-blow; for he at once divined that she had discovered his daring love, and now avoided him from anger at his presumption. He hoped to have buried forever his fatal attachment in his own breast, and thus been able to enjoy, from day to day, the melancholy happiness of beholding the object of his hopeless love; for never, even in his wildest dreams, had he for a moment indulged the thought that the fair daughter of the proudest in the land, the beautiful child of his benefactor, could love the lone Indian, or feel other than pity for his degraded race! Fearing now he had drawn upon himself her indignation and contempt, he resolved to depart silently from the Grove, never to return.

It was but a few days after the painful discovery of the true state of her feelings, that Gaity, pale and dejected, stole out alone into the forest. She had not gone far when, through an opening in the trees, she perceived Onowahoo approaching. His step was heavy, his eyes downcast, and his whole manner plainly denoting the wretchedness of his mind. He advanced slowly to within a few paces of Gaity, when, suddenly raising his head, he saw the object of his thoughts standing before him. He would have turned, but Gaity advanced a step to meet him, and, in a voice of kindness, said:

"Why is the countenance of my brother so sad?"

Onowahoo for a moment gazed mournfully upon her, then, pointing upward, he replied:

"As yonder cloud, now floating in the heavens, will soon fade and vanish away, so must Onowahoo depart from the presence of the Sloe-blossom."

In a low, trembling voice, Gaity answered:

"Would Onowahoo leave the Sloe-blossom to droop alone in the forest! Where would her brother go that Gaity might not follow!"

A gleam of delight sparkled for an instant from the eyes of the Indian; he then rejoined:

"Onowahoo goes beyond the homes of the pale-face, that when his great Father calls him, he may go to the happy hunting-grounds with his red brothers."

"What bird has sung in the ears of Onowahoo! Is the hand of my father closed? Has the tongue of my mother spoken false, or the Sloe-blossom turned away from her brother, that he leaves her?"

Onowahoo shaded his eyes with his hand, and answered, with a low and mournful tone:

"Onowahoo must no longer look upon the Sloe-blossom."

In a moment Gaity now comprehended the motives of the Indian. She made no reply, while Onowahoo turned sadly to leave her; then, with a quiet dignity, foreign to her usual manner, and determination speaking in every feature, Gaity held out her hand, saying, in a voice of firmness:

"No, Onowahoo must not go alone! See, the Sloe-blossom puts her hand in his!"

The happiness of these unfortunate lovers was a dream too sweet to last; and bitter, indeed, were the scenes to which they finally awoke.

Edith saw with grief her worst fears realized. Vainly did she warn her sister against the wrath of her father and brothers, should they discover her attachment for Onowahoo. Him she urged to fly immediately from the Grove, to leave Gaity for ever, and thus save her from the terrible indignation which she knew would await her; but, notwithstand-

ing all her cautions, all her entreaties, the lovers wilfully shut their eyes to the danger they were hourly incurring, and, in one unguarded moment, all was discovered.

Gaity attempted no concealment of her feelings; but, with firmness and decision, at once openly acknowledged her love for the Indian.

No words can paint the wrath of Mr. Trevor, as he listened to this avowal. It seemed as if that deep affection which had ever been, as it were, the well-spring of his existence, was at once suddenly and for ever dried up, choked, obliterated! The wretched mother and Edith wept in agony, while Walter and Basil, with fury flashing from their eyes, deeply reviled and insulted their sister, who, with cheeks flushed with indignation, her form raised to its full height, stood proudly in the midst, making no reply to their insulting language, except by looks of the most perfect defiance. At length, seizing her by the arm, her father dragged her to her chamber, thrust her rudely within, and locked the door.

They went in search of Onowahoo.

"Dog! Indian! Slave! Away with you," cried Mr. Trevor. "Away! If, at the setting of the sun, you are found within the limits of my land, your scalp, according to your own fashion, shall hang from the nearest tree!"

Onowahoo was about to reply, when Basil suddenly approached, and, raising his arm, gave the Indian a blow across the face. The next instant he was prostrate on the ground, the knee of the savage on his breast, and the knife already gleaming before his eyes. Mr. Trevor and Walter rushed upon Onowahoo, who, shaking them off with Herculean strength, threw down the knife, and stood, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, confronting his foes.

"The knife of Onowahoo will not drink the blood of a coward," he said; then, turning to Mr. Trevor, he continued: "Chief, you were the friend of Monatahqua—you have been the friend of Onowahoo—it is written on his heart! There is now a cloud on the face of the chief; but his words are laws to Onowahoo. His shadow shall not be on the land at the setting of the sun."

So saying, he walked slowly away, and soon disappeared in the depths of the forest.

For weeks the unhappy Gaity was kept a close prisoner in her chamber; no person was allowed to see her. Even the entreaties of her distressed mother or Edith could not move the stern father to relent.

While thus, for the first time, the harmony of that happy household was broken by the rough hand of discord, Edith received a pressing invitation from a young friend in Boston, that she would officiate as bridesmaid at her approaching nuptials. She would gladly have declined, but her parents both urged and insisted upon her going. Hoping the void created by her absence might induce her father to forgive her sister, she at last consented. Without being allowed to bid poor Gaity farewell, Edith departed, bearing a heart of sadness, to scenes where joy and happiness reigned.

Edith judged rightly. Mr. Trevor did, indeed, miss the society of his daughters—the gentle, lovely Edith, and that other bright and joyous girl, whose presence had ever been to him as the morning star; and, a few days after the departure of the former, the door of Gaity's chamber was unbarred, and she was led forth to freedom. But it was such freedom as rendered the walls of her prison a heaven in comparison!

The cold and chilling looks of her father fell like a blight upon her young heart, crushing the germ of duty, which would have led her to have flown at once to his arms, to

\* It is said the Indians called *tail-bearers*, or those who spoke falsely, "*singing-birds*."

implore his forgiveness. The countenance of her mother, it is true, flushed with joy; tears started to her eyes, and she would have folded the pale, heart-stricken girl to her maternal bosom, but a look from her husband "*froze the warm current of her soul*," and she remained passive. There were her brothers also to greet her—but how! not with looks of pity and forgiveness, but with

"Hard unkindness, altered eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;"

and poor Gaiety that night returned to her chamber, more miserable than when she had left it.

She threw open the window, and looked forth, with tearful eye, upon the scene now, like herself, so changed from the bright spring-time of happiness—the sear and yellow leaf had already fallen upon her young heart. It was now November. The autumn leaves, whose brilliant variegation had draped the forest with such gorgeous magnificence, were now (fit epitome of the idle passions of mankind) whirling rapidly past her window, soon to mingle with the clouds of the valley. The moon was at her full;—while, at a little distance, the river, gleaming through the thick shrubbery on its banks, spangled the dark outline of the forest. Heedless of the chilly night-wind which blew around her, Gaiety remained for some time absorbed in mournful reverie, when she was suddenly aroused by a slight rustling beneath her window, and, almost at the same moment, an arrow fell at her feet. Joy irradiated the face of the maiden, for well she knew from whose hand it sped! She hastily raised it—affixed was the ring she had given to Onowahoo! She now leaned from the window and looked eagerly around, and soon discovered the form of her lover reclining against a tree a few paces distant. Gaiety repressed the cry of delight which mounted from her heart to her lips, but, clasping her hands together, tears of joy fell over her pale face.

A second arrow was now thrown in; around it was a paper, on which was written:

"At midnight, Onowahoo, by the river-side, will watch for the *Sloe-blossom*. The canoe floats empty in the stream; a horse, fleet as the wild deer, paws the opposite shore. The river will whisper 'yes' to the heart of Onowahoo."

Alas! not a moment did the wretched girl deliberate, but, with trembling fingers, she once more fastened the ring to the arrow, and dropped it from the window. Onowahoo glided to the spot, and, as he recognized the token of assent, he looked up to the pale, beautiful face of Gaiety, bending over him in love and truthfulness; then, sinking for an instant upon his knee, the Indian pressed the ring to his lips and disappeared.

It is not surprising that the reserve and apparent scorn she now met from those in whose eyes she had ever been worshipped as an idol, by whom she had been so tenderly caressed, flattered, and indulged; her every wish, however trifling, gratified almost before it was expressed; should have filled the undisciplined heart of Gaiety with mingled grief and indignation. At that critical moment, when still writhing under the insulting looks of her brothers, the feigned indifference of her father, came Onowahoo, offering love—happiness—freedom!

*Her error was great! So was her temptation!*

Oh, parents, beware how you treat the first offences of inexperienced youth! Crush not the hearts of your children with a brow of iron; withhold not from their repentant lips the kiss of forgiveness; nor let the tongue speak those "bitter words that kill!" No, rather take them to your arms in pity; whisper of love and pardon; and, as the gentle dew falls from heaven to enrich and fructify the earth, so let the words

of tender admonition sink into the heart of your child, to nourish the seeds of virtue and good resolves.

The heart of a child must, indeed, be formed of "sterner stuff," which can resist the holy influence of that pardon *hal-lowed with tears* from the lips of an aggrieved parent!

Had such been the conduct of Mr. Trevor, what days of anguish, of misery beyond description, would have been spared!

Too much agitated to reflect upon the momentous step she was about to take, Gaiety hastily selected a few articles from her wardrobe, changed her light dress for a travelling-habit, and, at the appointed hour, stole softly down stairs. As she reached the door of her mother's bed-room, she stopped—her whole frame shook with emotion; *then* the pang of *remorse* shot through her bosom. Alas! was she about to leave for ever that kind, affectionate mother, the tender nurse of her infant years; that being from whose lips no words but those of kindness had ever fallen; and was she thus to leave her! Edith, too, that beloved sister! should she never more meet the glance of those mild eyes, ever beaming with sisterly affection! Gaiety trembled, her purpose faltered, and she would fain have returned to her chamber; but, at that moment, the *stern*, reproachful look of her father seemed fixed upon her! Again her ears seem poisoned with the contemptuous language of her brothers! No longer did she hesitate; but, softly unbarring the door, fled swiftly along the path which led to the river.

She had not proceeded far when she was joined by Onowahoo. They spoke not—but one look, as their eyes met, told all! the pain and suffering they had mutually endured, and the happiness of the present moment.

They soon crossed the river, and sped swiftly on through the night. Soon after daylight, they arrived at the little village of Westerly, on the borders of Rhode Island. Here the fugitives deemed it necessary to tarry a short time, in order to recruit the almost exhausted strength of their panting steed.

It happened, unfortunately, that Walter Trevor had left the Grove late on the previous afternoon, to attend to some law business in Stonington. A witness residing in Westerly was required; and Walter, therefore, rode over very early in the morning, (a distance of five miles,) and arrived at the inn only a few moments after the unfortunate lovers!

Then the storm burst in fury over their heads!

Walter, foaming with rage, instantly called upon the authorities of the village for aid. Onowahoo was secured and strictly guarded as a runaway Indian; while Gaiety was conveyed to a small room in the upper story of the inn, Walter himself keeping guard on the outside.

In the meanwhile, an express was sent off to inform Mr. Trevor of the capture of the fugitives. In a few hours the unhappy father, pale with rage and mortification, arrived, accompanied by Basil.

A short time sufficed for their arrangements. Onowahoo was immediately sent off, under a strong guard, to Boston, from thence he was to be shipped to the West Indies, and there sold as a slave.

At that time Fisher's Island was uninhabited, unless it might be by the occasional visits of fishermen, and, for their convenience, a few rude shelters had been thrown up near the water's edge; but, in the interior of the island, stood the remains of a large building, said to have been occupied by several families of whites, who had fled thither for security during the Pequot war; they were, however, at length discovered by the savages, and every soul inhumanly murdered. Since then it had been uninhabited, and was fast crumbling to decay. To this desolate spot did Mr. Trevor re-



solve to bear his *child*! With a terrible oath, the infuriated father swore he would never forgive her; she had disgraced herself and her family; the proud name of Trevor was now indelibly stained; and there, then, far from the face of man, from the sound of a human voice, should she for ever bury her shame!

Having decided upon this cruel course, Walter and Basil immediately left to ascertain the exact location of this miserable building, and to furnish it with such articles as might be necessary for bare existence, taking with them, at the same time, an old, half-crazed woman, who for years had roved at large in the neighbourhood, under the name of "Crazy Nell." Mr. Trevor procured this woman to take charge of his daughter. As a reward, he poured into her skinny hand more gold than had ever yet met her greedy grasp, while, at the same time, he so wrought upon the terrors of the miserable woman should she refuse, or prove unfaithful to the trust, that, cowed with fear, trembling as if she already felt the knife at her heart, Crazy Nell was borne off by the brothers, a *companion* for the young, beautiful, and noble-minded, but misguided Gaity!

On the afternoon of the second day all was prepared; the wretched Gaity was dragged from her prison, placed on horseback, and, with Walter and Basil riding close to her bridle-rein, the party set off to bear Gaity to her future gloomy abode. Here the reader followed her at the commencement of this veritable story.

When Gaity recovered from the swoon, into which it will be remembered she had fallen, she found herself alone. A few wet branches were smouldering in the fire-place. A tall candle flickered in fitful shadows upon the wall, rendering the darkness even more horrible. The wind howled mournfully around, and the rain still poured in torrents; while, to add to the terrors of the scene, a heavy peal of thunder now shook the ruinous building to its foundation.

"Basil! Walter!" shrieked the poor girl. But there was no answer. Her voice sounded strange in that lone room. Again she called—still no answer. At last the door slowly opened, and Crazy Nell, her form bent nearly double, tottered into the room. With a sort of half-dancing motion, she advanced to the bed, while Gaity, affrighted, shrank to the wall.

"Did the little bird sing?" cried the old woman, fixing her glassy eye upon her. "What will the pretty birdie have?"

Reassured by the kindness of her tones, Gaity exclaimed, clasping her hands in entreaty:

"O, tell me where I am? Where is Basil? Where Walter?"

"Gone—gone—gone—the brothers are gone,  
And the birdie is left in the cage all alone!"

sang, or rather screamed the hag.

"O, let me out quickly from this horrid place!" shrieked Gaity, now overcome with fear, springing from the bed and rushing to the door.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old woman, hobbling after her, "fold your wings, pretty birdie;

"Gone—gone—gone—the brothers are gone,  
And the birdie is left in the cage all alone."

The wretched girl sank nearly senseless upon the floor, and gave herself up to her misery. Crazy Nell seemed somewhat moved by the heavy sobs which burst from her sorrowing heart, and, after watching her a few moments with apparent wonder, she patted her gently on the head, saying, "*Poor bird—poor bird!*" and then, hobbling away, seemed to busy herself in preparing some refreshment for the exhausted girl. Her well-meant kindness, however, was vain, and, after an attempt to swallow the morsel of food

the old woman placed before her, with despair at her heart, Gaity threw herself upon the wretched pallet.

At length asleep, that angel of peace, who in tenderness listens to the lamentations of the afflicted, took her gently to her bosom, and she slept calmly until late the following morning. When she awoke the sun was shining brightly in; hastily springing from the bed, she flew to the window, and looked out upon the scene. This window (and the only one) was boarded up, with the exception of one solitary pane of glass, which was directly over the deep ravine before-mentioned; and the stream, swollen by the late storm, now brawled furiously over its rocky bed. On every side she was surrounded by a deep forest. She attempted to open the window; it was fastened; she then tried the door—that was also secured. At that moment from some dark corner emerged Nell, gibbering, and dancing as before. Throwing herself at her feet, Gaity implored her to release her; entreating her, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, that she would suffer her to quit that abode of misery and desolation; but, although the old woman appeared to comprehend, and even sympathize in her grief, she only shook her head, saying:

"No, no, pretty birdie!" and then, as if it might be a means to frighten her from her wishes, added, in a voice of affected terror, pointing to the woods, "*Indian in the woods—take care!*"

Gaity soon found all attempts at escape were impossible. What, then, was to be her lot? Was she brought there to die? No, it could not be; her father would relent; she should be forgiven. Onowahoo, too—yes, they should all be happy once more! Such were the sunbeams which occasionally lit up the dark prison of Gaity. Alas, poor child!

At the end of a week, Gaity one morning saw Basil approach the house. Uttering a scream of joy, while she beat the window with her little hand, she cried:

"O, Basil, dear brother, take me away! Take me to my mother! Take me home—home—home!" she shrieked, louder and louder, as she saw him turn from the house.

Yes, that cruel brother, after depositing a basket upon the door-stone, walked rapidly away, without casting even one look to where the pale despairing face of Gaity was watching him; and whose voice of agonizing entreaty reached his ears, even through the walls of her prison.

He disappeared. Then hope forsook the heart of Gaity!

Every week either Basil or Walter would leave a basket of the coarsest provisions at the door, never entering the house, or bestowing either word or look upon the unhappy sister.

The place at last was reported to be haunted. Shrieks, groans, and horrid laughter were said to have been heard issuing thence, by fishermen whom accident had led thither. Some even went so far as to assert that those very witches, supposed to have been executed nearly a century before, here assembled and held their midnight orgies, in contempt of fire and faggots! While by others it was believed a maniac was there confined in chains!

At any rate, the island soon became deserted, no one caring to approach its shores after nightfall.

After leaving his daughter, as already described, Mr. Trevor returned home; but it was only to meet with a new and more severe trial. He found his wife in the agonies of death. She had been for some time gradually sinking under that fatal disease so incident to our climate—consumption; and this sudden shock of her darling child's elopement had caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, and Mr. Trevor only arrived in time to receive her last breath.

Great as was his grief at this sudden bereavement of an amiable and beloved companion, it lessened not his wrath against his disobedient child. On the contrary, those feelings seemed only to be augmented, and again and again he cursed her, as the destroyer of her mother!

Edith was still in Boston. Who should break to her these heavy tidings—a mother dead! a sister banished! As soon, however, as the last sad rites were performed, Mr. Trevor resolved to go himself and bring Edith back to her desolate home. Accordingly, the next week he departed for Boston, and soon returned with his child, now his only comfort.

Absorbed in grief at the death of her kind mother, and at the uncertain fate of Gaity, Edith moved mournfully around those walls once echoing with the merry laugh and song, now so silent, so dreary, as if the shadows of the tomb already darkened them.

Who that has lost a near and dear friend by death but has felt that indescribable sickness of heart, which rends the soul to agony, as they view those scenes once hallowed by the presence of that loved form, whom now the dark portals of the tomb enclose! Scenes where the beloved one moved in health and gladness; the vacant chair by the fireside, the seat left void around the family board, the closed book, the favoured flower, the thousand nameless associations connected with those now lost and gone! Oh, does it not seem that the hand of death is already tearing our heart-strings; losing our hold of this world, so glorious in its grandeur and beauty, but where, alas! Death and Sorrow stalk side by side, plucking the choicest treasures from our garnered affections, and ruthlessly cutting down the lovely flowers which adorn our garden of happiness.

Pity, then, poor Edith!

She mourned, as an affectionate child, the death of a kind mother, whom on earth she should see no more—yet sainted, as she believed, in heaven. But not for her did she weep those tears of bitterness; not for her was that silent grief gnawing at her heart; no, it was for that *either*, her only beloved sister, the discarded Gaity; cast out in her youth and loveliness, an alien for ever from her father's house!

From neither her father nor brothers could Edith learn anything concerning her; in vain she implored them to tell her where the wretched girl might be; on her knees she begged to be allowed to go to her, but, with a frown, and words such as he had never before used to this gentle girl, Mr. Trevor forbade her ever again to mention the name of her sister, or, on pain of his lasting displeasure, seek to know where she was.

Nothing daunted, however, from her purpose, Edith resolved she would find her sister or perish in the attempt. Feigning, therefore, the most perfect indifference as to the fate of Gaity, (contradicted by her pale cheek and sunken eyes,) she no longer mentioned her name, but appeared to give all her attention to the many household duties which now devolved upon her.

She soon noticed that, on a certain day of every week, one of her brothers left the Grove and remained absent during the day; that no questions were ever asked, either as to where they had been or of the business which had called them thence. She was sure their absence was in some way connected with her ill-fated sister, and she resolved, difficult as it might prove, to follow them. For that purpose, she obtained permission of her father to pass the day with a young friend, residing about a mile from the Grove. This was the day she knew one of her brothers would be absent. Instead, therefore, of going to her friends, she hastened to the cottage of one of her father's tenants, whom she knew to be strongly attached to herself and Gaity.

To him she unfolded her plan, and found in honest Jacques a faithful assistant.

As soon as Walter passed the cottage, Edith, disguised in a large cloak and bonnet, mounted behind the old man, and started in pursuit; keeping, however, as far behind as was practicable. The same dreary road was passed over with which the reader is already acquainted. Walter fastened his horse as before, while Edith and her companion, passing behind the shelter of some large rocks, watched his proceedings, the noise of their horses' feet being happily drowned by the roaring of the surf.

Walter unmoored the boat, and put off in the direction of Fisher's Island. It was *there*, then, that the unfortunate girl was a prisoner. It was, however, impossible for them to proceed further; they, therefore, returned with all speed.

Happy that her plan had so far proved successful, Edith determined, that, if possible, not another day should pass without renewing the search, and, confident that her sister was on the island, she retired that night to rest, with the blissful anticipation that on the morrow she should fold her beloved Gaity to her bosom.

Again she asked permission for a day's absence, and her father, delighted to find her once more evincing a disposition to mingle in society, gladly consented.

With the faithful Jacques, Edith was soon travelling the route of the preceding day. Arriving at the beach, they found the boat concealed among the rocks. It was soon launched, and, trembling with anxiety for the result, filled with evil forebodings, Edith seated herself by the side of Jacques, and they were soon rapidly nearing the Island.

(The conclusion of this beautiful and touching story in our next.)

*Translated for the New Mirror from the French of Lascaux.*

#### THE BRACELET.

COUNT HENRI DES ESSARTS was a fashionable young man, of elegant manners, toilette *recherché*, and, without being handsome, had one of those countenances which please at first sight. His name and fortune opened every door to him, and there could be no reunion in the *monde elegant* without his presence. Every day brought him new invitations, and he seemed the king of all parties. Like all those persons whose thoughts are entirely occupied with self, his education was superficial, but, for want of science, he substituted the thousand arts which please women. He could play, write verses, and draw tolerably well; three qualifications exacted by the fine ladies of our times. If any one sung, he accompanied on the piano; was literature mentioned, he recited his verses, not as a poet whose desire is to make himself a name, but with foppery, and, when complimented, called it a weakness. Then, too, he could paint flowers in an album, and by this means kept up a mysterious correspondence with many ladies.

One day, as he was lying on his divan, the servant entered and handed him a letter.

"Ah!" said he, after having read it, "Madame Delaunay is no longer angry. She has invited me to her *soirée*. I shall go." Then turning to his domestic—"John, has any one called this morning for me?"

"No, sir," said the lackey, as he arranged the flowers which shed their perfume throughout the chamber.

Flinging the remainder of his cigar in the fire, he began his toilette. The day appeared long. A secret presentiment made him anxious for the evening—he who never before was anxious for anything; so, as soon as the hour arrived, he departed.

It was in the month of February, and the saloons of Madame Delaunay were resplendent with a thousand fires.

Equipages thronged round the door of her mansion, and graceful ladies, elegantly dressed, arrived, followed by cavaliers, musked, laced, whiskered, and gloved in white. It was the rendezvous of the beau monde. Count des Essarts was announced in the midst of this gaiety. At his name, every one started. The ladies threw hasty glances over their toilettes, the gentlemen looked at their partners, and the count entered. As soon as etiquette permitted, he took the arm of a young man and mingled with the crowd. When comfortably seated apart, they commenced a conversation which was habitual with them:

"*Ma foi*, count," said the young man, "you arrived apropos."

"How is that? To be a witness of your success, Emmanuel. But I have never doubted—"

"No. But to let me see you sustain your reputation."

"Indeed! It's a challenge, then?"

"A challenge! There is one among the crowd of beauties present, whose timid air attracts universal admiration."

"Is she bashful?"

"As a boarding-school miss."

"And pretty?"

"As a head of Raphael."

"Very well, you have doubtless spoken with her. And what can I do after you?"

"A truce to jesting. I have spoken with her, danced with her; but the place is well guarded. Besides, her mother is at her side constantly, and, what is worse, she does not seem to understand compliments."

"And because you have not succeeded, you wish—"

"To bet you will succeed no better. There are impregnable virtues!"

"I doubt it," murmured the count.

"Try," replied Emmanuel.

"You wish it? Well, then, conduct me to her."

"Yes, but there must be a proof of your coquetry, and when will you give it to me?"

"In a fortnight. Of course, she wears a bracelet?"

"Yes."

"Very well, her bracelet shall be my affianced ring."

"Agreed," said Emmanuel laughing. "But if you do succeed, I will tell the adventure."

"Full and entire liberty to do so. But the waltz is commencing. Let us return."

Soon after, the count was waltzing with the lady Emmanuel pointed out to him.

She was the daughter of an officer killed at Waterloo. Brought up at St. Dennis, she had received a good education; but without fortune, her position was not very brilliant. Madame Duvivier hoped, by introducing her into society, to find a husband worthy of her, and who would bring her wealth. The daughter was pretty, intelligent, and witty, and the mother said to herself—"A rich man would be happy with her—treasure for treasure." So, then, being determined to bring her out, Mademoiselle Athenais Duvivier was presented this evening for the first time. She was a handsome brunette, her looks lively, but sometimes supplicating; her countenance had an interesting melancholy, and there was soul in her face. While waltzing, Henri was lavish of those phrases he could repeat with so much grace; and when he led her back to her mother, instead of quitting her, he seated himself at her side, spoke of music, theatres, and fashions. Then addressing Madame Duvivier, he lamented with her the times of the empire, and recounted the disasters of Waterloo. The dancing began; he asked Athenais to dance with him; and after having studied her character, he saw he must play the part of a friend, who might soon be-

come something dearer. He, therefore, offered himself in this character. He spoke to her with gentleness; he regulated his looks by hers. He did not act the coxcomb, but played the Antony. When the soirée was over he accompanied the ladies, begged their permission to call on them, and left them with the assurance the bracelet would be his as soon as he wished it. Athenais was sad and abstracted, and Madame Duvivier began to form fine projects.

The house of Madame Duvivier was lonely enough. But little company frequented it. So the poor Athenais lived in much solitude; her character, already beaming to the romantic, took new aspects every day. Now, wild with ridicule and joy; then, dejected and unsocial from ennui. The time had arrived when she longed for a sincere affection. Her soul was seeking a soul, and Count des Essarts was gladly welcomed. It was now two days since the ball, and Athenais, in spite of herself, kept thinking of the young man so sincere, so true, so tender. On her side, Madame Duvivier had cherished hopes of the count, and spoken of him to her daughter; remembrances, as such as hearing him spoken of, made Athenais ask herself, why he did not come.

Henri presented himself at Madame Duvivier's. He was received with empressement and pleasure. Poor mother! hapless child! He found means to speak low to Athenais, and, by a singular coincidence, they met again the same evening at Madame Delaunay's.

Among the persons who visited Madame Duvivier was a young painter, who was the most zealous in his visits. Complaisant to the mother, affable to the daughter, he had conciliated the inmates of the house, and was looked upon almost as one of the family. One evening he chanced to meet Des Essarts there. The count displeased him. He had heard him spoken of frequently, and his presence in that house astonished him. "The eagle near the dove," said he to himself; "it was time I should arrive."

The count paid him little attention, and the young artist watched all his movements, of which the mother had no suspicions. He saw the influence the count exercised over the mind of the young and susceptible girl; he saw the gate of danger; and, when the count left, he found means to say:

"Athenais, I must speak with you alone!"

"Why, Jules?"

"Silence."

"I will see you."

When they were alone, for the confidence of Madame Duvivier was justly placed in Jules, he took the hand of Athenais, and said:

"A great danger is threatening you!"

"What danger? You frighten me."

"You have listened to the man who just left you, have you not?"

"Jules!"

"You need not blush, Athenais. It is a friend, a devoted friend, who speaks to you, and whom God has placed on your path to cry courage and prudence. This man knows how to guess emotions, and to read the hearts of women for his amusement. He has seen you alone, and has thought of awakening in your soul a first love, holy and profound; he has determined to make you love him, and tell him so, only to laugh you in the face, and break your heart, as one crushes a flower after having respired its perfume."

"Oh! 'tis impossible!"

"But I know him too well. He has breathed honied words in your ear, has he not? and you, poor child, without reflection, have believed him. His words have been for your soul like the remedies which calm for a moment, and

then burn forever after. Take care, Athenais, the count is an infamous man. Tell me you do not love him."

"Oh! Jules, why tell me not to love him. I feel for him only attachment, interest—"

"Which will soon be love. It is only twelve days since you have known him, and already you are abstracted, and counting on his visits."

"Jules!"

"Have I not guessed it all? Oh! I too love. I also count the days, the hours, the minutes."

And he looked on the fair girl with holiness.

"Mistrust this man," he repeated; "he mocks at the honour of women. He would love you only in secrecy and mystery, and if you allow yourself to believe his oaths, he will boast everywhere of your being his mistress."

"He would not dare to do so!"

"He dares do anything, to flatter his self-love."

"Jules," murmured Athenais, "your confidence pains me."

"Heaven grant it may be in time," replied the young artist.

Madame Duvivier entered. The conversation became general, and, when Jules retired, he told Athenais to remember what he had told her.

Fourteen days had elapsed since the ball of Madame Delaunay, and Count Henri des Essarts was lounging in an immense fauteuil, presiding at a breakfast to which he had invited many of his friends. Their heads were already heated, and their orgies at its height, when Emmanuel arose:

"Well, Henri, to-morrow, the time agreed on, expires."

"What time?" asked several at once.

"For the bracelet." And Emmanuel related the challenge he had given, and which Henri accepted.

"Ah! parbleu," said one, "it is a story worthy of the regency. Count Henri, will you give the pledge?"

"I have engaged to do so, gentlemen, and you know I never fail in my promise. To-morrow, at this hour, (the clock struck three,) the proof shall be given, Emmanuel."

"And I will acknowledge you a Lovelace," replied the young man. "But where shall we meet?"

"Here."

"You hear, gentlemen, to-morrow, at three."

The friends separated.

Left alone, the count began to reflect. He had seen Athenais the evening previous at Madame Delaunay's, and her reception had been cold. What should he do? There was but little time left. "But no matter," thought he, "myself-love shall not suffer, and by force or by cunning, the belle shall be mine."

"The will is the man. I must go to Madame Duvivier's. I have still twenty-four hours left."

He dressed, and went out.

On his part, Jules had sought for information, and Emmanuel, whom he met, told him of the wager, and invited him to the rendezvous the next day. It was like the sparks bursting forth, announcing the incendiary. He recalled to mind the ball, the fifteen days, the count's visits to Athenais, and the reality was discovered.

"Oh!" said he, mentally, "presentiments rarely deceive. I will hasten to Madame Duvivier's, perhaps I can save her daughter."

Count Henri was received by Madame with her ordinary politeness. The confidence of Jules had produced a good effect, and Athenais had perceived that the conversation of the count was too easy and lavish to be sincere. "When one loves," thought she, "one is mute, emotion stifles; but the count is complimenting, and talking all the time."

Notwithstanding his cold reception, Henri was not dis-

concerted. He seated himself near the piano. Athenais was occupied in arranging her jewelry. The first thing which met his eyes was the bracelet.

Jules entered.

"I come in time," he murmured to himself.

"Always this man," thought the count.

They saluted each other disdainfully. The conversation began. Jules did not take his eyes off the count.

"Mademoiselle," said Henri, "will you be good enough to sing us one of the songs your voice makes us love so much?"

Athenais blushed, and looked to Jules as if to ask counsel, and then, accompanying herself, she sung. The count overwhelmed her with praises, and at the moment when he thought no one saw him, he seized the bracelet, concealed under a music book, and then arose to leave. But before he reached the door, Jules sprang forward and barred his passage.

"You cannot leave, Sir Count."

"What means this?"

"Jules," said Madame Duvivier, "what are you doing?"

"There is a robber here," replied Jules.

"A robber!"

"And the robber is yourself, Sir Count."

"Insolent," replied Henri, turning pale.

"You have stolen Mademoiselle's bracelet!"

"My bracelet," said Athenais, running to the piano, "it is gone, it's not here!"

"Your accusation," said the count, "demands reparation. My honour!"

"Silence!" replied Jules.

And seizing the count, he snatched the bracelet from his hands.

"What do you think of your honour now, Sir Count?"

The count staggered to a seat; his strength failed him.

"Robber," murmured Athenais.

"He must be arrested," said Madame Duvivier.

"No, Madame," replied Jules, "I do not wish to send the count to the galleys, though a robber like this richly merits it. But this is an affair between ourselves. Have I spoken truly, Monsieur?"

The count could not reply; pride suffocated his utterance. At length he said:

"It is true!"

"I knew you were an infamous wretch, but I did not think you such a coward! Go, Sir Count, and forget not your friends wait on you to-morrow. Get another bracelet. I could have furnished you with a chain, but God shall judge."

Then, taking the count by the shoulders, he thrust him out of the house.

"Jules," said Madame Duvivier, "this man may yet injure the reputation of my daughter."

"If you permit it, Madame," replied Jules, "he shall not speak of my wife!"

"What, do you love her?"

"You see it. I have saved her."

"Very well, she is at liberty to do as she pleases."

Athenais looked at her mother. There are looks more expressive than words. Madame took her hand and gave it to Jules:

"Be my son-in-law!"

Jules kissed the hand given him.

"You will forget him, will you not, Athenais?"

"To love only you, Jules! You are so good, so generous."

"It is because I have not lived in the fashionable world. It renders us unfeeling."

## SYMPATHY.

"This is the spell that binds my soul,  
As with a silver cord, to thee;  
That brims with joy life's golden bowl,  
And wakes each pulse to ecstasy."—*New Mirror.*

Not alway when the heart is gay,  
And every pulse is leaping free,  
And moments gladly flit away,  
Is felt the need of sympathy;  
But when the sky is overcast,  
And the low, deepening thunder-roll,  
Predicts the storm is rising fast  
To overwhelm the troubled soul.

When youth hath grasped the fearful cup,  
Drugged deep with passion and despair,  
And drop by drop is quaffing up,  
The poisoned draught of pain and care;  
When kind words meet the ear no more,  
And bright eyes turn their gaze aside;  
And sweet lips that have smiled before,  
Are closing in their scornful pride;

And when the dying scene is near,  
And darkness gathers round the bed,  
Which soon will prove the silent bier  
For the faint heart, and throbbing head;  
If kindness then will breathe a sigh,  
Or gentle pity pause, and weep;  
How many a troubled fear will die!  
How many a sorrow sink to sleep!

Dear Sympathy—thou soft-eyed girl,  
With winning smile and tender tone,  
To thee, 'mid this bewildering whirl  
Of earthly cares, my love has flown.  
Give unto me that perfect rest,  
Found only on thy holy breast!

C. H.

## BACHELOR BOB'S DISCOVERIES.

"Sad were the lays of merry days,  
And sweet the songs of sadness."

"COME!" said Bachelor Bob, as he hitched his chair closer to the table, "quite alone, half past twelve, and two tumblers of toddy for heart-openers, what say you to a little friendly inquisition into your mortal felicity? You were the gayest man of my acquaintance ten years ago; you are the gravest now! Yet you swear by your Lares and Penates, that, (up to the lips as you are in care and trouble,) you never were so happy as in these latter days. Do you swear this to me from a 'way you have,' of hanging out trap for the world, or are you under a little innocent delusion?"

Bob's hobby is the theory of happiness. Riches and poverty, matrimony and celibacy, youth and age, are subjects of contemplation to Bob, solely with reference to their comparative capacity for bliss. He speculates and talks about little else, indeed, and his intercourse with his friends seems to have no other end or aim than to collect evidence as to their happiness and its causes. On this occasion he was addressing a friend of mine, Smith, who had been a gay man in his youth, (a merry man, truth to say, for he was in a perpetual breeze of high spirits,) but who had married, and fallen behindhand in his worldly affairs, and so grown care-worn and thoughtful. Smith was rather a poet, in a quiet way, though he only used poetry as a sort of longer plummet when his heart got off soundings. I am indebted to Bob for the specimens of his verse-making which I am about to give, as well as for the conversation which brought them to light.

"Why," said Smith, "you have stated a dilemma with two such inevitable horns that argument would scarcely help me out of it. Let me see, what proof can I give you that I am a happier man than I used to be, spite of my chapfallen visage?"

Smith mused a moment, and reaching over to a desk near his elbow, drew from its private drawer a book with locked covers. It was a well-filled manuscript volume, and seem-

ed a collection of prose and verse intermixed. The last page was still covered with blotting paper, and seemed recently written.

"I am no poet," said Smith, colouring slightly, "but it has been a habit of mine, ever since my callow days, to record in verse all feelings that were too warm for prose; sometimes in the fashion of a soliloquy, (*scripts seras*;) sometimes in verses to the dame or damelet to whom I was indebted for my ignition. Let me see, Bob! we met in Florence, I think?"

"For the first time abroad, yes?"

"Well, perhaps that was my gayest time; certainly I do not remember to have been anywhere more gay or reckless. Florence, 1832, um—here are some lines written that summer: do you remember the beautiful Irish widow you saw at one of the *casino* balls? addressed to her, flirt that she was! But she began all her flirtations with talking of her sorrows, and, if she tried you on, at all—"

"She didn't!" interrupted Bob.

"Well, if she had, you would have been humbugged with her tender melancholy, as I was. Here are the verses, and if ever I 'turned out my lining to the moon,' they are true to my inner soul in those days of frolic. Read these, and then turn to the last page and you will find as true a daguerreotype of the inner light of my moping days, written only yesterday."

'Tis late—San Marc is beating three  
As I look forth upon the night;  
The stars are shining tranquilly,  
And heaven is full of silver light;  
The air blows freshly on my brow—  
Yet why should I be waking now!

I've listen'd, lady, to thy tone,  
Till in my ear it will not die;  
I've felt for sorrows not my own,  
Till now I cannot put them by;  
And those sad words and thoughts of thine  
Have breath'd their sadness into mine.

'Tis long—though reckon'd not by years—  
Since, with affection's chill'd and shock'd,  
I dried a boy's impassion'd tears,  
And from the world my feelings lock'd—  
The work of but one bitter day,  
In which were crowded years of pain;  
And then I was as gay, again,  
And thought that I should be for aye!  
The world lay open wide and bright,  
And I became its lightest minion,  
And flew the wordlings' giddy height  
With reckless and impetuous pinion—  
Life's tide, with me, had turn'd from shore  
Ere yet my summers told a score.

And years have pass'd, and I have seem'd  
Happy to every eye but thine,  
And they whom most I lov'd have deem'd  
There was no lighter heart than mine;  
And, save when some wild passion tone  
Of music reach'd the sleeping nerve,  
Or when, in illness and alone,  
My spirit from its bent would swerve,  
My heart was light, my thoughts were free,  
I was the thing I seem'd to be.

I came to this bright land, and here,  
Where I had thought to nerve my wings  
To soar to a more lofty sphere,  
And train myself for sterner things—  
The land where I had thought to find  
No spell but beauty breath'd in stone—  
To learn idolatries of mind,  
And leave the heart to slumber on—  
Here find I one whose voice awakes  
The sad, dumb angel of my breast,  
And, as the long, long silence breaks  
Of a strong inward lip suppress'd,  
It seems to me as if a madness  
Had been upon my brain alway—  
As if 'twere frenzy to be gay,  
And life were only sweet in sadness!  
Words from my lips to night have come  
That have for years been seal'd and dumb.

It was but yesterday we met,  
We part to-morrow. I would fain  
With thy departing voice forget  
Its low, deep tone, and seal again  
My feelings from the light of day  
To be to-morrow only gay!  
But days will pass, and nights will creep,  
And I shall hear that voice of sadness  
With dreams, as now, untouch'd by sleep,  
And spirits out of tune with gladness;  
And time must wear, and fame spur on,  
Before that victory is re-won!

And so farewell! I would not be  
Forgotten by the only heart  
To which my own breathes calm and free,  
And let us not as strangers part!  
And we shall meet again, perhaps,  
More gaily than we're parting now;  
For time has, in its briefest lapse,  
A something which clears up the brow,  
And makes the spirits calm and bright—  
And now to my sad dreams! Good night!

"What a precious hypocrite you were for the merriest dog in Florence!" exclaimed Bob as he laid the book open on its back after reading these lines. "You feel that way! *credat Judæus*! But there are some other poetical lies here—what do you mean by 'we met but yesterday, and we part to-morrow,' when I know you dangled after that widow a whole season at the Baths?"

"Why," said Smith with one of his old laughs, "there was a supplement to such an outpouring, of course. The reply to my verses, was an invitation to join their party the next morning in a pilgrimage to Vallambrosa, and once attached to that lady's *suite—va pour toujours!* or as long as she chose to keep you. Turn to the next page. Before coming to the verses of my more sober days, you may like to read one more flourish like the last. Those were addressed to the same *belle dame*, and under a continuance of the same hallucination."

Bob gravely read:—

My heart's a heavy one to night,  
Dear Mary, thinking upon thee—  
I know not if my brain is right,  
But everything looks dark to me!  
I parted from thy side but now,  
I listen'd to thy mournful tone,  
I gaz'd by starlight on thy brow,  
And we were there unseen—alone—  
Yet proud as I should be, and blest,  
I cannot set my heart at rest!

Thou lov'st me. Thanks, oh God, for this!  
If I should never sleep again—  
If hope is all a mock of bliss—  
I shall not now have liv'd in vain!  
I care not that my eyes are aching  
With this dull fever in my lids—  
I care not that my heart is breaking  
For happiness that Fate forbids—  
The one sweet word that thou hast spoken,  
The one sweet look I met and bless'd,  
Would cheer me if my heart were broken—  
Would put my wildest thoughts to rest!  
I know that I have press'd thy fingers  
Upon my warm lips unforbid—  
I know that in thy memory lingers  
A thought of me, like treasure hid—  
Though to my breast I may not press thee,  
Though I may never call thee mine,  
I know—and, God, I therefore bless thee!—  
No other fills that heart of thine!  
And this shall light my shadow'd track!  
I take my words of sadness back!

"What had that flirting widow to do with the gentle name of Mary?" exclaimed Bob, after laughing very heartily at the point blank take-in confessed in these very solemn verses. "Enough of love-melancholy, however, my dear Smith! Let's have a look now at the poetical side of care and trouble. What do you call it?"

#### THE INVOLUNTARY PRAYER OF HAPPINESS.

I have enough, oh God! My heart, to night,  
Runs over with the fulness of content;  
As I look out on the fragrant stars,  
And from the beauty of the night take in  
My priceless portion—yet myself no more  
Than in the universe a grain of sand—  
I feel His glory who could make a world,  
Yet, in the lost depths of the wilderness  
Leave not a flower imperfect!

Rich, tho' poor!  
My low roof'd cottage is, this hour, a Heaven!  
Music is in it—and the song she sings,  
That sweet voice of mine, arrests the ear  
Of my young child, awake upon her knee;  
And, with his calm eye on his master's face  
My noble bound lies couchant; and all here—  
All in this little home, yet boundless Heaven—  
Are, in such love as I have power to give,  
Blessed to overflowing!

Thou, who look'st  
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,  
Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew  
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee!  
And, as that flower from its unseen abode  
Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky,  
Changing its gift to incense—so, oh God!  
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup  
Find their far way from Heaven, send back, in prayer,  
Fragrance at thy throne welcome!

Bob paused a moment after reading these lines.

"They seem in earnest," he said, "and I will sooner believe you were happy when you wrote these, than that you were sad when you wrote the others. But one thing I remark," added Bob, "the devout feeling in these lines written when you are happiest; for it is commonly thought that tribulation and sadness give the first religious tinge to the imagination. Yours is but the happiness of Christian resignation after all."

"On the contrary," said Smith, "nothing makes me so wicked as care and trouble. I always had from childhood, a disposition to fall down on my knees and thank God for everything which made me happy, while sorrows of all descriptions stir up my antagonism, and make me feel rather like a devil than a Christian."

"In that case," said Bob, taking up his hat, "Good night, and God prosper you! And as to your happiness?"

"Well, what is the secret of my happiness, think you?"

"Matrimony," replied Bob.

N. F. W.

#### THE OLD HOUSE OF BETHLEHEM.

I REMEMBER that evening well. I shall never forget it. I could not have been much more than two years old at the time. A fire was blazing in the hearth, and at an old-fashioned circular candle-stand, sat a lady; she must have been even then an invalid, for, although tall in stature, her figure bent forward more than was necessary, whilst engaged on a piece of needle-work; her black hair, smoothed plainly from her forehead, and gathered into a knot behind, shone in its original glossy darkness; the rich colour of her cheek was deepened by the hectic of consumption, and her large, dark, melancholy eyes borrowed additional brilliancy from the same insidious foe.

This lady was my mother, and whilst I sat at her knee, amusing myself with my only playmate, a noble-looking dog, ever and anon those beautiful eyes were cast upon me, the hands, meanwhile, resting idly in the lap, either from lassitude or forgetfulness. Of what value was the employment of her hands, in comparison to the web of destiny the mother's heart was weaving for her darling? Bright hopes and anxious fears mingled in the texture. Were not thy musings prophetic, oh my mother! and has not this commingling of cloud and sunshine accompanied me through my lonely pilgrimage? Happy for thee that the lightning

flash of prosperity, and the long-continued thunder of adversity, experienced by thy child in *reality*, were to thee but a vision. My mother! thy watch with me was short, but oh my God! let me rest firm in the belief, that a mother's prayers have risen unceasingly before thy throne, as precious incense, and that my mother's spirit, hovering ever near, has been permitted to minister consolation, and to strengthen the sinking heart in seasons of despondency and gloom.

This one evening is my only recollection of my mother. The neighbourhood of my infancy was quickly changed; at seven years of age, I was an orphan, without brother or sister. Zahara could not have been more desolate—an heiress, however, I had *friends*!

My heart leaps back with joy to the sunny neighbourhood of dear, delightful Bethlehem; for thither was I sent to recruit my health, and, if possible, to defraud the foe of my family of another victim. Consumption had removed my maternal grandmother, in the short interval since my mother's death; and it was thought the bracing air of the country, together with continual exercise and occupation, might uproot the seeds of disease already visible in my system. Dear friends of Bethlehem, where are ye? Scattered to the four winds of heaven, for from east, west, north and south gathered we there together. Are there any in this great city who, like myself, received the rudiments of knowledge from this rural spring? If so, they will remember the locality of the school some years since.

Three sides of a square built up compactly, a road passing along the other side; on the opposite side of the road, a large stone building, similar in structure to the three sides of the square already mentioned; this isolated building was called the "Widows'-House," and here dwelt the ancient crones of the village, who were widows indeed. In the centre of the square thus formed, stood the old-fashioned pump; the building to the left of the "Widows'-House," was called the "Sisters'-House," where dwelt the spinsters of the village, skilful artificers in embroidery, painting, all kinds of needle, wax and fancy-work, and though last, not least in the estimation of the pupils, perfect artistes in confectionary, etc. Opposite to this building, stood the "Inspector's-House." This block was divided midway by an arched passage, eight or ten feet wide, leading directly to the church; on one side of this arched way dwelt the Inspector's family, the other portion of the building, used as a prayer-hall, etc., communicated directly with what was called the "Old-House;" the centre block of the square, and this dear "Old-House" is emphatically the sunny nook of the neighbourhood, into which I introduce you, my reader.

My friends left me about mid-day; in the afternoon I stood alone in the lower entry, my companions, but not yet acquaintances, passing rapidly out into the play-ground.—Many ran by without noticing the stranger; at last two approached me, and, after hesitating a moment, one said:

"Will you have a drink of water?"

Hand in hand we flew to the pump, and together partook of the sparkling draught. From this moment we were friends, and Zahara for a long time remained invisible. Is not the orphan literally the child of the desert? Often since those early days has the veil of fancied security been rent from my eyes, and the blank waste of reality, of loneliness, again surrounded me.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fall,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,  
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's-tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,  
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!"

Primeval simplicity reigned among us; our attire was simple and our diet plain; bonnets, of a uniform pattern, were worn only in our daily promenades. When arranged in procession for church, our heads were covered with caps of transparent muslin, and of the simplest form; these were tied beneath the chin in a flat-bow of rose-coloured ribbon, with very short ends; in summer, our dresses were white, and in winter of a dark colour.

The publication of the engraving in the *New Mirror* of St. Nicholas reminds me of one most delightful festival. For a month before Christmas, we commenced saving our pocket-money; a dollar a month was the allowance. Happy they whose friends remembered them in time to send a remittance. I must premise, by saying that we of the Old-House, being the younger portion of the school, were in three divisions, inhabiting separate rooms during the day, and separate but connected dormitories during the night. The two younger rooms, containing from twenty to thirty girls a piece, enjoyed the full romance of "Santa-Claus," "Chryskinkle," or whomsoever the tutelar saint may be. On the morning of Christmas-eve, we of the younger rooms were gathered round the closet in the wall, wherein were deposited our little money-boxes, to receive a portion of their contents. Away we flew to the "Sisters'-House," to make our purchases. A dollar went a great way in those days. Behold us returning across the corner of the green, hands and aprons full!

Let me see what you have there? Gingerbread, wafers, doughnuts, a bunch of small wax-candles, exquisitely moulded wax-figures of a cat, deer, sheep, and, *apropos* to the time, a cradle, with its little occupant imbedded in moss; bundles of candy, dried fruits, and branches of fragrant box! We gather round dear Sister Caroline Shubb, and to her care confide our treasures.

Out into the play-ground we hasten, our comfortable and spacious room is too circumscribed in limit for the exuberance of our spirits; a game at snow-balls, and then, with or without gloves, no mittens, we Philadelphians and New-Yorkers begin to build snow cities in different corners of the yard. Drawing a circle we pile up a wall, in the centre a mound, on which we plant a flag; round this we rally, and then, as boys say at marbles, the "hardest fend off." Incessantly fly the balls, until one or the other fort is demolished, the victors proclaiming their city pre-eminent in every excellence. With glowing cheeks and stinging hands we assemble at the sound of the dinner-bell; in procession the three rooms move on to the refectory, the youngest in each room leading. Silently we stand in our places, on either side of the three tables; a word is spoken, and a hundred youthful voices chant forth praise to the Giver of all Good, and implore his blessing on their food. The meal is taken in silence; in order we move back to our rooms, to prepare for the evening service in the church.

At early twilight the bell tolls, the large centre-door of the Old-House is thrown open, hand in hand the youngest girls in the school lead the way. Two sisters have charge of each room. As the sisters of the youngest room pass out, the second room follows in the same order, and so on to the third, fourth, fifth, sixth; the three latter occupying what was called the "New-House," a building on the opposite extremity of the play-ground, but within the enclosures of the school. The young ladies in the three last rooms were from fifteen to twenty years of age. Two-and-two, in our simple caps and pink ribbons, we walk beneath the dark-



marched passage to the church. Two rows of long, low-backed benches occupy the centre of the building. We enter at a door on one side of the pulpit, the youngest children leading the way, and, taking their seats at the end of the first bench nearest the middle aisle, the sisters of the room at the other end, the second room is seated on the next bench, and so on to the end. Two hundred fair girls are here assembled, themselves the unconscious centre of attraction to all eyes, flirtation and coquetry being out of the question.

On the opposite side of the middle aisle are seated the male part of the congregation; on a bench the whole length of the church, on either side, are seated the strangers. On the female side, the greater part of this bench is occupied by what were called the "great-girls," that is, girls of an age between childhood and womanhood; they were distinguished by having their caps tied with the same flat-bow of ribbon, but of a bright cherry colour. The married women tied their caps with blue, and widows with white ribbon; not a bonnet was seen. On a platform, raised one or two steps from the floor, and extending from door to door, were placed two benches, one on either side of the pulpit, and on these sat the oldest men and the oldest women of the village.

I forget the order of the evening service, but the music was ravishing; instrumental music of almost every description, together with vocal. After the benediction had been pronounced, women, bearing trays, on which were small white mugs of delicious coffee, passed through the church, distributing to every individual; they were followed by others, bearing large baskets filled with small loaf-cakes; these, in like manner, were distributed. This ceremony was called the "Love-feast." The mugs being retaken, the sisters again appeared, each one bearing a separate tray, filled with small wax-candles, inserted in a small square of wood painted green. Each person in the church took one—all were burning.

And now commenced the return. The congregation stood in silence to witness the procession of children, the youngest again leading, with their tapers burning. It was not through a darkened archway that we now passed—a glorious illumination of wax-lights, brilliant eyes, and joyous faces, cheered the hearts of all beholders, and as the graceful forms of the elder girls vanished from sight, a "Merry Christmas," and "God bless you," were the aspiration of every heart.

At the earliest dawn, the morning-bell roused us from our blissful dream. Descending the entries leading to our respective rooms, we stood in the dim twilight on either side of the closed door; at a given signal, the Christmas Hymn arose, triumphantly proclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men." The door is opened, our eyes are dazzled with the sudden brilliancy. Hundreds of wax-tapers, arranged in lines of light, mark out the portion of the long table allotted to each girl—within these bright enclosures our purchases of the previous day are fancifully disposed. Beneath the tiny box-tree repose, on a diminutive bed of moss, the speckled deer; in an opposite corner, a little, old-fashioned shepherd tends his patient flock; a portly Dutch doll watches over the safety of the Lilliputian cradle. Bundles of tapers are in readiness to continue the illumination through the day; for, until the appearance of to-morrow's sun, our shutters remain unopened. Walls of gingerbread impart a substantial look to each little domain, while raisins, almonds, sugar-plums, and an endless variety of cake, promise full employment to each happy proprietor. Our kind-hearted sisters have decorated the walls with wreaths of evergreen and bright winter-berries. The

delicious Christmas breakfast, who can forget—the triangular piece of Moravian sugar-cake, a feast for an epicure.

Happy days! happy days!—The orphan found kind neighbours in the dear Old-House—where are ye now? E. K.

#### A RAINY DAY.

"Pour! pour! pour! There is no hope of its *leaving off*,"—says a lady, turning away from the window; "you must make up your mind, Louisa, to stay at home, and lose your romps, and have a whole frock to sit in at dinner, and be very unhappy with mamma."

"No, mamma, not that; but don't you think it will *hold up*? Look, the kennels are not quite so bad; and those clouds—they are not so heavy as they were. It is getting quite light in the sky."

"I am afraid not," says the lady, at once grave and smiling; "but you are a good girl, Louisa; give me a kiss. We will make the day as happy as we can at home. I am not a very bad play-fellow, you know, for all I am so much bigger and older."

"Oh, mamma, you know I never enjoy my cousin's company half so much, if you don't go with me; but (here two or three kisses are given and taken, the lady's hands holding the little girl's cheeks, and her eyes looking fondly into hers, which are a little wet)—but—don't you think we *really* shall be able to go—don't you think it will *hold up*?" And here the child returns to the window.

"No, my darling, it is *set* in for a rainy day. It has been raining all the morning; it is now afternoon, and we have, I fear, no chance whatever."

"The puddles don't dance quite as fast as they did," says the little girl.

"But hark!" says the lady; "there's a furious dash of water against the panes."

"T! t! t!" quoth the little girl against her teeth; "dear me! It's very bad, indeed; I wonder what Charles and Mary are thinking of it."

"Why, they are thinking just as you are, I dare say; and doing just as you are, very likely,—making their noses flat and numb against the glass."

The little girl laughs, with a tear in her eye, and mamma laughs and kisses her, and says, "Come; as you cannot go to see your cousins, you shall have a visitor yourself. You shall invite me and Miss Naylor to dinner, and sit at the head of the table in the little room, and we will have your favourite pudding, and no servant to wait on us. We will wait on ourselves; little child, and behave well; and you shall tell papa, when he comes home, what a nice and I will try to be a very great, good, big girl I was."

"Oh, dear mamma, that will be very pleasant. What a nice kind mamma you are, and how afraid I am to vex you, though you do play and romp with me."

"Good girl! But—Ah, you need not look at the window any more, my poor Louisa. Go and tell cook about the pudding, and we will get you to give us a glass of wine after it, and drink the health of your cousins, so as to fancy them partaking it with us; and Miss Naylor and I will make fine speeches, and return you their thanks; and then you can tell them about it, when you go next time."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear mamma, so I can; and how very nice that will be; and I'll go this instant about the pudding; and I don't think we could go as far as Welland's now, if the rain did hold up; and the puddles are worse than ever."

And so, off runs little fond-heart and bright-eyes, happy at dining in fancy with her mother and cousins all at once, and almost feeling as if she had but exchanged one holiday for another.

The sight of mother and daughter has made us forget our rainy day. Alas! the lady was right, and the little child wrong, for there is no chance of to-day's clearing up. The long-watched and interesting puddles are not indeed "worse than ever"—not suddenly hurried and exasperated, as if dancing with rage at the flogging given them: they are worse even than that, for they are everlastingly the same—the same full, twittering, dancing, circle-making overflowings of gutter, which they have been ever since five in the morning, and which they mean to be, apparently, till five to-morrow.

Wash! wash! wash! The window-panes, weltering, and dreary, and rapid, and misty with the rain, are like the face

of a crying child who is afraid to make a noise, but who is resolved to be as "aggravating" as possible with the piteous ostentation of his wet cheeks,—weeping with all his might, and breathing, with wide-open mouth, a sort of huge, wilful, everlasting sigh, by way of accompaniment. Occasionally he puts his hand over to his ear,—hollow,—as though he feared to touch it, his master having given him a gentle pinch: and at the same moment, he stoops with bent head and shrugged shoulders, and one lifted knee, as if in the endurance of a writhing anguish.

You involuntarily rub one of the panes, thinking to see the better into the street, and forgetting that the mist is made by the rain on the other side. On goes the wet as ever, rushing, streaming, running down, mingling its soft and washy channels; and now and then comes a clutter of drops against the glass, made by a gust of wind.

Clack, meantime, goes the sound of pattens; and when you do see, you see the street almost deserted,—a sort of lay Sunday. The rare carriages drive as fast as they can; the hackney-coaches lumber along, glossy (on such occasions only) with the wet, and looking as old and rheumatic as the poor coachmen, whose hats and legs are bound with straw; the rainpouts are sputtering torrents; messengers dart along in oil-skin capes; the cry of the old shrimp-seller is hoarse; the postman's knock is ferocious.

If you are out of doors, woe betide you, should you have gone out unprepared, or relying on a coach. Your shoes and stockings are wet through, the latter almost as muddy as the dog that ran by just now without an owner; the rain washes your face, gets into the nape of your neck, makes a spout of your hat. Close by your ears comes roaring an umbrella, the face underneath it looking astonished at you. A butcher's boy dashes along, and contrives to come with his heel plump upon the exact spot of a loose piece of pavement, requisite for giving you a splash that shall embrace the whole of your left leg. To stand up under a gateway is impossible, because in the state you are in, you will catch your "death o' cold;" and the people underneath it look at you amazed, to think how you could come out "such a day, in such a state." Many of those who are standing up, have umbrellas; but the very umbrellas are wet through. Those who pass by the spot, with their oil or silk skins roaring as above (a sound particularly distressing to the non-possessors) show that they have not been out of doors so long. Nobody puts his hand out from under the gate-way to feel whether it is still raining. There can be no question of it. The only voluntary person visible in the street is a little errand-boy, who, because his mother had told him to make great haste, and not get wet feet, is amusing himself with double zest, by kicking something along through the gutter.

In private streets, the pavement is washed clean; and so it is for the moment in public; but horrible will be the mud to-morrow. Horses are splashed up to the mane; the legs of the rider's overalls are as if he had been sitting in a ditch; poor girls with bandboxes trip patiently along, with their wet curls over their eyes and a weight of skirt. A carriage is coming down a narrow street; there is a plenitude of mud between you and the wheels, not to be eschewed; on dash they, and give you three beauty spots, one right on the nose. Swift has described such a day as this in lines which first appeared in the "Tattler," and which hearty, unenvying Steele introduces as written by one, "who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do." [In transcribing such words, one's pen seems to partake the pleasure of the writer.] Swift, availing himself of the license of a different age, is apt to bring less pleasant images among his pleasant ones, than suit everybody now; but here follows the greater part of his verses:—

"Careful observers may foretell the hour,  
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower:  
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er  
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.  
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,  
You'll spend in coach hire more than save in wine.—  
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,  
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.  
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;  
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,  
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings

Briak Susan whips her linen from the rope,  
While the first drizzling shower is borne aloof;  
Such is that sprinkling which some careless queen  
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.  
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop  
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop,—  
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,  
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;  
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,  
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.  
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,  
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?—  
His only coat,—where dust confused with rain,  
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled strain?

"Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.  
To shops in crowds the dragged females fly,  
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.  
The Templar spruce, while every apout's abroad,  
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.  
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with heavy strides,  
While streams run down her old umbrella's sides.  
There various kinds, by various fortunes led,  
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.  
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs  
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.  
Box'd in a chair,\* the beau impatient sits,  
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;  
And ever and anon with frightful din,  
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.  
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,  
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,  
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,  
Instead of paying chairmen ran them through.)  
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,  
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear."

The description concludes with a triumphant account of a gutter, more civic than urbane.

How to make the best of a bad day has been taught by implication in various pages throughout our writings, especially in those where we have studied the art of making everything out of nothing, and have delivered immense observations on rain-drops. It may be learned in the remarks which appeared in a late work on a "Dusty Day." The secret is short and comprehensive, and fit for trying occasions of all sorts. Think of something superior to it;—make it yield entertaining and useful reflection, as the rain itself brings out the flowers. Think of it as a benignant enemy, who keeps you indoors, or otherwise puts your philosophy to a trial, for the best of purposes,—to fertilize your fields, to purify your streets against contagion,—to freshen your air and put sweets upon your table, to furnish life with variety, your light with a shadow that sets it off, your pores with smiles and descriptions. When the summer rains. Heaven is watering your plants. Fancy an insect growing at it under his umbrella of rose-leaf. No wiser is the man who grumbles under his gateway; much less over his port wine. Very high-bred ladies would be startled to learn that they are doing a very vulgar thing (and hurting their tempers to boot) when they stand at a window, peevishly objecting to the rain, with such phrases as "Dear me! how tiresome!"—My lady's maid is not a bit less polite, when she vows and "purtests," that it is "quite contrary;"—as if heaven had sent it on purpose to thwart her ladyship and her waiting-woman! By complaint we dwindle and subject ourselves, make ourselves little-minded, and the slaves of circumstance. By rising above an evil, we set it at a distance from us, render it a small object, and live in a nobler air.

A wit, not unworthy to be named in the same page with the Dean of St. Patrick's, has given a good lesson on the subject,—Green, in his poem on the "Spleen,"—a teacher the fittest in the world to be heard upon it, because he was subject to what he writes, and overcame it by the cultivation of sense and good-temper. Some bookseller with a taste, who deals in that species of publication, should give us a new edition of this poem, with engravings. Wilkie, Mulready, and others, might find subjects enough to furnish a design to every page.

"In rainy days keep double guard,  
Or spleen will surely be too hard;  
Which like those fish by sailors met,  
Fly highest when their wings are wet.

In such dull weather so unfit  
To enterprise a work of wit,  
When clouds one yard of azure sky  
That's fit for simile deny,  
I dress my face with studious looks,  
And shorten tedious hours with books;  
But if dull fogs invade the head,  
That mem'ry minds not what is read,  
I sit in windows dry as ark  
And on the drowning world remark:  
Or to some coffee-house I stray  
For news, the *manna* of the day,  
And from the hipp'd discourses gather  
That politics go by the weather;  
Then seek good-humour'd tavern-chums,  
And play at cards, but for small sums;  
Or with the merry fellows quaff,  
And laugh aloud with them that laugh,  
Or drink a joco-serious cup  
With souls who've took their freedom up,  
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,  
In Epicurus' garden walk,  
Who thought it heaven to be serene;  
Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen."

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," says the veritable proverb, and so maintains the writer of the following able essay, which both parents and children should read and remember:

Let us follow the laws of nature: she consigns us, at our birth, neither to the care of a pedagogue, nor to the tutelage of a philosopher, but entrusts us to the love and the caresses of a young mother. She calls around our cradle the most graceful forms, the most harmonious sounds,—for the sweet voice of woman becomes still sweeter for childhood; in fine, all that is delightful on earth nature bestows upon us in our early age; the bosom of a mother on which to repose, her sweet looks to guide, and her tenderness to instruct us.

The governor *par excellence* is the being to whom our inclinations lead us; the pupil must understand the master; in their relations all should be tenderness, suitableness and conformity, and thus it is that nature adapts the mother to the child. See with what care she brings the two beings together, by the combination of beauty, grace, youth, sprightliness of disposition, and, above all, by the heart. Her patience replies to curiosity, and her sweetness to petulance; the ignorance of the one is never cast down by the pedantry of the other; one would say that the reason of both grows at the same time, so much is the superiority of the mother softened down by love; and then, the frivolity, the love for pleasure, the taste for the marvellous, which are blamed with so little reflection in women, is an additional link between the mother and child. Everything draws them near to each other; their likings and their contrasts; and in the distribution which nature has made of gentleness, patience, and vigilance, she points out to us strongly and affectionately the being to whom she is desirous of confiding our weakness. In general, it is not sufficiently observed that children only understand what they see, and comprehend only what they feel—sentiment in them always precedes intelligence; therefore, to those who teach them to see, who awakens their tenderness, belong all the happiest influences. Virtue is not merely taught, it is inspired: the talent of women consists especially in the circumstance, that what they desire, they make us love—a delightful means of making us value it.

But a prince, a king, what can be learned from a woman? That which St. Louis learned from Blanche; Louis XII. from Marie de Cleves; Henry IV. from Jeanne d'Albret. Out of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the crown of France, only three have loved the people; and, remarkable circumstance, all three were brought up by their mothers. You will say that the high thoughts of politics require more learned interpreters; that a Bossuet is not too much to instruct the great dauphin, and a Montausier to direct him. Be it so, if you can always find a Bossuet or a Montausier; and yet I am fearful of an education, which could inspire the prodigious "*Discours sur l'histoire universelle*;" it seems to me that this sublime language would be likely to overpower the brain of so frail a creature; and in reading these pages, which dazzle me and absorb my attention, I

find myself regretting, for this child, the stories of Made-moiselle Bonne and Lady Sensée. Do you not think that after having been bowed down during several hours beneath the instructions of so powerful an intellect, the dauphin would not feel the desire to recreate himself with his valets?

A preceptor may descend without effort to the level of his pupil; he may form a religious heart, an honest man, a good citizen, and he will have done his all. And what is there in this mission which a woman would not be able to do? Who better than a mother can teach us to prefer honour to fortune, to cherish our fellow-creatures, to relieve the unfortunate, to elevate our souls to the source of the beautiful and the infinite? An ordinary preceptor counsels and moralizes; that which he offers to our memory, a mother ingrafts in our hearts; she makes us love that which he can at most but make us believe, and it is by love that she leads us to virtue.

Struck by the little care generally bestowed upon the education of women, and by the irresistible influence which they exert, the celebrated Sheridan conceived the idea of establishing for them in England a national education. He transmitted his plan to the queen, and invited her to place herself at the head of the institution. "Women govern us," said he, "let us try to render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more so shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. *It is by women that nature writes on the heart of man.*"

This, as may be perceived, was a great idea, and it would be difficult to estimate the influence which its execution would have exerted on Old England. In it were comprised a moral and political revolution, an improved government, humanity in Ireland, civilization in the Indies, morality by the side of industry, &c.; for woman thus instructed will never engrave on the heart of man anything but the dictates of evangelical charity, and of the noblest sacrifices to the interests of humanity.

Our pretensions, however, do not rise so high. We neither reckon upon kings, queens, nor universities, to assist the country, but solely upon maternal influence—an influence which is exerted on the heart, which through the heart may direct the mind, and which, in order to save and regenerate the world, only requires to be properly directed.

This influence exists everywhere,—it everywhere determines our sentiments, our opinions, our tastes, it everywhere decides our fate. "The future destiny of a child," said Napoleon, "is always the work of its mother;" and the great man took pleasure in repeating, that it was owing to his mother that he had raised himself so high. A reference to history will justify these words; and without supporting our argument by the memorable examples of Charles IX. and of Henry IV., of the pupil of Catherine and that of Jeanne d'Albret, we may ask, was not Louis XIII. like his mother, weak, ungrateful, and unhappy? Always in contradiction, and yet always submissive? Do you not recognize in Louis XIV. the passions of a Spanish woman, the gallantry at the same time sensual and romantic, the terrors of the bigot, the pride of the despot, who requires the same prostration before the throne as before the altar? It has been said, and I believe it, that the women who gave birth to the two Cornilles possessed a great soul, an elevated mind, and a dignified manner; that she resembled the mother of the Gracchi; that these were two women of the same mould. On the other hand, the mother of the young Aronnet, *spirituelle*, jesting, coquettish, and of loose manners, impressed the genius of her son with all her peculiarities; she excited in his soul the fire which, while it gave light, consumed; which produced so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, and dishonoured itself by so many immoral tales.

Twenty volumes would not suffice to collect all the prominent examples of maternal influence. A child of the people, Kant, loved to repeat that he owed everything to the pious care of his mother. This good woman, though herself without instruction, had nevertheless instructed him in the greatest of all sciences—that of morality and virtue. In her walks with her son, she explained to him, with the aid of good sense alone, what she knew of the wonders of nature, and she thus inspired him with the love of his Creator. "I shall never forget," said Kant, in his old age, "that it is she who caused to grow the good which is in my soul."

Not less fortunate than Kant was the illustrious Cuvier,

who received from his mother the first lessons by which his genius was developed: with an instinct peculiarly maternal, she directed his tastes towards the study of nature.

"I used to draw under her superintendence," says Cuvier, in the MS. memoirs which he has left to his family, "and I read aloud books of history and general literature. It is thus that she developed in me that love of reading, and that curiosity for all things, which were the *spring* of my life." This great man attributed to his mother all the pleasure of his studies and the glory of his discoveries.

But the most striking example of this beneficent or fatal influence may be found in the lives of two of the greatest poets of the present age. To the one, fate had given a mother, foolish, mocking, full of caprice and pride, whose narrow mind was only expanded by vanity and hatred: a mother who pitilessly made a jest of the natural infirmity of her child; who alternately irritated and caressed him, and at last despised and cursed him. These corrosive passions of the woman became profoundly ingrafted in the heart of the young man; hatred and pride, anger and disdain, boiled within his breast, and like the burning lava of a volcano, suddenly overspread the world with the torrents of a malevolent harmony.

Upon the other poet beneficent fate had bestowed a mother, tender without weakness, and pious without formality,—one of those rare mothers which exist to serve as a model. This woman, young, beautiful and enlightened, shed over her son all the light of love; the virtues with which she inspired him, the prayer which she taught him, addressed themselves not merely to his intellect, but by becoming implanted in his soul, elicited divine sounds—a harmony which ascends unto God. Thus surrounded from the cradle with examples of the most touching piety, the child walked in the ways of the Lord under the tuition of his mother; his genius resembled incense, the perfumes of which are diffused over the earth, but which only burns for heaven.

Come then, now, with the morality of a college or the philosophy of a pedant, and modify these maternal influences; try to re-form Byron and Lamartine; you will always arrive too late; the vessel is soaked through; the cloth has acquired its fold; and the passions of our mothers are become to us a second nature. Here is, however, a power, always acting beneath our eyes, an invariable love, a creative will, (the only one, perhaps, on earth which seeks but for our happiness,) left without direction since the beginning of the world, for want of enlightenment and education.

WITHOUT as much as "with your leave," or "by your leave," my masters, we shall, *sans ceremonie*, forthwith proceed to run our polished, keen-edged, editorial pen-knife—a present, by the way, from a kind-hearted lady friend, who cut our acquaintance in consequence of the non-publication of a poem she was good enough to send us some time ago—through the columns of this foreign periodical, and help ourselves to the last song from the world-admired muse of Thomas Moore. In the absence of an international copyright law, this is all fair, square and above-board; as we are happy to learn from a well-written pamphlet, published a week or two since in this city, by Mr. John Campbell, who, in common with several other very worthy citizens, for whose sentiments, on other subjects, we entertain all due and proper respect, is of opinion that English authors have no right whatever to any remuneration for their productions—simply because they *are* foreigners; and that American authors ought not to have, either in law or equity, any control over their literary property beyond the borders of our own republic of letters. Well, so be it. We are not at all particular, being in no mood just now to "argufy the topic," and having the rest of the copy to furnish for the present number of the New Mirror. Yet, (we must have our say,) we do live in hopes that the day will come, remote though it be, when the productions of the mind will find equal protection with those of the hand, and when *cribbing*

from our fellow-labourers in the same literary vineyard, will be deemed a misdemeanor, punishable by the acts of both congress and parliament. In the meantime, however, we shall follow the example of our contemporaries, here at home and abroad, for we scorn to think ourselves better than others, and we must live by our vocation, and continue to blend occasionally a few exotics with the native flowers that we every week weave into a garland for innocence and beauty. But we are keeping the reader for the abstracted song. Here, then, it is, in all its original sweetness, having—unlike some other travelled "productions" from fatherland, that could be mentioned—none of its good qualities by a voyage across the sea, and a few days residence in this country:

Long years have pass'd, old friend, since we  
First met in life's young day;  
And friends long lov'd by thee and me,  
Since then have dropp'd away:  
But enough remain to cheer us on,  
And sweeten, when thus we're met,  
The glass we fill to the many gone,  
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,  
And some hang white and chill;  
While some, like flow'rs 'mid autumn's snow,  
Retain youth's colour still.  
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,  
Youth's sunny hopes have set,  
Thank heaven, not all their light is gone,  
We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long  
May thou and I thus meet,  
To brighten still with wine and song  
This short life ere it fleet.  
And still as death comes stealing on,  
Let's never, old friend, forget,  
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,  
How many are left us yet.

At about a league from St. Philippe, on the road to Valencia, in Spain, an ancient bridge spans a river, which, in that part of its course, is frequently very turbulent. The circumstance that gave rise to the structure, which is called the "widow's bridge," are well known to the neighbouring inhabitants, and are very musically told in the annexed sweet and touching ballad:

In the kingdom of Valencia  
A widow had a son,  
And centred hope and happiness  
In that beloved one.  
Though young, and rich, and lovely,  
To suitors she was coy;  
"No love have I," she oft would say,  
"Save for my cherished boy."

To give a splendid tournament  
The king he had agreed,  
The widow's son with ardour burned,  
To mount his gallant steed.  
The lady, weeping, gave consent;  
Embracing him, she said,  
"Tarry beyond three days, and you  
Will find your mother dead!"

Away he galloped with his suite,  
Nor stopped until he stood  
Beside a rough and foaming ford,  
Then plunged into the flood.  
Alas, his courser struggles, sinks,  
And drags him to the deep.  
Bereaved, unhappy mother, O  
It is for thee I weep!

The tutor, old, a ghostly man,  
Stricken with grief and fear,  
Returned to pour the tale of death  
Into the mother's ear.  
Her cries at first were loud and long;  
She filled the air with grief;  
But soon she stood with fixed eyes,  
For tears refused relief—

Giving to wo no utterance,  
But locked it in her breast;  
And in a voice made low by sighs,  
The reverend man addressed:  
"To the shore of those fell waters I  
Will instantly repair;  
You shall conduct me, holy man,  
To seek for comfort there:

"There, with the riches I possess  
An arched bridge to build  
Across the raging torrent, where  
My blessed son was killed.  
This shall assuage my bitter wo;  
For when the work is o'er,  
No mother else will ever feel  
The misery I deplore.

"And when I die, I would be laid  
Amidst this river-weed;  
Upon a stone to mark my grave,  
The traveller shall read:—  
'Here rests a mother's sad remains  
Whose earthly race is run,  
Her griefs are o'er, her soul has sought  
To join her sainted son.'"

She went; and overcharged with grief,  
Fell dead upon the shore!  
They placed her where she wished to lie,  
Then arched the torrent o'er.  
And when the bridge was finished, few  
Passed o'er for many a year,  
Unless with slow and sorrowing step,  
To drop a plying tear.

## CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

New-York, January 18.

THERE is more room in the city—for General Tom Thumb is departed. His littleness sailed this morning for England—"or so they say." His "last leave" yesterday was attended by three thousand two hundred people! I observe from my window, however, that his house still stands upon the high pole in front of the Museum—so that, possibly, Mr. Barnum has "a contrary wind" in reserve, and he may be "unavoidably detained" another week.

A few gentlemen (Mr. Philip Hone apparently the mover of the project) have combined to raise a subscription for the purchase of Clevenger's *Statue of a North American Indian*. The circular addresses the business men of the city, and the statue, if purchased, will be presented to the Mercantile Library Association. Three thousand dollars is the sum fixed upon, five hundred of which are to be appropriated to the immediate relief of Mrs. Clevenger and her children. It would strike, perhaps, even some of the subscribers to this fund with surprise to tell them that the statue they are to purchase is possibly still lying unquarried in the mountains of Carrara. Clevenger is dead, but his genius stands pointing its finger to a rude block of marble, in which lies, unseen, a complete and immortal statue, waiting only for the chisel of the mechanical workmen to remove the rough stone that encumbers it. That finger is seen and obeyed three thousand miles away, (by the committee with Mr. Philip Hone at its head,) and the reluctant money will be forthcoming and on its way to Italy in a month, and the statue will be found and finished, imported and exhibited at Clinton Hall! (Plain matter-of-fact, all this, and yet it sounds very like poetry!) I was told by Thorwaldsen, when at Rome, that there were several of his statues he had never seen. They were finished, as far as he was concerned, when they were moulded in clay. They were then cast in plaster by the mechanics who make a trade of it, and the plaster models were sent to Carrara, where there is a large village of copyists in marble living near the marble quarries.

From Carrara the statues were sent, when finished, to Copenhagen, their ultimate destination, and Thorwaldsen, on his subsequent visit to his native country, saw them for the first time. The cost of *delivering* Clevenger's statue from the womb of the mountain impregnated by his genius will be about one thousand dollars—a round fee for the *accouchement* of the stony mother of "a North American Indian!"

Whoever does the literary criticism of the *Intelligencer* does it so well that I carefully avoid trenching upon his ground by anything but local or anecdotal mention of new books. *Burns's Letters to Clarinda* will naturally fall under his notice. Many people are disappointed in them—expecting, naturally, to find a poet's love-letters better written than another man's. I think the contrary would naturally be true. Fine writing is an arm's-length dexterity, and the heart works only at close quarters. I should suspect the sincerity of a poet's love-letter if it were not far within his habitual tact and grace. Besides, in strong emotion, the heart flies from the much-used channels of language, and tries for something newer to its own ear, and, while an ordinary man would find this novelty in poetical language, a poet would seek to roughen and simplify and break up the habitual art and melody of his periods. By the way, the name of Burns reminds me of a little anecdote I heard told with some humour by Campbell, at a dinner-party in London. Count D'Orsay and Barry Cornwall were present, and they were drawing out the veteran bard as to his recollections of the great men who were setting stars when he was rising. "I was dining one day with Burns," said Campbell, "who, like Dr. Johnson and other celebrities, had his Boszy worshipper, a friend who was always in his company. I have forgotten his name. Burns left the room for a moment, and, passing the bottle to his friend, I proposed to drink the health of Mr. Burns. He gave me a look of annihilation. 'Sir,' said he, 'you will always be known as Mr. Campbell, but posterity will talk of Burns.' Such an anecdote makes one look round in alarm, to see if there are not some unrecognized *mononoms* in our time, whom we are profaning, unaware, with our *Mister-y*."

It rains in Broadway—as it has often done before, it is true; but it seems to me a particularly wet rain, for there is an old black beggar standing in front of St. Paul's, holding out his hat for what must be, at any rate, a diluted charity. At a fair calculation (and I have watched him while writing, for the last two hours) every tenth passenger puts something into his hat. His gray wool must hold more water than his leaky hat, and, at least, it acts like a sponge—on the passers-by. Begging, as yet, is a good trade in America, and I think that New-York, particularly, is a place where money has little adhesiveness—easily made and readily given away.

Palmo's new *opera house* in Chambers-street is nearly completed, and the Cassandra of promise is, for once, fully credited. Every body seems to believe that opera and ballet will *always* be fashionably and fully supported in New-York. Palmo is a man of judgment and energy, and the want of these amusements will draw the supply of *artistes*, musical and balletesque. Castellan persists in going to Europe at this crisis, I am sorry to say. I heard Signora Borghese at a private musical party the other evening, and should think her a "good card"—her personal attractions and her talent at giving expression to her music by action and play of feature compensating somewhat for the want of finish in her voice and execution. I understand that Palmo is to give a private rehearsal and supper to the *cognoscenti* before the opening of his opera.

## THE MIRROR LIBRARY.

We have long wished to have, for our own library, a uniform edition of our favourite authors. In this gregarious world, *ten thousand may have together what one cannot have alone*, and we wish our readers to join and give us our coveted library by having one like it themselves. By this combination we can have it cheap—(that is to say a book of poems which costs a dollar here and two dollars in London, we can have for a shilling)—and instead of a higgledy-piggledy shelf of books, one short and one tall, one fat and one thin, we may have them of one symmetrical shape, beautifully printed, and bound to our and your liking. You will trust our taste to select the books, and we will throw you in, in a preface, what we know of the author, and what we think of his works; and for our trouble in proof-reading, publishing, packing and forwarding, we will pay ourselves out of that little un-missed and secund shilling.

We have insensibly arrived at this idea by very blind steps. We tried in vain for years, to find a publisher who would undertake a new edition of our poems—though they were completely out of print, and though (it seemed to us) there was a demand for them which might justify the edition. Against advice, we thought we might at least furnish our friends copies to read, by publishing them in an extra of the Mirror, for a price that would just pay the expense of printing and circulating. To our no small astonishment the orders for them came in so rapidly while they were in press, that we published a very large edition, which is still selling freely, and it then occurred to us very naturally, that one of two things must be true:—either the publishers were perfect cormorants as to the profits they expected from books, or else they were not always infallible judges as to what works would sell. The next thought was an easy one. Could we not, out of our own *better judgment* and *smaller expectations as to profit*, publish as handsome and cheap editions of other authors, whose works were not, now, easily come at? "Let us try!" said Enterprise.

Before arriving at this idea of the MIRROR LIBRARY, however, we had made arrangements to republish in the same cheap form, other works of our own that were as much called for as the Poems—in short all the PROSE WORKS of N. P. WILLIS—(your humble servant of this present writing, dear reader!) Our dear ally, General MORRIS, had also *extraduced* his popular SONGS and BALLADS, which have sold with the same electric rapidity as the others. Our "LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE"\* will be ready in a day or two, and PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY are in preparation and will be issued in a week or two. *The advertisements will duly announce all these.* We would say, *en passant*, of "Pencilings," that only *one third* of them have ever been republished, either here or in England. The first English edition (the fifth edition is now selling well in London) was printed from a broken set of the old Mirror, which had found its way out there, and the author being absent in France, even that imperfect copy was much reduced by the proof-readers. The American edition (long ago out of print) was a literal

\* The "Letters from Under a Bridge" were written in a secluded glen of the Valley of the Susquehanna. The author, after several years residence and travel abroad, made there, as he hoped, an altar of life-time tranquillity for his household gods. Most of the letters were written in the full belief that he should pass there the remainder of his days. Inevitable necessity drove him again into active metropolitan life, and the remembrance of that enchanting interval of repose and rural pleasure, seems to him now like little but a dream. As picturing truly the colour of his own mind and the natural flow of his thoughts during a brief enjoyment of the kind of life alone best suited to his disposition as well as to his better nature, the book is interesting to himself and to those who love him. As picturing faithfully the charm of nature and seclusion after years of intoxicated life in the gayest circles of the gayest cities of the world, it may be curious to the reader.

copy of this incomplete English one, and now, for the first time, "Pencilings by the Way" will be printed in a handsome and complete edition.

Of course, dear reader, we did not intend the prospectus (the General and I) of putting our own works at the *beginning* of a "library of favourite authors." This is explained above. But we shall so arrange it, by giving you an *extra* titlepage, that you can bind up or leave out, *as or when*, at your pleasure. Each author will be *separately* *paginated*, and we shall so arrange it that whatever you select from our republications will bind into an integral and handsome volume.

There are now ready, therefore, the following, each for one shilling:—

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THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS WATER-LOVE, by G. P. MORRIS.

Our first selection, to follow these, is BARRY CORNWALL—his SONGS and ODES—which will be ready in a few days. We think this book as well worth having as anything in our temporary literature. We have written a *great deal* about Barry Cornwall at different times, and we love his poetry with a zest untiring. He is a warm, sweet, true and natural poet of the affections, and everybody who *cares for* poetry should possess his book. The latest London edition is in three parts, and will make two extras, one of which will be immediately ready. On the cover will be given *also* account of a breakfast with him in London (from "Pencilings") and the criticisms we have since written upon his poetry.

We have four or five gems to follow this, *which we are* sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them *now*. *Two* of them are books we almost made a secret of publishing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so *impossible* to replace. We can venture to promise, that, *setting our* own works aside, no series of uniform literature in *any* language will be choicer, or better worth possessing, at *any* price—let alone a shilling!

To our subscribers we wish to say that we *shall* *publish* in our Library series *nothing* which will *appear* *again* in the New Mirror. The New Mirror itself, we are confident, will be a valuable portion of the Library—of *convenient* size and shape, and containing, of course, the *best* literature that we can choose or procure. The *New Mirror* is our pride. We shall spare no labour upon it, and it will be worthy of the constellation to which it is the *centre* of we know how to make it so. And now, dear reader, we commend to your purchase and preservation *the* MIRROR LIBRARY—for, by shillings thus expended without *any* feeling of sacrifice, you will gradually create a  *Paradise* of delicious reading, into which you can retreat when you *shall* be rid of care or weariness.

"J. H. C." writes us a very sensible letter, and is particularly struck with the truth of the following *statement*:—"I have long been of opinion that even *moderate* *talents* should be more encouraged. Though we may *not* *encourage* a Byron or a Scott, we yet have many a Hunt or a Keats." It is the peculiarity of our country—perhaps of a *country*—that we admire nothing but extremes—have *no* *standard* for other than the highest degree of *excellence*. The poetry enclosed in our correspondent's letter *was* *not* *bad* lines in it, but wants finish sadly. It is *not* *very* powerful talent as it shows,—and we shall not *publish* it.







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N16

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N14

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N13

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N11



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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1844. NUMBER 19.

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To-morrow, dearest, I will come for you."

"To-night, to-night," interrupted Gaiety, "O let me go to-night. Do not leave me again," she cried, clinging tightly around her. "O, no, let us go—now—this moment!"





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## CONVALESCENCE.

THIS picture of a refined and graceful creature resuming her favourite pursuits after illness has a sweet sentiment about it which every one will appreciate and understand.

### THE DISCARDED.

(CONCLUDED.)

It was now May. The long, dreary winter had passed; once more the trees put forth their leaves; gaily the birds warbled amid their branches, filling the air around with their sweet melody. The beautiful flowers, too, sprung up with the bright green grass, and all nature rejoiced in the glad presence of spring.

But, alas! there was no spring in the heart of the poor forsaken Gaiety. Her slender form had wasted away until it seemed too frail to support its lovely burthen; her cheeks were sunken and colourless as marble; her beautiful hair had lost its brightness, save where the silver thread already gleamed naturally among the tresses of the doomed girl. Her eye, too, now shone with a strange and terrible brilliancy.

Whether it was the mental suffering she ever endured for her wretched lot, uncertainty as to the fate of her lover, the reflection, too, that she was an outcast from her family, with a parent's curse ever ringing in her ears; whether it was this, or the constant companionship of that most hideous old crone whom her father had placed about her, which harrowed her soul to madness, is difficult to determine—but the fatal reality was accomplished—*Gaiety was a maniac!*

Much physical suffering, too, had the poor girl endured. Compelled by hunger to eat food from which her father's menials would have turned away in scorn; at times almost perishing with cold, and shut out from that pure air where, like a bird, she had ever roved in freedom; alas! it is no wonder that Reason forsook her throne.

For hours now would the poor girl pace with rapid steps around the walls of her prison; shrieking wildly, and calling, with the most piteous lamentations, on her father—on Onowahoo to release her. Again, with wild dance and song, she would exhaust her feeble strength. Sometimes she would fancy herself again flying with Onowahoo from her father's roof; or that she was listening to that heavy curse; for on her knees, while she would beat her breast and weep, she would pray her father not to curse her. It was not always thus; there were times when, for a few hours, Reason resumed her empire; yet who can tell whether the mental struggles she then endured were not more dreadful than even the raving paroxysms of insanity!

It was during one of these lucid intervals that Gaiety one morning saw two persons approaching the house, and one a female. With what eagerness she watched them! as they drew near her heart throbbed tumultuously!

"Edith! Edith!" she shrieked, as she recognized the light step of her sister.

Edith eagerly raised her head to that solitary window, revealing the spectral face of Gaiety, glued, as it were, to the glass. With a joyful wave of the hand, and a cry of delight, Edith now flew to the door. It yielded not. She knocked; again and again, and shook the latch convulsively. No answer was given, but she could hear the sobs and prayers of Gaiety, beseeching some one to unbar the door. The sturdy Jacques, however, waited for no permission, but, seizing a

billet of wood, he soon beat in the boarded casement, and springing through the opening, he drew Edith carefully within. The next moment Gaiety had fainted on the bosom of her sister!

It were a vain attempt to describe the feelings of Edith, at the situation in which she found her sister.

"O father, cruel father, is it you have done this!" she exclaimed.

Pressing the insensible form to her breast, she kissed that pale, altered face, while tears of pity and indignation streamed down her cheeks.

At last, with a low moan, Gaiety opened her eyes, and fixed them upon her sister.

"Gaiety, dear Gaiety, have I found you at last!" sobbed Edith.

"Who calls Gaiety?" she replied, springing from the arms of her sister, her eyes flashing with insanity. "Who calls Gaiety? Gaiety is dead. They buried her with Onowahoo under the dry leaves. Ha—ha—ha! You are late to the bridal." Then, advancing on tip-toe to Edith, she said—"Come, I am ready! Hush! tread softly! Don't awaken mother; she sleeps. There, now row quickly! See! the Shoe-blossom will gladden the lodge of Onowahoo!"

She then seized the hand of Edith, and hurried her up the creaking stairs.

"Here is another birdie, Nell," she cried, in evident delight. "Ha—ha—ha! *She is caged, too!*"

"Oh, my God, this is indeed terrible! Gaiety, dearest Gaiety, don't you know me?" cried Edith; "have you forgotten me!"

But Gaiety made no answer; apparently, her mind now wandered to the scene of her capture, for, with a horrible shriek, she now called on Walter for mercy.

"Bind me—bind me—but, O! Walter, take off that chain from him—from Onowahoo. Have you no mercy? No—no—no!"

In this manner her ravings continued for more than an hour, when at length, perfectly exhausted, she sobbed herself to sleep in the arms of Edith, who, as she became more quiet, had folded her to her bosom and wept over her in agony.

She now endeavoured to obtain some information from the miserable old woman; but it was in vain. Apparently alarmed at the sight of Edith, she had crouched down in a corner, and to all her questions only answered:

"Go away—go away."

Long did the heart-stricken Edith watch by the side of the poor maniac, and the shades of night were already falling when the sufferer opened her eyes.

The fit had passed off, and Gaiety, now bursting into tears, threw her arms around the neck of Edith, murmuring, in a low, tremulous voice:

"It is no dream, then, dearest Edith? You have come to take me away? You will carry me to my mother?" (Alas, she knew not that dear mother was dead!) "Dear Edith, O take me home!"

"Yes, dearest Gaiety, you shall go home, but not to-night. To-morrow, dearest, I will come for you."

"To-night, to-night," interrupted Gaiety, "O let me go to-night. Do not leave me again," she cried, clinging tightly around her. "O, no, let us go—now—this moment!"

Edith, at length, succeeded in calming the agitation of Gaity, and, after assuring her that the next day she would return, and that she should go with her to her own dear home, she tore herself away from her embraces, and with a bleeding heart left the island.

On reaching home, Edith went immediately to her father's room, where he usually spent his evenings alone.

Concealment was vain. Throwing herself into his arms, she cried:

"Forgive me, father, but I *have seen her*—I have seen Gaity!"

Speechless with astonishment, Mr. Trevor gazed into the pale face of Edith, now bathed in tears, who, sinking on her knees and clasping his hand in hers, continued:

"O, father, father, forgive her! I conjure you, by the memory of my own dear mother, whose name I bear, and of that kind and gentle being who now looks down from heaven upon the sufferings of her child; O, I beseech you to forgive her. She is dying, father—yes, Gaity is dying! *Father, she is a manaic!* O bring her home, she can no more offend; bless her and forgive her, ere she dies. O father, *bring her home*, or let me go and die with her!"

The heart of Mr. Trevor was melted; he folded his child to his breast, mingling his tears with hers. Edith again urged her suit, and related every circumstance of her visit to her sister, only interrupted by the heavy groans which now burst from the bosom of the repentant father.

"Your brothers have deceived me," he said; "they have always assured me the poor child was well, and that in all their conversations with her she had never manifested any repentance for her misconduct."

"Alas! father," interrupted Edith, "they have never seen her—have never spoken with her!"

Basil and Walter were immediately summoned, and after vainly attempting to equivocate, at length confessed the part they had acted.

"Out upon you!" exclaimed the miserable father. "What! are you human! Did I not entrust that wretched girl to your charge, bidding you treat her with kindness! Inhuman brothers! you *have murdered your sister!*"

There was no sleep at the Grove that night, and, ere the dawn of day, Mr. Trevor, accompanied by Edith and Jacques, had set out for the island.

Swiftly now was the boat propelled to the shore, and with rapid step Edith flew along the path conducting to the lone abode of Gaity, followed by her father, trembling with agitation at the thought of so soon meeting the victim of his pride. As they approached the house, Edith looked up at the window, where she had before seen the pale face of Gaity. She was not there. They entered the house—the silence of the grave rested upon it. Edith now rushed up the ruined staircase. The room was empty. In vain she called her beloved sister—echo alone replied. Filled with apprehension they now left the house and entered the forest, calling distractedly upon the name of Gaity. For some time their search proved fruitless, when, suddenly, the faint sound of a voice reached their ears. Hastening eagerly in the direction from which it proceeded, Edith soon distinguished the tones of Nell, as if in entreaty, saying:

"Come home, pretty bird; come home, birdie!"

Gently now, lest she might alarm her sister, Edith advanced. Seated on the ground, her head reclining against a tree, was Gaity. Her eyes were closed as if in sleep, while a sweet smile rested on her lips. Wreathed amid her long hair, which fell around her as a pall, was a garland of wild-flowers, and her lap was full of these frail blossoms, just as in happy days of childhood she had plaited and woven

them into garlands. One arm hung listless at her side; the other lay across her lap, the long slender fingers still grasping the flowers. Over her bent the old woman, as if trying to awaken her.

"Gaity, dear Gaity, we have come," cried Edith, springing to her side—but there was no answer.

*She was dead!*

Oh the agony of that moment! The grief and distraction of the faithful sister! The horror and remorse of the father! repenting, now *too late*—the victim was far beyond his cruelty or his kindness!

From what incoherent words they could gather from the old woman, it appeared that Gaity had stolen out early that morning through the broken casement left by Jacques. When the poor girl found herself once more inhaling the pure air of heaven, with her foot again pressed on the green-sward in freedom, she screamed with delight. Like a bird, she flew from spot to spot, singing the songs she used to warble in childhood, clapping her hands in ecstasy, and stooping to gather the wild flowers which sprang up in her path. In this manner she reached the forest; and now the image of Onowahoo was brought, by association, to her wandering mind. With child-like glee she called him to her, and then, as if carried back to those scenes where so much of her early life had been spent, she laughed and chatted as though the companion of her youthful sport was even now at her side. After awhile she appeared to weary, and, calling Onowahoo to sit beside her, she threw herself under a tree, and for some time, laughing and singing by turns, amused herself in entwining the wild flowers she had gathered amid her hair.

Death came now in mercy, disarmed of all his terrors. Gently he laid his hand upon her innocent brow, and she sank into his arms as a tired child on the breast of its mother, happy in the delusion that her lover was at her side; and that the trees, the birds, and the flowers were the same that had surrounded her in infancy.

Her remains were borne from the island, and placed at the feet of her mother. The flowers she had loved so well sprang up around her grave, nourished by the tears of her mourning sister, who daily visited the spot where, released from all suffering, her beloved Gaity reposed.

Nearly a year had passed since the death of the ill-fated Gaity, when, one morning, Edith as usual bent her steps to the spot so sacred to her affections. She started, as she drew near, to perceive some person already there, kneeling by the grave of Gaity! She softly advanced—

"Onowahoo!" she exclaimed, springing to his side.

He raised his head slowly, revealing indeed the features of Onowahoo, but so worn with care and suffering that it was almost impossible for *another* than Edith to have recognized him.

"The Sloe-blossom sleeps," said he, in a low, musical tone; "she hears not the voice of Onowahoo!"

"She is in heaven," replied Edith; "she hears you there."

The Indian raised his head, and looking upward, as if he really saw the angel form of Gaity bending over him, remained for a few moments silent, then, turning to Edith, he said:

"Onowahoo departs for ever. He has seen the spot where the Sloe-blossom lies withered, and the heart of Onowahoo is crushed beneath!"

Stooping and plucking a violet from the grave, he was about to depart, when, with all the kind sympathy of a woman's heart, Edith took from her neck a little chain.

woven from the hair of Gaity, and, placing it in his hand, said :

"The tress of the Sloe-blossom will bind the wounds of Onowahoo."

He made no reply, but, pressing the chain to his lips, waved his hand to Edith, and turned into the path which led to the forest.

Mr. Trevor never recovered from the shock sustained by the death of Gaity, and lived out the remainder of his days a prey to remorse and wretchedness.

To such as may be interested in the fate of Edith, it may give pleasure to learn that she afterwards became the wife of one who held a high office under Washington, and who distinguished himself nobly in the war of the revolution, and that the devoted sister was recompensed, by many years of happiness, for the sorrows she had endured in early life.

Walter and Basil Trevor, although they openly espoused the cause of the Americans in the great struggle for liberty, were detected in several nefarious transactions with the British fleet, which for some time lay off and on the harbour of Stonington. Held up to the scorn of their own countrymen, they were compelled to join the British, and soon met the death they merited.

C. E. B.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the French of Jules Janin.*

### THE VENDEEN MARRIAGE.

BAUDELLOT DE DAIRVAL was the grandson of the Cesar Baudelot mentioned in the memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, own mother of the regent Louis Philippe. That woman, who threw so much scandal upon the greatest names in France, who spared neither her sons nor granddaughters, could not help speaking of Cesar Baudelot but in terms of praise. Saint Simon, that noble, jeering skeptic, but candid man, eulogizes the Baudelots. It may be imagined, then, that the noble Henri, bearing such a name, was not the last among the Vendéens to protest, sword in hand, against the excesses of the revolution. Baudelot took the part of the Vendéens simply because there was not anything else for a man of his name and disposition to do; he fought as they fought, neither more nor less; he was the friend of Cathelineau; he assisted in those giant battles; he assisted, laughing and singing, in the midst of the strife where the cries of the wounded were not heard. What war, what livid tempest was ever comparable with that? But it is not my place to recite again what has been related in so many different colours. It is not my business to recount, nor yours to listen to the story of the noble actions of Baudelot de Dairval. I wish merely to tell you that one day Baudelot, surprised at a farm by a detachment of blues, assembled his troop in haste.

"My friends," said he, "the farm is surrounded; fly, all of you! Carry off your women and children. Go, join your chief, Cathelineau. I will remain and defend the door. I can easily keep it alone ten minutes. There are three hundred below, who will kill every one of us. Adieu, adieu, my braves! Think of me. It is my turn to-day; to-morrow you may be slaughtered."

In those unparalleled times, in that unparalleled war, they were astonished at nothing. They did not even think of their heroic struggles, so common in refined battles. In such a war of extermination as that was, they had not time to contemplate grandeur of soul; they had not time to clothe themselves in heroic draperies; heroism was naked, was actual. Thus the soldiers of Baudelot, hearing their chief speak in this manner, judged for themselves that he spoke well, and they obeyed him as simply as he had ordered

them. They escaped by the roof with their wives and children. Baudelot, in the meantime, remained at the door, making as much noise as forty men, haranguing, disputing, knocking the floor with his fusil. One would have thought a whole regiment was behind the door, ready to fire; the blues kept on their guard. Baudelot kept on the defensive as long as his voice served him.

But when his voice failed him, and when he judged his troop had reached a place of safety, the poor fellow grew tired of the deception; he felt ill at ease in thus commanding an absent troop; so, without speaking any more, his only care was to barricade the door as well as he could. Then, having spoken like ten, he did the work of ten. This lasted some minutes longer. Yet the door soon began to give way, and the blues fired through the crevices. Baudelot was not wounded; and, as he had been interrupted in his repast, he seated himself at the table, finishing tranquilly his bit of bread and cheese, and emptying a pot of piquette, saying to himself he was making his last meal.

At length the door gave way, and the blues entered. Some moments were necessary to remove the obstructions from the entrance, and to reconnoitre in the midst of the smoke of their fusils. The soldiers of the republic, with searching looks and sabres in hand, held themselves in readiness for the armed troop that had kept them at bay so long. Judge what was their surprise then, when, instead of all those men whose voices they had distinctly heard, they saw only one handsome young man, of tall stature, and calm countenance, eating tranquilly his black bread, watered with piquette. The conquerors stopped, mute with astonishment, and leaned on their fusils, thus giving Baudelot time to empty his last glass, and finish his last mouthful.

"Your health, gentlemen!" said he, raising his glass to his lips. "The garrison thanks you for the respite you have given them."

He then arose and went directly to the captain.

"Monsieur," said he, "I am the only one in this house. I am quite ready to stand your fire."

To his great surprise, he was not instantly shot down. Perhaps he had fallen into the hands of some new recruits, who were willing to wait twenty-four hours before killing a man. Perhaps they were struck with his fine bearing and his *sang froid*, or by the shame there is always felt in setting three hundred men to kill one man. But we must not forget that in this sad war there were French sentiments in both parties.

They therefore contented themselves with confining his hands, and conducting him, thus bound and well-guarded, to a manor in the environs of Nantes, formerly a light, elegant mansion of the lord of the manor, but which, since the commencement of the war, had been converted into a kind of fortress. The master of the house was no other than the chief of the same blues who had secured Baudelot. This Breton nobleman was of the number of those who had sacrificed so much of their prejudices, who had stripped themselves of their fortunes, their titles, and even their own names in a single day, without thinking of what they had promised their fathers, and what they owed to their sons; alike regardless of the past and future, they were unfortunate victims of the present. But let us not reproach them. They have either fallen under the blows of the revolution, whose cause they so faithfully served, or they have lived long enough to see how little their sacrifices have benefitted any one; destitute of every thing themselves, they have seen citizen France make rapid progress without their aid.

Baudelot de Dairval was shut up in the donjon; that is to say, in the pigeon-house of his conqueror. The doves, driven

away by the wars, had given place to Chouan prisoners. The prison itself had preserved a quiet and gracious air; it was still covered with glittering slate, still surmounted by its noisy weathercock. It was not thought necessary to put iron bars across the openings through which the domestic pigeons escaped in the morning and returned at evening. A little straw was its only additional furniture.

To have the pigeon-house of a rustic manor for a prison, appeared somewhat original to Baudelot at first, and he promised himself a romance upon it with guitar accompaniment, as soon as he could get his hands free. While he was thinking of his song and his guitar, he heard the sound of a violin and rustic pipes. They were playing a lively march. Baudelot leaned on his elbow, and, by plying up the straw with his shoulder, succeeded at last in reaching one of the pigeon-holes, from whence he saw the *fete*; a long procession of young men, and fine ladies in white robes, preceded by the village musicians. The procession advanced slowly, every one abandoned himself to joy. The *fete* passed at the foot of the pigeon-house, or, if you like it better, the tower. When passing the foot of the tower, a young, handsome person looked up attentively at its summit. She was fair, her figure perfect, her air abstracted. Baudelot understood it was known that it contained a prisoner; and while the procession was passing on, our hero began to whistle the air of *Richard*,

"In a tower obscure;"

for he was a young man versed in all sorts of combats and romances, as skilful in handling the sword as the guitar, distinguished on horseback, distinguished in the dance, a true cavalier in war and in wit, such as was seen then, but whom one sees no longer.

The wedding passed. If it was not indeed a wedding, it was a betrothal. Baudelot finished his singing. He heard a noise at the door of his prison. Some one entered.

It was the master of the house himself. He had been a marquis under Capet, now he was simply called Hamelin; he was a blue, and furthermore, a very honest man. The republic governed him body and soul; it lent him his sword and his chateau, nothing more; but he had grown neither cruel nor wicked in its service. The same morning of the day which was now drawing near its close, Captain Hamelin, for he had been made a captain by the republic, had been informed that some Chouans had stopped at his farm. At this news he put himself at the head of a detachment, deferring his own nuptials to a later hour. We know how he had taken Baudelot. As soon as Baudelot, the Chouan, was put in a secure place, Captain Hamelin returned to his wedding. This was the reason why he had not caused him to be shot immediately.

Captain Hamelin was not such a blue captain as to make him forget entirely the old hospitable customs of Brittany; he therefore thought himself obliged to pay a visit to his guest while his friends were seating themselves at table.

"What can I do to oblige you, Monsieur?" said Hamelin to Baudelot.

"Seigneur Castellan," replied Baudelot, bowing, "I ask you as a favour, to give me at least the use of one of my hands, if you please."

"Both hands shall be free, Monsieur," said Hamelin, "if you will promise me to make no attempt to escape. However, before promising anything, you are to remember that to-morrow, at six in the morning, you will surely be conducted to Nantes."

"And shot at eight, as surely!" said Baudelot.

Captain Hamelin remained silent.

"Very well, Monsieur," continued Baudelot; "unless my hands, and, unless rescued, I will engage, on my word of honour as a nobleman and a Christian, to remain here like a clipped pigeon."

Captain Hamelin could not help smiling at the allusion of the prisoner, and untied his hands.

"Now," said Baudelot, stretching out his hands like a man fatigued by sleep, "now, Monsieur, I thank you, and am your truly obliged until to-morrow, and it will not be my fault if my gratitude lasts no longer."

"If you have any business," said Hamelin, "to arrange, any will to make, I can send you writing materials."

Saying this, Hamelin seemed affected, and in his heart he was so, for no one can be a Breton with impunity.

Baudelot, seeing his host touched, took his hand.

"Do you see, this simple word *will*, causes me more pain than those other words, *death* at Nantes. *Make your will*, has recalled the loss of all my kindred. I have not one to whom to bequeath my name, my sword, my love and my hatred, the only things left me. However sweet and amusing it might be to dispose of one's fortune, to be generous even beyond the tomb, to imagine, when writing one's last benevolent disposition, the tears of joy and grief one may cause to be shed after death! It would be honourable and sweet, would it not, captain? Let us think of it no longer."

"I am going to send you some dinner," said Hamelin. "To-day is my wedding day, and my table will be better than ordinarily supplied. My betrothed will herself serve you, Monsieur."

Baudelot perceived, at one of the topmost holes of his cage, a little daisy, that had been sown there by one of its former inhabitants. The pretty flower was balancing itself joyously in the wind. It had already attracted his attention. He plucked it and presented it to the captain, saying:

"It is the custom among us, captain, to present bridal gifts. Be good enough to hand this little flower, which has bloomed in my domain, to your bride. And now, captain, good evening, I have kept you too long from your lady love. God will remember your humanity to me, my host. Adieu; may you be happy. Send me some supper, for I am hungry and need repose."

And they separated, exchanging by looks an amicable adieu.

They carried the dinner to the young Vendéen. The pretty Breton girl, with white teeth, rosy lips, yet pensive air, becoming the timid maiden who had seen so many of the proscribed perish, served Baudelot with unequalled attention. She left him no respite, no truce, until he had eaten of every dish, and tasted of every wine; for Baudelot was treated to everything exactly like all the other guests of the house. The repast was magnificent. The pigeon-house felt it. It was almost like those good times when the winged inhabitants of the tower went to gather the crumbs of the festivals. Once, as the young girl poured out the Champagne to Baudelot, he said:

"What is your name, mon enfant?"

"I am called Marie."

"Like my cousin. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"My cousin's age."

Here his heart failed him, thinking of his beautiful relative killed by the executioner. But he would have wished to weep before her, whose eyes were already filled with tears. Unable to speak, he held out his glass to her.

But the glass was full, sparkling joyously with Champagne, and on this glass fell the last rays of the setting sun. We

will not deceive our posterity; the Champagne sparkled, and the spring returned, even during the reign of terror.

Seeing his glass full, Baudelot said to Marie:

"You have no glass, Marie?"

"I am not thirsty."

"Oh! this wine you are looking at, this sparkling wine, does not love to be quaffed by man alone. It is the good companion of his nature. It delights to be surrounded by guests. It is the greatest support of the fraternity, of whom you have heard, my poor Marie, and which men understand so little. Do me the friendship, then, to touch your lips to my glass, my pretty Bretonne, if you wish me to drink any more of this wine before I die."

He raised his glass to Marie's lips. Marie was about to taste, but the words *I die* made her heart swell, and her tears mingled with the wine.

"To your health, Marie," said Baudelot, drinking the wine and tears together.

At that moment the sound of a horn and the noise of the hautboys, accompanied by violins, was heard.

"What is that?" said the young man, setting down his glass, and passing from enthusiasm to gaiety. "God forgive me, it is a ball."

"Alas!" said Marie, "Alas! Yes, it is a ball. My young mistress does not wish to dance, but her lover and her father wish it. She will be very unhappy this evening."

"Oh! my good Marie, if you are as good as I believe you to be, for my sake, go, run, fly, tell your mistress that Count Baudelot de Dairval, colonel of the light-horse, asks permission to present his respects; or rather do not say that, Marie. Rather go and find my host, and not his lady; tell him that his prisoner is sad—that the noise of the ball prevents him from sleeping—that the night will be long and cold—that it would be charitable to tear an unfortunate young man away from the sad reflections of his last night—that I beseech him, in heaven's name, to let me attend his ball to-night—that he has my word of honour I will not attempt to escape. Tell him all this, Marie; tell him everything your heart, your soul, prompts you to say. Speak rather loud, so as to be heard by your mistress, and to interest her for me; and, thanks to thee, Marie, I shall be successful. Then, if I am invited to the ball, send your master's valet-de-chambre to me; tell him to bring me clean linen, and powder for my hair. There ought to be a little powder left in the chateau yet. Tell him, also, to bring me a coat of his master's, and lend me my sword, only to deck myself for this evening; I will not draw it from the sheath. Bat go, Marie; go, mon enfant."

And the prisoner by turns hastened and detained the maiden. One could not have helped smiling and weeping, at the same time, had they seen him.

A few moments after, Captain Hamelin's valet entered the pigeon-house. The valet-de-chambre was a good old man, very faithful to powder, very faithful to old customs, very much regretting the aristocracy, of which he was a member, and a very active one too. At the French revolution, this valet had lost a great deal of his importance. True, indeed, he had become a member of the municipal council, but amidst his high functions, he more than once regretted the long *tête-à-tête*s with the noble personages he had dressed in his youth. Although municipal, this coiffeur was a good man, who had been devoted to Robespierre, only because the latter was the only man in liberated France who had dared to preserve his powder, ruffles, and embroidered waistcoat.

He brought the prisoner a complete suit, which Captain Hamelin had ordered made when he was a marquis, in or-

der to go to court and see the king, when there was a king and court. The suit was very beautiful, very rich, and very elegant; the linen very white, the chausses very fine. The host forgot nothing, not even the perfumes, the odours, and the cosmetics of a marquis's toilette of other times. Baudelot confided his head to the old valet-de-chambre, who dressed it with the greatest complaisance, but not without profound sighs of regret. Baudelot was young and handsome; but it had been a long time since he had worn such a suit. When, then, he found himself all ready, all frieé, barbered, and animated by repose, and refreshment, and the sound of the violins in the distance, Baudelot smiled, contented with himself, and recalled the delightful nights of the masked balls at the opera with Count Mirabeau.

On leaving the donjon his sword was returned to him, reminding him of his oath not to draw it. It was dark when he crossed the garden to go to the saloon of the ball.

The most beautiful revolutionary ladies in the province were assembled at this festival. But we know that women are not so revolutionary but that they have a little aristocracy left, when a brave, witty, elegant, young and handsome nobleman, who was to be shot the next day, was in the case.

Let us return to our story. The ball had commenced. The betrothed was Mademoiselle de Mailly, grand niece of that handsome Mailly who was so loved by Madame de Maintenon. She was young, fair, and sad, evidently unhappy at being at a ball, and soon to be married in those times of proscription. Hers was one of those souls which is very feeble until a certain fatal hour is struck for them; but when the hour of strength has sounded, it is over with; the feeble spirit is endured with invincible energy; the heroine replaces the young maiden; the wreck of a world would not intimidate her, who, the moment before, shuddered at the least sign of displeasure.

Eleonore de Mailly was very sad, very much dejected. The companions of her childhood imitated her silence and dejection, and a Breton *fête* was never seen so sad. Inexplicable confusion was felt. Nothing went right in the dance, or among the dancers. The uneasiness was general. The young men themselves, near young and beautiful ladies, sought not to please; and hardly had the ball begun when every one, without knowing why, wished it ended.

All at once the door of the vast saloon opened slowly. Unaccountably, every look was directed towards the door; but, in truth, the assembly had but one look, so eager were they for some relief to their ennui. Then, towards this door, half opened as for a spirit, they saw a fine nobleman of the court, a lost type, a handsome gallily dressed officer, enter. He wore the costume of the court, he had the *tournure* of the court. The elegant manners of the court. This apparition offered a charming contrast to the ennui of the soirée, and the solemnity of the slowly-opened door. The men and women, the most blue, in the bottom of their hearts were charmingly surprised, on seeing all at once, in their midst, a remnant of that old French society—annihilated, alas, in twenty-four hours. And, indeed, it was an admirable sight to see the young proscribed, whom death awaited on the morrow, coming into a republican *fête* to give life to the dance, to bring back gaiety; and who, on that evening, thought only of one thing—to be amiable and to please the ladies, faithful, to the last, to his vocation as a French noble.

The entrance of Baudelot, which I have recounted minutely, was only the work of a moment. Hardly had he entered the saloon, when he gave himself up to the hilarity of the ball. He therefore went and invited the first lady he saw, like one ready to fall in love. It was the pretty blonde,

whom he had already seen in the garden. She not only accepted his invitation without hesitation, but with eagerness, knowing that republican punishments were the most implacable of all punishments, and that, behind her partner, it stood holding out its bloody hand. When the men saw Baudelot dancing, death staring him in the face, they felt ashamed of the little attention they had hitherto paid the ladies, and in a moment, every one was asked to dance. The women, on their part, accepted the invitation, because they could then have a better chance of seeing Baudelot; so that, thanks to the victim who was about to die, the ball, until now so sad and solemn, took the appearance of a real *fete*. It seemed a contest who should enter body and soul into the spirit of the dance. As to Baudelot, he seemed to enjoy it above all; he was the only one in all the crowd who amused himself naturally—the only one whose smile was not forced—the only one whose dancing was light and graceful. The others seemed to take part in the festival from fear, and were astonished at the aspect of the gay cavalier, who danced without giving offence to the gallants, and who offered reveries for the ladies. Baudelot was more king of the *fete* than the intended himself; more even than the affianced bride. Baudelot was the betrothed of the scaffold! The ball, animated by so many diverse passions, by so much terror, by so many bloody interests, influenced the guests in different ways. Baudelot was everywhere, saluting the old ladies, like a king of France, the young with admiration and happiness, and the men with the gay language of youth, mingled with wit; even the music he directed, calling for the newest airs; and played himself, with much spirit and correctness, a saraband of Lully. Certainly, the hand which drew the bow of the violin so perfectly, could not have trembled.

It will be easily imagined, then, that every look, every smile was very tender, and that more than one sigh escaped every breast at the sight of the handsome proscribed. And when, for the third time, he went to dance with the queen of the ball, the blonde affianced, he felt her small hand tremble in his, and in turn his own trembled; for, casting his glance upon her, he saw she was deadly pale.

"What ails you, Eleonore?" said he. "What is the matter, Madame? In pity for, me, do not tremble thus and look so pale."

Turning towards the curtains of the saloon, agitated by the movement of the dancers, she pointed to the first glimpse of dawn, just falling on the curtains.

"Do you see the day is breaking?"

"Very well, what if it is day? I have passed the most delightful night of my life. I have seen you. I love you, and I can say to you, *I love you!* for you know the dying speak the truth. And now, adieu, Eleonore, adieu! Be happy, and receive the benediction of the Chouan."

It was the custom in Brittany to kiss the lady's forehead at the end of the last country-dance.

The country-dance ended. Baudelot pressed his lips on Eleonore's forehead. Eleonore was ill, her slender frame motionless, resting for support upon the lips of Baudelot. This lasted a second. She recovered her senses, and Baudelot conducted her to a seat. She made him sit down by her side, and said to him:

"Listen! You must go! Hark, they are putting the horses to the carriage to take you to Nantes. Listen! In two hours you will be shot. Fly, then, fly! If you wish, I will go with you. It will not be said you fled from fear, but from love. Listen! if you do not depart alone, or with me, I will fling myself under the wheels of the carriage, and you shall ride over my mangled corpse."

She said this in a low tone, without looking at Baudelot, and almost with a smile, as if she were speaking of another ball.

Baudelot did not listen to her counsel, but he looked at her with a joy he had never before experienced in the depths of his heart. "How I love her," said he to himself.

When she finished speaking, Baudelot resumed:

"You know very well, Eleonore, that it is impossible. Oh! yes, if I were at liberty, you should have no other husband but me; but I do not belong to myself, nor to you. Adieu, then, sweet angel, and if you love me, give me back the field flower I sent you from my donjon—give it me, Eleonore! The little flower has decked your bosom; it will aid me to die."

Had any one seen Eleonore at that moment they would have asked—*is she dead?* The silence was awful—the music had ceased—day inundated the apartments.

All at once, a great noise of cavaliers and horses was heard without. At this noise, which came in the direction of Nantes, all the women arose spontaneously as if to protect Baudelot. But it was the soldiers of Baudelot himself, come to deliver their chief. They had gained the entrance to the chateau. They were then in the garden, crying—Baudelot! Baudelot!

The Chouans were very much astonished to find their young chief, whom they believed loaded with irons, surrounded by women, and wearing a costume more splendid than they had ever seen on him before. The first question Baudelot asked, was—"Had they entered the donjon?"

"Yea," said one of them, "we went there first, captain. You will never find it again, neither you nor the pigeons who inhabited it. We have torn it down."

"If that is the case," said Baudelot, drawing his sword, "I am disengaged from my word. I am free. Thanks, my braves!"

Then taking off his chapeau, "Madame," said he, in a voice full of sweetness, "receive the thanks of the captain."

He then called for a carriage.

"A carriage is in readiness, captain," said one of his men. "It was going to conduct you to Nantes, as the proprietor of the mansion informed us."

At the same moment, Baudelot perceived Hamelin bound with his own cords.

"Captain Hamelin," said Baudelot, "service for service. Only, instead of untying your cords, let me cut them; they shall no longer serve any one."

Then, as Eleonore came to herself, Baudelot resumed:

"Captain Hamelin, these are sad times for betrothing. These times of civil war, and blood-shedding, one never knows in the morning but what they will have a prisoner to watch; or, in the evening, what enemies they will have to meet. Defer then, if you please, your marriage until some future day. See, your betrothed herself prays you to do so. My noble lady, allow the poor Chouans to re-conduct you to the Chateau de Mailly."

The young Chouans set off at full gallop, rejoicing at having delivered their captain, and revelling in the rising sun. The poor fellows, they had so little time to enjoy the sun.

All these young soldiers were killed the same day, in the same battle, with the elder Cathelineau; for there were two Cathelineaux who died in the same cause—died both as royalists and as Christians.

There are some men who are immortal, do what they may. Baudelot de Dairval was not killed, although he never left the Vendée for an hour. When his country became more tranquil, he espoused Eleonore de Mailly, and Captain Hamelin signed the contract as municipal assistant.

A LETTER from Rome, dated the twelfth of December last, mentions the death of Madame Catalani, the most celebrated *cantatrice* of her day—"who," says the writer, "for twenty-two years, held the sceptre of song."

Angelica Catalani, who, as an actress and singer, enjoyed an universal reputation, was a native of Sinigaglia, in the neighbourhood of Rome, where she was born, in the year 1784. Her father was a merchant, and lived in high respectability, but, from the incursions of the French, lost all his property. Very early in life Catalani was noticed by Cardinal Onorati, who, being delighted with the power and sweetness of her voice, recommended her to the convent of Gubio, with such injunctions on its masters with respect to the care and attention of their fair pupil's talents, as soon rendered her the accomplished subject of general conversation. During her residence in this house of learning and religious repose, the fame of her extraordinary voice brought persons from distant parts of Italy to hear her sing. As a striking instance of the delight which the tones of her voice produced on her auditors at that period, it may be mentioned, that she was publicly applauded in the chapel of the convent, when she sang with the nuns; which the cardinal could by no other means prevent than by forbidding her performance in the church.

At the age of fifteen she left the convent, when the unexpected revolution in her father's affairs first induced her to become a public performer, for which purpose she went to Venice, where she made her first appearance on the boards of a theatre, at the early age of fifteen. She next proceeded to Milan, where she made her *debut* in an opera in which the celebrated Marchesi performed, from whom she received instructions during her stay in that city. She remained for three years afterwards at Venice, and Mantua, when she was called to Lisbon, and during her sojourn there met Monsieur de Valsebregue, a very young officer in the French hussars; and it is said that a presentiment on first seeing each other produced the following remark:—"If ever I marry, that gentleman (meaning the young officer) will be my husband;" and the same sentiment was expressed by M. de Valsebregue. They were shortly after married, and passed many years together in uninterrupted happiness. On Madame Catalani having signified her intention of quitting Lisbon for Spain, the consort of the Prince Regent wrote a letter to her mother, the queen of Spain, recommending Madame Catalani in terms of the strongest respect and admiration.

On her arrival at the court of Spain, her majesty received her with the most familiar kindness. Her reputation had then so far advanced in Spain, that the grandees of the court fixed the prices of the first seat in the opera at six ounces of gold, which is equal to twenty-one guineas. From Spain Madame Catalani went to Paris, where she gave four concerts, which procured her (at increased prices) twenty-four thousand francs. The celebrity this accomplished artist had acquired in Italy and Lisbon soon reached England, and on the thirteenth of December, 1806, she made her *debut* before a London audience at the Italian Opera in *Semiramide*, composed expressly for her by Portogallo. Her engagement was for one year, at a salary of two thousand guineas; but by performances at the oratorios at Covent Garden theatre and other concerts she cleared upwards of ten thousand pounds in less than six months. In 1815, Madame Catalani quitted England for Paris, when the king of France granted her the patent of the Theatre Italien, and condescended to annex, by way of encouragement, an annual allowance of about seven thousand pounds sterling. She continued for four years in the management, and gave alternate engagements to Faer and Spontini for conducting the musical department. From Paris she went to Berlin, where she was equally triumphant, and thence to Hanover, where she was received with much amenity by his royal highness the duke of Cambridge. She afterwards proceeded to Munich and Vienna, and, after many solicitations, undertook a voyage to St. Petersburg, where she remained four months, and also met with the most unbounded success. In 1821, Madame Catalani returned to London, and immediately announced a concert in the Argyle rooms, which was brilliantly attended. In 1822, Madame Catalani gave four concerts at the Argyle-rooms; and, in 1823, sang at the York and Birmingham Festivals. In 1824, she was, by express desire, re-engaged at the Italian Opera, where her re-appearance caused the greatest delight. She afterwards travelled on the continent, and finally retired in private life in 1831, and died at her villa in the sixtieth year of her age, much regretted by those who had the benefit and advantage of her acquaintance. She has left a fortune of about £322,000.

THE Weekly Messenger vouches for the truth of the following anecdote, which is well worth preserving for the sake of the moral which it inculcates:

"Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.—"Yes, sir."—The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him:—

"You are the landlord?"—"Yes."—"You do a good business here?"—"Yes," (in astonishment).—"You make—probably—ten dollars a day clear?"—"Yes."—"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed; I have been out of employment seven months; but have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I had been without food four-and-twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."—"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord, "and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something for security."—"I have nothing."—"I will take your coat."—"If I go into the street without that I will get my death such weather as it is."—"You should have thought of that before you came here."—"You are serious? Well, I solemnly aver, that one week from now I will pay you."—"I will take the coat."—The coat was left, and a week afterwards redeemed.—Seven years after that a wealthy man entered the political arena, and was presented at caucus as an applicant for a congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held his peace—he heard the name and the history of the applicant, who was a member of a church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was chairman. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative—thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said:—"You don't remember me?"—"No."—"I once ate a dinner in your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing and pledged my word and honour to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air, at the risk of my life, without it."—"Well, sir, what then?"—"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to congress."—Three years after, the Christian hotel-keeper became bankrupt, and sought a home at Bellevue. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. We know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception or belief.

#### THOUGHT IN A BALL-ROOM.

THE room is like the heaven of eve,  
When round th' horizon seems to weave  
A sea of clouds, whose bosoms heave  
In floating beauty there.

Those fleecy phantoms—how they glide  
In all the quietude of pride,  
Moved by the gales of eventide  
Along the sleeping flowers.

Some, crimson-edged, resplendent sail,  
Some girdled with a ruby veil,  
And others glowing brightly pale,  
In plenitude of ease:

And so smiles now this rose-wreath'd room,  
Where float along in braid and plume,  
With cheeks that blush with virgin bloom,  
The maidens of the night.

And yonder trips a blue-eyed troop,  
Serenely tender, how they droop,  
As graceful as a lily group  
All languid with their bloom!

And near them glides a gentle pair,  
That toss their grape-like clustering hair,  
As if their very ringlets were  
Partakers of their joy.

Upon each cheek the blood-stream warms,  
While tintured with their Paphian charms,  
The maidens twine their ivory arms  
And circle through the dance.

Like sunshine shivering on the lake,  
Their feet with dizzy motion shake,  
And down the dance their steps they take,  
With heart-beams in their eyes.

Then why amid the heaven of joy  
Should dreams of darkening woe annoy,  
Or thoughts of gloominess alloy  
The elysium of the hour?

Alas! the scene will swiftly fade,  
The music cease—depart the maid,  
And chill-eyed day the room invade  
With cold condemning cares!

Some hearts will pine, and some will weep,  
And many in their grave will sleep,  
And every eye shall sorrow steep,  
Ere we meet here again!

A thought like this will often swell  
In gloom, upon each gladdening spell,  
And thrill me, like the faint "farewell!"  
In pleasure's wildest hour.



## A MEM. FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

## A CASE OF MUTUAL RESTITUTION.

In the course of my wanderings in the metropolis I would sometimes drop in at one of the police-offices, for the purpose of whiling away a stray hour now and then, which would otherwise have been difficult to employ.

During one of these visits I was a witness to the following scene, which I shall endeavour to describe.

Miss Betsy Jones, a young lady of a certain age, summoned a gentleman who rejoiced in the high-sounding nomenclature of Mr. Augustus Frederick Algernon Dobbs, on the charge of illegally detaining a guitar, a bellows, and a pair of stays, her property. As a set-off to this charge, the gentleman aforesaid accused the fair Betsy of detaining a flute, a pair of *musentmentionems* and a pepper-castor, *his* property.

There was something quaint and original about these antiquated specimens of humanity; the miss had certainly *missed her stays*, for she appeared in a stooping posture, and with a certain expansion of figure and disregard to *waist* that spoke her *prodigal*, or rather negligent of public opinion. She was attired in a green velvet bonnet, a scarf of fiery scarlet, a gown of blue silk, and pink shoes. Imagine this motley distribution of colours, extended over a space of about four feet by two, accompanied by a face with little eyes, which twinkled incessantly, and appeared to vary in their colour like the revolving light at the Hook, according to the passion, whether rage, tenderness, pity, delight, or vengeance, which happened at the moment to be uppermost in the mind of their mistress.

Mr. A. F. A. Dobbs, who had probably sojourned in this sinful world for a trifle less than half a century, was a slim, slender little man, with sandy whiskers and a face of circular proportions, the chief merit of which was its capability of being converted into a mirror by a *vis-a-vis* neighbour whensoever the sun shone upon it. With the exception of the face, the outer man was arrayed in a *brass* hat and a large fustian cloak.

There was a peculiarity, too, in the *viva voce* of this couple, both being remarkable for the *copia loquendi* with which they managed to convey their ideas to the court in a kind of dialogue, purloining from ballads, songs, etc. etc.

Miss Betty's statement, when divested of its flowers and wreaths of poetry, amounted to this: "that Mr. Dobbs had borrowed her guitar, her bellows, and her stays, at various periods, and, when applied to by the owner, told her to her teeth that he would never return them, for that he found them indispensable to his happiness, health and ease."

In answer to this grave charge, Mr. Dobbs, with a flush of indignation, replied:

"It is false. We both live in the same house, your honour; we occupy adjoining rooms; and I have invariably acted with ineffable kindness towards her, for the poet has beautifully, and I may say eloquently, observed that

'Princes or lords may flourish or may fade—  
A breath may make them, as a breath hath made.'

Miss Betty here appeared to forget all her grievances, and, taking up the quotation, exclaimed, with great fervour:

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
If once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Mr. D.—Oh, admirable woman! loveliest and most peerless of thy angelic sex! were it not for a reason, how happy should I be to make you Mrs. D.!

Miss B.—(*Darting a look of frantic indignation at the defendant.*)—Hold your tongue, you reprobate, and never let me hear you talk in that strain again! Oh! can you forget

the miserable end of your former wife—that great, strapping woman, with a face like a currycomb, who disappeared one fine sunny morning, and never was heard of since. Where is she, sir? Where is she? I know you, sir. You have made away with that woman, as sure as hay is made of grass!

Mr. D.—Not a bit of it, by Jove. She's alive enough, more's the pity. It's not so easy to get rid of a bad wife as you think.

Miss B.—Where is she, you monster? Where is she?

Mr. D.—She keeps a mangle in Brooklyn, my dear.

"Oh bright be the place of her soul,  
No uglier woman than she  
Ever burst from her husband's control,  
To mangle old clothes for a spree!"

Miss B.—I'm afraid you're bamboozling me, Mr. Dobbs. The unhappy woman is in another world, and now you want to marry me! But, remember what Lady Morgan says:

"None wed the second but who kill the first."

Give me my property, and let me be done with you for ever and a day.

Mr. D.—Come, now, I'll make a fair bargain with you. Do you give me up my property—my flute, my pepper-castor, and my breeches.

Miss B.—Oh, Mr. Dobbs, for shame. Don't you remember the word I taught you to say, when you wished to designate that garment?

Mr. D.—Well, be it so. Call them my *continuations*, if you like—what's in a name. But give me up my *continuations*, my flute, and pepper-castor, which you stole out of my room when I was asleep, and I will then return your property, which you bestowed upon me, and we are parted for ever.

Miss B.—I accept the terms. We'll restore each other's effects, and then I will leave you to your devices, as the Lord left the Jews.

Mr. D.—Precisely so, my dear; and yet, Betty, darling, I'd be sorry that we should be sundered, we've known each other so long.

Miss B.—We have, Algernon.

Mr. D.—We lived and loved together, Betty.

Miss B.—True for you, Fred.; we have lodged in the same house for the last seven years.

Mr. D.—Seven years and a half, love, and I owe a quarter's rent.

Miss B.—And I owe a year's.

Mr. D.—The devil you do! There's sympathy between us, Betty. We're both poor.

Miss B.—Poor as church mice.

Mr. D.—I haven't as much as would rattle on a griddle.

Miss B.—Nor I as much as would pay turnpike for a walking-stick.

Mr. D.—We're both musical.

Miss B.—That we are.

Mr. D.—I play the flute.

Miss B.—Superbly.

Mr. D.—And play the guitar like an angel.

Miss B.—Better than any angel I ever heard.

Mr. D.—Yet, if we must part, we must, and there's an about it. So—

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,  
Still for ever fare thee well."

Miss B.—Ask your mother when you meet her, If her mangle she did sell?

Mr. D.—Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour—

Miss B.—I have seen my fondest hopes decay;

Mr. D.—I never nurs'd a tree or flower—

Miss B.—Nix, my Dolly, fule fake away.

Mr. D.—It is all but a dream at the best,  
And when happiest soonest o'er.

Miss B.—For glory is all collywest,  
And love without tis is a bore.

Mr. D.—Who can school the heart's affection?

Miss B.—Who can banish its regret?

Mr. D.—If you blame my deep dejection—

Miss B.—Let me have some heavy wet.

Mr. D.—Unstained without and innocent within—

Miss B.—I fear no danger, for I drink no gin.

Mr. D.—What would I not give to wander,  
Where my loved one roams about?  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder—

Miss B.—Does your mother know you're out?

Mr. D.—Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain—

Miss B.—Died of rose in a *rheumatic* pain.

Mr. D.—Your overpowering presence makes me feel  
'Twere not idolatry to squeal—

Miss B.—Order was heaven's first decree, and this confess'd—

Mr. D.—Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Miss B.—Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar—

Mr. D.—As he was hastening home on a car.

Miss B.—Blithely with music the road he beguiled—

Mr. D.—Bringing Stewart's candy home to his child.

Miss B.—Around his heart the eddying clouds are spread—

Mr. D.—Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

Miss B.—Know then this truth, enough for man to know—

Mr. D.—Autumn's the season when the scythe-men mow.

Miss B.—How sweet 'tis to wander when day-beams decline,  
And sunset is gilding my beautiful Rhine.

Mr. D.—But the sweetest diversion that's under the sun,  
Is to sit by the fire till the praties are done.

Miss B.—Oh! the pangs that lovers know,  
When the hour arrives for parting—  
How their tears responsive flow—

Mr. D.—All my eye and Betty Martin.

Miss B.—Oh! the young May moon is beaming, love—

Mr. D.—The potatoes now are steaming, love;  
And murphies and ling,  
Are a feast for a king—  
So get up and be no longer dreaming, love.

Miss B.—(Tenderly.)  
Oh, fresh is the morning air, young man,  
And it blows for America fair, young man;  
But if you must part,  
From the friends of your heart,  
Wont you leave us a lock of your hair, young man?

Mr. D.—(Fiercely.)  
Now what do you mean by this antic, miss—  
Do you want to drive me frantic, miss?  
You may have, if you need,  
Half the hair on my head,  
But I'm blowed if I'll cross the Atlantic, miss.

Miss B.—"Somewhat too much of this, Mr. Dobbs," as *Hamlet* says. You are becoming profane, so we will have no more poetical recitation to-day. Come home, and I will give you your flute.

Mr. D.—*A la bonne heure*. Be it so. But let us just remark, for the information of the bench, before we go, that every line we have recited is original.

Miss B.—Oh! strictly original, upon my honour.

The parties then bowed to the bench, and muttering some poetic effusion, *setto voce*, left the office, apparently good friends; while I went home, to "chronicle their lay."

We have been permitted to make the following extracts from Kendall's work on Mexico, now in press by the Harpers. This book has been long announced, and thousands are anxiously waiting its appearance. The author has become well known to the public through the columns of the New-Orleans Picayune. There is a freshness and vigour in his style, and a straightforward way of telling a story, combined with an originality and independence of thought, and a bold and manly *nonchalance*, that cannot fail greatly to interest the reader. We predict an immense sale of the book, which will be got up in superlative style, in two handsome volumes, illustrated with a map and beautiful engravings, and full of adventure and fun. The first extract gives a touch of the "terrible horrible"—*jornada del Muerto*—or journey of the Dead Man. The author slept the night previous to starting on this awful march of ninety miles wrapped in a single blanket, upon the cold ground, and buried some inches under the falling snow.

We remained at Fray Cristobal until near night, the snow, in the meantime, thawing away entirely under the influence of the sun. Salazar said aloud, on starting, that we were to be driven through the entire ninety miles without sleep or a morsel of food, and as there was no water on the route, he advised such of us as had gourds or canteens to fill them before setting out: an exhibition of humanity truly considerate and unlooked for in him.

At a steady pace we journeyed onward till dark, the weather mild and pleasant for walking; but now a raw night wind sprang up, fresh and piercing, from the snow-clad mountains, and chilling our weak frames so thoroughly that the most violent exercise could not keep us warm. A water-gourd, holding some two quarts, which I had filled on starting, after taking a hearty draught at the river, slipped from my benumbed fingers, and was dashed to pieces on the frozen ground. The animals of our guard went begging for riders, for even their hardy owners were obliged to dismount and run on foot to prevent their limbs from freezing.

About nine o'clock at night we met a regiment of dragoons, under Colonel Muñoz, on their way from Durango to Santa Fé: troops that had been despatched by the Central Government to take part in any hostilities that might occur with the Texans. Being from a more southern and temperate climate they suffered excessively from the cold, so much so that many of them were leading their horses and setting fire to every little tuft of palm or dry grass on either side of the road. Around these blazing tufts, and scattered along the road for miles, were to be seen knots of half-frozen dragoons, mingled with a large number of women, who always follow the Mexican soldiery on a march. How the latter, who were but half clad even in the warmest climate, could withstand the bitter cold of that dreary night, is to me incomprehensible.

Wild and picturesque was the scene presented by the train of roadside fires, each with a little bevy huddling and shivering around the red-glaring and fitful lights, the lengthened and fitting shadows coming and going, and losing themselves in the sombre obscuration of night. There would be seen the officer, cloaked and blanketed, standing side by side with one of his men, the head of the latter covered with a clumsy bearskin dragoon cap, while he would share his sky-blue military cloak with some woman who had followed him, maybe, from the *tierra caliente*, or sunny south, and was now, for the first time, visiting the region of snow. As tuft after tuft would fall away at the touch of fire, the wild group would hurry on to others, soon kindle them, and as they in turn would suddenly flash up,

blaze for a few moments, and then as suddenly expire, away they would hie to the next. Eldrich and spectre faces came and vanished on that barren moor, that did strongly remind me of the witch scenes in Macbeth. While standing around these fires some of the dragoons informed our men that they had met Colonel Cooke's party near Chihuahua, and that they were well treated on the road. There was consolation in this, for we had heard many rumours of the bad treatment we might expect on the other side of the Paso del Norte.

The sufferings, the horrors of that dreadful night upon the Dead Man's Journey cannot soon be effaced from the memory of those who endured them. Although my sore and blistered feet, and still lame ankle, pained me excessively, it was nothing to the biting cold and the helpless drowsiness which cold begets. No halt was called—had any of us fallen asleep by the road-side after midnight, it would have been the sleep of death. Towards daylight many of the prisoners were fairly walking in their sleep and staggering about, from one side of the road to the other, like so many drunken men. Completely chilled through, even their senses were benumbed, and they would sink by the road-side and beg to be left behind, to sleep and to perish. A stupor, a perfect indifference for life, came over many of us, and the stronger found employment in rousing and assisting the weaker. Anxiously did we wait the coming of the sun, for that would at least bring warmth and animation to our paralyzed limbs and faculties.

Daylight came at last, and with it came a halt of an hour, to bring up the stragglers and count the prisoners. By the time the last of us were up the trumpet again sounded the advance, and once more we were upon the road. Towards noon we passed the Dead Man's Lake, or Lake of Death, its bed perfectly dry. The coolness of the weather, however, and the fact that we had nothing to eat, prevented that thirst which in a warmer temperature would have caused sufferings of a nature that cannot be described.

As the sun was about setting, those of us who were in front were startled by the report of two guns, following each other in quick succession. We turned to ascertain the cause, and soon found that a poor, unfortunate man, named Golpin, a merchant, who had joined the expedition with a small amount of goods, had been shot by the rear-guard for no other reason than that *he was too sick and weak to keep up!* He had made a bargain with one of the guard to ride his mule a short distance, for which he was to give him his only shirt! While in the act of taking it off, Salezar ordered a soldier to shoot him. The first ball only wounded the wretched man, but the second killed him instantly, and he fell, with his shirt still about his face. Golpin was a citizen of the United States, and reached Texas a short time before the departure of the expedition. He appeared to be a harmless, inoffensive man, of delicate constitution, and, during a greater part of the time we were upon the road, before the capture of the expedition, was obliged to ride in one of the wagons. The brutal Salezar, rather than be troubled with him any longer, took this method of ridding himself of an encumbrance! It may be difficult, for many of my readers, to believe that such an act of wanton barbarity could be perpetrated by a people pretending to be civilized—to be Christians! I should certainly be loath to hazard my reputation by telling the story were there not nearly two hundred witnesses of the scene.

In half an hour after the murder of Golpin, and before it was yet dark, we were ordered to halt for a short time, the horses and mules of our guard absolutely requiring a little rest after being constantly in motion for more than twenty-

four hours. Had Salezar consulted only the feelings of the prisoners, no halt would have been called.

During the short rest now allowed us we were permitted to lie down, but sleep was impossible. Had we been granted rest during the day, when the warm sun was shining over us, we might have slept, and soundly, too: now, it was so cold we could but curl up close, one to another, in a state of discomfort that forbade sleep. At ten o'clock at night, or near that hour, we were again roused and ordered to resume the march. The short rest which had been granted was far from restoring us to strength, far from removing the soreness and stiffness from our bones: on the contrary, we were now more unfitted for the gloomy march than ever. We had travelled but a short half mile before we passed the two wagons in which the baggage and camp equipage of the Mexicans were carried. In one of these, stowed snugly under the cotton cover, were Salezar and his lieutenant, the redoubtable Don Jesus. They, at least, had made themselves comfortable, and were snoring away, utterly regardless of the sufferings around them.

About midnight we reached a part of the desert where the high branches of palm had not been burned, the dragoons probably passing this section in the daytime. These dry tufts were at once set on fire by the Mexicans to warm their benumbed and half-frozen hands and feet. We, too, crowded around them, and as one would burn down to a level with the ground we rushed hurriedly to the next. Our line now extended nearly a mile along the road, and the blazing clumps, which flashed up like powder on being ignited, gave a wild and romantic appearance to the scene, more especially when the dark and swarthy faces of the Mexicans and the wild and haggard features of our men were seen congregated round the same fire.

The early hours of the morning were colder than any which had preceded them, as the biting winds from the mountains appeared to have a more open sweep across the desert plain. The sufferings, too, of the previous night were increased in proportion as we had less strength to endure them; and here it should be remembered that we had had no food given us from our commencement of the Dead Man's Journey, now thirty-six hours, and that we had been in active exercise nearly the whole time. How this dreary road across the waste ever obtained its congenial name is more than I could learn. It certainly deserves it, more especially since the murders committed along its line by Salezar.

That faint streak of lightish gray which heralds daylight had but just appeared in the eastern horizon when a man named Griffith, who had been wounded by the Indians before we were taken prisoners, and had not entirely recovered, gave out, and declared his inability to proceed any farther. He had ridden a mule until his faculties were nearly paralyzed by the cold, when he jumped off and again undertook to walk. Too weak, however, and too lame to travel, he sank to the ground. A soldier told him to rise, or he would obey the orders, given by Salezar, to put all to death who could not keep up. Griffith made one feeble but ineffectual attempt. The effort was too much: he cast an imploring look at the soldier, and while doing so the brutal miscreant *knoeked his brains out with a musket!* His blanket was then stripped from him, as the reward of the murderer, his ears were cut off, and he was thrown by the roadside, another feast for the buzzards and prairie wolves!

And how, it will be asked, did we feel while acts like these—acts that leave barbarian deeds of cruelty and blood far behind—were enacted in our midst? The reader must understand that not one of us knew but that he might be

called upon as the next victim; that we were completely worn and broken down, sick and dispirited. Callous, too, we had become; and although we could not look upon the horrible butchery of our comrades with indifference, we still knew that any interference on our part would bring certain death, without in any way aiding our unfortunate friends. Only we prayed that a time might come when their death could be avenged—that the damnable crimes hourly enacted around us might be atoned for. There was the breast of many a hero in that sorry band; and in its pent-up chamber were recorded deep vows of vengeance yet to be executed upon Armijo and his congenial satellites.

It was not until about eight o'clock in the morning that the water of the Rio Grande, which in its course had swept around the bend, a distance of more than one hundred and sixty miles, were seen by those in the advance. With hurried and eager steps we all pressed forward, for we knew that now, at least, we were to have food, water and sleep. To attempt a delineation of our men as they appeared at that time were a bootless task. We had now been forty hours on the road without food or water; in this time, although we had travelled ninety miles, we had had scarcely four hours' rest; the scanty wardrobe which each man carried upon his back, and which was all he possessed, had not been changed since we were made prisoners, and was now filled with every species of vermin known in Mexico. Add to this the sunken, hollow cheeks, pale and haggard countenances of men who had been unshaved for a month, and the reader will have a faint idea of our miserable aspect.

Salezar here ordered another ox killed—one that had made the entire journey with us from Austin, that had escaped the stampedes and Indian perils, and had borne a due share of the labour of dragging our wagons across the immense prairies of the west. With his former masters he had suffered and been captured, and now that he, too, was lame and broken down, weak and unable to travel, like them he was ordered to the sacrifice. It did not seem right to make a meal of an old and tried companion; yet necessity knows no law, neither has it feelings, and in three-quarters of an hour after the poor animal was killed he was cooked and devoured, and his quondam masters were lying about on the grass fast asleep. In the afternoon we were awakened and ordered to march some miles farther—to a place where the animals of the guard could obtain better picking than at the camp where we were now lying. As we were about starting, a little incident occurred in which were strangely mixed the painful and the ludicrous. For some trifling cause Salezar drew his sword and with the flat of it struck one of the prisoners a violent blow across the shoulder. The poor fellow had only learned one Spanish expression, *muchas gracias*—the common phrase employed in New Mexico to thank a person for any favour received. Thinking he must say something, and not knowing anything else to say, the unfortunate Texan ejaculated, "*Muchas gracias, Señor!*" Another terrible whack from the sword of Salezar was followed by a shrug of the shoulders and another "Many thanks, sir." The captain was now more infuriated than ever. To be thus publicly and openly thanked by a person upon whom he was inflicting a painful punishment, he looked upon as a defiance, and he accordingly redoubled his blows. How long this might have continued I am unable to say; had not some of the friends of the man told him to hold his tongue, Salezar might have continued his blows until exhausted by the very labour. It is astonishing with what facility many of our men picked up enough Spanish to hold conversation with our guard, however little advance the punished individual just spoken of had made. The

oaths, in particular, they soon learned, and in return they gave the Mexicans an insight into the many imprecatory idioms with which the English abounds. It is singular how much more easily men learn to swear and blaspheme in any language than to pray in it.

Our march, on the day after we had finished the Dead Man's Journey, was one of unusual length and severity; numbers of the men giving out miles before we reached our camping-ground. Salezar, as fortune ordained it, rode in advance this day, and although the rear-guard beat and mercilessly abused some of the more unfortunate stragglers, they did not go so far as to take their lives. One brute in particular, our more lame and unfortunate companions can never forget. His name, if I ever knew it, has now slipped from my memory, but to recall him to the recollections of all who made the gloomy journey from San Miguel to the Pass, I have only to refer to the fellow who was continually annoying us by his harsh and most discordant efforts at singing. As a general thing, the lower classes of Mexico have voices of rare sweetness and touching melody, and often, while at San Miguel, did we listen to the lays of a party of soldiers with pleasure, as, with tones harmoniously blending, they sang a rude but cheerful catch in praise of Santa Anna; but the notes of this scoundrel were of the most grating nature. Continually was he trotting his mule up and down the line, uttering sounds which were almost demoniacal, and, as though he thought it a fit accompaniment, he sought every occasion to insult, ride over, and strike the sick and the lame, the halt and the weary. Not without shuddering did we hear the horrible tones of this fellow's voice, as he would approach us; and I cannot doubt that this simple mention will bring the grating sounds again ringing in the ears of those who heard him, and who may happen to read this chapter.

Some of the poor prisoners parted with their shoes and shirts, and in many cases even with their blankets, in payment for a ride of a few miles—the unfeeling owners of the animals ever ready to take advantage of such as were unable to walk. In some few instances men were found among the Mexicans who had humanity enough to take up some unfortunate Texan, and carry him a few miles; but those instances were extremely rare.

It was pitchy dark when we reached our halting-place this night, a grove of cotton-woods within thirty miles of El Paso del Norte, and so tired were the men that a majority of them sank supperless upon the ground, too weak to cook the scanty ration of meal which was distributed among them.

We had been but a few moments in this camp before Van Ness, with whom Salezar intrusted many of his secrets, informed Falconer and myself that the miscreant intended to search us all the next day: he suspected, from many little circumstances, that there was still no inconsiderable sum of money among the wretched prisoners, and if his suspicions were true, he determined to gain possession of it.

Knowing, full well, that his search would extend to every portion of our tattered vestments, making it impossible to hide our valuables about our persons, we now tasked our wits to devise some scheme wherewith to cheat Salezar of his anticipated plunder. Various plans were revolved in our minds, but dismissed as not feasible, until finally I bethought me of one which promised success even though the search should prove ever so rigorous. It was to make a small batch of cakes with a quantity of meal we had in a bag, the cakes to be seasoned with our doubloons and such other gold pieces as we had in our possession. This plan was adopted at once, and in an hour, one kneading the dough and forming the cakes, while the other watched the sentinel on duty

to see that he did not discover our trick, we had our money all carefully baked with the exception of a few dollars. The latter we carried openly in our pockets to avoid suspicion, and for its loss we cared but little so that the main amount was saved. My gold watch and chain I gave to Van Ness, who carefully folded them in his cravat and tied them about his neck. As the prisoners had frequently made their meal into cakes of similar size and appearance, we had full confidence of outwitting the avaricious scoundrel should he make his threatened search.

On resuming our march the next morning, Salezar left the oxen which had been furnished for our sustenance on the road, and of which sixteen were still left, behind him: with the oxen he also left some thirty horses and mules, animals then in possession of his guard, but which, it was afterward ascertained, had been either stolen from the inhabitants of El Paso by their present owners themselves, or purchased from the Apaches with the full knowledge that they had been stolen. This bit of rascality arranged satisfactorily by Salezar, and a small guard being left behind to herd the animals out of sight of the main road, we were again on the move.\* About sunset we arrived at an encampment directly in the mouth of the gorge through which the Rio Grande has forced a passage—the well-known gap in the mountains called by the Mexicans El Paso del Norte, or the Pass of the North, and within eight miles of the large town of El Paso.

I have said that the sun was about setting when we arrived at our camping-ground: that luminary lacked some half hour yet of its going down, and never have I seen him sink below the western horizon with such a glow of splendour and magnificence around him as on that occasion. Immediately in front of us, running nearly north and south, rose a chain of frowning mountains, through which, although at the time we could not tell how or where, the Rio Grande has forced its way. The table-land on which we stood reached far as the eye could see to the west. Those who have watched the sun in his setting, may have fancied that on approaching near his apparent resting-place he drops, as it were, several feet at a time, then lingers stationary for a moment, then drops towards his nightly retreat again, as if hurrying to finish his day's work and reach his evening couch of rest. So it was on this occasion, and from some peculiarity in the atmosphere the broad face of the god of day appeared of deeper yet more subdued red, and of four times its ordinary size. The evening air was of a most wooing temperature—mild and bland. The eastern sky received a reflection of softened yet golden lustre, while the mountain sides were clothed with a gorgeous but mellow atmosphere, and the shadows sent among the frowning clefts by the last rays of the setting sun were softened and suffused by the universal glow. While contemplating the lovely scene, and lost to all around me in admiration of its rare and almost holy beauty, I was suddenly aroused by the report that a poor fellow named Gates was dying in one of the wagons. He had taken a severe cold the night we were all penned in the two small rooms, and inflammation of the lungs had ensued; and now, without medicine, with-

out the kind offices of relations, without the thousand charities and home-comforts that are not to be found in such a wo-worn band as ours, he was dying, and among those who would deny him even the last sad rites of sepulture!

On looking towards the wagon in which the unfortunate man was lying, it was evident he had but a few moments to live: there was a glassy wildness in his eye, a slight rattling and convulsive throes about his neck which too plainly denoted that his sufferings were soon to terminate. At such a time as this it would hardly seem credible that one could be found, clothed in the outward semblance of humanity, ferocious enough to inflict farther pain and anguish upon his fellow-being: yet such was the fact, and a case of more heartless cruelty up to this time probably stands not on record.

Gates retained his senses, and had just asked one of his comrades, in weak and broken accents, for a cup of water. He had scarcely swallowed it ere a young Mexican, who went by the name of Ramon, took up an empty musket standing by the wagon, and after wantonly pointing it directly in the face of the dying man, snapped it! The latter, unconscious whether the musket was loaded or not, raised his hands convulsively to his face and shrunk instinctively back. The wretch, apparently enjoying the torture he was thus inflicting, again pointed and snapped the gun. This was too much for one who was already wrestling with death. He gave one shudder, his limbs relaxed, and all was over! He was instantly dragged from the wagon by our merciless guard, his ears were cut off by order of Salezar, and the body was thrown by the roadside

"a stiffen'd corpse,  
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast!"

Knowing that the prisoners could not escape, Roblado allowed some of the men to roam over San Sebastian at will.

After a long and extremely fatiguing march, over a gravelly and stony road, we reached a poor village late on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. Many of our men were very foot-sore and completely tired out with the long march, so much so that they declared themselves really unable to pursue the journey on foot the next day. To allow them a day's rest was deemed utterly impossible by Roblado, and he immediately sent an order summoning the alcalde before him. That functionary soon appeared, when Roblado told him that he must provide a hundred jackasses, for the use of the men. The alcalde replied that the place was extremely poor, and that he could not furnish more than ten of the animals required.

"I am a man of few words," answered Captain Roblado. "I want one hundred jackasses for the men to ride to-morrow. If they are not here by six o'clock in the morning, I'll make a jackass of you, Señor Alcalde, pack you with the heaviest man in the crowd, and make you carry him to San Sebastian."

"Si, Señor," said the terrified alcalde, and the next morning the requisite number of animals were on the spot in readiness. Here was another instance of the supremacy the military power exerts over the civil in Mexico. Not a cent was paid the poor owners of the animals for services thus extorted, and Roblado manifested as little compunction on the occasion as a bear would while robbing a beehive. I will not give the man credit for having thus mounted our men through the feelings of humanity, believing him to have been actuated by no other motive than that of getting us on as fast as possible.

A tiresome march of some thirty-five miles, over a rough and uneven country, brought us to a dirty, miserable little hole, which is dignified with the high-sounding name of San Sebastian. This place is situated in a small, sterile valley,

\* The pack mule which Salezar took from me, at the time of our arrest, he frequently rode upon the journey between San Miguel and El Paso. She was a strong, powerful animal, but an extremely hard one to ride, having, in addition to a trick of throwing people over her head, a jolting and most uneasy and unsteady trot. To show the cool effrontery of Dimasio, he complained, on several occasions, of the gait of the animal, and said that he was disappointed in her! It is generally considered indelicate to "look a gift horse in the mouth," or allude to any little faults he may possess; I do not see why the same rule should not apply to a stolen mule. That she might take the whim to throw Salezar over her head, as had frequently been her wont when her riders were American, was a result I am frank enough to say I hoped for; but I could never learn that she indulged in any of her old tricks while in the hands of her new master.

amid barren hills, the only vegetation appearing upon their sides being a few stunted prickly pears and thornbushes. How the two or three hundred inhabitants obtain a living is a perfect mystery; in fact, they do not more than half live. Their little huts are built of small stones and mud, without doors or windows—they have neither chairs nor beds, nor, in fact, furniture of any kind—in fine, are infinitely worse off than Choctaw or Cherokee Indians, not only as regards clothing and food, but habitations and all the necessities of life.

It was on Christmas day that we reached San Sebastian, and anything but "a merry Christmas" did we spend in the wretched hole. Many of us had intended to "keep" the day and night somewhat after the manner of our country, but we could not procure eggs and milk enough in the town to manufacture even a tumbler of egg-nog. We were, therefore, compelled to make our Christmas dinner of a piece of beef roasted on a stick, with no other than bread and water accompaniments.

While roaming about the town after nightfall, in company with one of our officers, and inquiring for milk and eggs of every man, woman, and child we met, we at length encountered a couple of half-dressed girls, standing within a few steps of one of the houses. We stopped, and were about to ask them if they had the articles we were in search of, when they set up a terrible scream, and scampered into the hovel as though frightened out of the little sense that had been vouchsafed them. Some half dozen starved curs issued from the doorless entrance and commenced yelping at us, and this appeared to be a signal for every dog in town to join the chorus. Fortunately for us, there was no lack of stones, of a suitable size for throwing, in the vicinity; and I am strongly inclined to believe that several of the barking whelps had good reasons for regretting that they had attacked us—one, I know, must have required careful and unremitting nursing before he could ever hope to raise another bark at a stranger.

On returning to our quarters, some half an hour afterward, we found that an exceedingly grave charge had already been entered against us by the relatives or friends of the frightened girls, the complainants informing Roblado that we had not only insulted but chased them, and that had it not been for their faithful dogs it was impossible to imagine where we might have stopped! This was too rich. We told Roblado the circumstances exactly as they occurred, with one exception: as there was a remote probability that the plaintiffs might obtain a bill for damages sustained by their dogs, we did not even hint to Roblado our knowledge of the virtue possessed by stones, or that either of us had ever thrown one in our lives. Thus ended our Christmas frolic at San Sebastian.

At an early hour the next morning we were on the road. I looked around me, as we filed through the narrow and crooked lane leading from the town, expecting to see an occasional dead dog, or a limping one, at least; but the search was fruitless. A thousand open mouths were grinning, growling, grinding their teeth, and barking at us at every step—the killed and wounded had probably been provided for. Has any one of my readers, in his journeyings, ever noticed that the poorest towns and families always have the most and the meanest dogs? If he has not, I have, often.

We had proceeded a mile, or probably less, when suddenly one of our men was seen rising in the air, somewhat after the manner of a rocket, and then descending with even greater velocity. He had only been hoisted by one of those peculiar kick-ups which no animal but a donkey can give, but fortunately was only slightly injured. Many of the animals which had been pressed into the service by Roblado,

although the forced contract with the alcalde extended no farther than to San Sebastian, were still retained to carry out more lame and infirm comrades; had it not been for this, many of them would have suffered dreadfully, as the march was nearly forty miles in length. How these animals sustain themselves is unaccountable; for they had nothing to eat for the thirty-six hours they were with us, and then had to retrace their steps over the same ground, and with the same nourishment. They stopped over night at San Sebastian, going and coming; but there was not food enough in the vicinity of that town to afford a respectable maintenance for a small flock of killees.

#### AFFECTION'S JOYS.

Like the soft thrillings of the breathing wind,  
As o'er Æolus's strings it sweetly plays,  
Is love's first impulse on the yielding mind,  
When o'er the heart's young chords it gently strays;  
But deeper thrills the music of its voice,  
Where love for love bids heart with heart rejoice.  
Yet ah! how few the generous impulses know,  
Of pure affection, gushing from its source,  
Or taste the joys which from love's fountain flow,  
And taintless, onward, hold their glitt'ring course;—  
In holier spheres those chrysalis joys have birth,  
To die, too oft, beneath the frowns of earth.  
They die when cold neglect with icy hand,  
The genial current of their life congeals;  
They die, when Temper with her flaming wand,  
In their bright path the mine of strife conceals;—  
But oh, there is a whispering spirit tells,  
They live for aye, where love congenial dwells.  
They live, and o'er our lives a halo shed,  
More power than earth-born sympathies can give,  
And though each other hope the heart hath fled,  
There will the darkest hours of woe outlive;—  
Serenely still, when outward ills assail,  
Within the heart, affection's joys prevail.

T. R. W.

#### CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

January 19.

I HAVE noticed in history and real life that reformers, great enthusiasts, and great philosophers produce effects quite commensurate with their ambitions, but seldom by success in the exact line they had marked out. Providence does not allow "steam" to be wasted. In the search after the "elixir of life" and the "philosopher's stone," for example, the alchemists have stumbled over some of the most important discoveries of chemistry. This is rather an essayish beginning to a hasty-pudding letter, but I have been looking over Brisbane's book on Fourierism, while eating my breakfast, and it struck me how poorly the direct objects of "socialism" succeeded, while *combination*, to produce great and small results, seems to me to be the most prominent novelty in the features of the time. Mercantile houses are establishing partners in all the principal capitals—new publications are circulated almost wholly by a lately arranged system of combined agencies—information, formerly got by individual reading, is now fed out to large societies; and the rumour just now is, of a grand experiment of combining all the qualities of half a dozen newspapers in one—establishing something like the London Times, for instance, in which the subscriber would be sure to find "every thing that is going."

I went on Wednesday evening to the Temperance Tea Party, at Washington Hall, given in honour of the birthday of Franklin. Here was *combination* again—tea party, prayer-meeting, lecture, concert, promenade, and *tableau vivant*, (a printing press worked in the room,) all given in one entertainment. There were seven or eight long tables, with alleys between, and from a thousand to twelve hundred

ladies and gentlemen seated "at tea," and listening to the singing, praying, instrumental music, and speech-making, with a great appearance of comfort. I did not stay for the "promenade all round," but I am told that it was very agreeable, and that the party did not separate till *two in the morning*! The Temperance combination has been a great lesson as to the power of numbers united for one end; though I fear the action of it has been somewhat like the momentary sweeping dry of a river's channel by a whirlwind; so strikingly seems intemperance of late to have resumed its prevalence in the streets.

I find that, by my hasty observations on New-York society in a late letter, I have given voice to a feeling that has been for some time *in petto publico*, and I have heard since a great deal of discussion of the quality of New-York gaiety. It seems to be the opinion of good observers, that the best elements for society are not organized. The intellect and refinement of the population (of which there is quite enough for a fair proportion) lies "around in spots," it is thought, waiting only for some female Napoleon to concentrate and combine them. Exclusively literary parties would be as unattractive as exclusively dancing or juvenile parties, and indeed variety is the spice of agreeable social intercourse. In London, beauty is, with great pains, dug out from the mine of unfashionable regions, and made to shine in an aristocratic setting; and talent of all kinds, colloquial, literary, artistical, theatrical, is sought out, and mingled with rank, wealth and elegance, in the most perfect society of Europe. Any sudden attempt to discredit fashionable parties and run an opposition with a "blue" line would be covered with ridicule: but I think enough has been said, in a community as mercurial and sympathetic of news as is the population of New-York, to induce the Amphytrions of gaiety to look a little into their social mixtures, and supply the sweets or acids that are wanting. At the most fashionable party lately given, Madame Castellan was the guest of honour, and not called upon to sing—and this is somewhat more Londonish than usual. It is one of the newnesses of our country that we have no *grades* in our admiration, and can only see the merits of *extreme lions*. Second, third, and fourth-rate celebrities, for whom in Europe there is attention justly measured, pass wholly unnoticed through our cities. It must be a full-blooded nobleman, or the *first* singer or danseuse of the world, or the *most* popular author, or the *very first* actor, or the miraculous musician, if there is to be any degree whatever of appreciation or enthusiasm. This *lack of a scale of tribute to merit* is one reason why we so ridiculously overdo our welcomes to great comets, as in the case of Dickens—leaving very respectable stars, like Emerson, Longfellow, Cooper, Sully, and all our own and some foreign men of genius, to pass through the city, or remain here for weeks, unsought by party-givers, and unwelcomed except by their personal friends. To point this out, fortunately, is almost to correct it, so ready are we to learn; but I think, by the shadow cast before, that the avatar of some goddess of fashion may be soon looked for, who will shut her doors upon stupidity and inelegance, rich or poor, and create a gaiety that will be enjoyable, not barely endurable.

The Boston Recorder states that the Lecture System is in full force in that city, and that full audiences can be drawn by almost any subject. It is very different in New-York. I went last night to one of the lectures of the Mercantile Library Association, and found an audience of about one hundred only—though the lecturer, S. De Witt Bloodgood, Esq. is one of the best scholars and most popular writers of the day. His subject was American Literature, which he handled in a charmingly anecdotal and amusing

manner. The secretary of one of the lecturing societies told me the other day that the committee had lost a large sum of money by the prices paid to lecturers, and that, in one instance, where fifty dollars were given for the lecture and sixty for expenses, only two dollars were taken at the door. I see, however, that novelty on the subject will not draw, even here. Mr. Dewey's excellent and piquant lecture on American Manners and Morals is to be repeated this evening at the Tabernacle.

Friday morning, January 3

I AM very sorry to see by the English papers that Dickens has been "within the rules of the Queen's Bench"—realizing the prophecy of pecuniary ruin which has for some time been whispered about for him. His splendid genius did not need the melancholy proof of improvidence, and he has his wealth so completely within his grasp that there seems a particular and unhappy needlessness in his ruin. The most of his misfortune is, he has lived so closely at the edge of his flood-tide of prosperity that the ebb leaves him at high-water mark, and not in the contented ooze of supplied necessities where it first took him up. And, by the way, it was in that same low-water period of his life—just before he became celebrated—that I first saw Dickens; and I will record this phase of his *chrysalis*—"the tomb of the caterpillar and the cradle of the butterfly," as Linnaeus calls it,—upon the chance of its being as interesting to future ages as such a picture would now be of the *ante-butterfly* of Shakespeare. I was following a favourite amusement of mine on a rainy day in the Strand, London—strolling towards the more crowded thoroughfares with cloak and umbrella, and looking at people and shop-windows. I heard my name called from a passenger in a street-cab. From out the smoke of the wet straw peered the head of my publisher, Mr. Macrone—(a most liberal and noble-hearted fellow, since dead.) After a little catechism as to my damp destiny for that morning, he informed me that he was going to Newgate, and asked me to join him. I willingly agreed, never having seen this famous prison, and after I was seized in the cab, he said he was going to pick up, on the way, a young paragraphist for the Morning Chronicle who wished to write a description of it. In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the "Bull and Mouth" inn, (the great starting and stopping-place of the stage-coaches,) we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. Not to leave me sitting in the rain, Macrone asked me to dismount with him. I followed by long flights of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, and two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens—for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing—(and I made a memorandum of it that evening, as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers)—the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honour of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself as I sat down on a rickety chair, "My good fellow, if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have as need to be condescended to by a publisher!" Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described "Dick Swiveler"—minus the "swell" look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification, I thought, of a close sailer to the wind. We were down and crowded into the cab (one passenger more than the law allowed, and Dickens partly in my lap and partly in



Macrone's,) and drove on to Newgate. In his works, if you remember, there is a description of the prison, drawn from this day's observation. We were there an hour or two and were shown some of the celebrated murderers confined for life, and one young soldier waiting for execution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Mrs. Fry, on her usual errand of benevolence. Though interested in Dickens's face, I forgot him naturally enough after we entered the prison, and I do not think I heard him speak during the two hours. I parted from him at the door of the prison, and continued my stroll into the city.

Not long after this, Macrone sent me the "sheets of Sketches by Boz," with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it, and in my note of reply assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made as a publisher if he could monopolize the author.

Two or three years afterwards, I was in London, and present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready, Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him. He was no more like the same man I had seen than a tree in June is like the same tree in February. He sat leaning his head on his hand while Bulwer was speaking, and with his very long hair, his very flash waistcoat, his chains and rings, and withal a much paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognizable. The comparison was very interesting to me, and I looked at him a long time. He was then in his culmination of popularity, and seemed jaded to stupefaction. Remembering the glorious works he had written since I had seen him, I longed to pay him my homage, but had no opportunity, and I did not see him again till he came over to reap his harvest and upset his hay-cart in America. When all the ephemera of his imprudences and improvidences shall have passed away—say twenty years hence—I should like to see him again, renowned as he will be for the most original and remarkable works of his time.

A friend lent me yesterday a late file of "The Straits Messenger," an English newspaper published at Singapore. The leader of one number commences with, "We have always had a hatred for republicanism, and holding it to be the fosterer of every rascality in public life, and every roguery in private, we are not at all surprised when instances turn up to prove our theory true." This is apropos of some news of "repudiation." The advertisements in this paper amused me somewhat, and they consist principally of dissolutions of native partnership. Here are three of them:

"*Notice.* The interest and responsibility of Kim Joo Ho in our firm ceased from the 8th January. (Signed) YEE HUN HO."

"*Notice.* The interest and responsibility of the undersigned in the firm of Chop Tyho ceased from this date. (Signed) CHEE ONG SEANG, CHEE JIN SEO."

"*Notice.* The interest and responsibility of Mr. See Eng San in our firm ceased from the 5th January. (Signed) BOONTEONG & Co."

I was at the City Guards' Ball on Wednesday evening. The Moorish transformation of Niblo's beautiful saloon was exceedingly fine, and it was altogether a highly romantic and beautiful scene. The dancing, I understood, was kept up till the "small hours" grew large again. In the short time that I was there I saw a great number of beautiful women—a greater proportion, I think, than one can see on similar occasions in other countries. The bright uniforms of the company showed to great advantage.

January 29.

In the old English of Gower's "Confessio Amantis" there is wrapped up a little germ of wisdom which you would hardly look for in the metaphysics of love, but which contains the hand-over-hand, boiling-pot principle of most of the make-money-ries of our country:—

"My sonne, yet there is the fift,  
Which is conceived of enuie,  
And cleped is SUPPLANTING;  
Thro' whose compassment and guile  
Full many hath lost his while  
In love, as well as other wise."

In England nobody gets ahead but by shoving on all those who are before him, but a hundred instances will occur to you of leap-frog experiment in our country, by which all kinds of success in business is superseded. The most signal and successful jump that I have noticed lately is that of the *periodical agents, over the heads of the old publishers*—(the trick, indeed, which has hocus-pocused the old pirates into changing their views on the subject of copyright!) Three years ago the great apparatus for the circulation of books, was entirely a secret in the hands of the trade, and a man might as well have attempted to run a rail-car across the fields by hand as an author to have attempted to circulate his own book without the consent of publishers. The names and terms of bookselling correspondents, the means of transportation of books, and the amount of profits on them, were matters of inaccessible knowledge. The publisher kept the gate of the public eye, and demanded his own toll—two-thirds of the commodity, if not all! The first "little pin" that "bored through this castle wall," was the establishment of the mammoth newspaper, by Day and Wilson, and the publication of entire novels in one sheet; and, upon their agencies for the circulation of these, is now built a scheme of periodical agency totally separate from publishers, and comparing with these as the expresses of Hale and Hamden and Pomeroy do with the general post-office—cheaper, more expeditious and open to competition.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that *any author, now, can publish his own book, and get all the profits!* Any printer will tell him how to get it printed and bound in paper covers—for which he pays simply what publishers do. Stored up in his own room or a warehouse, he has only to furnish it to the periodical agents, who will take of him, at their wholesale price, *all that will sell*—(bringing the risk directly on the proper shoulders, those of the author)—and returning to him *very promptly* the money or the unsaleable copies. There are no "six months publishers' notes" in the business; no cringing or making interest. The author is on a blessed level with the gingerbread bakers and blacking sellers he has often envied—salesman of his own commodity, if saleable it be, and made aware, to a certainty, in a very brief time, whether he has mistaken his vocation. *Let but Congress give us a law which shall prevent English books from coming, not into the market, but into the publishers' hands, for nothing*, and the only remaining obstacle to a world-wide competition will be gloriously removed. And, books will be no dearer than at present—as the memorials to Congress sufficiently show.

One of the most desirable books for a library,—as to value of contents, correctness and elegance of print and binding—is Mallory's Life and Speeches of Mr. Clay. It must be nervous murder to Mr. Clay to see some of the editions of his speeches, and it must be a great pleasure to him and his friends to have such a correct embodiment of his great mind in so fair a shape as the Mallory edition. Bixby and Co., of New-York, are the publishers.

## CONGRATULATORY.

CHARMING reader! shake us by the magnetic hand! We feel like a first settler on seeing the log-houses thicken around him—kindly and genial, because prosperous and expanding. We have a burnt-child mistrust of imaginary tributes to popularity—but the thousands of affidavies shillings and sixpences that come in curtsying for the New Mirror and the "Extras," are a cloud of witnesses quite beyond cross-questioning. We own the soft impeachment. Still—a little of the glow of our self-felicitation is prospective. The pleasure we have felt in seeing the proof-sheets of one or two of our favourite books in the Mirror shape, and of knowing, while we write, that the readers for whom we purvey will be fancy-fed from the same sweet sheaves of thought and feeling which we keep, carefully harvested for ourselves—this pleasure comes with a glow over us, and we feel, prospectively, sympathized-with, and expanded. The truth is, *a literary constituency is a wealth beyond money*. To be the representative from Thought-land—the looker after the intellectual wants and interests of the many thousands who now read weekly what we send them—is an honour above politics. To be the chosen Amphytrion of unnumbered tastes—thought of, like an entertaining host, while the weekly feast is discussed in thousands of arm-chairs spread from Florida to Passamaquoddy—is a princeliness beyond dinner-giving. We possess a kingdom in your habit of reading us! We feel its consequence, its power, and—moreover—its *responsibility*. We shall do our best to deserve better and better of your deliberate good-will—believe us.

Frederika Bremer has worked up two or three wild and beautiful traditions from the Scandinavian mythology, in a work called the Bondmaid. A translation of it, done most chastely and spiritedly by Mrs. Putnam (a sister of the poet Lowell), published by James Munroe, Boston, lies on our table. It is no small credit to a lady to have so mastered the Swedish as to transfer its air and physiognomy as well as its literal meaning, and, if we are judges of translation, this is as well done as Miss Howitt could do it, or any other of the professed translators. We take an episode from it, which is a curious personification of the spirit of slavery:

*Frid's Chamber.—FRID. KUMBA.*

FRID. Kumba, braid my hair, and pour on it the perfumed oil king Dag has sent me from the southern land.

KUMBA. I obey.

FRID. And, as thou braidest, I would have thee tell me some of the sagas that thou knowest so well. Well is it said that round the home of Saga the gliding waters murmur, to whose voice the ear of Odin listens willingly. Saddening yet spirit-stirring too are song and saga.

KUMBA. Princess will then hear the old saga concerning Rig?

FRID. Gladly.

KUMBA. Heimdall, thus runs the tale, once roaming through green paths, came to the sea-shore; he found there a lonely house and entered in. The door was half open; fire burned on the floor. Within, grown gray with toil, sat Æ and Edda in old work-day clothes. Edda set before him soup in a bowl, and took from the fire thick seed-mixed cakes; but the chief dainty was the sodden calf. Heimdall, who called himself by the name of Rig, tarried here three days and nights, and went forth on his way. And when nine moons had come and gone, Edda bore a son who was dipped in water, and was called Tral. And the boy grew and thrived; he was of dark colour; his countenance was ill-favoured; the skin of his hands was thick and shrivelled; his back was round; his heels were long. And there came to the hut a beggar girl; her nose was flat; her arms were sun-burnt; her feet were sore with travel. She was called Tralinn; she passed with Tral the heavy days, and bore him sons and daughters. It was their work to draw burdens; to carry wood; to dress the fields; to herd swine; to tend goats; to cut turf. From these are slaves descended.

\* This saga is contained in the elder Edda.

And Rig journeyed on further and found in another house another pair. The door stood half open, fire burned on the floor. The man was shaping a tree into a weaver's beam. His beard was trimmed; his hair cut from his forehead; he was a straight shirt confined by a buckle at the throat. The housewife turned a spinning-wheel, drew out thread, and laid it by for cloth. She wore a fillet round her head; a kerchief round her neck; a ribbon over her shoulders. This pair were Æ and Amma. And Rig was received by them, and entertained three days and nights, and then went forth upon his way. And when nine moons had waxed and waned, Amma bore a son, red and blooming, with beaming eyes. He was dipped in water and called Karl. And the boy grew and thrived. He learned to tame oxen; to fashion tools; to build houses; to make wool-cards; to guide the plough. And to him Æ and Amma led home as his bride. She wore a kirtle of goat's hair; kynn hung from her belt. And they gave one another rings, and built them a house. They had many sons and daughters, and from them are the yeomanry descended.

And Rig journeyed on, and came to a stately hall. The door was shut and decorated with a ring. He entered. The floor was wide. There sat Fader and Moder. Their work was pastime. The husband bended bows; twisted bow-strings; polished arrows. The wife stiffened and smoothed her sleeves, and placed a coif upon her head. She wore a jewel on her breast; a silken kirtle, and blue-dyed linen. Her face was fair, her neck whiter than purest snow. Moder spread the white cloth on the table; and placed thereon thick, white, wheaten cakes; silver plates filled with various meats; beans and roasted fowls. Wine was poured from cans and embossed goblets. And they drank and talked till the day was done. Rig tarried here also three days and three nights, and went forth upon his way. And when nine moons had waxed and waned, Moder became the mother of a son, who was dipped in water and was called Jarl. His hair was light; his cheeks fresh coloured; his eyes keen as those of the young eagle. And he grew and thrived; he twisted bow-strings; bended bows; shaped arrows; threw the spear; shook the lance; rode horses; trained dogs; drew the sword; and used himself to swimming. Then came Rig again to the hall; taught him the Runic letters, and owned him for his son. The young Rig carried war over the mountains; won victories; and divided goods and lands. He married the daughter of Herra, the delicate, fair, noble Erna. Konr was the youngest of their sons. He strove with his father in Runic lore and vanquished him. Then was it the son's lot to be himself called Rig, and to have learning above all others. From him are kings and nobles derived. Here ended the saga of Rig.

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A short time after he rang at the door of a house, situated on the border of the lake, at the extremity of one of the suburbs of Geneva. It was a white and beautiful building, which, from the opposite shore, seemed like a swan ready to dip in its waves. Two large chestnuts sheltered it with their thick foliage, their branches entwining at the top of the roof formed a dome of verdure above the little terrace, from which was seen on the right the Alps, stretching themselves out like a battalion of giants, and, on the left, Geneva, bathing its feet in its blue lake.

The ring of the traveller brought out a young maiden, from a bower of honeysuckles, where she was at work, who became red as a cherry at seeing a stranger.

She was very handsome, and appeared about eighteen. Whether from coquetry, or whether she thought she had a right to use that perfect freedom allowed in the country, she wore the picturesque costume of the canton of Berne. She had on a straw hat, ornamented with blue flowers, from which escaped two long tresses of dark hair, and fell over her corsage trimmed with silver. The plaited folds of her chemise betrayed the setting of the beautiful arms which rivalled its whiteness. Purple stockings, a short skirt, and a ribbon of black velvet about the neck, completed her capricious toilette.

The traveller, struck with surprise, stood still, and held his breath, as if afraid the celestial apparition would vanish. His silent contemplation was not of a nature to diminish the embarrassment of the fair girl. She, therefore, hastened to

meet the old servant, who was slowly descending the steps of the porch.

"Gertrude," said she, "will you speak to the gentleman. I hastened to admit him, thinking it was my father."

At these words she disappeared, leaving the traveller in company with the domestic.

"Does M. Beaute no longer live here?" asked the young man, in a voice full of emotion.

"No, thank God!" replied the old woman; "he only comes here once a week, and that is too often! I have left his service for that of M. Willem, whose daughter you have just seen. But to business, Monsieur; perhaps you have the intention of hiring the chamber on the first floor?"

The stranger eagerly replied in the affirmative.

Preceded by the good woman, he was not long in entering the room, around which he threw inquisitive glances. But the examination made him sigh, for the hangings and furniture had been changed, leaving no traces of its former occupant.

Placing his travelling-bag sadly on the table, he took off his large hat, turned towards the servant, and seized her hands with emotion.

"Gertrude, my good nurse, am I so changed that you do not know me?"

"My God!" cried the old woman, "is it a dream? Fritz! yes, 'tis he, my Fritz!"

She fell in the arms of the young man, who pressed her tenderly to his heart.

"Here he is, the poor boy for whom I have wept so long! How handsome you have grown, my Fritz! Oh! now I recognize your large eyes, your noble brow; now I recognize my child. For I am your mother—is it not so, Fritz? But this is a miracle of a merciful heaven, giving me back the child I thought was dead!"

"Did you think I was dead, my good Gertrude?"

"Listen.—The day when your uncle, in spite of my prayers and tears, drove you from this house, I fainted on receiving your farewell kiss; but, no sooner had I recovered my senses, than I hastened after you to bring you back again, Fritz, and shame the man who refused you bread, because you would not enter his narrow views and be a workman! I said to myself, I have strength yet—very well, I will work to support my child; he shall continue to pursue his favourite occupation, until this occupation shall turn to his advantage—then, when I get old, he will support me in his turn. These were my thoughts while trying to find you. Alas! you had taken the road to the mountain! Here and there frightened guides were returning, for the tempest growled furiously, and from the top of the Dent de Morcle, I saw the avalanche descend, barring up the passage of the gorge du Valais—that gorge in which they had just met you. I thought you buried beneath the enormous mass of snow. Oh! I don't know what I did then! The first I knew, I found myself in this sad abode, where they had brought me, nearly dead, and my first words were to curse him who had caused your loss. Every day I reproached him for his unworthy conduct towards you, so much so, that at last he profited by a circumstance that offered to rid himself of the villa, and leave me in the service of the new proprietor.

"Poor nurse!" said Fritz tenderly, "you are the only

person who showed me affection in my infancy, and I thank God for saving the poor orphan, that he might one day prove his gratitude. Indeed, Gertrude, I run great danger; but I was fortunate enough to perceive it in time, and to preserve the same painter who had encouraged me the evening before, when he saw me painting on the shore of the lake. I had just met him on my way; he could not distinguish, as I could, that cracking noise in the mountains, the precursors of the storm, and manifested no uneasiness. I had soon to force him to fly, and we had no sooner got out of the gorge than it was filled with the avalanche. From that moment the celebrated artist would not suffer me to leave him. I told him my story, and I accompanied him to Rome, where my feeble talents were developed under his instructions. Yes, my good Gertrude, if I have not already obtained a brilliant reputation in the career of the fine arts, I am at least in a fair way to do so. Two of my pictures were sent to France, exhibited at the Louvre, and have just been purchased by the Duchess of Berry. Her royal highness has sent me other commands."

"Oh! thanks, my God, for having protected him!" cried Gertrude, falling on her knees.

Then she arose, covered him with caresses, parted his hair from his forehead, and kissed his brow a thousand times, as she used to do when he was a little child.

"I must go to Paris as soon as possible," continued the young artist, "but I wished first to see again the places from which I had so long been exiled; I wished to embrace you, my good nurse; and I do not fear to tell you, I desired also to embrace my uncle."

"Dear Fritz! noble heart!" said Gertrude, brushing away her tears, "you still love M. Beaute, although he was always so severe towards you; but he never felt any tenderness for you. I am far from blaming you, my child; but had you not better let me sound the feelings of your uncle on his return. He has gone on a journey, and M. Willem does not expect him back until the day after to-morrow."

"What! Gertrude, do you not think—"

"That he would not hesitate to give you a bad reputation, I am sure of it! He, too, believes you were buried under the avalanche, and yet never one word of regret ever passed his lips. It is enough to make you suppose he would see you with chagrin; and, besides, do you hear, my Fritz, I wish you to stay with your old Gertrude until you leave for Paris. Your uncle would drive you away from me were he to recognize you; but, I am not uneasy about that, since I did not know you. I, who am in some sort your mother. Let it suffice you to know that this house no longer is his. He has made a present of it to M. Willem, an excellent man, who found himself ruined in his old days."

Fritz's countenance expressed the liveliest astonishment, and the old woman continued:

"What you are tempted to consider a fine action is only an unworthy trick of M. Beaute. It was he who consummated the ruin of his friend, to hold him at discretion, to measure his gratitude—in a word, to force him to give him his daughter!"

"Gertrude!" cried Fritz, involuntarily trembling at this news; "take care of calumniating my uncle!"

"Alas! may not the event justify my predictions. Poor Clemence would not survive the fatal marriage!"

"Is she named Clemence?" asked Fritz.

He had hardly asked the question when his face became scarlet.

"Yes," replied Gertrude. "If you knew how good and gentle she is you would think her an angel! All who know

her appreciate so much her good qualities that she has been surnamed the Pearl of Geneva. Besides, my Fritz, you can see her, and judge for yourself, for I hear M. Willem coming; I will go and tell him you have hired this room. The kind man grows weary of his seclusion, and wishes a tenant to keep him company."

Gertrude descended as quick as her sexagenarian limbs would permit, leaving Fritz a prey to the diverse impressions her discourse produced on him.

Why did the glimpse of the young maiden he had hardly seen awaken such strong sympathy in his heart? Why did he feel his whole being revolt at the thought of her becoming the wife of his uncle? He tried to divest himself of these hallucinations. He went to the window and looked out on the lake, the friend of his childhood; on the few mountains he had so much regretted in his exile; magnificent nature, in contact with which the fire of his genius had been kindled.

Fritz had been taken an orphan from the cradle by M. Beaute, who at first thought of sending him to a foundling-hospital, although his sister had bequeathed him to his care; but, as he happened to be in want of a domestic precisely at this time, and as Gertrude could be both nurse and house-keeper, he resolved to obtain from the world the credit of acting the part of a father to his sister's son, counting as some future time to receive, with interest, the pecuniary sacrifices which the education of Fritz would impose on him. When M. Beaute had imagined the time had come to reap the reward of his outlays, what was his disappointment to find in his nephew ideas incompatible with a conduct purely material? He tried to subdue his young spirit, and chain it to the soil, while it was already in the clouds. He assayed to imprison Fritz in the shop of a jeweller, but the boy revolted flagrantly against his uncle, and the latter then drove him away as an useless being. Every noble idea, every generous sentiment which could not instantly become material was counted as nothing in the mind of this dry, cold, and selfish man.

As Gertrude had said, it concerned M. Beaute very little when he learned his nephew was overwhelmed by an avalanche.

Fritz contemplated the place in which his vocation as an artist was unappreciated. The thought of finding himself, at the end of ten years, face to face with the man who had never given him a friendly word, frightened him when at the top of Mount Salève, and, since his conversation with Gertrude, he felt he could not have the courage to embrace M. Beaute without being certain of an amicable reception. He, therefore, resolved to follow the counsel of his nurse.

When Clemence's father entered the room, Fritz put himself out for an Italian painter, who wished to enrich his album with some of the beautiful scenes in Switzerland.

M. Willem was a Genevese, with a countenance fresh and full of good-nature. The chagrin he had felt on the loss of his fortune had not diminished his complexion, or faded the healthy colour of his cheeks. He invited Fritz to dinner, and then introduced him into a kind of parlour where Clemence was assisting Gertrude to spread the table.

Clemence had taken off her Bernese costume, which was only worn to please her father; but the artist thought her as handsome in the simple muslin robe as in her first vestments.

"My daughter," said M. Willem, presenting Clemence to his new tenant.

"The Pearl of Geneva," added Gertrude, in a low voice in Fritz's ear.

The two young persons exchanged a timid saluta-

but the frankness and cordiality of M. Willem soon dispersed the inevitable restraint of a first interview, and before the repast was finished the good Genevese treated the artist like an old friend of the family.

Fritz was obliged to keep up with his host; that is to say, to smoke like a Swiss, and to empty as many pots of beer as the vast stomach of a German would hold.

More than once during the evening the look of the young man met the large blue eyes of Clemence, who examined him with *naïve* curiosity; she seemed happy at the joy of her father, and when Fritz approached, to wish her good night, she threw all her politeness into one gracious smile, as if to thank him for having entertained her father.

"Ah! you were right to call her an angel!" cried Fritz, flinging himself on Gertrude's neck, who lighted him up to his room.

The old woman replied, as she left him:

"She is a woman such as would suit my Fritz!"

The next day the young artist was seated in the honey-suckle bower he had seen Clemence leave the previous evening. In his dreams through the night her sweet face appeared to him radiant with splendour, and the white robe of Willem's daughter flitted over his brow like the perfumed wings of a seraphim.

Fritz, entirely engrossed with his studies as an artist, had never, until then, questioned his heart. He had seen the brunettes of Italy smile coquettishly as he passed, and fling glances that made a thrill shoot through his frame—but it was only for a moment. The love of his art carried him back to the feet of Canova's statue, Raphael's madonas, and the virgins of Corregio. They were his mistresses, the divinities before whom he prostrated himself in adoration. Nothing living on earth had appeared to him comparable to those sweet creations of genius, except that other virgin who had just been disclosed to his view, pure and sincere, like heaven's angels.

It was his first love, the love which starts into life in a single night, like the flower moistened with the dew; it was the meeting of two souls who had found each other again here below, and recognized their congeniality; it was that powerful magnetism, against which there is no possible resistance; it was that ineffable joy of the heart, whose remembrance is the only felicity of the old man, and whose absence should render death so painful to those who have never loved!

Fritz gave himself up without reserve to this new impression. It was in this arbour Clemence screened herself every day! He kissed her chair; the foliage the wind had agitated above her head; the flowers that had pleased her eyes; he respired with happiness the atmosphere, impregnated with the perfume of innocence. All at once a ray of joy beamed across his brow; but, the moment after, he turned pale, his heart beat with extreme violence, when he saw, at the end of the alley, Willem's daughter, directing her steps towards the bower.

She advanced, light as a gazelle, and fresher than the roses brushed by the hem of her robe, on the borders of the path she was traversing. She was soon near the young man.

"You are here, Monsieur?" said she, with surprise, but without any apparent fear. "I come to tell you that my father is waiting for you to breakfast; for, during your stay at Geneva, he hopes you will always take a place at his table. Gertrude has assured us also that you would consent to this."

Fritz never could remember the reply he made, only that for an hour afterwards he heard resounding in his ears the celestial music of Clemence's voice.

M. Willem awaited his guest at a table handsomely served. His daughter entered the room first, to announce Fritz's arrival.

The young artist had decidedly become the meesmate of the family. She whom he loved would be continually before his eyes; he would dare speak to her at each hour in the day. To speak to her! Could he hear that melodious voice as long as he wished without dying? There is in this kind of happiness something which our souls refuse to believe, because we have expected to find it only in heaven.

"But what ails you, young man?" demanded M. Willem of his guest. "You are letting your cutlets grow cold on your plate, and you have not yet tasted my wine. Morblen, will you drink less in the morning than at night?"

"Pardon me," replied Fritz, ashamed of his abstraction. For more than five minutes he had been examining the shade of the skein of silk which the pretty hands of Clemence were winding.

Happily Gertrude entered just then, and prevented M. Willem from remarking the illy concealed embarrassment of the artist.

The old servant brought a letter; but, before handing it to her master, she passed behind Fritz and whispered—"prudence!"

Then, speaking aloud, she added—

"Here is a letter from M. Beaute."

The countenance of Fritz became deadly pale. These words had aroused him from a dream, in which he had completely forgotten his uncle. He recalled the sad predictions of Gertrude. M. Beaute, doubtless, announced his return, and this fatal letter, probably, had for its object the demand of the hand of Clemence. Fritz found himself the rival of his uncle! Must he tear away the sweet hope that had arisen in his heart—renounce the fond dream of a day? and yield her he loved to the arms of an old man?

Poor Fritz believed he should go mad. A chaos of fatal thoughts raised a whirlwind in his brain; drops of cold perspiration bedewed his temples, and his eye looked wildly upon the face of his host.

As to M. Willem, he broke the seal with the most imaginable *sang froid*.

After finishing the reading of the letter, he took up his full glass, emptied it at a single draught, and then said to his daughter:

"M. Beaute informs us, that he has received important news of the bankruptcy of a commercial house, which seriously affects his interests. From Baden he is obliged to proceed to Frankfort, and perhaps will not return to Geneva in fifteen days."

"Pardon, my young friend," he continued, addressing himself to Fritz, "M. Beaute is one of our richest manufacturers, and my daughter and I are under great obligations to him. In two weeks you will make his acquaintance. Let us speak no more of it!"

This was said in such a tone of indifference that his fears were dissipated more speedily than they had arisen. He looked at Clemence, to see the effect the letter had produced on her; but she had not taken her eyes off her tapestry-frame; as, always, she was calm and smiling. Fritz could not discover on her angelic face the least trace of fear or curiosity.

His despair gave way to perfect confidence. He persuaded himself that Gertrude had attributed gratuitously to his uncle this ridiculous project of marriage, and, in the course of the day, he took his nurse aside, in order to destroy the prejudice she entertained against M. Beaute.

"Alas! my dear child," replied Gertrude, "I have known

him a long time, the old fox ! Have I not told you he was the first cause of M. Willem's ruin ?"

"But," cried Fritz, impatiently, "when one is accused it must also be proved !"

"That is easy. Your uncle is now the proprietor of the rival manufactory that destroyed M. Willem's. The honest man did not suspect anything when he regulated his operations according to the advice of M. Beaute, who furnished funds to his competitors, and revealed to them the secrets of the manufacturer. This base management, at the end of six months, made him a bankrupt, and, when his creditors were paid, he had nothing left. Your uncle then bewailed the misfortune of his friend ; his protestations of service grew more lively and eager every day. It was necessary to forearm Clemence against the evil counsels of misery, and shelter her from the numerous snares of seduction around her. M. Willem was too old to hope to make another fortune. You know the rest of the story. Your uncle has taken another house in the interior of Geneva, and ceded me and the villa to M. Willem. But I will wager his generosity has no other end than to seclude Clemence, and render all rivalry impossible. He has managed it finely. But, no matter—I have taken it into my head she will never be his wife, and, when I come to disclose to M. Willem—"

"You must not do so, my good Gertrude. I beg you to remain silent. I fear very much that your friendship for me inspires you with blind hatred to M. Beaute. You have said nothing to me that proves this presentiment well-grounded."

"Then, besides, you have fifteen days before you ; is it not so, my Fritz ?" said the old woman, with a mysterious smile.

"Oh, yes !" cried he ; "fifteen days ! So many ages of happiness !"

This idea alone was powerful enough to efface once more the remembrance of his uncle. Then, too, in the sweet intimacy that was established between the fair girl and the young traveller was there not enough in the following days to make them forget the rest of the world ? Every evening the chestnuts sheltered the innocent chatters. Without cultivating the arts, Clemence was gifted with an instinctive sentiment for the beautiful ; it is saying enough that she could understand all the ideas of Fritz. She participated in his enthusiasm, in his aspirations for the future, and habituated herself to take the same interest in him she would for a brother. As to Fritz, he gently abandoned himself to the course of this life full of charms, and the thought that he could ever be separated one day from Clemence never entered his mind. If he sometimes made some artistical excursions in the neighbourhood, he invariably returned at the hour for breakfast ; for, after this repast, they sought the bower, to screen themselves from the mid-day sun.

Whilst M. Willem emptied his pot of beer, and smoked his enormous pipe of carved wood, the young artist sat near his daughter, turning the leaves of an album, and showing her the sketches he had thrown on his vellum during his morning rambles.

One day Clemence blushed and quickly shut the album ; her eye fell upon her own portrait on the last page.

In the midst of the atmosphere of smoke which surrounded him, M. Willem perceived his daughter's movement, and was just going to ask the cause, when Fritz, with admirable presence of mind, hastened to place before the eyes of the smoker another portrait, in which the latter recognized himself.

"*Vive Dieu !*" cried the honest Genevese, "how natural my pipe looks !"

Fritz could have made an epigram on these words of his host ; but many exclamations of the same kind followed too fast, in regard to the nose, eyes and mouth. The artist seemed delighted to see himself sketched in so perfect a manner.

Upon M. Willem's expressing the desire to have it framed, Fritz detached the *chef-d'œuvre*, and presented it to him.

Clemence, during this episode, had felt strange emotions, causing her heart to beat, but the unaccountable trouble that almost bereft her of her faculties was not without a mixture of joy as she saw the artist replace the album under his arm.

A kind look from him thanked her for not betraying the secret he wished to conceal.

Clemence blushed still deeper, and for a long time did not dare to lift her eyes ; for she saw the fault she had committed. Did she not give Fritz the tacit permission to let her portrait ? Thus, from that time, there was a mysterious secret between them, into which her father was not initiated. It was the first struggle between love and duty ; but Clemence had not the courage to deprive the artist of a happiness which he seemed so much to prize. The album was not seen again.

The fifteenth day was drawing near its close. All the personages of this story were sitting on the terrace. Fritz and Clemence were talking apart, Gertrude was spinning, and M. Willem, who had forgotten his friend, the manufacturer, was scrupulously measuring with his eyes the cans in his daily pot of beer. On seeing the absence of the latter, he shook the ashes from his pipe, and proposed a walk to the lake.

"Go," said Gertrude, who seemed thoughtful, and who more than once, had cast uneasy looks towards the city, "I will stay and take care of the house."

At this proposition from her father, Clemence clasped her hands for joy.

Fritz descended the staircase, sprung forward, opened the grille, and with one bound reached the shore of the lake. A pretty bark, with triangular sails, was moored near the beach ; the young painter unloosed the graceful craft, and soon skimmed over the waves like a swan.

"Ha !" cried M. Willem, "you do not wait for passengers !"

With two strokes of the oar, Fritz landed at the foot of the grassy hillock, from whence Clemence could enter the boat without the least fear of wetting her feet.

For some days she had resumed the costume her father loved to see her wear ; but, we ought also to say, Fritz whispered her, in a low prayer, to do so. She seated herself at her father's side, who tranquilly filled his pipe, leaving the young man the care of manœuvring the sails and the management of the helm.

Placed opposite each other, the two lovers exchanged looks of tenderness, whilst the bark, spurred by the evening breeze, like a docile courser glided over the azure surface of the lake. One saw in the distance the Alps, rising up above the horizon—gigantic masts of our globe—frail vessels launched by the hand of the Creator into the waves of the finite space. The sky was pure ; only a light vapour, like a gauze-veil, floated on the top of Mont Blanc. M. Willem cast frequent glances of uneasiness towards this almost imperceptible cloud ; but he did not like to alarm his daughter and contented himself with whispering a few words to Fritz's ear. Changing his adventurous course in consequence, he steered towards the shore, under the pretence of coasting along the circle of little hills, which enclose Geneva like a verdant belt, and on which the brows of the mountains

bouring mountains look down with disdain, as Hercules did in other times upon the pigmies.

In the meantime night was drawing near, and the waters of the lake took that brownish tint, which the boatmen consider the sign of an approaching storm. The cloud increased prodigiously, and enveloped the mountain in its mantle of gloom; and the wind from the west lifted the little waves, caressing the sides of the bark with their white foam.

"A storm is coming!" cried M. Willem, starting up; "it will be dangerous to continue our sail."

By an involuntary impulse, his daughter moved toward the helm, to be nearer Fritz.

"Are you afraid, Clemence?" demanded the artist.

"Oh! no, Monsieur Fritz, since I am with my father—and you!"

Hardly had she uttered these words, which Fritz thought it would not be paying too dear at the price of his soul, when a gust of wind swept away the little hat of the Bernese, and carried it off like a rose-leaf.

Without thinking the bark could aid him in the pursuit of the fugitive, Fritz plunged into the waves after it, and in a few moments brought it back to Clemence.

M. Willem was still watching Mont Blanc with terror, and, doubtless, thought the time for taking a bath illly chosen.

"There is not the least danger," said Fritz; "the wind favours our return, and we shall reach home before the tempest."

In effect, the bark, directed towards the villa, leaped from wave to wave, like a chamois on the mountain rocks. Fritz then said to Clemence:

"So, with your father and me, you do not fear the storm?"

"No," she replied, lifting her beautiful eyes to heaven, "no, for one ought to be doubly happy on high, if those they love are near them."

In that moment Fritz wished to die. He pressed both hands to his breast, as if to suppress a cry of joy; afterwards he chanted, in a full and impassioned voice, giving vent to the fulness of his soul, the barcarolle he had so often heard sung by the fishermen at Naples:

"Here, see! at thou the swallow,  
Touching slightly with its wing  
This azure lake;  
Seeing its black head,  
And its ivory boddice,  
In the pure wave.  
Its flight is a presage,  
Warning us of the storm;  
But thy beautiful eyes  
Are stars for me;  
And I will take for sails  
Thy long tresses.  
If my bark is wrecked,  
Thy breath, sweet breeze,  
Shall waft me  
Towards heaven, thy country,  
Where God, my dear one,  
Shall smile on thee.  
Then the holy phalanx  
Of thy brothers, the angels  
With wings of gold,  
Shall open for us the sphere  
In which, far better than on earth,  
They love still!"

As Fritz had predicted, the bark reached the shore before the tempest burst. He went up to his room to change his clothes.

"Oh!" thought he, "it is too much happiness for one day! She called me Fritz, and I called her Clemence."

When he had finished his toilette, and was going to rejoin his friends, Gertrude entered his chamber. The countenance of the old woman expressed profound consternation.

She related, that, during their absence on the lake, a messenger had arrived from M. Beante, with presents for Clemence.

"This time," said she, "there is evidently something said about marriage, for M. Willem sent to speak with his daughter in private. He has sent me to beg you to excuse him for leaving you to sup alone. Your cursed uncle has taken the route through the defile of the Alps, to get home sooner. To-morrow, at the furthest, he will be here."

The poor nurse fell in a chair, sobbing. Fritz was thunderstruck.

All at once he made a gesture of despair, and exclaimed:

"I will go and speak to M. Willem!"

"Yes," cried Gertrude, in her turn, eagerly seizing his idea; "you can tell him you love his daughter, that Clemence returns your love; that it would be terrible to sacrifice her in that way. You will tell him all that, my Fritz!"

"And if I do not succeed in convincing him," murmured the artist, fixing on the old woman his wild looks, "I will kill myself in his presence!"

"Fritz! Oh! you must not do that, my son!"

She seized his arm with supernatural force.

"No! You would then kill me, too. The signal of your death shall be mine. Have I, then, found my child only to lose him again? Fool that I was! to put this love in your head. But what is love, my son? A dream, a passing sentiment, a remembrance extinguished by absence. Listen: if M. Willem refuses to give you his daughter, there is only two things to be done—either disclose the turpitude of your uncle—"

"Never!" cried the young man.

"Or depart," continued Gertrude, "and I will go with you, my child! For, if I remain here to see you, I shall not be able to bridle my tongue; and, since you forbid my speaking, I wish to follow you. Will you not need some one at Paris to take care of you and cherish you? And who would do it better than your old nurse? You weep! Oh! now I am sure of you. Go, find M. Willem."

As Gertrude had said, magnificent presents had been sent to Clemence by Fritz's uncle. A coffer of precious wood, overlaid with gold, was opened on a table, and Clemence drew forth robes and jewels, those creations of luxury, which the least coquettish woman cannot look upon without ecstasy. At first she found cachemires and silks; then collars, bracelets, and a complete set of diamonds; at last, in the bottom, under some sugarplums, she discovered a lottery-ticket of Frankfort. Clemence flung the paper from her, and then tried on the cachemires, placed the diamonds in her hair, and smiled at her image in the glass.

Seated in a large chair, at a little distance from the table, M. Willem crushed the letter of the manufacturer in his hands, and seemed the prey of a powerful inward struggle.

Neither the father nor daughter had perceived Fritz, who stood near the half-opened door, and whose face bore the impress of painful emotions.

The joy Clemence exhibited was agony to the young painter. Alas! he did not know that when she saw herself looking so beautiful, she thought only of him!

Fritz did not know that when M. Willem was on the point of showing the letter to Clemence his courage failed him. Having divined the mutual affection of the young persons, the good man would not have had the least thought in the world of raising any obstacles, had it not been for the unexpected reception of this letter. But how refuse the generous friend who had succoured him in his distress, and who now asked the hand of his daughter, as a proof of his gratitude? Still M. Willem recoiled before the blow he was



going to give; his hesitation confirmed Fritz in the error, that Clemence had already been instructed of the views of M. Beaute towards herself. He felt everything noble and generous in his heart revolt at the sight of a woman so frivolous as to forget a true passion for those miserable gewgaws, given her by an old man.

The artist summoned all his energy, and walked up straight to his host, mute with surprise at his unexpected appearance.

"I come to make you my adieu," said Fritz; "since my presence in your house will henceforth produce between us an inevitable restraint, which my retreat can alone prevent. I hope that your daughter may find happiness in the marriage proposed for her."

And, without waiting for a reply, he went out, casting towards Clemence a look of contempt.

Wounded so deeply at heart, and in a manner so unlooked for, Clemence fell, fainting, in the arms of her father. As soon as she recovered her senses, M. Willem went up to Fritz's chamber; but the young painter was already on the road to France. He had only said to Gertrude:

"She is unworthy of me! Good nurse, have no fear. I shall not attempt my life. Adieu! Let my existence continue to be a secret from my uncle, and from every one."

Notwithstanding the tempest growled furiously, Fritz would not stay a moment longer under the same roof with Clemence.

The next day M. Beaute came not.

At the end of a few days it was known in Geneva that an unfortunate traveller, in climbing the steps that lead from Loucheles-Bains to the town of Albinen, had been seized with vertigo in the middle of this ascent, the most dangerous in the Alps, and had all his limbs broken and crushed in falling three hundred feet.

The unfortunate traveller was M. Beaute.

#### CONCLUSION.

Eight months elapsed, and there was no further mention of this tragic event, when a singular lawsuit recalled it to remembrance.

The ticket of the Frankfort lottery, given by Fritz's uncle to Willem's daughter, at the end of six months drew a prize of one hundred thousand thalers. The kind Genevuese thanked the Providence who, in sending him this fortune, had furnished him with the means to snatch Clemence from the jaws of death. The poor girl had suffered from a cruel malady, and the physicians ordered her to travel, under pain of a relapse, against which all the resources of the faculty would be fruitless. Now, as his friend the manufacturer had not left him any legacy, M. Willem found himself obliged to sell the villa to defray the expenses of his journey. It was then he learned the fortunate chance that would place him in a situation superiour to what it was even before his bankruptcy; it was at that time, also, that his daughter, hardly convalescent, learned the deplorable end of M. Beaute.

"My God," she cried, falling on her knees, "thou art my witness that I did not desire this misfortune! Now let me be justified in the eyes of Fritz!"

M. Willem, following the advice of the physicians, went with her first to Italy; then, in the spring, he proceeded with her to France, where both hoped to meet the young painter. Vain hope! How could they ever be able to find him in the chaos of human beings at Paris? Besides, they were ignorant of his family name; Gertrude having taken good care to follow the instructions Fritz gave her on his departure, with the single exception of speaking of the justice of ap-

pointing a guardian to take care of M. Beaute's fortune, until a nephew, the sole heir, should come to claim it.

M. Willem and his daughter returned to Geneva. Although the health of Clemence was established, still a cloud of sadness rested on her brow, which nothing could dispel. Several honourable alliances presented themselves, and her hand solicited, but she refused them all, invariably making her father this reply:

"He will return again. I ought to wait for him!"

One morning, as she was sadly thinking in the same place which had once sheltered her tranquil happiness, she heard M. Willem, in a loud voice, threaten to throw a vessel out of the window.

Clemence ran to her father. She saw a little man, dressed in black, who seemed to think it prudent to make his escape to avoid the alarming threat. M. Willem rarely went beyond the bounds of his pacific disposition, yet he could not receive with gentleness the cursed bailiff, who came to summon him "to appear before the civil tribunal, and make restitution to the heir of the late M. Beaute, manufacturer, of a coffer given by the said gentleman, and also the price of the lottery-ticket contained in the said coffer!"

This was only the beginning of the lawsuit, the incident of which raised the curiosity of the inhabitants of Geneva to the highest pitch. M. Willem had the advantage at first, but the adverse party, represented by proxy, gained the second suit.

The brave Genevuese would not relinquish his rights thus. It was immediately carried to a higher court. The two contradictory sentences suggested to the judges the idea of consulting ancient customs. Now, one of the laws falls into disuse, and buried for a long time in the dust of centuries, said: "that presents offered by the betrothed to his future spouse did not become the property of the latter until a kiss had been received and exchanged."

Clemence alone could give the evidence of this to the judges, and she was ordered to appear at the bar.

Crowds thronged the hall of audience, and it was, indeed, an interesting spectacle, that of a woman, whom one was could save or lose, ruin or enrich. How many conflicting sentiments must she have felt? Should she lay her virgin crown at the feet of the golden calf? Numerous wags were laid, and the reply of Clemence to questions of the president was awaited with anxiety.

The reply was as simple as it was dignified:

"If falsehood was permitted, I should hesitate, in order to save my father from indigence; but his honour is inseparable from mine."

Hardly were these words pronounced before a young man sprang forward, and flung himself in tears at the feet of the Pearl of Geneva. It was Fritz, begging for pardon!

When it was known that the young man was the opposing party, and that he had offered his hand to Clemence, bravos resounded from every part of the hall, and showers of garlands and flowers fell upon the two lovers.

They were conducted in triumph by the crowd to the threshold of the villa.

The same evening, while drinking with his future father-in-law, in the honeysuckle bower, the artist explained his mysterious conduct. The guardian appointed by the civil authority had succeeded in finding his address. Thus a letter from Gertrude reached him, informing him of the death of his uncle, the sickness of Clemence, the fatality caused by the message of M. Beaute, and the story of the lottery-ticket.

Fritz wished to give it all to Clemence, in exchange for the pardon she had granted him.

"Not so fast!" said M. Willem. We have to disburse fifteen or twenty thousand francs for the expenses of justice."

"Is that paying too dear for the conviction of espousing an angel?" said Fritz, opening his arms to the Pearl of Geneva. And Clemence, her heart swelling with emotion, shedding happy tears, was folded to the heart of the young artist.

E. R.

### THE BETHLEHEM OF MY GIRLHOOD.

TRULY, God was a father to the fatherless, for other friends than my young companions were raised up to the orphan.

Every Saturday afternoon might be seen, issuing from the "widow's-house," a little rotund body, of equal proportions either way, a linsy-woolsy petticoat of ample dimensions, a short-gown of dark flowered calico, the neckkerchief of snowy muslin folded within, and a grave looking cotton shawl pinned carefully across the ample bosom without; the tight little cap, with its white ribbons, guarding the wrinkled visage, and stout leather shoes, with their accompaniments of woollen stockings, give you the *tout ensemble* of dear old Mammy Senseman.

"Vell, Lishbett, will you come take veshpers mit me?"

Permission was readily obtained, and the faded hand of my ancient friend grasped mine with affectionate kindness, as we crossed the green together. And what do you think, dear reader, were our vespers? Entering the lower hall, we ascend the stairs to the second story, the first door to the right is opened, and I am ushered into the comfortable sanctum of Mammy Senseman and her room-mate. An old fashioned Dutch stove reaching nearly to the ceiling, and covered with pictured tiles, diffuses a genial warmth throughout the apartment. On a table near it, are the wherewithal for our vespers. Mugs of peculiarly fragrant coffee, plates of toast, gingerbread, and doughnuts, are the mediums through which we offer up our praise and thanksgiving.

My heart glowed with affection to my friend, but her room-mate inspired me with terror. Much older than Mammy Senseman, taller, and quite aristocratic looking for a Dutch dame, I shrank to the farthest corner of my chair, if it happened to be placed in her vicinity. A tremulous motion of her head, causing it to turn incessantly from one side to the other, gave her altogether a supernatural appearance, so that, when the face turned towards me, I involuntarily edged nearer to dear Mammy Senseman. Truly, the resolution requisite to subdue my fears entitled me to the lapful of apples and nuts with which I returned home.

At the first settlement of Bethlehem, the Moravian brethren tilled their fields with the plough in one hand, and the rifle in the other, for the savages environed them on every side. Upon one occasion, an attack upon the village compelled the inhabitants to fly for their lives. Embarking in their light canoes, they launched out on the beautiful Lehigh, commending themselves to the protection of Him, "who plants his footsteps on the wind, and rides upon the storm." Whilst reclining in this fragile shelter, Mammy Senseman, instead of losing her life, gave birth to another little rotundity; and happy for me was it that mother and child reached their destination in safety, else had I never known the enjoyment of vespers, or trembled in the neighbourhood of the ancient paralytic.

Happier still was I when Theresa Long obtained permission for me to accompany her in a walk, or to take vespers with her in the snug, comfortable parlour of her mother. Theresa was a "great girl," but the cherry-coloured ribbons of her cap pealed beside the rich roses on her cheeks, and the sweet violets we gathered in our rambles were not more softly blue than her laughter-beaming eyes. Sometimes,

hand in hand, we passed through what was called the "girls'-garden;" very quietly I walked by her side until we came to the slope of the hill that descended gradually into a beautiful meadow, cleft in twain by a sparkling rivulet, that meandered along in graceful simplicity, while coming in contact only with the willows that drooped over it, or the yellow star of Bethlehem that shone through the dark foliage on its brink. More flippant and noisy became the rivulet as it approached the Lehigh. Over pebbles and rocks it fluttered and bounded in its eager haste, to that union never to be dissolved. Lofty trees nodded over it, the banks on either side diverging further asunder, as if to give the malapert stream a parting reproof for rushing, with undue boldness, to the "meeting of the waters."

Leisurely Theresa and I strolled along, until we reached the top of the hill; far pleasanter was it then to snatch my hand from her grasp, and roll over the carpet of sweet violets to the bottom,—a race then who should first reach the stile that led to the path alongside the rivulet. The first over, was sure to find a tuft of columbines, shaking its soft bells over the rock whose crevices sheltered their growth; of every hue bloomed these lovely flowers, and a rare bouquet was our reward at the expiration of an hour's ramble.

Sometimes, instead of a walk, we went directly to her home. The garden gate was only across the road running on one side of the play-ground. A path led from the gate to the back entrance of the house. Upon opening the door, we entered a small room used as a summer sitting-room; in it were a few chairs, a table, and the oddest little old-fashioned piano that fingers of mine ever touched. The colour of the keys was reversed, the naturals being black, and the flats and sharps holding themselves separate in white attire. On this old instrument it was my delight to gingle, aping sweet sounds, but producing little else than discord, my noviciate in music having but just commenced. When wearied of this pastime, holding my apron in one hand, with the other I flung into it ripe bunches of red, white and black currents, from the thickets that lined the fence. Golden gooseberries tempted me, but these I was forbidden to pluck. Cherries, peaches, apples, when in season, showered their profusion into my ever-ready apron. Oh, apron! would that all other receptacles had been as faithful as thou in retaining deposited treasures. A summer-house stood at the end of the garden, with benches round three of the sides. Here it was my delight to officiate as milliner and mantuamaker to the leaden doll, a gift of dear Theresa.

All sorts of imaginings were indulged in this retired spot. By some chance, I had read Pope's translation of the Iliad before leaving home; one or two old romances, picked up I know not where, completed my literary acquirements. I believed implicitly all I read. Their country, was my country; and their God, my God. It is no wonder, then, that I shed bitter tears when news reached the school that one of our companions had died on her return to Troy; to be a Trojan, and expire before reaching the city of Priam, the beloved home of the gallant Hector, of the gentle Andromache; to close the eyes, ere the beauty of Helen, or the dignity of Hecuba, had gladdened for a moment the parting spirit. Oh happy simplicity! Oh blissful ignorance!

Would not a suspicion of that ticklish point, my age, arise, I would recount the sorrowful glorying I indulged, when told by Theresa that her eldest brother had volunteered as a soldier. To be sure, it was more dignified to carry a musket than wield the needle; to mount the saddle as a post of honour, than to bend beneath its weight on the way home to a customer; for the humble trade of a soldier

was my friend's father initiating her brother, when the trumpet of war allured others, beside my hero, to experience the difference between glory, with its cap and plume, and the homelier but safer pursuits of obscurity.

How the eyes of my dear companions sparkled as I entered the room on my return, with my apron laden with apples and gingerbread nuts, to be distributed among them. In my case, truly, did they "speed the parting, and welcome the coming guest."

Who of ye Bethlehemites have forgotten the gloomy walk to the hermitage, where, in days gone by, dwelt an ancient anchorite; with what measured steps we approached the solitary spot; and who, without an advance and rear guard, would dare peep into the ruined hut, "silence how dread, and twilight how profound!" The everlasting forests reared aloft their arms to exclude the radiance of the sun, and the velvet turf beneath gave forth an echo to our tranquil steps. Hushed were our spirits, and light our foot-fall in this deep solitude.

Old man, where art thou? why leave thy fellows to bear the brunt of the never-ending strife with care and vexation? why indulge, in this seclusion, thy morbid diareliah of the radiant world God has created for thee? Up, man, and buckle on the armour of resolution, assume the helmet of wisdom, and clutch, with determined vigour, Hope, the falchion, that shall disperse thine imaginary foes, and lead thee forth on the path of duty, a wiser and a better man!

Bound we away to the bright isle, in the bosom of the Lehigh, where, upon a certain occasion, a festival was prepared for the girls. Boats were in readiness to convey the throng of delighted visitants from the shore to this blissful spot. The whole of this little domain had once been a garden; from disconsolate looking rose bushes, we gathered the odorous flower; entwining its buds with the star-shaped jessamine, our brows were soon decked for the banquet, preparing beneath the shade of venerable trees. Meanwhile we rock to and fro in the swinging branches of the neglected grape-vine, or, wrenching off a portion, skip, with the fleetness of the wind, after our retreating companions.

Perhaps, already, sentiment has filled some young hearts, for, on the farther shore of the island, behold a few lingering, tracing their own hopes and fears in the glittering sunshine that dances on the water, or the reflected cloud that dims its brightness. Need I say that many a vision passed before the mind's eye of the orphan? glimmerings of bright things, with a shadow ever near. Was it the unfolding of the web of destiny thou didst wear in thy heart, oh my mother? Was it the warning given thus early to check the imagination, ever ready to wander from reality to the ideal—to subdue the heart from its impulsive boundings to the staid, contracted throb of endurance? From the pebbly shore of that fairy isle, far over the placid waters, was Zahara again visible.

E. K.

### THE ITALIAN GIRL.

THE sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade a sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also, by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a deep breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters at a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing, however, on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not a very remarkable dress; but any difference from the usual apparel of their country-women appeared so to them; and crying out, "A French girl! A French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking.

The stranger seated herself upon a bench that was fixed

between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with complacency on the rascals. She had a boddice and petticoat of different colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Anybody else would also have thought her very ill; but they saw nothing before them but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "*O che bei ragazzi!*" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice;—"*Che visi lieti!*"\* and she began to play. She tried to sing, too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying "*Stanca! stanca!*"† "Sing—do sing," said the children; and, nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when a set of boys came up and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, a'nt you, Miss?" added he, laying his hand upon hers as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a strolling musician or a lady strayed from a sick bed. "*Grazie!*" said she, understanding his look:—"*troppe stanca: troppo.*"‡

By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French; but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her.

"She is an Italian!" said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair musician.

"*Non dubito,*" continued the usher, "*quoniam tu lectissimam poetam illum celeberrimum, Tassonem; § Tassum, I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable.*" The stranger did not understand a word.

"I speak of Tasso," said the usher,—"of Tasso."

"*Tasso! Tasso!*" repeated the fair minstrel; "*ah—conosco—il Tas-so;*"|| and she hung with an accent of beautiful languor upon the first syllable.

"Yes," returned the worthy scholar, "doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

Intanto Erminia infra l' ombrose piante  
D'antica selva dal cavallo—what is it?"

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend:—

Intanto Erminia infra l' ombrose piante  
D'antica selva dal cavallo e scorta;  
Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,  
E mezza quasi par, tra viva e morta.¶

Our usher's commonplace-book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was a favourite one of her country-women. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of clearness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their head that she must be a French girl:—"Italian-French perhaps," said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on, like the hand she spoke of.

"I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy who prevented her from playing.

"Montague," repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boy's affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was.

"Yes, yes," cried the boy;—"why, she knew my cousin,—she must have known him in Florence."

"I told you," said the usher, "she was an Italian."

"Help her to my aunt's," continued the youth, "she'll understand her;—lean upon me, Miss;" and he repeated the last word with his former hesitation.

\* Oh what fine boys! What happy faces! † Weary! Weary!

‡ Thanks:—too weary! too weary!

§ Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

|| Oh—I know—Tasso.

¶ Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore

Erminia deeper into shade and shade;

Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,

And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed "La Signora Madre," and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out, that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of suspicion by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them.

"Obedient! obedient!" said the patient; "obedient in everything: only the Signora will let me kiss her hand;" and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it staid there till she had dropt asleep for weariness.

—Silken rest  
Tie all thy cares up!

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she evidently was dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Florence, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick during his travels. She was a lively, good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbours; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him.

"But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "do you, Rosaura? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me strength to get rid of this fever and reach home."

Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sang, too, only less sprightly airs.

"You get better and better, Signor," said she, "every day, and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had."

"The best in the world," cried he; and as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

"Pardon me, Signora," said the poor girl to her hostess; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after: ay, almost as much as if it had been there."

"And Charles felt that you did," thought his mother; "for he never told me the story."

"He begged my pardon," continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence. And to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself; it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter, and yet such sweet tears!—But he did not hear them. No, madam, he did not know, indeed, how much I—how much I—"

"Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs. Montague; "you have a right to say so, and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself."

"Oh, good God!" said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me, to hear his own mother talking so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand.

The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again; but she said she could not for joy: "for I'll tell you, madam," continued she, "I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought," (and her voice and look grew more exalted as she spoke,) "which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this

country and this place; and I will tell you what it is, and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son."

Here she drew out a paper which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus:—

"This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Florence. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying; and he sometimes fears that her sorrow will be greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can."

"As soon as I read this letter, madam," continues Rosaura, "and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head, that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim; but he knew as little of the world as I, and I found that I could earn my way to England better, and quite as religiously, by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Florence all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St. Philip and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while, and was very kindly treated in an out-house; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix—(though your son never did,) though he taught me to think kindly of everybody, and hope the best, and leave everything, except our own endeavours, to heaven. I fell sick, madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive."

She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker, and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled thankfully and resumed:—

"So when—so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village, and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept, and I thought some kind person would help me to die, with my face looking towards the church as it now does; and death is upon me, even now: but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill."

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a placid feebleness at the hill, said, in a very low voice, "Say one prayer for me, dear lady; and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter."

The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt and said, "O Heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant, the daughter—that might have been—of my heart, and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality, and be gathered into thy rest with those we love. Do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy, for we are poor weak creatures, both young and old—" here her voice melted away into a breathing fearfulness; and, after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

## THE BACHELOR'S BRIDE.

"When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."—SHAKESPEARE.

"WHAT treason to the country to write London and August on the same sheet of paper," said Mrs. Clifford to her son, as she commenced a letter.

"I have had some such thought myself, and really must accept one or other of the invitations I have for shooting."

"Shall you go to Sir Thomas Crofton's?" inquired the lady.

"No: for Lady Crofton will accept that if I kill her husband's partridges in the morning, I shall infallibly make love to his daughters in the evening; her imagination is so fertile, she never sees a man but she enumerates his acres, speculates on marriage settlements, and has visions of white satin, and all the pretty et ceteras of matrimony."

"Lord Barford's? there are no daughters there."

"True, but his wife is a deep, deep blue—bores you to death with her literary attainments, or non-attainments. I think I shall run down to Dacre's—I have not been to Woodlands since I stood godfather to my little namesake Frank, nearly five years ago. I shall feel at home there; no fussy parties, prim and starched as an old bachelor."

Mrs. Clifford smiled.

"Well, if I am a bachelor, and mean so to continue, I am, at least, not a starched one," continued her son, interpreting the smile.

"Why should you be at all, Frank? you, who have so many of the requisites to make a woman happy?"

"Why, my dear mother, women are so artificial—live for display—sigh for an establishment—and not to be too hard on the fairest and sweetest part of the creation, I ask so much in a wife—I require so many of the nameless somethings and nothings indispensable to female fascination—and, not to speak it irreverently, when I think of the caprice, the vanity, the jealousy, that are the usual characteristics of the sex, I can but be thankful I am a doomed bachelor. No," continued he, as if pursuing a train of thought, "I have drawn an image on my mind so fair, so pure, that I feel nothing less than the realization of the idea will satisfy me; at the same time, I know that it is one that for me can have no existence—it was the dream of my boyhood, and it is past."

Frank Clifford was handsome, candid, generous, the soul of honour, with an income of three thousand a year—thirty-six, and a bachelor, and such he had mentally and verbally resolved to continue; and yet, in spite of all this, he had still his visions and fancies—starry skies, flowery valleys—the still, quiet woods, enjoyed with some dear, sympathizing friend, haunted his day dreams and night visions.

It was a bright day when he travelled to Woodlands; the meadows were enamelled with a thousand gay blossoms; the busy hum of myriads of insects filled the air with their soft, drowsy music, and Clifford felt how soothing are such sights and sounds to man's unquiet spirit. And then how cordial was the welcome that awaited him—how happy was Dacre as he romped with his children on the lawn—and how proud of the gentle being who shared his joy at the long-promised visit of his friend.

"You have greatly improved this place, Dacre—it is impossible to conceive a fairer scene. How gracefully blended are these flowers with that green, bowery-looking wilderness in the background; it is like a fairy land."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dacre, "and created by the magical wand of Affection, aided by the fairy, Good-will."

"Mary made all these pretty flowers grow," said the lovely girl, insinuating her little hand into her mother's; "Mary does everything that is nice."

"Your portfolio boasts some exquisite paintings," said Clifford, as he turned over the leaves; "I did not know you were so fine an artist."

"They are indeed beautiful," replied Mrs. Dacre, "but I may not claim the merit—that belongs to Mary."

At this moment dinner was announced, and he could only wonder who Mary was. In his bed-room, some bold spirited drawings attracted his attention, and his eye quickly detected the name of Mary in the corner; all in the room bespoke female taste and consideration, and Dacre had said all had been arranged by Mary. Some of Dacre's occupations were too commonplace for the somewhat fastidious Clifford, and he delighted in solitary rambles. In one of these he passed a neat cottage; the gay flowers in the lit-

tle garden before it arrested his steps, and he paused to admire the deep crimson stocks, and the beautiful double wall-flower, often seen in such perfection in the cottage gardens of ——. An aged woman invited him to rest in her humble dwelling.

"Take this seat, sir," said she, pointing to one whose very look bespoke comfort and ease; "I suffer a great deal from *rheumatism*, and Miss Mary, from the Great House, sent me this chair."

Clifford seated himself in it.

"Oh! she's a nice lady, so free and kind; she brought me these worsted stockings herself," continued the garrulous dame, putting out a foot not exactly a prototype of Tagliani's.

Clifford had a Byronic passion for the name of Mary, and it had come upon his ear so often in his brief sojourn at Woodlands, that he began to feel quite a sensation when it was named, and no small curiosity to see her who had a right to the title.

But it was the first of September; and guns, dogs, and birds, were formidable rivals to the unknown Mary. The sky was clear—the air bland—the birds, "those fairy-formed and many-coloured things," sung gaily—and the stream looked pure and bright, as it "broke into dimples and laughed in the sun." Clifford and Dacre were out early, and, with a quick eye and sure aim, returned laden with the spoil. Dacre lingered behind to give some directions, and as Clifford crossed the lawn, he heard the gay laugh of children, and the tones of the most musical voice mingling with theirs. He paused to listen—the sounds came nearer, and in a moment he was in the midst of the group.

"Oh! Mary is come home—dear, sweet Mary—and we are so happy," burst from the lips of the delighted young ones.

Clifford was slightly embarrassed, but seeing Dacre, he said, "Will you come and introduce me to this lady; who, I presume, boasts some other name than my favourite one of Mary?"

"O yes, her name is Dacre; the orphan child of my poor brother Frederick," he added in a lower tone; "and this, Mary, is my old friend Clifford, of whom you have heard honourable mention. But tell me, how are the Powells, and Grace, and how came you home so early?"

"To answer your last question first, Grace drove me in the pony-chaise to the park gate; and we had such a delightful ride, everything looked so fresh, it seemed to have all the charm of novelty. I had been as happy as a bird: but I began to long for my dear *dulce domum*, and a romp with my darling pets," said Mary, as she stooped to kiss the children.

When Clifford descended to the breakfast-room, Mary was seated at the table, and as he entered, she was talking in a cheerful tone to Mrs. Dacre, whose simple matronly cap and fair gentle face, contrasted sweetly with the profusion of dark brown curls which bung in beautiful luxuriance over the more animated countenance of her companion.

"Our truant has returned at last," said his hostess, "and she tells me you have met."

The brow of Mary Dacre was a sweet clear page, where you might read all that passed in her kind and noble heart. Her beauty did not fascinate for a moment, but it attracted by its grace and intelligence; it was a face to gaze on and return to, to flit across "the mind's eye," haunt you at all hours, unbidden and unexpected; in fact, she was a dangerous invader of the rights of bachelorship, and Clifford, scarcely resisting the fair assailant, found the strongholds of celibacy one by one giving way, and each stern sentinel that hitherto guarded the avenues of his heart, deserted his post.

"What folly?" thought he, as he stood gazing on the light form of Mary, as she tripped like a wood nymph over the lawn, "to fancy so young and fair a creature would ever mingle her fate with mine; nothing but love, the purest and profoundest, could ever tempt me to marry; and then I must have equal devotion—one who would share my aspirations after better things than earth can offer, and sympathize in all my hopes. It is folly, rank folly and egregious vanity, to imagine she could ever love me thus."

But Mary was not insensible to the polished manners and winning grace of her uncle's friend; nor did the delicate attention he paid, or the friendly interest he evinced for her, pass unappreciated. Agreeable first impressions facilitate intercourse amazingly, and one is astonished what progress

love makes in a country-house, where communion is unfettered and free.

"And so we are going to have a dinner-party to-day," said Clifford to Mary, as she was gathering flowers for the vases; "how I wish it was over—I hate such affairs."

"I see you are spoiled," said Mary, laughing; "you have been petted by my aunt, and praised by my uncle, till you really are beyond bearing."

"Who are coming?"

"A great many agreeable people."

"Country squires mostly are—they will talk of the corn laws and tithes, and the pedigree of their horses, and other interesting 'sayings and doings.' Will you tell me any of their names?"

"Sir Edward and Lady Talbot; he, grave and sedate; she, all sparkle and suavity. Mr. and four Miss Arnolds; he, a clever, shrewd man of the world; his daughters worthy of such a sire. Pretty, accomplished, and sing and play enchantingly. Lord Lucas, fond of the 'feast,' though not of 'reason'; he is a bachelor," continued Mary, archly, "therefore, I must be merciful to him. Then Mr. and Mrs. Powell, my Powell's two sons, and dear graceful Grace—beauty, wit, and goodness enough in her own dear self, to make the duller dinner charming."

"Does your enthusiasm extend to the whole family?" asked Clifford, assuming an indifference he did not feel.

"O yes, indeed, I wear them all in my heart of hearts."

Clifford was satisfied.

"You cannot imagine how much ore may be extracted from such folks as these you seem to hold in contempt," continued Mary, "by the exercise of a very little moral alchemy; will you try?"

"I will do anything for you."

"Well, be thankful then, for this petite historiette—you ought, for I had scarcely left ten minutes for the graces." And away she ran, laden with flowers, looking, as Clifford thought, the very personification of Flora.

"Your niece is very lovely," said Clifford, a day or two after the above conversation, breaking a long silence, and thus indicating the current of his thoughts.

"Yes," replied Dacre, "pretty and portionless; my poor brother was ever heedless of the future, and he left her little beside his blessing; but I cannot talk of that even to you, Frank."

Clifford spoke of his protracted visit. "I have been here six weeks! surely never did time pass so rapidly."

"You must not, my dear fellow, think of going yet, we have all been so happy in your society."

Clifford wondered if Mary was included in that imperial pronoun *We*. Another and another week flew on, and still he lingered; he was less cheerful, and when alone on his wanderings, which became more frequent, he felt life flat, void, fruitless; but ever in his musings he imagined a bright, fair vision, which he believed was the only charm required to make it very different—he became decided that love was not all a delusion—an airy nothing—sparkling but to make the gloom more apparent at its vanishing. "Mary!" he softly breathed, and, as if she heard the scarcely uttered sound, a turn of the path brought her to his side.

"How fresh all things look," she exclaimed; "how pleased and glad nature appears! listen to the matin song of the birds; is it not sweet music, is it not all delightful?"

"It is lovely, but it is something brighter than all that makes it appear fair and bright to me."

"Need we go on, or say how beyond 'all count of time' that morning walk was extended, or how Mrs. Dacre forbore a reproof when they entered long after luncheon, or how Mr. Dacre smiled when Clifford said:

"How noiseless falls the foot of time,  
That only treads on flowers,"

and smiled still more when he asked for ten minutes chat in the library. Mary, in the interim, with eyes overflowing with tears, whose source did not spring from woe, was quite confidential with Mrs. Dacre; and it would have been difficult to have found a more happy party than that which met at the dinner-hour that day.

But spring has come, with all its green buds, and every blade of grass is full of fragrance, and the air "is making sweet music, while the young leaves dance;" and Mary, with a tearful eye and smile like a sunbeam, has just received the nuptial blessing. In the pretty primitive-looking

church where her vows were registered, there were no inspiring paintings—no gothic aisles, sparkling shrines, or delicate carvings; but in after life how dear was the memory of that humble sanctuary where Mary Dacre had become a Bachelor's Bride.

#### SONG.

Touch thou this lute,  
That o'er land and sea,  
Its chords, though mute,  
May be types of thee.  
No hand shall rest  
On this sacred shrine,  
So deeply blest  
By a touch of thine.  
Wake but a strain  
On its silver strings,  
To haunt my brain  
Through long wanderings,  
To cheat my ear,  
In the dash of waves,  
To murmur dear,  
When the wild wind raves.  
I ask no more  
'Than a simple song,  
For the precious stone  
I have lavished long,  
For the love—the trust,  
The constancy,  
That were cast in dust  
At thy feet to die.  
Let me not dwell  
On that worship vain,  
I have solved its spell,  
I have burst its chain.  
Yet I fain would bear,  
O'er the restless sea,  
A balm for despair  
In this type of thee.

#### POETS' HOUSES.

A PAPER in Mr. D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" upon "Literary Residences," is very amusing and curious; but it begins with a mistake in saying that "men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under the roof of a garret;" and the author seems to think, that few have realized the sort of house they wished to live in. The combination of "genius and a garret" is an old joke, but little more. Genius has been often poor enough, but seldom so much so as to want what are looked upon as the decencies of life. In point of abode, in particular, we take it to have been generally lucky as to the fact, and not at all so grand in the desire as Mr. D'Israeli seems to imagine. Ariosto, who raised such fine structures in his poetry, was asked indeed how he came to have no greater one when he built a house for himself; and he answered, that "palaces are easier built with words than stones." It was a pleasant answer, and fit for the interrogator; but Ariosto valued himself much upon the snug little abode which he did build, as may be seen by the inscription still remaining upon it at Ferrara;\* and we will venture to say for the cordial, tranquillity-loving poet, that he would rather live in such a house as that, and amuse himself with building palaces in his poetry, than have undergone the fatigue, and drawn upon himself the publicity, of erecting a princely mansion, full of gold and marble. No mansion which he could have built would have equalled what he could fancy; and poets love nests from which they can take their flights—not worlds of wood and stone to strut in, and give them a sensation. If so, they would have set their wits to get rich, and live accordingly; which none of them ever did yet,—at any rate, not the greatest. Ariosto notoriously neglected his "fortunes"—in that sense of the word. Shakespeare had the felicity of building a house for himself, and settling in his native town; but though the best in it, it was nothing equal to the "seats" outside of it (where the richer men of the district lived); and it appears to have been a "modest mansion," not bigger, for instance, than a good sized house in Red Lion-street, or some other old quar-

\* See an engraving of the house itself, with its inscription, in the "Gallery of Portraits," No. XXVIII., Article—"Ariosto." But it wants the garden-ground which belonged to it.



ter in the metropolis. Suppose he had set his great wits to rise in the state and accumulate money, like Lionel Cranfield, for example, or Thomas Cromwell, the blacksmith's son. We know that any man who chooses to begin systematically with a penny, under circumstances at all favourable, may end with thousands. Suppose Shakspeare had done it; he might have built a house like a mountain. But he did not,—it will be said,—because he was a poet, and poets are not getters of money. Well; and for the same reason, poets do not care for the mightiest things which money can get. It cannot get them health, and freedom, and a life in the green fields, and mansions in fairy-land; and they prefer those, and a modest visible lodging.

Chaucer had a great large house to live in,—a castle,—because he was connected with royalty; but he does not delight to talk of such places: he is all for the garden, and the daisied fields, and a bower like a "pretty parlour." His mind was too big for a great house; which challenges measurement with its inmates, and is generally equal to them. He felt elbow-room, and heart-room, only out in God's air, or in the heart itself, or in the bowers built by Nature, and reminding him of the greatness of her love.

Spenser lived at one time in a castle,—in Ireland,—a piece of forfeited property, given him for political services; and he lived to repent it: for it was burnt in civil warfare, and his poor child burnt with it; and the poet was driven back to England, broken-hearted. But look at the houses he describes in his poems,—even he who was bred in a court, and loved pomp, after his fashion. He bestows the great ones upon princes and allegorical personages, who live in state and have many servants, (for the largest houses, after all, are but collections of small ones, and of unfitting neighbourhoods too;) but his nests, his poetic bowers, his *delicias* and *amanitates*, he keeps for his hermits and his favourite nymphs, and his flowers of courtesy; and observe how he delights to repeat the word "little," when describing them. His travellers come to "little valleys," in which, through the tree-tops, comes reeking up a "little smoke," (a "chearefull signe," quoth the poet,) and

"To little cots in which the shepherds lie;"

and though all his little cots are not happy, yet he is ever happiest when describing them, should they be so, and showing in what sort of contentment his mind delighted finally to rest.

"A little lowly heritage it was  
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,  
Far from resort of people, that did pass  
In travel to and fro. A little wide  
There was a holy chappell edifyde,  
Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say  
His holy things each morn and eventide;  
Thereby a crystall streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway."

Arrived there, the little house they fill,  
Nor look for entertainment where none was;  
Rest in their feast, and all things at their will;  
The noblest mind the best contentment has."

Milton, who built the Pandemonium, and filled it with

"A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,"

was content if he could but get a "garden-house" to live in, as it was called in his time; that is to say, a small house in the suburbs, with a bit of garden to it. He required nothing but a tree or two about him, to give him "airs of Paradise." His biographer shows us, that he made a point of having a residence of this kind. He lived as near as he could to the wood-side and the fields, like his fellow-patriot, M. Beranger, who would have been the Andrew Marvell of those times, and adorned his great friend as the other did, or like his Mirth (*l'Allegro*) visiting his Melancholy.

And here beloved Cowley, quiet and pleasant as the sound in his trees:—"I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always,—that I might be master at last of a *small* house and *large* garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature; and there, with no design beyond my wall,

"whole and entire to lie,  
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty."

The Garden.

"I confess," says he, in another essay (on Greatness), "I

love littleness almost in all things,—a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if ever I were to fall in love again, (which it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty."

(What charming writing!—how charming as writing, as well as thinking! and charming in both respects, because it possesses the only real perfection of either,—truth of feeling.)

Cowley, to be sure, got such a house as he wanted "at last," and was not so happy in it as he expected to be; but then it was because he did only get it "at last," when he was growing old, and was in bad health. Neither might he have ever been so happy in such a place as he supposed (blest are the poets, surely, in enjoying happiness even in imagination! yet he would have been less comfortable in a house less to his taste.

Dryden lived in a house in Gerrard-street (then almost a suburb,) looking, at the back, into the gardens of a Leicester House, the mansion of the Sidneys. Pope had a nest at Twickenham, much smaller than the fine house since built upon the site; and Thomson another at Richmond, consisting only of the ground-floor of the present house. Every-body knows what a rural house Cowper lived in. Scott's stone's was but a farm adorned, and his bad health unfortunately hindered him from enjoying it. He married a house and grounds, poor man! instead of a wife; which was being very "one-sided" in his poetry—and he found them more expensive than Miss Dolman would have been. He had better have taken poor Maria first, and got a few domestic cares of a handsome sort, to keep him alive and moving. Most of the living poets are dwellers in cottages, except Mr. Rogers, who is rich, and has a mansion, looking on one of the parks; but there it *does* look upon grass and trees. He will have as much nature with his art as he can get. Next to a cottage of the most comfortable order, we should prefer, for our parts, if we must have servants and a household, one of those good old mansions of the Tudor age, or some such place, which looks like a sort of cottage-palace, and is full of old corners, old seats in the windows, and old memories. The servants, in such a case, would probably have grown old in one's family, and become friends; and this makes a great difference in the possible comfort of a great house. It gives it old family warmth.

TO N. P. WILLIS, ESQ.

BALTIMORE, January 31st, 1841.

DEAR SIR—Allow me to express the pleasure I have received from a perusal of one of your graphic letters in the National Intelligencer. I refer to that containing an interesting detail of your personal acquaintance with that eccentric genius, Charles Dickens, and I am very much pleased with the charitable manner with which you notice his frailties. That many of the traits of his character are weaknesses, and some, perhaps, deserve a still harsher name, but most partial friends cannot deny. But they are such as have ever characterized genius. Such as we see in Shakspeare, Ben Johnson; and, among more modern examples, in Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Fielding; and, later still, in the beacon of poetry, Byron. Their errors were concealed by the superior brilliancy of their genius, and so it is destined to be with Charles Dickens, who may justly claim admittance to the first class of English writers.

As to his "American Notes," and later works, I have nothing in saying that Mr. Dickens himself will live to be ashamed of them. They have justly awakened the indignation of our countrymen; but still let us have charity, the most noble of Christian virtues. Let us reflect that it was a mere mercenary production of a great mind.

The same man who wrote the "Novum Organum" was base enough to pen a pamphlet, entitled, "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons of Robert, Earl of Essex," and it is not at all wonderful so great an author as Dickens should prostitute his talents to such low and grovelling

means of earning bread. The "American Notes" never changed or formed the opinion of a single individual, and if they should be read after the present generation, (which, I think, is extremely doubtful,) their impotent scurrility will rather serve to enhance than diminish the lustre of American institutions. It will, most likely, sink; but Charles Dickens, and his inimitable works, will live as long as English endures.

I remember a passage in *Pickwick*, which lets us into the secret of Mr. Dickens's trip to this country. When that worthy gentleman is confined in prison, "on principle," as Sam expresses it, the elder Mr. Weller, not having a very clear perception of the state of the case, formed a plan for his escape. In the following dialogue he communicates it to his original son:

"Sammy," whispered Mr. Weller, looking cautiously round, "my duty to your gov'nor, and tell him if he thinks better o' this here bis'ness, to com-moonicate with me. Me and a cab'-netmaker has dewised a plan for getting him out. A planner, Samivel—a planner," said Mr. Weller, striking his son on the chest with the back of his hand, and falling back a step or two.

"Wot do you mean?" said Sam.

"A planner forty, Samivel," rejoined Mr. Weller, in a still more mysterious manner, "as he can have on hire; vun as von't play, Sammy."

"And wot 'ud be the good o' that?" said Sam.

"Let him send to my friend, the cab'-netmaker, to fetch it back, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller; "are you awake, now?"

"No," rejoined Sam.

"There aint no vorks in it," whispered his father. "It 'ull hold him easy, with his hat and shoes on; and breathe through the lega, vich is holler. Have a passage ready taken for 'Merriker. The 'Merrikin gover'ment vill never give him up, ven vunce they find as he's got money to spend, Sammy. Let the gov'nor stop there till Mrs. Bardell's dead, or Mr. Dodson and Fogg's hung, vich last ewent I think is most likely to happen first, Sammy; and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as 'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough."

Here we have Mr. Dickens's preconceived opinions of America; and, doubtless, he was not disappointed in his expectations of pecuniary gain. But the benefit, on the whole, has been of a very dubious kind, even if we look alone at the proceeds. They were acquired very much in the way Mr. Alfred Jingle outwitted the hospitable Mr. Wardell, and, like him, they have been squandered.

Posterity will view Dickens as we now look back on the odd mixture of absurdities which formed the character of Oliver Goldsmith, and, while they award him the first praise as an author, will pity his inconsistencies. I have sometimes wished that our soil had the honour of his birth. If it had been so, he would not have made so close an acquaintance with the wards of a debtor's prison. As you justly remark, he would have had no need to be condescended to by a publisher. Perhaps, too, the world would never have enjoyed those original productions of his mind. "Hunger has a wonderful faculty of sharpening the genius," said one who judged from experience. Probably Mr. Dickens could add his testimony to the same effect.

My only excuse for inflicting this epistle on you, sir, is, that it was written on the spur of the moment, after reading the letter to which I have already referred. I made bold to send it, trusting in what every one says of you.

Let me, in conclusion, assure you of the pleasure I have experienced on a perusal of those of your poetic works which are just published, which is greatly increased by the knowledge that you are an American, labouring to establish a national literature, notwithstanding the formidable obstacles which every native author has to overcome. With wishes for your deserved prosperity, I am, with great respect, yours, etc.

W. B.

## STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, ON READING ROMEO AND JULIET.

From the German.

Of love and sorrow, 'tis a peerless tale!—

Then press it softly to thy gentle breast;

I'll share the fear that makes thy pure cheek pale;

I'll guess the wish that may not be confess'd.

Unhappy pair!—And yet to them was given

That earthly joy which tasteth most of heaven.

Oh! sweet and bitter, let our mix'd tears flow,

Where, on the grave of Love, the drooping violets grow.

To mortals there is given a fleeting life:—

A life! Ah! no; a wild, vain, hurrying dream!—

A tempest of pride—passion—sin—and strife!

A deep, dark, restless, ever-foaming stream!

When fortune lifts us high, or sinks us low,

We feel the motion—know not where we go;

Love only, like the oil upon the sea,

Gives to man's tossing soul repose and liberty.

'Tis true, that they who love are seldom born

To a smooth destiny.—Love buds in peace,

But foulest wizards in the air have sworn

To blast its beauty ere the leaves increase.

The lovers dare not look—fiends watch their eyes;—

They dare not speak—fiends intercept their sighs;—

A spell is on them—mute—o'er-mastering;

Dumb sorrow o'er them waves her dark, depressing wing.

But let the faint heart yield him as he may,

Danger sits powerless on Love's steady breast;

The lovers shrink not in the evil day;—

They are afflicted—but are not oppress'd.

To die together, or victorious live—

The first and holiest vow, 'tis theirs to give;

United!—Though in fetters—they are free!—

They care not though the grave their bridal bed should be!

It may be, that if love's expanding flower

Is forced to close before the storm's keen breath,

That closing may protract the blooming hour,

Which is so short in all that suffers death.

The silence and the sorrow, and the pain,

May nourish that which they attack in vain.

The lowly flame burns longest.—Humble sadness

Is kindlier to love's growth than free unvaried gladness.

But oh! how glorious shone their ruling star,

Which carried them with budding loves to heaven;

Whom angels welcomed in bright realms afar,

With a full cup, which scarce to taste was given,

While any remnant of terrestrial sin

Had power to stain the holy draught within!

They died:—Young love stood by them calmly sighing,

And fann'd, with the soft wing, the terrors of their dying.

Read not of Juliet, and her Romeo,

With tragic trembling, and uplifted hair;

Be mild, fair maid, and gentle in thy woe,

As in their death were that most innocent pair.

Upon the tomb o' the Capulets there gleams

No torchlight—but a moon of tender beams.

Then hate not love, because a Juliet died,

But seek to sleep, like her, by a true lover's side.

## CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

New-York, January 18.

There are some delicious works of art now exhibiting opposite the hospital, in Broadway—Harvey's Atmospheric Effects of American Scenery. Those who have not been observers in other countries are scarcely aware how peculiar our country is in its atmospheric phenomena—how much bolder, brighter, and more picturesque. There is scarce a scene pictured in this beautiful gallery which could be at all true of any other country; but to the American eye they are enchantingly faithful and beautiful. The artist gives in his prospectus for engraving these works the following interesting bit of autobiography:

"In 1827 I entered upon the line of portrait painting in miniature; I pursued it for nine years with an assiduity that impaired my health. Country air and exercise being recommended me, I purchased a tract of land on the majes-

tic Hudson; built a cottage after my own plan; amused myself by laying out grounds, and gained health and strength by the employment. These exercises in the open air led me more and more to notice and study the ever-varying atmospheric effects of this beautiful climate. I undertook to illustrate them by my pencil, and thus almost accidentally, commenced a set of atmospheric landscapes. The number had reached twenty-two, and as yet I had no thought of publication when business called me to Europe. I carried them with me, and, while in London, occasionally attended the *Conversations of Artists*. At one of these I accidentally heard a gentleman, on leaving a little knot of connoisseurs assembled round my portfolio, pass a most flattering eulogium on its contents. I felt the more elated by his praise on learning that he was Professor Faraday, the able successor of Sir Humphrey Davy. At Paris, while partaking of the courteous hospitality of the American minister, Governor Cass, my portfolio was sent for and received the approbation of that gentleman and his guests. Governor Cass retained my drawings for a week; on returning them to me he recommended that I should have them engraved, and suggested that it might be done at once, while I was in Paris. I was too diffident, however, of their popular merit, to risk so extensive an undertaking. On my return to New-York my personal friends encouraged me in the project, and at last I made up my mind to lay the original drawings before the Boston public; conceiving that I owed it to that city, where I had received liberal encouragement in my previous pursuits to give to them the opportunity of originating the work of publication."

Mr. Harvey went afterwards to London to find print-colourists who could execute the work to his satisfaction, and, while there, Mr. Murray, who was formerly in this country, and is now attached to her Majesty's household, showed to the Queen the first number. The royal subscription was immediately given to the work at a munificent price. It is worth every one's while to see this delicious work of art, and every person of easy means should subscribe for a copy of the engravings.

The *sledges* flying very briskly up and down Broadway this morning remind me that Miss Howitt, in her late preface to one of Miss Bremer's works, mentions, among other phrases, our use of the words "*sleighs, sleds and sleighing, for sledges and sledging*,"—calling them "Americanisms which all well-educated persons will be careful not to introduce into their families." Miss Bremer might allow, to a continent of the size of ours, the privilege of coining a word without the tariff of her contempt, but she forgets that *sled* is a good English word, and derived from the very language of the book she has translated—from the Swedish word *släda*. Thomson says in his *Seasons*:—

"Eager on rapid sleds  
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
The long resounding course."

And Fletcher says, in a fine passage of his *Eclogue*:—

"From thence he farrow'd many a churlish sea,  
The viny Rhene and Volga's self did pass  
Who sleds doth suffer on his wat'ry sea,  
And horses trampling on his icy face."

The cold weather of the last week has justified another Americanism, for it has been literally "a cold *spell*"—dimming parlour lights, and arresting the flow of thought. The gas-lights burn dim because water freezes in the gasometers, and "whole stacks of new publications" (as a periodical agent told me yesterday) are "books and *stationary*," from the interrupted navigation.

PALMO'S NEW OPERA has been voted fashionable, *nem. con.* (as I have been fashionably assured,) and the long ellipse

of other theatricals will give it a flowing launch. It is a small and beautiful edifice, and is to be brilliantly lighted, and made every way conformable to the exactions of what kid and cashmere. Its situation is admirable—for except up Chamber-street to be away from the noises of Broadway, and accessible easily from all parts of the city. This evening comes off the preparatory rehearsal, to which the connoisseurs and gentlemen of the press are invited as guests. The printed invitation, by the way, makes Mr. Palmo out to be (very properly) a *fellow-citizen of the Muses*, and altogether an amusing production. A copy of it, filled up with the name of a friend of ours, lies by me, running thus:—"The honour of the company of N. P. W., Grand Scribe, are respectfully invited to attend the First Public Rehearsal of the Italian Opera, on Friday evening. The house will be brilliantly illuminated, and the connoisseur in music will have an opportunity of beholding an edifice erected and dedicated to the Muses, by their fellow-citizen, F. Palmo."

This making "fellow-citizens" of the Muses reminds me of a police report in yesterday's True Sun, announcing the namesake of the great Roman emperor who was "*dux et delicia generis humani*"—a Mr. Truss,—was "arrested and committed for stealing a door-mat!" How a man can so great a name could steal so little, is a psychological marvel.

In looking over a western paper, a day or two since, my eye fell on an advertisement in very comical verse. Here are a couple of stanzas—to the tune of "the cork leg":—

"You all have in the papers read,  
That KINAX has caps for every head,  
Which are marked so very low, 'tis said,  
The price can scarcely be cred-it-ed.  
Ritu-rinu-ri lattu-i-do da.

You'll be well pleased to hear the news  
That KINAX has got new boots and shoes,  
They're sold so cheap that it beats the Jews,  
He'll exchange for hides, if you do choose.  
Ritu-rinu," etc.

I think there should be a committee sent out to see Mr. Kibbe to become a poet.

The "city of brotherly love" would seem to be favourable to the incubation of hornets. A SATIRICAL MAGAZINE is to be started there in March, with engravings on woodcut designs by Darley. The contributors' names are to be secret. *Blessed are the obscure* will soon be added to the fashionable beatitudes.

"The Rococo" is the quaint, but, in fact, most descriptive name of one of the "Extras of the New Mirror" now a press. Those of your readers who have been lately in Paris will be familiar with the word. The etymology of *rococo* has been matter of no little fruitless inquiry. It came into use about four or five years ago, when it was the rage to buy up costly and old-fashioned articles of jewelry and furniture. A valuable stone, for example, in a beautiful but antiquated setting, was *rococo*. A beauty, who had the kind of face best painted in the old pictures, was *rococo*. A chair, a table, of carved wood, costly once but unfashionable in many a day, was *rococo*. Articles of vertu were looked upon and offered for sale with a view to the prevailing taste in *rococo*. Highly carved picture-frames, old but elaborately made trinkets, rich brocades, etc., etc.—things intrinsically beautiful and valuable, in short, but unmercifully obsolete, were *rococo*. The Extra published by the proprietors of the New Mirror answers this description exactly. It contains the three most exquisite and absolute creations of pure imagination (in my opinion) that have been produced since Shakespeare:—"Lillian" by Fraed, "The Calypso Foy" by Drake, and "St. Agnes' Eve" by Keats—all three of which

have been overlaid and in a measure lost sight of in the torrent of new literature—but all three now to be had together in fair type, *price one shilling!* The man who could read these poems without feeling the chamber of his brain filled with incense—without feeling his heart warm, his blood moved, and his inmost craving of novelty and melody deliciously ministered to, does not love poetry enough to “possess a rose-tint for his russet cares.” I declare I think it is worth the outlay of a fever to get (by seclusion and depletion) the delicacy of nerve and perception to devour and relish with intellectual nicety, these three subtly compounded feasts of the imagination.

We are indebted for many beautiful things not so much to accident, as to the quickness of genius to appreciate and appropriate accident. I was pleased with an instance that came to my knowledge last night. Wallace (the omnidexterous) was playing the piano in my room, and, among others of his own inimitable waltzes, he played one called the Midnight Waltz, in which twelve strokes of the clock recur constantly with the *aria*. In answer to an inquiry of mine, he told me he was playing, one night, to some ladies in Lima, when a loud silvery-toned clock in the room struck twelve. He insensibly stopped, and beat the twelve strokes on an accordant note on the piano, and in repeating the passage, stopped at the same place and beat twelve again. The effect was particularly impressive and sweet, and he afterwards composed a waltz expressly to introduce it—one of the most charming compositions I ever heard. Wallace is the most prodigal of geniuses and most prodigally endowed. He has lived a life of adventure in the East Indies, South America, New South Wales, and Europe, that would fill satisfactorily the life-cups of a dozen men, and how he has found time to be what he probably is, as great a violinist and as great a pianist as the greatest masters on those instruments, is certainly a wonder. But this is not all. He was rehearsing for a concert not long since in New York, when the clarinet-player, in reply to some correction, said that “if Mr. Wallace wished it played better, he might play it himself.” Wallace took the clarinet from the hand of the refractory musician, and played the passage so exquisitely as quite to electrify the orchestra. He is the most modest of men, and how many more instruments he is master of (besides the human voice, which he plays on in conversation very attractively,) it would be wild to guess.\* By the way, it would be worth the while of a music-publisher to send for the music he has literally *seen the world with*—for he has written over three hundred waltzes, of most of which he has no copy, though they have been published and left in the cities he has visited. He composes many hours of every day. I think Wallace one of the most remarkable men I ever knew.

February 7.

On Saturday night I was at the opening of the new Opera—the beginning, as I think, of a regular supply of a great luxury. The bright, festal look of Palmo's exquisite little theatre struck every one with surprise, on entering, and the cozy, sympathy-sized construction and the pleasant arrangement of seats, etc., seemed to leave nothing to be wished for. With a kindly fostering for a while, on the part of the press and the public, Palmo's theatre may become the most enjoyable and refined resort of the city.

The new *prima donna* made a brilliant hit. New-York is, at this moment, in love with *Signorina Borghese*. She dresses *a-merveille*, has a very intellectual and attractive

want of beauty, is graceful, vivid, a capital actress, and sings with a bird-like *abandon*, that enchants you even with her defects. Nature has given her quite her share of attractiveness and she uses it all.

The opera was “*I Puritani*”—BELLINI's last, and the one that was playing, for only the third time, the night he died—(at the age of twenty-seven.) It was well selected for the opening opera—being full of intelligible and expressive melody, and not compelling the musically uninitiated to get on tiptoe to comprehend it. These same *uninitiateds*, however, are the class to cater for, in any country, and especially in ours. It is a great mistake to fancy that, in the appreciation of an opera, *criticism goes before*. On the contrary, *feeling goes before* and criticism follows very slowly. The commonest lover of music feels for instance, that Bellini's operas are marked by simplicity and sameness—but, after having felt that, the critic comes in and follows up the idea like an ink-fish, expressing that plain fact in cloudy technicalities this-wise:—“Bellini rather multiplies the repetitions of the chord than gives distinct business to the several components of the score!” Who cares to know, when in tears at Rossini's exquisite harmony that it is produced by a “profuse use of the diminished seventh,” or that one of his most electric effects is done by “a harmonic atrocity of consecutive fifths.” To have one's tear shed on a piece of paper and thus analyzed, may be curious, *once*, but not very necessary always, and I wish with all my heart, that the humbug of technicalities in this, as in many other things, might be exposed. It would be a capital subject for a popular lecture. I lend the suggestion to Mr. Emerson—the man best capable of using it.

Supper is a natural sequence to music, and I must mention a pair of canvases-back that were sent me by a Baltimore friend, and feasted on last night after “*I Puritani*,”—for the sake of giving you and “your public” some valuable and toothsome directions for the cooking of these birds, contained in a passage of my friend's letter. “I have some anxiety,” he says, “about the cooking of these ducks. Pray don't put them in the power of a Frenchman! Get hold of a good English or American cook, knowing in *roasts*. Let this cook erect a strong, blazing fire, before which he (or she) must tend the birds for about twenty-five or thirty minutes. To determine if they are *done*, have them held up by the feet, and if the *gravy runs out of the necks*, of a proper colour, they don't require another turn. Serve them up *with their own gravy*. 'Tis safer than a chafing-dish and made *gravy*. Eat them with *homing patties*, between which and the ducks there is a delicate affinity. Beware, I conjure you once more, of a Frenchman—except in the shape of a glass of Chablis. May they prove luscious as those we ate together at Guy's.”

I have often *thought*, and once or twice, *said*, that a correspondence from Boston, cleverly done, hitting off the notions of that town of jerky enthusiasms, would be a capital feature of a paper in New-York. Some clever observer is doing the same thing, in rather a different way, through a publication in monthly numbers called “*LIFE IN TOWN*, or *THE BOSTON SPR*, being a series of sketches illustrative of whims and women in the Athens of America.” It is done with great sketchiness, and, with more condensing, would transform into a valuable correspondence.

Here is an epigram on the turning of Greenough's Washington out of the Capitol:

Ye sages who work for eight dollars a day  
And are patriots, heroes and statesmen, *for pay*—  
Who of Washington prattle in phrases so sweet  
Pray why did you tumble him into the street!

\* A friend has since told me that Wallace plays *every instrument of the orchestra*, and most of them like a master.

## YOUNG POETS.

AN old man with no friend but his money—a fair child holding the hand of a Magdalen—a delicate bride given over to a coarse-minded bridegroom—were sights to be troubled at seeing. We should bleed at heart to see either of them. But there is something even more touching to us than these—something, too, which is the subject of heartless and habitual mockery by critics—the first timid offerings to fame of the youthful and sanguine poet. We declare that we never open a letter from one of this class, never read a preface to the first book of one of them, never arrest our critical eye upon a blemish in the immature page, without having the sensation of a tear coined in our heart—never without a passionate though inarticulate “God help you!” We know so well the rasping world in which they are to jostle, with their “fibre of sarcenet!” We know so well the injustices, the rebuffs, the sneers, the insensibilities, *from without*, the impatiences, the resentments, the choked impulses and smothered heart-boundings *within*. And yet it is not these outward penances, and inward scorpions that cause us the most regret in the fate of the poet. Out of these is born the inspired expression of his anguish—like the plaint of the singing bird from the heated needle which blinds him. We mourn more over his *fatuous imperviousness to counsel*—over his haste to print, his slowness to correct—over his belief that the airy bridges he builds over the chasms in his logic and rhythm are passable, by avoirdupois on foot, as well as by Poesy on Pegasus. That the world is not as much enchanted—(that *we ourselves* are not as much touched and delighted)—with the halting flights of new poets as with the broken and short venturings in air of new fledged birds—proves over again that the world we live in were a good enough Eden if human nature were as loveable as the rest. We wish it were not so. We wish it were natural to admire anything human-made, that has not cost pain and trial. But, since we do not, and cannot, it is a pity, we say again, that beginners in poetry are offended with kind counsel. Of the great many books and manuscript poems we receive, there is never one from a young poet, which we do not long, in all kindness, to send back to him to be re-studied, re-written, and made, in finish, more worthy of the conception. To praise it in print only puts his industry to sleep, and makes him dream he has achieved what is yet far beyond him. We ask the young poets who read this, where would be the true kindness in such a case. And now we will give a piece of poetry which is the least criticisable of what we have lately received—written by BAYARD TAYLOR, the “apprentice-boy in a printing office,” of whom we spoke a week or two since.

Through the young leaves the moon-rays softly glimmer,  
And fall upon the dewy turf below,  
Where mellow light, by twining boughs made dimmer,  
Sleeps calmly in the streamlet's gentle flow;  
And on the heaving breast of yon broad river  
The wave-crests in her silver radiance quiver.

I am alone—in dreamy silence musing,  
But Thought to Poesy's realms doth soar in vain;  
The classic haunts of loftier song refusing,  
To thee it flies, nor wanders forth again;—  
Returns to thee, as to the ark the raven,  
Seeking in vain a surer, firmer haven.

Oh! dost thou ne'er, from this soft moonlight stealing  
Thoughts higher, holier, than the day hath known,  
Wake in thy breast a spring of tender feeling,  
As if thou didst some mystic influence own?  
As if thy soul some kindred soul was meeting,  
And heart to heart, a warm response was beating?

Does not the calm, the solemn hush around thee,  
Lift thy thrall'd spirit from its dust afar—  
Break duty's chain, in which the day hath bound thee,  
And wing its angel-flight from star to star?  
And may no soul like thine, far heaven-ward soaring,  
With thee unite in wondering and adoring?

May not the thoughts, our kindred bosoms swelling,  
The lofty hopes that triumph over Time,  
Be ours within the spirit's starry dwelling?  
Our earthly love be lasting and sublime!  
Yes—ties like these not Death's rude grasp can sever;  
Born with the soul, they bless the soul forever!

Oh! while a pulse of thy young heart doth tremble  
With the pure feelings lent thee from on high;  
While high aspirings round thy soul assemble,  
Nor earth can chain thy vision from the sky;  
My heart will know it is not all forsaken,  
And, like an echoed strain, its answering music when!

This is beautiful and musical, but it might be much mended. It is a wonderful production, considering the writer's advantages, and we hope great things of him.

A young lady in Brooklyn who signs herself “Short and Sweet,” writes to us to say that she is very tired of her name, and seeing no prospect of getting another (with us owner to it) wishes to know whether she may boldly abandon the unsentimental prenominal inflicted on her at baptism, and adopt one of her own more tasteful selection. By an understanding with all the people likely to put her name in their wills, we should think she might. Names as a modern luxury, and if she chose to be *recess*, she might do without one, or be known as the ancients were by some word descriptive of her personal peculiarities. So as into use the names of Brown, Long, Broadhead, &c. “Short and Sweet” would not be a bad name. One of the lady chooses to follow the Arabian custom, she (supposing her father's name to be a well-sounding one—any Talib would be called “Takin's Short and Sweet daughter”—people in Arabia being only designated as *brother*, *son*, *short* or *tall*, children of such and such parents. Thus as a Roman fashion, too, that might help her out—but adding to the name any quality or exploit for which the bearer was remarkable—Miss Short and Sweet *Breaker*, for example, or Miss “Noli-me-Tangere,” a sister the favourite flower of the Irish) Miss Jump-up-and-me.” (The Irish designate Tom Moore by this pretty prenominal.) Our compliments to the lady and we are sure she should want a name—sorry she has a want we cannot supply. It happens to be the one thing we are out of.

The amusing contribution in our last called a *contribution* was written by J. WILMOT NEAT, Esq., an English gentleman of very high education and (as the article in question shows) a charming talent for sketchy and graphic writing. We mention it in reply to a query whether the name was taken from an English paper. Mr. Neat is residing in New-York, and it was written for the New Mirror.

\* By the way, we (I) get now and then an epistle freighted with the weighty query of what may be represented by that mysterious “P.” among my initials. The General and I have a *bonne* of the P.'s between us. He may promulge his own at his *leisure* and pleasure. (Shakespeare probably foreshadowed him with the character of “P.'s blossom.”) The “P.” in “N.P.W.” doubtless Parker, the owner's family cognomen on the maternal side. It may be something in pocket, to stop paying postage on *saturn* in reference to this little “P.”



We commenced the publication of a new series of the New Mirror on Saturday, the second of October. This arrangement was made in order to enable new subscribers to procure complete sets of the work.

# THE NEW MIRROR.

(The circulation of this work is 10,000 copies.)

VOLUME II.]

PUBLISHED BY MORRIS, WILLIS, & CO., ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

[NUMBER 21.]

TERMS, \$3]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1844.

[per annum.]

## MIRROR



## LIBRARY.

We have long wished to have, for our own library, a uniform edition of our favourite authors. In this gregarious world, ten thousand may have together what one cannot have alone, and we wish our readers to join and give us our coveted library by having one like it themselves. By this combination we can have it cheap—(that is to say a book of poems which costs a dollar here and two dollars in London, we can have for a shilling)—and instead of a higgledy-piggledy shelf of books, one short and one tall, one fat and one thin, we may have them of one symmetrical shape, beautifully printed, and bound to our and your liking. You will trust our taste to select the books, and we will throw you in, in a preface, what we know of the author, and what we think of his works; and for our trouble in proof-reading, publishing, packing and forwarding, we will pay ourselves out of that little un-missed and second shilling.

We have insensibly arrived at this idea by very blind steps. We tried in vain for years, to find a publisher who would undertake a new edition of our poems—though they were completely out of print, and though (it seemed to us) there was a demand for them which might justify the edition. Against advice, we thought we might at least furnish our friends copies to read, by publishing them in an extra of the Mirror, for a price that would just pay the expense of printing and circulating. To our no small astonishment the orders for them came in so rapidly while they were in press, that we published a very large edition, which is still selling freely, and it then occurred to us very naturally, that one of two things must be true—either the publishers were perfect cormorants as to the profits they expected from books, or else they were not always infallible judges as to what works would sell. The next thought was an easy one. Could we not, out of our own better judgment and smaller expectations as to profit, publish as handsome and cheap editions of other authors, whose works were not, now, easily come at? "Let us try!" said Enterprise.

Before arriving at this idea of the MIRROR LIBRARY, however, we had made arrangements to republish in the same cheap form, other works of our own that were as much called for as the Poems—in short all the PROSE WORKS OF N. P. WILLIS—(your humble servant of this present writing, dear reader!) Our dear ally, General Morris, had also introduced his popular SONGS and BALLADS, which have sold with the same electric rapidity as the others. Our "LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE" will be ready in a day or two, and PENCILINGS BY THE WAY are in preparation and will be issued in a week or two. The advertisements will duly announce all these. We would say, *en passant*, of "Pencilings," that only one third of them have ever been republished, either here or in England. The first English edition (the fifth edition is now selling well in London) was printed from a broken set of the old Mirror, which had found its way out there, and the author being absent in France, even that imperfect copy was much reduced by the proof-readers. The American edition (long ago out of

print) was a literal copy of this incomplete English one, and now, for the first time, "Pencilings by the Way" will be printed in a handsome and complete edition.

Of course, dear reader, we did not intend the presumption (the General and I) of putting our own works at the beginning of a "Library of favourite authors." This is explained above. But we shall so arrange it, by giving you an extra titlepage, that you can bind up or leave out, as or others, at your pleasure. Each author will be separately pagged, and we shall so arrange it that whatever you select from our replications will bind into an integral and handsome volume.

There are now ready, therefore, the following:

- 1.—"The Sacred Poems of N. P. WILLIS," . . . 121 cis.
- 2.—"Poems of Passion," by N. P. WILLIS, . . . 121
- 3.—"The Lady Jane, and other Poems," by N. P. WILLIS, . . . 121
- 4.—"The Songs and Ballads of G. P. MORRIS," . . . 121
- 5.—"The Little Frenchman and his Water Lute, and other Tales of his Times," by G. P. MORRIS; illustrated by Johnston, . . . 121
- 6.—"The Songs and Ballads of HARRY CORNWALL," a double number, . . . 25
- 7.—"Letters from under a Bridge," by N. P. WILLIS. The only complete edition ever published. A double number, . . . 25
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- 9.—"The Rocco, No. II,"—containing the entire "Poems" of WILLIAM COATE PINKNEY, with a Biographical Sketch by the late WILLIAM LEGGETT, Esq., and ORIGINAL NOTES by N. P. WILLIS, . . . 121

We have four or five more to follow these, which we are sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them now. One or two of them are books we almost made a secret of possessing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so impossible to replace. We can venture to promise, that (leaving our own works aside) no series of uniform literature in the language will be choicer, or better worth possessing at any price—let alone a shilling!

To our subscribers we wish to say that we shall publish in our Library series nothing which will again appear in the New Mirror. The New Mirror itself, we are confident, will be a valuable portion of the Library—of the same size and shape and containing, of course, the best fugitive literature that we can choose or procure. The New Mirror is our pride. We shall spare no labour upon it, and it shall be worthy of the constellation in which it is the leader—if we know how to make it so. And now, dear reader, let us commend to you purchase and preservation the MIRROR LIBRARY—for, by shilling this expended without any feeling of sacrifice, you will gradually create a Paradise of delicious reading; into which you can retreat when you would be rid of care and weariness.

The above works have just been issued as Extras of the New Mirror, and can be bound either with or without it. They are beautifully printed, of a uniform size, and may be had at application to the publishers. They are sent by mail to the quarters of the country, at the usual newspaper postage. Single copies, 121 cents; ten copies for \$1. For sale, whole sale or retail, by MORRIS, WILLIS & CO., No. 4 Ann street, New-York.

\* The "Letters from Under a Bridge" were written in a secluded glen of the Valley of the Susquehanna. The author, after several years residence and travel abroad, made there, as he hoped, an altar of life-time tranquillity for his household gods. Most of the letters were written in the full belief that he should pass there the remainder of his days. Inevitable necessity drove him again into active metropolitan life, and the remembrance of that sequestered haven of repose and rural pleasure, seems to him now like little but a dream. As picturing truly the colour of his own mind and the kind of life flow of his thoughts during a brief enjoyment of the kind of life alone best suited to his disposition as well as to his better nature, the book is interesting to himself and to those who love him. As picturing faithfully the charm of nature and seclusion after years of intemperate life in the gayest circles of the gayest cities of the world, it may be curious to the reader.

† Since published—see printed list above.



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\* Thanks to the increase of our readers, we are now enabled to withdraw our contributions from the magazines, and shall hereafter write for no monthly or weekly except the New Mirror. We have sent our last tale to our

We commenced the publication of a NEW SERIES of the NEW MIRROR on Saturday, the seventh of October. This arrangement was made in order to enable new subscribers to procure COMPLETE SETS OF THE WORK.

# THE NEW MIRROR.

(The circulation of this work is 10,000 copies.)

VOLUME II.]

PUBLISHED BY MORRIS, WILLIS, & CO., ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

[NUMBER 21

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1844.

[per annum.

## MIRROR



## LIBRARY.

We have long wished to have, for our own library, a uniform edition of our favourite authors. In this gregarious world, *ten thousand may have together what one cannot have alone*, and we wish our readers to join and give us our coveted library by having one like it themselves. By this combination we can have it cheap—(that is to say a book of poems which costs a dollar here and two dollars in London, we can have for a shilling)—and instead of a biggledy-piggledy shelf of books, one short and one tall, one fat and one thin, we may have them of one symmetrical shape, beautifully printed, and bound to our and your liking. You will trust our taste to select the books, and we will throw you in, in a preface, what we know of the author, and what we think of his works; and for our trouble in proof-reading, publishing, packing and forwarding, we will pay ourselves out of that little un-missed and second shilling.

We have insensibly arrived at this idea by very blind steps. We tried in vain for years, to find a publisher who would undertake a new edition of our poems—though they were completely out of print, and though (it seemed to us) there was a demand for them which might justify the edition. Against advice, we thought we might at least furnish our friends copies to read, by publishing them in an extra of the Mirror, for a price that would just pay the expense of printing and circulating. To our no small astonishment the orders for them came in so rapidly while they were in press, that we published a very large edition, which is still selling freely, and it then occurred to us very naturally, that one of two things must be true:—either the publishers were perfect cormorants as to the profits they expected from books, or else they were not always infallible judges as to what works would sell. The next thought was an easy one. Could we not, out of our own better judgment and smaller expectations as to profit, publish as handsome and cheap editions of other authors, whose works were not, now, easily come at? "Let us try!" said Enterprise.

Before arriving at this idea of the MIRROR LIBRARY, however, we had made arrangements to republish in the same cheap form, other works of our own that were as much called for as the Poems—in short all the PROSE WORKS of N. P. WILLIS—(your humble servant of this present writing, dear reader!) Our dear ally, General Morris, had also extra-duded his popular SONGS and BALLADS, which have sold with the same electric rapidity as the others. Our "LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE" will be ready in a day or two,† and PENCILINGS BY THE WAY are in preparation and will be issued in a week or two. The advertisements will duly announce all these. We would say, *en passant*, of "Pencilings," that only one third of them have ever been republished, either here or in England. The first English edition (the fifth edition is now selling well in London) was printed from a broken set of the old Mirror, which had found its way out there, and the author being absent in France, even that imperfect copy was much reduced by the proof-readers. The American edition (long ago out of

print) was a literal copy of this incomplete English one, and now, for the first time, "Pencilings by the Way" will be printed in a handsome and complete edition.

Of course, dear reader, we did not intend the presumption (the General and I) of putting our own works at the beginning of a "library of favourite authors." This is explained above. But we shall so arrange it, by giving you an extra titlepage, that you can bind up or leave out, us or others, at your pleasure. Each author will be separately pagged, and we shall so arrange it that whatever you select from our republications will bind into an integral and handsome volume.

There are now ready, therefore, the following:

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We have four or five gems to follow these, which we are sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them now. One or two of them are books we almost made a secret of possessing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so impossible to replace. We can venture to promise, that, (leaving our own works aside,) no series of uniform literature in the language will be choicer, or better worth possessing at any price—let alone a shilling!

To our subscribers we wish to say that we shall publish in our Library series *nothing which will again appear in the New Mirror*. The New Mirror itself, we are confident, will be a valuable portion of the Library—of the same size and shape, and containing, of course, the best fugitive literature that we can choose or procure. The New Mirror is our pride. We shall spare no labour upon it, and it shall be worthy of the constellation to which it is the leader—if we know how to make it so. And now, dear reader, let us commend to your purchase and preservation the MIRROR LIBRARY—for, by shillings thus expended without any feeling of sacrifice, you will gradually create a Paradise of delicious reading, into which you can retreat when you would be rid of care or weariness.

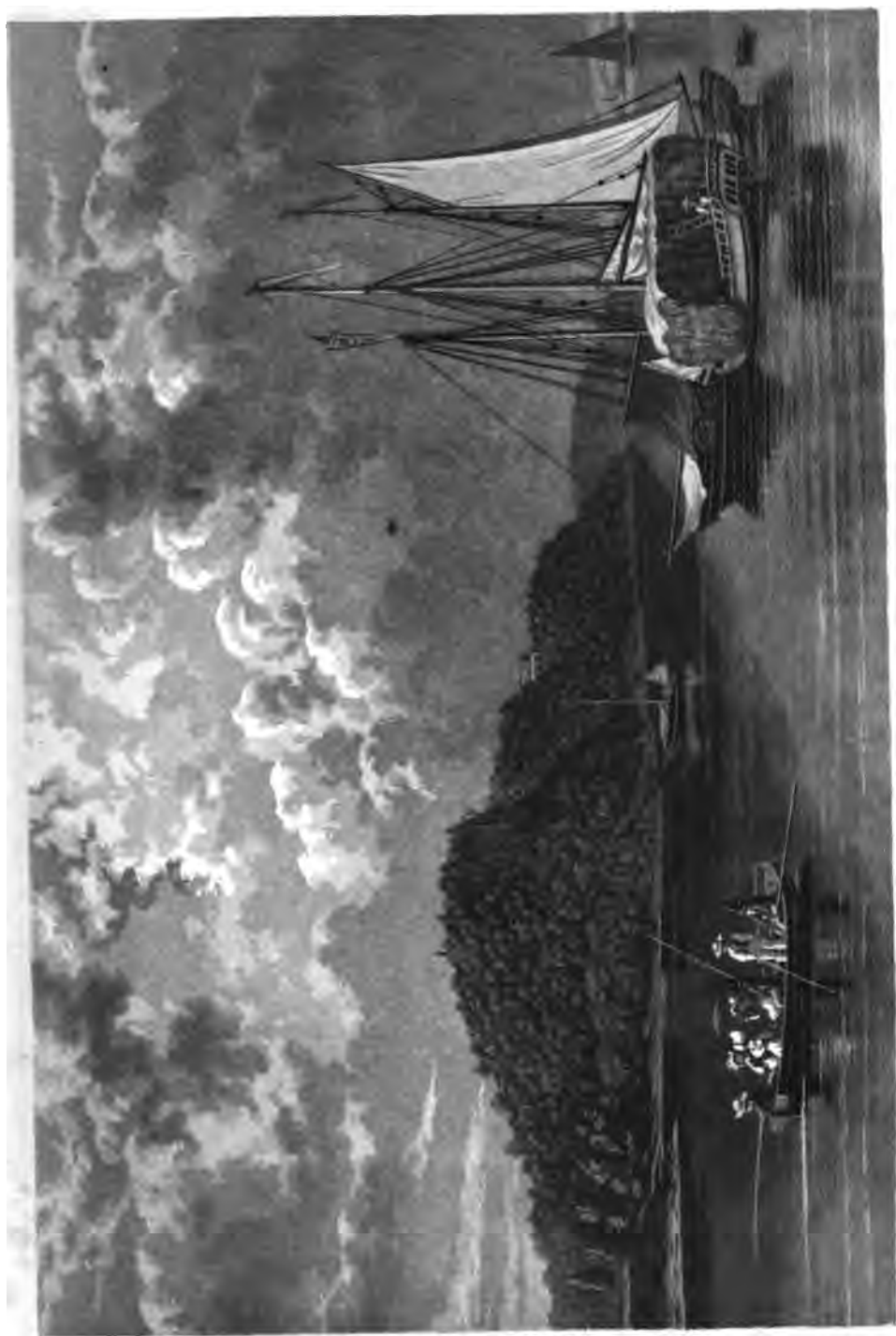
The above works have just been issued as *Extras of the New Mirror*, and can be bound either with or without it. They are beautifully printed, of a uniform size, and may be had on application to the publishers. They are sent by mail to all quarters of the country, at the usual newspaper postage. Single copies, 12½ cents; ten copies for \$1. For sale, whole sale or retail, by

MORRIS, WILLIS & CO.,  
No. 4 Ann street, New-York.

\* The "Letters from Under a Bridge" were written in a secluded glen of the Valley of the Susquehanna. The author, after several years residence and travel abroad, made there, as he hoped, an altar of life-time tranquillity for his household gods. Most of the letters were written in the full belief that he should pass there the remainder of his days. Inevitable necessity drove him again into active metropolitan life, and the remembrance of that enchanting interval of repose and rural pleasure, seems to him now like little but a dream. As picturing truly the colour of his own mind and the natural flow of his thoughts during a brief enjoyment of the kind of life alone best suited to his disposition as well as to his better nature, the book is interesting to himself and to those who love him. As picturing faithfully the charm of nature and seclusion after years of intemperate life in the gayest circles of the gayest cities of the world, it may be curious to the reader.

† Since published—see printed list above.





View of Washington, D.C. from the Hudson  
(Looking up)

Designed & Engraved expressly for the New Mirror by W. Bennett





# THE NEW MIRROR.

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EDITED BY G. F. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLES.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1844. NUMBER 21.

## VIEW OF WEEHAWKEN.

ANOTHER aquatint by Bennett, designed and engraved for the New Mirror. It is a faithful representation of a well-known scene, and is in the best style of the artist.

THE following is an original sketch for the New Mirror, from the graceful pen of Mrs. Butler, the author of "Stella Lee" and the "Discarded."

## THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

Those good old times have nearly passed away, when the minister of God's holy word was chosen by a people for life. When the same happy pair over whom he pronounced the nuptial benediction were those he had blessed at the baptismal font; and, when called upon to perform the last sad offices over the remains of the gray-haired elder, he felt it was the companion of his youth, the friend with whom he had passed on life's pilgrimage, side by side, he was now placing in the tomb; and that when he himself should be called upon to pass through the "dark valley," strangers would not surround the bed of death, but the hand of affection smooth his dying pillow, close his weary eyelids, and lay him gently down to rest from his labours.

But now the case is widely different. That chord of sympathy which once united the hearts of the clergyman and his people vibrates but feebly; comparatively they are strangers; their joys and sorrows no longer mutual; more external form than heartfelt; and, in many cases, it would seem but the bond of self-interest, which confines the shepherd to his flock. Hardly has he made himself acquainted with the names of the parishioners, hardly has the circuit of pastoral visits been performed, when (should he by chance be a tolerable speaker) he may receive a call from some more wealthy society; and, with all due respect to the reverend clergy he is observed, in nine cases out of ten, the call receives an affirmative response, and the pariah is left to work out its own salvation.

But by no means are the society to be excluded from all blame in this mutation of sacred office. Extremes often meet; and, although, when first entering upon the duties of his calling, the minister may find himself caressed, praised, nay, almost worshipped, still it is no rare thing to discover, even in the short space of a few months, symptoms of disaffection already creeping into the minds of his people. Often, the more zealous and devoted the pastor, the more stubborn and ungrateful his parishioners. He is now looked upon with coldness; he finds the lofty pedestal on which he is placed tottering at its base, for the caprices of human nature are at work at its foundation; and, would he save himself from a final overthrow, he must haste to shake the dust from his feet, or wait until politely requested to vacate his holy office.

The evils resulting from this fact, pertaining to the clergy, are more particularly felt in country villages and towns. There was never a society yet, however moral, but were made so, rendered more united with each other, more faithful in the duties of friend and neighbour, by the influence and holy guardianship of a long-serving, beloved, and respected pastor. But now, when so little time is allowed for these feelings to ripen, it is no wonder that a morbid curiosity, a soul-killing fickleness, a constant desire of excita-

tion, should have taken place of that innate reverence with which the clergyman was once regarded by his people, even from the lisping babe to the gray-haired sire.

It might, therefore, be aptly termed a *fiery furnace*, through which the probationary path of the clergyman is laid. Should he pass unscathed the fire of criticism, and be finally ordained to fill the place of pastor, speculation and curiosity are at once on the *qui vive*!

However worthy and amiable may be the circle of a quiet country village, there are usually to be found a few busy, meddling persons, of both sexes, who, like Paul Pry, are ever engaged about the concerns of their neighbours, always peeping in for "*an umbrella*," hoping they "*don't intrude*," and who always consider themselves behooved to take the minister under their especial supervision, and more especially should he be unmarried.

A poor, forlorn, bachelor clergyman, heaven help him! the ladies will, if they can! Kind souls, his business is theirs, and they will guard his interests as dearly as their own! The first thing to be done is to instal him, *nolens volens*, as a boarder in some place of their selection, according to their ideas of propriety and comfort, where often the quiescent victim finds himself as much out of place as a jewel thrown by accident amid the rough pebbles by the road-side.

They next wonder whether he is engaged to be married, and if not engaged, whether he may not fancy Miss A., B., or C.; while Miss D., F., and G. already, in all maidenly modesty, look upon themselves each as the future mistress of the snug parsonage.

Nestled amid the verdant hills of New-England, the river gliding gently at their base, is the little town of M——. If you look on the map, you will find it; it may even elude the search of the indefatigable traveller, yet, nevertheless, there it lies in unpretending loveliness, a beauty-spot on the face of nature. Like many of the smaller villages in New-England, the houses are not built in one undeviating line, but are scattered here and there, in accordance to the taste or fancy of the owner. Here peeps out a pretty cottage, there, on a gentle eminence, rising from the river, stands a beautiful mansion, around whose lofty colonades the fragrant honeysuckle clasps its graceful tendrils, while yonder the blue smoke curls up from a cluster of noble sycamores.

Near the centre of the village stands the little gothic church, from which a narrow footpath leading through an avenue of venerable trees conducts to the spot where

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

This village, like many others, has felt the ban of clerical disorder. A very few years had witnessed the installation of several clergymen, and again, in the spring of 184—, the church was left destitute.

Francis Hyde, a graduate from Yale, was, however, about to fill the pastorate, and this event, with all things thereunto pertaining, was the general theme of discussion.

A peep into the parlour of yonder cottage may introduce us, *sans ceremonie*, into a large circle of village ladies, where, if we please, we can listen to their conversation, and thereby learn what "*parlons de environ*" the expected clergyman.



They are all, as you see, busily engaged finishing some new curtains for their pretty church. The elderly ladies surround a large table, on which work-baskets, fragments of crimson damask, bits of muslin, spools and scissors are heaped in multiplied variety. The younger are grouped around the open windows, or in snug corners, while the roguish glances interchanged; and now and then a merry peal of laughter betoken their thoughts are not wholly with their needles, although they seem to be frequently reminded by their ma'mas that the making of curtains is a more serious affair than they choose to consider.

"Well," says Mrs. Pillen, taking off her spectacles, and proceeding to wipe them slowly with her new pongee handkerchief, "it is really unaccountable to me that some of you ladies, who have husbands, should not yet have provided a boarding-place for Mr. Hyde. Why, it is really strange!"

"I don't know why you should think so," answered Mrs. Brower; "we ladies, with families to look after, have other things to occupy our time. Now I should think that you, Mrs. Pillen, or you, Mrs. Acker, would have attended to that business long ago."

"Indeed!" "Really!" replies Mrs. Pillen and Acker.

"But *where* will he board?" meekly inquires Miss Shortman.

"Where *can* he go?" asks Mrs. Phileo, with a most puzzled look.

"Why, come to think of it," cries Mrs. Acker, "what is there to hinder *you* from taking him? You have a nice new house; two vacant rooms, and no family but yourself; why, you are the very person, after all!"

Mrs. Phileo is a young and pretty widow; she blushes as she replies:

"My dear Mrs. Acker, you know this is a censorious world; you know I have no protector; and folks *will* talk! Could you board him?"

"As you say," answers Mrs. Acker, "folks *will* talk; and my Melissa is so *un-un-sophisticated*!"

"Then, Mrs. Downright, could not you take our clergyman?" again gently asks Miss Shortman.

"I don't take *boarders*, Miss Shortman."

"I know, but then a minister is not like any *other* boarder; I declare I think it is quite genteel."

"Indeed! *when* I take boarders you shall know," snaps Mrs. Downright.

"Ladies, I must say," interrupted Mrs. Hale, who had not before spoken, "that you all trouble yourselves much more than seems to be necessary. We have chosen Mr. Hyde for our minister; we have yielded to him the charge of our spiritual welfare, and, having done so, I should think we might deem him capable of choosing for himself. Allow me to observe, that, to my mind, we shall be doing Mr. Hyde a much greater kindness if we leave this matter entirely in his own hands."

The bustle of preparing tea now commenced; the work was thrown aside, and with it for a time the all-engrossing subject. They were soon after joined by several gentlemen, and it would seem that they also were full as much interested as the ladies. The first question propounded being:

"Well, which of you will board our new clergyman?"

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Acker, "I have said and done all I can; but the ladies appear to have objections. Now, there is Mrs. Pillen, and Mrs. Brower, and Mrs. Downright, might take him just as well as not, but they all decline."

"That being the case," said Mrs. Hale, "I will consent to take him myself. Yes, he can have the little blue-room, and Mary can wait upon him out of school-hours."

"My dear madam, the very place for him," replied Dea-

con Phelps; "he could not be more comfortable anywhere than with you."

"Why, now I think, Mrs. Hale," said Mrs. Brower, "that I could accommodate Mr. Hyde much better than you. Abel, you know, does not go to school, and he—"

"O *pahaw*! your Abel! why he is a mere baby," interrupted Mrs. Downright. "I never do take boarders, but, to oblige the parish, I will consent to admit Mr. Hyde into the bosom of my family."

"Melissa, to be sure, is very bashful," chimed Mrs. Acker, "but I might manage, I suppose—although it is a very great pity he is not married."

"Ladies, you are all very kind, all very obliging," said the deacon, "yet, as Mrs. Hale observes, that little blue-room will be the very place for him; therefore, if she please, we will consider the matter settled."

Mrs. Hale bowed her assent, and the subject was dismissed. The other ladies, it must be confessed, looked rather chop-fallen, for there was not one of them but had secretly determined they would board the clergyman, notwithstanding the many objections they had started.

The little sewing-party broke up at an early hour, Mrs. Pillen, and Mrs. Brower, and Mrs. Acker protesting that Mrs. Hale was an artful creature, and had managed Deacon Phelps nicely.

"Yes, yes," added Mrs. Downright, "and *we shall* see how she will manage Mr. Hyde, too!" Then, putting her finger on her nose, in a very significant manner, she closed the door of her domicile, and soon the deep stillness of the night rested on the little village. How beautiful! The gentle moon, shining so placidly down over that lovely valley; the bright, flashing stars; the hills, lifting up their verdant heads spangled with the falling dew, with the river winding around their base, gleaming under the moon's ray like a thread of silver; while the low wail of the night-bird, and the plaintive whip-poor-will, respond the watches of the night. All is peace!

The next morning the sun arose with a very bustling face, as if aware there was much to be done ere he could reach his bed on yonder mountain, (for it was the day the young clergyman was expected to arrive,) so, brushing away the light mist from his path, he pushed joyfully forward over the hills.

Nor was there less bustle in the village. There was hurrying from street to street, and from house to house. Mrs. Hale, in particular, was favoured with an unusual display of neighbourly kindness. Many were the visits she received in the morning; all seemed anxious to witness the preparations she might be making for her expected guest. But there was a quiet dignity about Mrs. Hale, which baffled all their curiosity. She received them in her neat morning-dress with great sweetness; nor could they detect the least nervousness of manner, or any shade of anxiety on her countenance, denoting her mind to be in the oven, stewing with the custard or baking in an apple-pie! Two or three ladies even ventured into the kitchen—but there, too, all was quiet and order; no broken egg-shells, no path of flour from pantry to pantry, or "streams of milk and honey," with the kitchen embedded in the centre; but the nicely-scrubbed table bore a goodly display of snowy bread, while in the dairy were rolls of fragrant butter and pots of rich cream, which would have done honour to the larder even of a *Grahamite*—that meat-despising, cream-loving race!

About five o'clock in the afternoon the stage-horn was heard resounding through the hills, and, in a few moments, it came whirling down into the village. As it approached the residence of Mrs. Hale, several deacons of the church

planted themselves by the road-side, and hailed the driver to stop.

As they did so, Mr. Hyde, in apparent surprise, looked from the window.

"My dear sir, welcome to M——. In the name of your parishioners, I give you welcome," cried Deacon Phelps, advancing a step or two.

"I thank you, deacon. But surely, my dear sir, this is not the public-house; why do we stop here?" inquired the clergyman.

"Why," answered the deacon, rather hesitatingly, "we judged private lodgings would be so much more proper for you, and please you so much better, that we have engaged board for you here—at Mrs. Hale's—a fine woman, sir."

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Hyde; "it was my intention, however, to have remained a few days at the inn, that I might have selected such a situation as pleased me; yet, since you have taken so much trouble, I will not disappoint you."

So saying, he sprang from the coach, and, ordering his baggage to be taken off, entered the house.

Mrs. Hale received him with much kindness, and in a few moments conducted him to his room. As she threw open the door, the *coup d'œil* was so delicious that the brow of the young clergyman relaxed, for, it must be owned, since his advent so unexpectedly from the stage, it had been somewhat rigid. It was, indeed, a beautiful little room. The walls were painted of a light blue, an India matting covered the floor, and curtains of delicate muslin, white as snow, decked the windows, while those of the same material, looped with pale blue ribbon, were hung around the bed. The curtains of one window were partly drawn aside, disclosing a beautiful Michigan rose, now in full bloom, trailed across, while the drooping branches of a willow, moved gently by a light wind, seemed to invite him to contemplation and repose.

"My dear madam," said he, "I thank you for this delightful room. I am sure I shall enjoy many peaceful hours here."

Mrs. Hale merely bowed, and left the room.

"I find," soliloquized Hyde, "that Reynolds was right. The officiousness of these good people more than equals his anticipations; however, if all things have as happy a termination as my day's journey, I confess I shall have but little cause of regret."

A light tap at the door, and a bright, laughing face peeped in.

"Please sir, tea is ready," said little Mary.

"Come and kiss me, my dear," cried the clergyman, holding out his hand; but, with a laugh, the child bounded before him, and threw open the door of their little tea-room.

Nothing could be more inviting to a traveller than the repast Mrs. Hale had provided for her new lodger, who again inwardly congratulated himself upon the fortunate choice of his people.

"I trust, sir, you will find yourself comfortable here," at length said Mrs. Hale. "You would, undoubtedly, have preferred selecting a situation for yourself; but the well-meant kindness of my neighbours would have prevented you. I foresaw this, and therefore it was I proposed to take you, in order that you might still have that liberty. Do not consider yourself at all obligated to remain here; take all the time you wish, and when you find such a situation as seems preferable, pray do not hesitate to remove."

"You are very kind, my dear madam," replied Mr. Hyde, "and I owe you many thanks for the consideration you have manifested. I own, it was my wish to have become a little more acquainted with the localities of the place, ere I established myself permanently. Yet I certainly cannot blame

the zeal of my parishioners, when I find myself indebted to them for the comforts of my present situation. Allow me, if you please, to consider this charming spot my home."

"Certainly, sir," responded Mrs. Hale; and here the subject ended.

Both parties seemed mutually pleased with the arrangement, and, with all the winning loveliness of childhood, little Mary, in the course of a few days, attached herself almost exclusively to the new minister, who, for hours, would sit at his window viewing the beauties of the landscape, with the head of the sweet child nestled in his bosom.

In due time Francis Hyde was ordained. And now these good people, finding they had pleased him so well in the choice of Mrs. Hale's little blue-room, resolved they would do more; not doubting they should be equally fortunate in selecting a wife.

"Do you think he is engaged?" anxiously demanded Miss Shortman of Mrs. Downright. "He has very long letters at the post-office, they say, and written in a female hand."

"Pooh! engaged! no! he has half-a-dozen sisters and cousins," tartly replied Mrs. Downright.

"Oh!" said Miss Shortman.

"But he ought to be married."

"Certainly."

And from that day poor Francis Hyde found himself the victim of kindness. The deacons and Dorcas's of his society held forth the blessings of the holy state of matrimony, the assistance to be derived from a prudent and loving wife, and the pleasures of sharing the parochial duties with an amiable helpmate; while the younger ladies, from thirty down to sweet sixteen, all in divers bewitching ways seemed to intimate to the young minister their willingness to undertake the important charge.

If he strolled into the woods, he was always certain to meet two or three romantic girls, either botanizing or improving their geological tastes. When he visited the sick, the more discreet maidens of his parish were beforehand with him; he found them, like ministering angels, hovering around the sick bed. Even the quiet evening meal, which he had so much enjoyed with his amiable hostess, was now invaded. He often found a social group of maidens gathered around the tea-table, where, it would seem, the moments flew all too swift, for, in chatting and sentimentality, it was dark ere they were aware; and, although they usually protested their fearlessness, yet the politeness due the *timid* sex would not allow Mr. Hyde to see them depart unprotected.

He bore all this with the courage of a martyr, and kept on the "even tenour" of his way unheeding; evincing, by his perfect indifference in the matter, that he possessed a heart harder than the nether millstone. True, he *did* receive long letters from the post; true, they were written in a female hand; but then, as Mrs. Downright asserted, he *had* half-a-dozen sisters and cousins; so, of course, that proved nothing, and the ball rolled on!

A year had scarcely passed since his ordination, when Mr. Hyde received a call from one of our most populous towns, with an increase of salary nearly double. To his honour, as a man and a Christian, he it asserted, he at once unhesitatingly declined the offer. There were reasons which might have strongly tempted the young clergyman to accept. He was not happy where he was, except that he enjoyed the innate satisfaction of knowing that he was in the performance of his duty. His parishioners, he felt, were too fond of bringing his private affairs on the *tapis* of village discussion, and often troubled him exceedingly with their of-

ficiousness. But all this he knew proceeded more from good feeling than from any desire to be importunate; and, apart from these *zealous* friends, were those who were kind without being obtrusive, and for whom he already felt sentiments of unqualified esteem.

A few days after he had declined his clerical invitation, he received a visit from his college friend, Reynolds, who, upon learning his decision, scrupled not to censure him severely for refusing so advantageous an offer.

"Depend upon it, Francis, you will regret it," said Reynolds. "Here you are immured in a small country village, your talents, your eloquence unappreciated, and where, as you acknowledge, you are not happy. You are filling the office of pastor, to a people whose greatest friendship for you only manifests itself in a zeal totally inimical to your peace and comfort. Now you have an opportunity such as but seldom falls to the lot of so young a man as yourself, not only of becoming the minister of a large and highly educated society, but also of nearly doubling your present income. Your talents would be drawn forth more and more, your name would go abroad to higher powers, and in a very few years, my dear fellow, you might become the recipient of a salary equal to that of our most celebrated divines."

"Stop, stop, my friend, you are going too far," replied Hyde; "you would make me indeed an *apostate* from my sacred profession. I accepted the call of this people; I am, as you say, the pastor of a small country village; but what then! Is the office on that account to be held less sacred! Are not the souls of this worthy people of as much value in the sight of God! If they are not, many of them, quite as highly educated or refined, is that a reason why I should leave them! I acknowledge that their officiousness is disagreeable to me, that I am often placed in situations where it requires all my forbearance to avoid collision on many points; but when I am certain this obtrusiveness, annoying as it sometimes is, proceeds only from pure feelings of kindness, it would surely be very ungrateful, to say the least, to admit *that* as a cause why I should leave them; and I assure you, my friend, no mercenary considerations would ever induce me to abandon those who have chosen me as their guide and pastor."

"But recollect, Francis," interrupted Reynolds, "if you do not accept your present offer, you are liable at any moment to be dismissed from your pastorate. Let me see, if I remember rightly, this small village has already, within a period of eleven years, given the right-hand of fellowship to four members of your holy calling! What chance, then, have you to remain longer than your predecessors?"

"Perhaps none," answered Hyde; "still, on that account, I see no reason why I should yield up the place I now occupy. Why should I distrust, or be faint and weary in well-doing! When they become dissatisfied with me, then let them dismiss me; and may the grace of God rest on the one who may come after me! My vows have been plighted in the holy temple of the Lord. I am ordained to watch over, to guide, to pray unceasingly for the spiritual welfare of this little flock! My oaths are registered in heaven, and never, so long as God grants me life, will I, for my own temporal emolument, prove faithless to my charge, or neglectful of those duties which the Most High has imposed upon me! No, no, Reynolds, you are wrong, very wrong!"

Finding his arguments vain, his friend finally dismissed the subject of debate, secretly considering young Hyde a true fanatic.

What an honour to human nature is such a man as Francis Hyde! Renouncing the applause of the learned, and the allurements of fortune, that he may administer to the

wants of a small congregation, in a remote country village. Thus redeeming, in his own person, that stigma of worldly-mindedness which has fallen on many of those who occupy the pulpit, *pro tem*; seeking more the gain of *earthly* riches than of laying up treasure in heaven, preaching "*what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul*," yet forgetting, at the same time, to oppose this text to their own conscience!

Months rolled on, and still the young minister was found faithful in discharging the duties of his profession. His kind and gentle manners, his devotion to the sick, the secret charities which were scattered by his hand, all combined to endear him to the hearts of his people. Sunday schools and Bible classes were established, and, with such an example before them, the villagers also became zealous in promoting the general welfare of the little village.

Yet all was not peace! The young pastor, however excellent, kind, and benevolent, still lacked the "*one thing needful*," viz.—a wife!

"It is so strange he don't marry!" sighed Miss Shortman.

"He *must* have a wife!" said Mrs. Downright.

"If he would but fancy Martha C——!" ejaculated Mrs. Pillen.

"Yes, or Fanny P——," quoth Mrs. Brown.

"Or Melissa," thought Mrs. Ackar.

"Pooh!" says Mrs. Downright, "all *chickens*! I tell you it will not be Martha, or Fanny, that will be *Mrs. Hyde*! but one of whom I *once* warned you. Ah ha! what think you of Mrs. Hale, ladies?"

"Do you think so, *really*?" anxiously demanded Miss Shortman.

"Ah-h-h!" put in Mrs. Brower.

"I don't believe it," added Mrs. Ackar.

"*I'll warrant it*," positively Mrs. Downright.

There did, it is true, seem to be some secret understanding between Mr. Hyde and the gentle widow. And especially about the time of the foregoing conversation he had not only inspected, but also spanned, several alterations in the cottage of Mrs. Hale. It is not to be wondered, then, that these good ladies were a little mystified by these proceedings, from which the most natural way to emerge seemed to be by joining the hands of their clergyman and the widow in matrimony.

The latter became at once the object of much animation, many hints and innuendoes were thrown out, and the deacons and elders of the church refrained not from a sly joke whenever they encountered her. But the behaviour of Mrs. Hale even mystified them still more; she evinced no trepidation, no self-accusing blushes mantled her cheeks, but, on the contrary, she laughed most unconstrainedly, and neither said *yes* or *no* to all their intimations.

Soon after the alterations in the cottage were completed, Mr. Hyde requested leave of absence for a few weeks. And now, in the minds of many, the affair was as good as settled; and, although some thought it rather odd that the wedding did not take place ere his departure, the self-opinioned Mrs. Downright asserted with great sagacity, that of *course* Mr. Hyde had gone to bring his sisters and cousins to witness the ceremony. "To be sure," she added, "it would be very strange when he had so many of them that he should *steal* a wife, as it were, without their knowledge."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale, with a smile, "Mr. Hyde will not return alone."

Upon the day he was expected, the widow gave out invitations for a general tea-drinking at the cottage; and now curiosity and eager expectancy tripped hand in hand with the goodly company. A large loaf of cake, beautifully or-

namented, had been discovered by Mrs. Pillen in the parlour closet; and, when she made this known to Mrs. Downright, the latter smoothed down her black silk apron, took a pinch of snuff, and, looking complacently round, observed:

"A wedding, good folks! Depend upon it, *this* is the wedding night—a-hem!"

But hark! The stage-horn!

Down comes the stage—rattling, jolting, dashing along, as if conscious that *there* it held supreme power over railroads and steamers; the horses, with curved necks and prancing pace, asserting *their* contempt for the wood-devouring, fire-breathing monster; and the driver, his hat perched jauntily on one side, now whistles, now sings, as he cracks his whip over the heads of his steeds:

"Oh he was a gay and roving *boy-oy-oy!*  
Yes, quite a beau—quite a beau—quite a beau—*au-au,*  
Was the postillion of Lonjumeau!"

No sooner did the prolonged notes of the horn reach their ears than there was a simultaneous rush to the windows, Mrs. Hale herself being apparently the most unconcerned person in the room.

The stage now stopped at the gate; Mr. Hyde alighted, and, almost at the same moment, a light female figure sprang out unassisted, and, taking the arm of the clergyman, entered the house. Mrs. Hale now very quietly left the room, and in a few moments Mr. Hyde entered alone, and greeted the company with much kindness.

He soon retired, and again returned with a young and lovely girl leaning on his arm.

"Allow me, my dear friends," said he, "to present to your kindness and love this lady—my wife—and may the acquaintance this day formed prove one of mutual esteem and benefit."

To portray the astonishment of his auditors would require the pencil of a Hogarth. Mrs. Downright alone preserved an unmoved countenance, and, after looking round upon the company with a self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "You see, ladies—a *wedding*—I told you rightly!" proceeded, with an appearance of great maternal protection, to shelter the blushing bride under her wings, from the eager gaze of the little assembly.

"You will, I am sure, rejoice with me, ladies," said Mr. Hyde, "and congratulate yourselves, that the many arguments you have adduced in favour of matrimony should not have been without effect; and that, although apparently unmoved by your kind advice, I have yet considered the one thing you appeared to think essential for my prosperity and happiness."

There were some among the company, it is true, whose airy visions were at once dispelled, by seeing before them the *veritable* Mrs. Hyde; but there was something so winning, so unassuming in the countenance of the young bride, that removed every other feeling but that of pleasure; and, if the truth must be owned, the comforting fact that Mrs. Hale was still *only* Mrs. Hale, proved a wonderful salvo!

"Ah," thought the young clergyman, as he looked around upon the smiling faces of the little group, and at his own dear and lovely wife, with the little Mary clinging round her neck, "I shall now be happy, indeed; their zeal can, certainly, extend no further. In completing my *own* happiness, I have surely fulfilled their utmost wishes!"

Let us now drop the curtain while yet the sunbeam of happiness irradiates the brow of the young clergyman, and we will hope that, should we ever again visit the beautiful village of M——, we may still find the village pastor steadfast in the discharge of his duty, both to God and man. c. x. z.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the French of Paul Merreau.*

### MISFORTUNE OF HAVING A DOWRY.

THE day following Low Sunday, in the year 177—, there was a great festival kept by all the shoemakers in the town of —, capital of one of the small principalities in Germany. It was not the feast of St. Crispian, but the wedding of Fritz Hoelber, who, on that day, espoused Catherine Vanburn. Fritz, the sprucest, gayest, and most skilful of all the young shoemakers in the town; Catherine the prettiest, freest laundress in its environs.

Early in the morning, Fritz presented himself at the door of his intended. His coat, waistcoat, and breeches were of entire new camlet; his stockings were put on with much care; his white leathern shoes fitted neatly; and an enormous bouquet stuck in his button-hole, with a profusion of ribbons of all colours.

On her side, Catherine had dressed herself in the white costume of the bride, and wore in her girdle a bouquet of orange flowers, which shed on the last moments of her maiden life the last perfume of its expiring bloom. The bride-maids, who tied the last ribbons of her corsage, uttered loud cries as Fritz advanced to salute his betrothed; they hurried him away, they shut him up in another room. In vain did he pray, knock, and get angry; they were inflexible, and did not give him liberty until the moment he was to take Catherine's hand to lead her to the altar.

More joyous hearts never pronounced with more *emphasis* the vows of love and matrimony than this pair. Fritz was not rich; but had he not hands to work, and was he not the best workman of his class? They might be poor, but still they would be happy. Fritz loved Catherine heartily and loyally, and if God sent them children, he would send bread also. On returning from church the guests directed their steps towards the faubourgs; there, under an arbour that had more sticks than foliage, the table was spread for all. When they were ready to sit down, they perceived the newly-married couple had disappeared. Great was the tumult! They waited until their stomachs lost all patience. Besides, the delay retarded the hour for the ball. A deputation was, therefore, sent to seek after them.

In the meantime, Fritz and Catherine were walking joyfully through the streets on foot, arm-in-arm, without false shame, without pride, without envy. When they reached the house, the young wife opened an old trunk, loaded with heavy copper ornaments, drew forth a new leathern embroidered purse, and showed her astonished husband that it was filled with gold ducats.

"This is the surprise I reserved for you, dear Fritz. Are you not glad of it? I assure you, this purse contains the value of ten thousand florins."

"How came you by this treasure?" exclaimed the wondering Fritz. This question appeared to disconcert Catherine.

"What do you care, my dear. May we not receive heaven's gifts without inquiries?"

"Yes," replied Fritz, "if they really come from heaven; but it is precisely that I wish to know."

"I tell you that this gold is honestly mine, or rather yours, for I give it to you," said Catherine, with some vivacity.

"But yet," said Fritz, "it is necessary to explain to me—"

Loud bursts of laughter in the next room interrupted his speech. They were knocking violently at the door.

"It is our friends seeking us," said Fritz, not without some impatience. "I beseech you, Catherine, leave me—"

"Not now," she replied. "Another time, if you are prudent, if you love your wife well, and, above all, if you are not suspicious, nor jealous."

Saying this, she opened the door. Her appearance was hailed with great applause.

"And Fritz, where is Fritz?" asked several voices.

"Let us carry off the bride," said the groomsmen, "and, I'll answer for it, Fritz will not be long in joining us."

The author of this proposition seized Catherine's arm, and led her off in triumph, amid the acclamations of the troop which followed in her train.

Fritz troubled himself very little about their departure. Fortune had already taken away his gaiety, preparing also to deprive him of his happiness. He took the purse; his eyes dilated at the sight of the ducats. The metal shone splendidly in the sun. The effigy of the sovereign seemed to smile on Fritz from its golden setting, and to promise him a thousand unknown joys.

His imagination then represented, instead of the ducats he was contemplating, a shop well-filled with customers; Catherine enthroned behind a counter of ebony; the fashionables, the lords, thronging around the beautiful laundress; the youth in the town besieging his shop, and ruining themselves in shoes. On her part, Catherine, insensible to all this homage, had tenderness, and looks only for the happy Fritz. As for himself, dressed in a coat with large skirts, and steel buttons, he would walk through the town with the stately gravity becoming a rich and influential merchant; the workmen, his old companions, saluting him with humility, while he would give them a protecting and benevolent salutation in return. To seize in passing the image so deceitful, he thrust his hand eagerly into the purse, and felt among the ducats a little roll of paper, which he hastily took out. It was a billet, containing words well suited to bring back his mind to reality:

"Dear and well-beloved Catherine—"

Fritz rubbed his eyes, but he had read too surely.

"Dear and well-beloved Catherine, I send you some ducats, for the use of which you spoke to me yesterday; would, my angel, that I had divine prescience that I might anticipate your smallest wishes. Shall I ever be able to return the happiness you have given me since the commencement of our love? Adieu, dear Catherine; it is not your prince who embraces you, it is the first, and most devoted of your servants."

This billet was signed with the name of the reigning prince, absolutely like his signature in proclamations and laws. The poor husband lost his wits on reading it. Seized with a kind of frenzy, he rushed out of the house without his hat, the purse in his hand, and in this flight appeared in the ball-room. At sight of him, and his cries, the waltzing was interrupted. Fritz stopped before Catherine, his eyes haggard, his clothes in disorder.

"Stop, miserable prostitute," cried he, in a voice of thunder, "take your gold; keep it, to lead a merry life with your equals; I do not want the price of infamy!"

He threw down the purse at Catherine's feet. She caught hold of his arm.

"Fritz," said she, all in tears, "my dear Fritz, what have I done? What mean your frightful words?"

Fritz, choking with anger, could only reply:

"The prince, unhappy woman. Do you remember the prince? Do not touch me, do not come near me; get out of my sight, if you do not wish me to commit a crime!"

He repulsed Catherine so rudely that she fell among the frightened waltzers. They lifted her up fainting, and, while some were rubbing her temples with vinegar, others were interrogating him with more curiosity than discretion. When Catherine recovered her senses, she looked around for Fritz; on seeing that he had disappeared, she covered

her face with her hands, and sobbed bitterly. It did not want much more to convince many that she was culpable. The *fete* broke up silently. Catherine, reconducted to her dwelling by the most compassionate of her guests, was abandoned to her despair, with her purses filled with gold, which she had at first looked upon as the source of all her enjoyments.

As Fritz did not hear anything of his wife during the two years that followed this event, we shall content ourselves in relating the history of his life during this time.

After the violent scene which had, in a manner, broken the marriage of Fritz, he left the town, walking at random, caring not whither he went. Night found him weary, and in need of rest. Entering a tavern he called for wine, and drank cup after cup, with the distraction of a man overwhelmed with misfortune. Fritz never remembered how he related his sorrows to one of the company he found there. Neither could he say how it happened that this man chanced to be seated at his table, and drank with him. Nor could he ever explain how he had been prevailed upon to sign a paper, which his comrade presented to him, nor how he repulsed the gold offered him; and especially how, after having slept in the open field, by the side of a fosse, he had found himself in a barrack when he awoke.

It is certain that it was with decided feelings of repugnance, but perhaps because he had no other clothes, that he was induced to put on a suit of uniform, and take a military cap. When they handed him the cockade with the colours of the prince, it was impossible for him to repress his just indignation. Wear the colours of the prince—on his head! At this thought Fritz felt it would be an irreparable shock to his dignity. He tore it in pieces, and trampled it under his feet. Unfortunately, this action did not escape the vigilant eye of the corporal. Fritz was condemned to receive fifty lashes.

In consequence of this paternal correction he was obliged to remain in the infirmary six weeks, where he made salutary reflections upon the utility of discipline. Nevertheless, the pains he felt about his back did not avert his moral malady. Fritz protested, by his taciturnity, against exercise and the delights of the wooden bowl; but he profited by the lesson of obedience that had been so judiciously administered to him, and henceforth distinguished himself by the greatest exactitude in the service.

At this time Fritz's country was at war with France. His regiment was soon ordered to the frontier; but, before his departure, he had the glory of being made a corporal. Whether he felt himself unworthy of this honour, or because his mind was embittered by misfortune, he did not fail to attribute this favour to the influence of the prince, and he shuddered to think what it cost him. It is but just to say, that, notwithstanding his grief and pain, he expected every day some news from Catherine. Her silence in regard to him confirmed him still more in the conviction of her culpability. Fritz did not reflect that in the two months he had passed in the country he had spent six weeks in bed, and that on his departure his superiors hardly knew the name of their last recruit.

Fritz fought with the energy of anger, and the courage of despair. He wished to give vent to his rage, and his enemies suffered for Catherine's infidelity. Still it did not prevent the prince from losing the battle. The timidity of the troops, who gave way, was a new motive for rewarding the constancy of those who remained at their post. Fritz was decorated and made an officer. This honour and promotion was another source of bitterness to him, because he could

not help attributing it to his wife, and he imagined that every grade, like the famous, well-filled purse, was paid by another infidelity.

"Alas!" said he, to himself, "were I to acquire a new grade every day at this rate, where should I stop?"

In effect, Fritz did not stop. He showed such extraordinary courage, that attention was always directed towards him. When he became captain, he resolved to leave the service, for he did not consider himself capable of filling the high office. It was not without great violence to his feelings that he wrote a respectful application to his prince, requesting his dismissal. Fritz awaited the reply with anxiety, for he feared Catherine would be opposed to his return to his former mode of life. Happily he procured his dismissal without difficulty. The prince wished to retain good soldiers, but he wished still more to dispose of his promotions in favour of his minions. An aid-de-camp of his highness took the trouble to pay a visit to Captain Fritz, and tell him that his request was granted. To set him at peace with his conscience, which reproached him for depriving himself of Fritz's services, the prince ordered five hundred ducats to be given him from his private coffers. This sum was counted out to him the very day on which he sent him his brevet. At the sight of the gold, Fritz clenched his hands, and seemed as if he meditated the project of strangling the payer. But his military training had singularly modified his scruples. He took the gold without abjuring his rancour. After taking leave of his comrades, at a banquet, in which all vexations were drowned in the bottle, Fritz set off for his native town, from which he had been absent two years.

## CONCLUSION.

War had spared our hero, although he had never spared himself. Fritz returned to his wife, like a dutiful and loving spouse. On his way he thought of Catherine's beauty, of the love she had shown him, and he thought that perhaps it was better to be happy and be deceived than to be unhappy from knowing too much. He said, in a whisper, that letters were really too indiscreet, and that husbands would be happier if lovers babbled less.

These remembrances and these thoughts conducted Fritz to the house occupied by Catherine, and, while saying to himself he would never enter its doors, he found himself already rapping for admission.

It was Catherine herself who answered his knock. But how changed! Tears had worn long furrows around her eyes; her cheeks were pale and thin; still she was pretty. She started with surprise on perceiving her husband, held out her arms, uttered a cry, and fell, fainting, on Fritz's bosom.

Fritz was touched with a feeling of tenderness. He carried his wife to a fauteuil, and felt very much disposed to pardon her. One thought yet restrained him.

"What good has it done," thought he, "to have worn the livery of the state for two years, to have been whipped, to have bivouacked, and marched through the mud, slept in the open air? Shall I now pardon my wife? Why not have pardoned her immediately?"

At length Catherine opened her eyes and became conscious.

"Tis you at last!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms round her husband's neck. "You have come back again; you love me yet?"

Her grief was so true, her joy so great, Fritz was decided. *ly* softened.

"Yes, madam, I have returned. As to loving you yet, I must forget a certain purse of gold."

"Yes, that gold," cried Catherine, "I knew very well it was that which made you angry. But I have not touched it since."

She ran to the old trunk, drew out the purse, and flung it through the window into the river that ran by the house. It was done so quickly that Fritz had not time to prevent her. He leaned out of the window, sadly enough, and saw the rippling of the water silently closing over the treasure plunged in its bosom.

"Now," said Catherine, "you see you have no reason left for not loving me!"

"I see," replied Fritz, illy concealing a kind of disappointment, "that you have thrown your money into the river, but I do not see how that prodigality explains this billet."

"What billet?"

"This letter, written by the hand which signs promotions and brevets; this letter, which I found in the purse which you have just thrown out of the window!"

"A letter from the prince?" said Catherine in astonishment.

"From whom should it be?" cried Fritz.

"The letter was not to me."

"Indeed!" replied Fritz. "'Dear and well-beloved Catherine'—are not these the words addressed to you? and the purse, was that not addressed to you?"

"I do not know the prince," said Catherine, weeping. "I have never even seen him; the gold was sent me by my aunt—"

"What!" replied Fritz, thunderstruck, "your aunt is, then—"

"Alas! yes," said Catherine; "my aunt's name is Catherine, but now she is called the Baroness B——. My father told me, on his death-bed, never to see her, or receive anything from her. Many times she tried to make me some presents; I have always refused; but this time, on account of our marriage, I thought I would accept it for your sake. If I did wrong, did it merit leaving me so cruelly?"

"Then," said Fritz, "it was not you to whom the prince sent this billet and money?"

"No, indeed, it was to my aunt," replied Catherine, weeping.

"It was not to your influence, then, that I was made corporal, then decorated, and made captain, after having been whipped?"

"No, but perhaps it was owing to my aunt."

"Triple fool that I am!" cried Fritz, striking his forehead and swearing frightfully. "Enlisting, giving up my commission, and Catherine's flinging my money out of the window!"

Fritz fell into a swoon. The caresses of his wife restored him, and for a moment they forgot their misfortunes in one long embrace. Fritz then wished to know why he had never heard from his wife.

"After you disappeared, I spent six weeks in seeking you, but I could learn nothing of you."

"I passed that time in the hospital," replied Fritz.

"Then," resumed Catherine, "my poor old mother fell sick, and I watched and took care of her until her death. Afterwards I began my search again. I learned that you had enlisted, and that your regiment had left the country. I would have followed you but I was poor, and I took good care not to aggravate my fault by addressing my aunt. In resignation I waited, and in hope, and at last you have returned."

The result of this explanation was a full and perfect reconciliation. Nothing was wanting to the happiness of Fritz and Catherine until poverty knocked at their door. Catherine had lost her employment in searching after her



husband; as to Fritz, since he had been a soldier he was no longer good for anything. The five hundred ducats of the prince supported them for a time, but it was soon exhausted. One morning, when there was neither fire, nor bread, nor money in the house, Fritz thought of plunging himself into the river; doubtless, to find the gold his wife had flung there. Arrived at the shore, and just as he was going to jump in, he chanced to look on the opposite side, and saw on the wall of the quay the following notice:

"A purse, containing ten thousand ducats in gold, has been drawn out of the water in this place. The owner can have it by calling on the fisherman Ludwig, at the new faubourg."

Reading this prevented Fritz from carrying his suicidal intentions into execution, and he immediately set out for the abode of Ludwig. It is needless to say, the honest fisherman returned the whole purse. Fritz at last realized his first air-castles. He hired a handsome shop, in which he installed his wife behind an ebony counter. Happiness restored Catherine's beauty, and in a short time Fritz's shop became the rendezvous of all the young folks in the town. Our hero made his fortune, and promenaded through the streets in his coat with steel buttons, gold-headed cane, and had his place on the bench of church-wardens. Before his death, he filled the important office of alderman, and was on the point of obtaining letters of nobility. L. F.

#### WHAT IS LOVE?

You tell me I have yet to love,  
But though you're wise I think you miss it—  
So that I may the error prove,  
Just tell me, lady, "Love, what is it?"

Is it a something in the heart,  
A sort of shadow of a feeling,  
Inclining one to sit apart,  
When twilight over earth is stealing?

To muse upon one lovely face,  
That seems a part of every vision,  
A being of superior race,  
A wanderer from fields Elysian?

And has a power each harsher thought,  
And every tone of voice to soften,  
And makes one sigh, as 'twere for nought?  
If this be love, I've felt it often.

Perhaps you would not give the name  
Of love to such a dream as this is,  
But mean that deeper, wilder flame,  
That leads to vows, and tears, and kisses—

That makes young men and women act  
In Romeo-and-Juliet fashion;  
A monomania,—in fact  
A very desperate, dangerous passion,

So warm that if one's heart were steel,  
(I don't say *stolen*) it would melt it;  
If this be what I am to feel,  
'Tis too late, for I once have felt it.

And though, if one could spare the hours,  
It doubtless might be very pleasant,  
It crowds out writs, bonds, deeds and powers,  
And suits which claim all mine at present.

If love be founded on esteem,  
With sentiment a little mingled—  
Its object, not a school-boy's dream,  
But from the crowd by reason singled—

One by whose gentleness and grace,  
And lofty mind, best gifts of heaven,  
A charm to any earthly place,  
Palace or hovel would be given—

Why—what I may do, time will prove,  
If offered I may not decline it,  
But surely, Lady, 'tis not love,  
The poets never so define it.

J. O. W.

THE following amusing story would, in the hands of a good writer, furnish the materials for an excellent comedy. It is translated from the French for the *New Mirror*, by an esteemed correspondent, whom we thank for his kind consideration on this and all other occasions. It is to the ability of our translators, doubtless, that we must set down a considerable portion of our thrifty prosperity.

#### THE BANKER'S WIFE.

With a slight variation of the text, this history might commence like a fable of Lafontaine: "The two pigeons who loved each other."

In the place of the two pigeons, substitute "two persons," and immediately you will clearly comprehend the relative position of Monsieur and Madame Dalvernay. This exemplary couple excited the universal admiration of the society in which they moved in Paris, and were always mentioned as a model of domestic confidence, by those, even, who despaired of ever imitating their rare and praiseworthy virtues. Monsieur Dalvernay, young banker of the Rue de Provence, passed for an accomplished husband, particularly in everything which concerned those little anticipated kindnesses, liberalities and attentions, to which, from time immemorial, the fair sex have ever exhibited themselves as peculiarly sensitive. "Why such enormous expenditures?" inquired the public. "Because he loves his wife?" "No; because he is faithless," thought Madame Dalvernay to herself.

At least we found her actuated by such sentiments the first day we had the pleasure of winning her confidence, and obtaining an admission to the drawing rooms of her spacious hotel. Nothing, however, around her, announced the *dé-laissement* of which she complained. Everything, on the contrary, bore unequivocal testimony to her being the happiest of women. But she tortured every source of happiness into so many causes of grief and discontent. In every act of kindness she suspected a treachery, and saw a snare even in the fresh and fragrant flowers with which Monsieur Dalvernay, every morning, caused her chamber to be adorned. Jealousy began insensibly to take possession of her whole being. The love she cherished for her husband was so undivided and ardent, that she could not permit him the slightest action, or even a thought, of which she was not the cause, the motive, and the sole object. Love is unique in this one particular, that the deeper it is, the more intolerant it becomes, and, in many of its demonstrations, bears a close resemblance to hatred. For several days, Madame Dalvernay had remarked in her husband's conduct a strange embarrassment, an unaccustomed reserve and a certain pre-occupation, which contributed not a little to confirm her apparently well-grounded suspicions. What can he be thinking of? Why is he absorbed? She could not imagine. The pretext of urgent and important business became more frequent. In a moment of abstraction he would leave her suddenly, without any apparent reason, and scarcely deign to reply to her anxious and oft-repeated inquiries. "It is too true, alas!" concluded Helen, "I have a rival; a rival after one year's marriage! What will it be a few years hence?"

If Madame Dalvernay had been questioned with regard to the plausible reasons upon which she had founded her suspicions, it would have been with difficulty that she could have replied. Not one proof. Only a presentiment, or a few equivocal signs, or, at the most, the secret instincts of a distrustful imagination. The kindnesses lavished upon her, and the comforts and luxuries with which she is surrounded, have not been diminished; but doubt disenchants

the whole, and presents every object, to such a degree, under a sinister aspect, that to-morrow, which is the anniversary of her marriage, has brought no consolation that can possibly lighten her burdened spirit. She is confident, however, that some agreeable surprise, a costly present, or a valuable addition to the numerous luxuries which already adorn her boudoir, will greet her upon her arrival at her villa in the country, whither she is going to pass the happy day, which she had fondly hoped would have been as cloudless as her trusting heart. Helen made the preparations for her departure in silence, and felt as if she were about to become an exile from all she held dear on earth. It was a source of inexpressible inquietude, that her husband should allow her to leave Paris alone, with the promise that he would follow a few hours after. Some culpable project was doubtless concealed beneath this unnecessary delay. Why not leave and perform the journey together? To Madame Dalverney everything was an inexplicable mystery, and for the burden of her sorrows she found her only relief in a flood of tears.

To establish thoroughly her fearful suspicions, nothing was now wanting but a single fact, one single proof; and an unfortunate accident soon furnished her with a satisfactory confirmation of her wrongs. The preparation of her toilette for the intended journey, obliged Madame Dalverney to call to her assistance her servant. In her agitation, she seized hurriedly the bell rope, and communicated to it something of her own impatience. Nanette hastened quickly to the call of her mistress, and in her precipitation, let fall a letter from her bosom. The poor girl blushed, and hurriedly picked it up; but her very precipitation, instead of extenuating her awkwardness, seemed only to render it more visible, and to show how great an interest she had in repairing it.

"What is that," demanded Madame Dalverney, whose piercing eye failed not to observe her trouble and confusion.

"A letter," stammered the servant.

"I see that it is," replied the lady severely; "but where did —?" Then approaching the terrified girl: "I recognize the handwriting of my husband. It was he who entrusted it to you; was it not?"

The girl, neither daring to resist nor to answer, hung her head, and looked steadfastly to the floor.

"I was certain of it. Give it here," said Madame Dalverney, at the same time extending her hand to take the letter.

"Monsieur Dalverney enjoined it upon me particularly, to conceal it from Madame," murmured Nanette.

"Not without reason. I command you now to conceal this discovery from him. You cannot obey us both."

"I hope, Madame," said the terrified girl, giving up the letter, "you see it was not my fault. I could not help —"

"Enough," said Madame Dalverney; "I take the responsibility upon myself."

"But, Madame," timidly rejoined Nanette, "this letter was given me to deposit in the post. If you keep it —"

"I will return it to you in an instant," interrupted the wife of the banker; "leave the room."

Nanette executed this order, and went out deploring her awkwardness for the consequences which might result from it. No sooner was Madame Dalverney alone, than she yielded herself leisurely up to her recriminations and her jealousy. In the midst of the darkness of doubt and uncertainty, a beam of light had flashed across her benighted path, and well nigh overwhelmed her with despair. She examined attentively the letter which had caused her so much uneasiness, read over and over again the mysterious

superscription, and surveyed with curiosity every phrase and corner of the ill-fated paper. She calculated the chances of discovering its contents, by introducing a furtive and sagacious glance through its internal folds, which a seal of red wax alone caused her to respect. Useless endeavour! The letter was under the most discreet and most avaricious of envelopes. The superscription was as follows:

"M. ELMONORE GOUTARD, No. 20, Rue de Verneuil."

"Alas! there is no longer any doubt," exclaimed Madame Dalverney, crumpling the discreet missive between her delicate fingers; "I am betrayed, deceived, trifled with. Who could have ever anticipated such base ingratitude? I who so tenderly love him. What can he have to say to this person? Can it be a married woman or a Mademoiselle. This accursed M., by itself, explains nothing. I am anxious, I am determined to know. After all, this is only an envelope. If, after having torn it, I substitute another, who will ever discover the broken seal? All envelopes resemble each other; and as for a simple address, I can easily imitate the handwriting, and use the seal of my husband."

Confirmed in her determination by this course of logical reasoning, Madame Dalverney took the letter in her hands, and broke, resolutely, the seal with as little ceremony as if it had been to her own address. The envelope being thrown into the fire, the wife of the banker began slowly to peruse the mysterious billet, the text of which we have religiously preserved:

"To-day, at one o'clock, my wife will have left for the country, and I shall be unoccupied and alone. Will you, then, have the kindness to meet me at my hotel at that hour, as you gave me reason to hope at our last interview. I have taken such measures and precautions that no one can disturb us. My nephew, whom I have entrusted with the secret, will introduce you with all possible privacy. He is a young man of sterling merit, upon whom I rely with the most unlimited confidence, for, as you may conceive, I have placed myself beyond the reach of indiscretions; otherwise, everything would be exposed and ruined. Consequently, you need fear nothing, but come as privately as possible, where you are awaited with the greatest impatience by

"Yours, devotedly, HECTOR DALVERNEY."

It was with difficulty that Helen could believe her eyes, which were now suffused with tears. She read over and over again this singular epistle, the contents of which had so seriously affected her.

"A rendezvous," said she, bitterly, "I can scarcely credit it. Oh! I have been too confiding, too credulous, poor woman that I am. What shall I do? I will expose the whole affair, and load him with shame and reproaches."

Madame Dalverney advanced hurriedly towards the door, but, overruled by other reflections, she stopped suddenly:

"What weakness! I have not even the strength to restrain my indignation. It is necessary, absolutely, to do so; however, if not, it would furnish the perfidious traitor with too easy an escape by denials and a retreat. I will await this rendezvous; I will let things take their course, and summon courage to dissemble until the hour appointed. Ah! ha! it is at one o'clock that this Mademoiselle is to arrive, or rather Madame, for the cavalier tone of the letter seems sufficiently to indicate the fact. She is to come at one o'clock, because I am to leave at twelve. Ah! ha! Monsieur Dalverney, your schemes will not be quite so successful as you imagine. I will not leave to-day; I will remain, and await resolutely the issue. Ah! I'll sport with your embarrassment, I'll triumph over your traitorous conduct, and unmask your dark and deceitful designs; and, in order that your accomplice, as well as yourself, may rest in perfect security with regard to your culpable familiarities, I will ex-

pedite the letter as though it had never been intercepted for an instant."

In order to put this stratagem into execution, Madame Dalverny gave to the billet scrupulously its primitive folds, placed it in a new envelope, upon which, after having stamped it with the impression of her husband's seal, she wrote the address rapidly, though plainly, as follows—"Madame Eléonore Goutard, Rue de Vernueil, No. 20."

"Peste," said she, "I'll run the risk, and decide the doubtful point by directing it *Madame* at full length. I cannot be mistaken. He would not have written in such a style to a demoiselle."

This determination being made, Madame Dalverny became in a degree composed, and, with an air of assumed gaiety, summoned to her presence the servant, who was in the corridor anxiously waiting for the letter, to hurry with it to the neighbouring post. It may be easily imagined that Madame Dalverny did not delay returning it to the servant with all possible haste.

"Nanette," said she, "I do not know what possessed me. Here, take the letter; do with it as you were ordered. Make no mention of this whatever to my husband. You see it is unopened, I care not to know its contents. Make haste—go."

The servant, without wishing much, or even caring to unravel the mystery of this extraordinary letter, speedily left the room to drop it in the post; and Madame Dalverny, secretly rejoicing at the result of her opportune discovery, retired to her boudoir.

The scene which this double desertion has just left vacant was soon after occupied by two personages, to whom it will be necessary to introduce the reader. Allow me to present you to Monsieur Dalverny, of whom you already know a little through his wife; and to Monsieur Leonce, with whom you have become acquainted through the letter of M. Dalverny. You know that the latter is a nephew, secretary, and a young man of sterling merit, in whom the most implicit confidence may be placed. That is already something. The interview which these two personages are about to have will explain the rest.

"My dear Leonce," said the banker to his nephew, "you know that it is to-day at twelve o'clock. Perhaps I was wrong in entrusting to you this important secret."

"Ah! dear uncle," replied the young man, "have I ever given you any cause to regret the confidence reposed in me?"

"I do not say that; but the affair is so exceedingly delicate. If Madame Dalverny should for a moment suspect! Heavens, it would all be over!"

"And do you think," added Leonce, "that I have been to inform her of it?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried the banker. "I rely as much upon you as upon myself. As soon as my wife shall have left for the country I will retire to my cabinet, and you will introduce directly the person in question, whom I have already informed of it by a note this morning."

"Enough; I will use my every exertion to satisfy you on this occasion," replied the youth, with an obsequious deference; at the same time, with an air of embarrassment and lowering his voice, he approached M. Dalverny:

"I take advantage of this day of rejoicing, my dear uncle, to interest you in an affair which—"

"In what affair?" demanded the banker, with manifest impatience.

"In my marriage with Madame de Luciennes," continued Leonce.

"In your marriage with——!" exclaimed M. Dalverny, with astonishment, "upon my word, I have never thought upon the subject."

"That is the difference between us, then. I can think of nothing else, I have it so much at heart."

"And there you are wrong, my friend," continued the banker. "You must think no more of this widow; she is not a suitable person."

"How! why not? Have you received any intelligence in any respect unfavourable to this lady?" continued the astonished secretary.

"Not a word, Leonce. Without doubt, Madame de Luciennes would be a very suitable match for any other than yourself. The information I have received is, on the contrary, much in her favour; unsullied reputation, polished manners, and a respectable fortune. I have been told, but we do not know her—"

"Ah! but you will make her acquaintance," interrupted earnestly the nephew. "If you only knew her, you would not speak thus. You would adore her."

"Let us return," replied the banker, coldly, "but that is not the only obstacle."

"Speak, my uncle, what prevents your approving my choice?"

"Have you forgotten that you are at present in a peculiar position. Need I remind you that Madame Dalverny has destined you for a charming young person, your cousin, the niece of my wife, who is now pursuing her studies at St Denis, and who, by her marriage contract, will bring you a handsome dowry of a hundred thousand francs? This, together with being associated with me in my banking-house—are not such advantages worth the thinking on?"

"I think only of Madame de Luciennes," replied earnestly Leonce. "She has promised me to present herself in person to-day, and to intercede with you. I conjure you, by all the happiness which awaits you this day, to plead my cause with my aunt, and strive to overcome her opposition, which, I fear, will be almost unconquerable, more particularly as she has not as yet heard the slightest word of the affair pending between this lady and myself."

"I deem it almost impossible, Leonce," rejoined the banker; "but, in consideration of your kindness to me this day, I promise to do my utmost in your behalf. The affair, however, must not be too hurried. Let us only occupy ourselves to-day with this important and mysterious interview."

"Be it so; but to-morrow, my uncle, I shall expect—"

"To-morrow—we'll see about that," interrupted Dalverny. "For the present, return to your bureau. Finish speedily your writing, for I shall soon need your presence here. Twelve o'clock is not far off. The person in question arrives at one—forget it not."

"I understand," said Leonce, leaving the room, "and I shall not forget your promise. Your kind assurances have revived my spirits."

"Well, well," interrupted the banker, cutting short this tedious interview with his secretary, "make haste—go."

Monsieur Dalverny was left alone, but for a short time only, for he rang the bell, and Nanette hurried to his call.

W. A. S.

## TWO PICTURES OF LIFE.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity—"

THEORETICALLY, but not practically. Poets may sing of love in a cottage, and our own loved and admired Washington Irving may array his "Wife" in snowy muslin, with delicately braided hair; anticipating the return of her bankrupt husband, in a sweet song of welcome, rendered more

harmonious by the rich accompaniment of a costly harp; poverty is not very bitter, when fed on strawberries and cream, and Irving's description of the uses of adversity in this case, must go for what it is worth, when all know he is a bachelor. Experience is the test, and the subjects of the following sketch are better judges than Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

It is New Year's day—six years ago. A broad, low house, of only one story and an attic, surrounded by a wide covered piazza, has the back door flung wide open from morning until night. This circumstance is nothing unusual; the delightful temperature of the air the inhabitants then inhaled rendered fires and other protections superfluous. From the back piazza, the eye looked forth on one of the loveliest bays with which our southern coast is indented. A low, sandy island in the distance, was all that separated this mirror of heaven from the deep blue waters of the ocean. At times, a sheet of burnished gold, the shading of a hand was requisite to enable the eye to rest upon it. Anon, cloud after cloud chased each other over its polished surface; but when the storm arose in its majesty, to the heavens leaped the watery columns, in wild derision of the "ocean hung on high." Wave thundered after wave, casting their foam high upon the shore; and the boat that lately slept so tranquilly on its treacherous bosom, is whirled round and round, and at last engulfed in the abyss of its dark waters. Calmly reposed the bay on the auspicious morning of January 1st, 1839. The velvet turf on the lawn, sloping down to the water's edge, had scarce lost a tinge of its summer hue; the "perpetual rose" blushed among its dark green leaves; while the orange and lemon-trees, clothed in their never-fading verdure, cheated the mind into a belief that the month was June, not January.

The interior of the house is in perfect order; the spacious drawing-room, the very beau-ideal of comfort and elegance. Nothing superfluous or extravagantly fashionable, for the heads of this establishment were content to enjoy the good things of this life in moderation, distributing of their abundance to others less prosperous than themselves, remembering, "that whose giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Verily, they cast their bread upon the waters; may it, in their necessity, be returned to them. A grand piano, with the picturesque Spanish guitar, give token of musical taste; while vases, filled with natural flowers, impart both beauty and fragrance to the other arrangements of the room. In the dining apartment, a splendid range of tables, spread to their full length, and covered with the finest damask, give evidence of preparation for company. The lady of the house, on hospitable cares intent, has given her final directions to the stately old negress who presides in the kitchen:

"I shall not come down stairs again, Elsie, and expect your dinner to be perfect."

"Nebber fear, my misses, old nigger do de best she can," smilingly replied the cook.

"Perry, you will not forget the arrangement of the courses. Do not leave the dining-room a moment, yourself, and enforce upon Burrill and Frederick attention to their duties."

"Never fear, Madam, everything shall be as you wish."

Attired in a dress of rich, dark satin, the collar of finest French embroidery, trimmed with costly lace, her brown hair parted plainly on the forehead, and braided in a knot behind; a massy chain of wrought gold, securing the miniature of her absent husband, who is attending his public duties in the legislature; handkerchief of the most delicate

texture; slippers, that Cinderella might have worn, completes the dress of Madam, who is seated in a luxurious chair near the fire, her fair children gathered around her, and awaiting quietly the arrival of her guests.

A venerable old man, the dear friend of the family, offers his arm to Madam, and, at her request, assumes the seat opposite to her at the table. Happy hearts and bright faces surround the board. Unanimously, and with warm affection, is the pledge given to the "absent one." Music and dancing while away the evening. The children, wild with delight, have but one wish ungratified—their father is not with them; his ringing laugh is not heard in the joyous peals that ever and anon break forth, and his step in the dance is wanting to complete their perfect happiness. Their cup of prosperity was full to overflowing. The heart of the lady hostess trembled. She remembered that, "whosoever God loveth, he chasteneth." Blessings had been showered upon her; above all, her husband and children had all been spared.

January 1st, 1844. "I give you all I have to-day, my children, my blessing, and may God grant you many returns of this day. A happy New Year, wife!"

"I wish you the same, and may God have mercy on us, and prosper you this year, my husband."

In the crowded city, people live as secluded as in a wilderness. Untoward events, the loss of confidence, repudiation and misfortune, have changed the condition of this once happy family beyond all imaginings.

With property of enormous nominal value, but of no present use; precluded the practice of his profession, by the impossibility of giving up an office held temporarily, until arrangements with debtors, or a rise in stocks enable him to act independently; the husband is obliged to smother a burning ambition after professional excellence, to contract the workings of his intellect, of a mind, whose foresight seems almost supernatural, to minister to his family as best he may in this season of adversity. Debt is his abhorrence, and debt he will not incur, under any circumstances. He is resolved to live honestly and uprightly; to give up society, rather than win an entrance into it through the fraudulent medium of increased expenditure.

Madam exerts her faculties to the utmost, in cheering her children, and in superintending their education. Her hand is as skillful in turning and twisting, to make all things meet in her domestic economy, as it was six years ago in preparing for the reception of her summer friends.

And where are those, who must, in the interval, have sprung from childhood into youth? Graceful and stately as the lily in its pride, is her eldest child. God in his mercy has spared these treasures. Calm, placid, and unrepining, the lily unfolds her leaves, increasing in loveliness every hour, devoting her accomplishments and talents to the assistance of her mother and the good of all.

The next in age, expanding in the luxurious fulness of the green flowers, is the rose of this coronal surrounding the thankful parents. Gifted with a mind of energy, every moment is devoted to study, so that, when the change which must shortly come in their situation takes place, the lily and the rose will assume the high position to which good birth, cultivated minds, modest and unpretending manners entitle them.

The grand piano has disappeared; but the companionable guitar breathes a sweet accompaniment to their harmonious voices, and "*Buenos noches, buenos noches, dueno amado,*" sighs forth its plaintive melody, as of old, o'er the waters of the far southern bay.

E. K.

EVERY editor should copy the following sad story of human suffering. It is frightfully true. What, in the name of humanity, is the reason that the wages of women are so miserably low? When employed by families, or private individuals, they receive a suitable compensation for their services. Those who profit by their toil, we understand, are the cause of their misfortunes. From the "shops" of the "slop"-tailors (nine such fellows cannot make one man) they are allowed only a shilling for making a shirt, which occupies a day, or a day and a half! The miscreants! But we must not allow our indignation for the cause, and our sympathy for the effect, to detain the reader from the "Song of the Shirt," which Russell, or the Hutchinsons, should set to music and sing at all their concerts. This would do more for poor suffering humanity than a thousand homilies, or all the arguments of the press.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt?"

"Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's O! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work—  
Till the brain begins to swim,  
Work—work—work,  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men, with sisters dear!  
Oh! men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death—  
That phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own  
Because of the fasts I keep,  
O, God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!  
My labour never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bod of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags,  
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!  
From weary chime to chime  
Work—work—work,  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,  
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the weather is warm and bright—  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head  
And the grass beneath my feet,  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I need to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

### GENTILITY—VULGARITY.

My bear dances to none but the gentlest of tunes.—GOLDSMITH.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step," said Napoleon. But he said it in French; and had we also said it in that polite language, it might, by some persons, have been considered to be vastly more genteel. For our own part, however, we confess that English, provided it be tolerably good English, is good enough for us; for which confession we may set down, by those very same persons, as being vulgar. Be it so; it cannot be helped: to borrow the sailor's phrase, we must "grin and bear it." *That's genteel*, at any rate.

As of the sublime and the ridiculous, so may it be said of the genteel and the vulgar. And here we wish it to be understood that we use those terms, not in their strictly defined sense, representing, as closely as they can, certain positive qualities; but as they are used, *vulgar* by the (would be thought) genteel, and *genteel* by the (would not be thought) vulgar. So taken, even "one step" is far too liberal an allowance of space; while Dryden's "thin partitions," so falsely and unphilosophically placed between "great wit and madness," would denote a separation infinitely too wide between them. There is, in fact, no palpable line of demarcation; like the colours of the rainbow, they glide into each other.

Now, of the bear mentioned in the line which we have quoted, we know nothing; but if he would dance to none but the gentlest of tunes, he was, unquestionably, a very vulgar bear, without a spark of true gentility in his composition. His stipulating for none but genteel tunes to dance to, such, for instance, as the minuet in "Ariadne," is clear proof of this. Had he been a real gentleman of a bear, confident in the soundness of his gentility, he would have tripped it on his "light, fantastic toe," to any tune whatever, from "Nancy Dawson," to the "Devil among the Tailors;" the innate gentility of such a bear would have manifested itself in his free unconstrained deportment, in the unaffected grace of his mien, no matter for the tune he danced to.

But we must beg this particular bear's pardon. We have no proof of the vulgar fastidiousness of his habits, beyond his keeper's word for it, and that we are disinclined to take. For whatever may have been the case with regard to the eminent artiste, there can be no doubt that his keeper, manager, or lessee, was himself an essentially vulgar fellow; by praising what he considered to be the gentility of Mr. Bruin, he was doing, in fact, what the essentially vulgar are prone to do—he was apprehensively insinuating to his companions his claim to the same quality for himself.

As with bears and bearesses, so with men and women. The vulgar among them are the most sensitive to the quality of the tune.

The pretension to gentility takes strange forms, and exhibits itself in odd ways. We were one day riding in an Omnibus—There! two letters more and we had irretrievably compromised ourselves with the whole community of bears who will dance to none but genteel tunes; for, with them, riding in such a vehicle, is the height, or depth of vul-

garity. Having, however, gone so far, we will risk the rest; endeavouring at the same time, to render our fall in their opinion as easy as possible, by pulling down along with us two others who both plead guilty to the same enormity.

Sir W—— (not a knighted cheesemonger or apothecary, who would neither of them so compromise his "position," but a baronet of the oldest standing) was coming to town in a Hammersmith omnibus. Presently it stopped, and the vacant seat next to him was taken by Lord —, a nobleman who had been employed as an ambassador at more than one of the European courts.

"Bless my soul!" whispered the latter, and affecting astonishment, "bless my soul! my dear —, do you ever ride in an omnibus?"

"Never, Lord —," gravely replied Sir W——; "do you?" Now, then. We were riding in an omnibus. Opposite to us sat two very "genteel" women. One of them, indeed, evidently thought herself, "uncommon genteel;" she was showily dressed; she looked at every one about her (except her companion) with an air of disdain, and seemingly wondering how she came to be where she found herself; every now and then she put to her nose a handkerchief overpoweringly scented with bergamot; and this she did in a manner to make it clear to everybody that the operation was indispensable to her comfort—under the circumstances. She made it distinctly intelligible that she was unused to omnibuses and their disagreeable concomitants.

The two ladies talked to each other in a half-whisper, the word "genteel" being used by her of the bergamot once, at least, in every three sentences. In the course of their conversation two infallible tests of the "genteel," of both person and place, were adduced.

"Well!" said the companion, "I do wonder that you visit that Mrs. Edwards, *considering*."

"Considering what?" inquired the other; "I never heard anything against her."

"No. I don't mean to say there's anything against her; only she is so very vulgar, and you are so very particular about that."

"Why, I am particular upon that p'int, in course. But you are quite mistaken about her, I do assure you; on the contrary, she's quite the lady, and uncommon genteel; she *always wears silk stockings* and has done ever since I've known her;—but, in course, I won't undertake to say what she might have done before then."

The next was—

"But," said the companion, "I wonder you should think of leaving the Crescent"—[some suburban paradise]—"it is so very pleasant."

"Very true," replied the vastly genteel lady, "but we must. It is no longer the genteel place it was. Why, when we went to it *almost every house had a pe-arny*"—[piano-forte]—"whereas, *now*! two shops has come to the upper end of it; as true as I'm sitting here."

We were not personally acquainted with Brummel; but, if many of the sayings which are attributed to him were uttered in sober seriousness, we should set down that "glam of fashion" as an essentially vulgar man. We incline, however, to consider him as a humorist, who was slyly laughing at those who had chosen to establish him as their model for conduct; and can imagine him chuckling, upon seeing some fool refusing the piece of cauliflower he longed for, because Brummel had said, "No gentleman eats vegetables—I did once pick a pea;" and at another for rejecting a second plate of turtle, because, upon Brummel's authority, it was established "that no gentleman takes soup twice."

The vulgar-genteel are nervously cautious concerning everything they say or do; they are ever alive to the dread of compromising their "gentility." At a ball—it was a *charity-ball*—given at a fashionable watering-place, a pretty young woman, who was sitting by her mother, was invited by a gentleman to dance. He led her to a set; when, instantly, two "young ladies" who were of it, haughtily withdrew to their seats. "They had no notion of dancing in *such* company,"—and with good reason. The young person was nothing more than the daughter of a wealthy and respectable tradesman of the place; whilst they—the two Misses Knibbs—were members of its resident *small* "aristocracy." The places they had vacated were good-natured-

ly filled by two ladies who had witnessed the proceeding, one of whom was the daughter, the other the niece of a nobleman. *Their* position was too well established to be compromised by dancing for a quarter of an hour in the same set with a respectable tradesman's daughter; but the two Misses Knibbs were the daughters of a retired soap-boiler from Bermondsey.

A lady of rank and high-breeding, being asked if she had been to the last Polish ball,

"No, indeed," replied she; "for, upon my word, I begin to consider the Polomania a humbug."

Our "vastly genteel" woman in the omnibus, or the Misses Knibbs, would have shuddered at the sound of such a word.

We were led to reflect upon this subject by an anecdote which was related to us, not long ago, by an old man-of-war's man. It was concerning two parrots—an "uncommon genteel" parrot, and a parrot of somewhat easier habits. We were standing on the pier at Ramsgate, when a man came up and offered for sale a member of that entertaining community. Much he said in praise of its conversational powers. What might have ensued had the bird exerted its own eloquence, we know not; but certain it is, its owner's were powerless to persuade us to purchase. Poll, however, had not made the slightest remark; it kept a wise tongue in its head; not a word, not a syllable did it utter; so its proprietor's motion not being seconded by the honourable member in the cage, he withdrew it, and went away. We will relate the anecdote or story, as nearly as we remember, in the old sailor's words, running the chances as to whether it shall be thought genteel or otherwise.

"That parrot *can't* talk, sir! and never *will* talk as long as it's a parrot," said the old sailor.

"How can you tell that?"

"Lord love you, sir, I can tell it by the look on 'em; I've had hundreds o' parrots in my time. I'll just tell you how it ware. You must know that in a ship I was in, the skipper couldn't abide a monkey, and wouldn't allow a single one aboard—one of the wonders o' Natur' not to like a monkey, but so it ware. Well—in revenge for not allowing us to have monkeys, he let us have as many parrots as ever we liked. I had got five to my own share, meaning to bring 'em home,—for you see I cultivated 'em to sell. Well—three on 'em died; of the other two, I got one in Afriky and t'other on the Spanish Main. I got that in change for two pounds o' baccy—that ware *his* origin. Ah! that ware the bird! There warn't a man aboard as had got more brains in his head than that parrot,—as true as I'm telling you, sir. But the birds as come from the Spanish Main beats all the others clean. Why, he'd sing out 'Pipe down hammocks,' 'Pipe up for grog,' 'Turn up the hands.' I'm blest if I haven't seen the chaps come scampering up the hatchways at *that*. But that warn't all; there warn't an order that he had heard guv by the officers, from the first letenant downwards, that he couldn't repeat it; he ware more like a human creature than a bird; and I've sometimes thought, if they had but tried him, he could ha' sailed the ship—how's'ever that wouldn't ha' been *quite* according to the Articles of War, and so they didn't. To be sure, besides all that, he *would* now and then say something that warn't very *parlite*; but then he mean't no harm, and that's how I looks at it. As to t'other parrot—that's to say the Afriky parrot—never an improper word comed out of his mouth; he ware *purllite*, and uncommon genteel into the bargain; but then he ware precious stupid! He could only say one thing—only *one*, that's the blessed truth—he had only one speech to his back, like. Whatever Spanish Main used to say, if it ware only 'Helm a-port,' or 'Reef topsails,' Afriky would sing out, 'Don't be so vulgar—I'm shock'd at you!' Well—now only see the upshot on it. When we came into Plymouth to be paid off, the skipper guv me fifteen guineas for the *clever* bird, *while nobody wouldn't buy the genteel parrot at no price*. So as I couldn't get nothing for it, and moreover, had promised to bring my poor old mother home a parrot, why I guv it to she."

Now, had the African parrot thought less of the gentility of the tunes he should dance to, not only would he have been a much more agreeable member of society, but he would have added considerably to his own personal comfort; whilst also he might possibly have achieved a much more respectable station in life than that to which he was ultimately consigned.

\* "Are you the box-keeper?" drew a puppy to a gentleman who was looking through a box-door at the late Covent-garden Theatre.

"No," quietly retorted the gentleman, "are you?"



## FATAL MISTAKE OF NERVOUS DISORDERS

FOR MADNESS.

SOME affecting catastrophes in the public papers induce us to say a few words on the mistaken notions which are so often, in our opinion, the cause of their appearance. It is much to be wished that some physician, truly so called, and philosophically competent to the task, would write a work on this subject. We have plenty of books on symptoms and other alarming matters, very useful for increasing the harm already existing. We believe also there are some works of a different kind, if not written in direct counteraction; but the learned authors are apt to be so grand and etymological in their title-pages, that they must frighten the general understanding with their very advertisements.

There is this great difference between what is generally understood by the word madness, and the nervous or melancholy disorders, the excess of which is so often confounded with it. Madness is a consequence of malformation of the brain, and is by no means of necessity attended with melancholy or even ill-health. The patient, in the very midst of it, is often strong, healthy, and even cheerful. On the other hand, nervous disorders, or even melancholy in its most aggravated state, is nothing but the excess of a state of stomach and blood, extremely common. The mind no doubt will act upon that state and exasperate it; but there is great reaction between mind and body: and as it is a common thing for a man in an ordinary fever, or fit of the bile, to be melancholy, and even to do or feel inclined to do an extravagant thing, so it is as common for him to get well and be quite cheerful again. Thus it is among witless people that the true madness will be found. It is the more intelligent that are subject to the other disorders; and a proper use of their intelligence will show them what the disorders are.

But weak treatment may frighten the intelligent. A kind person, for instance, in a fit of melancholy, may confess that he feels an inclination to do some desperate or even cruel thing. This is often treated at once as madness, instead of an excess of the kind just mentioned; and the person seeing he is thought out of his wits, begins to think himself so, and at last acts as if he were. This is a lamentable evil; but it does not stop here. The children or other relatives of the person may become victims to the mistake. They think there is madness, as the phrase is, "in the family;" and so whenever they feel ill, or meet with a misfortune, the thought will prey upon their minds; and this may lead to catastrophes, with which they have really no more to do than any other sick or unfortunate people. How many persons have committed an extravagance in a brain fever, or undergone hallucinations of mind in consequence of getting an ague, or taking opium, or fifty other causes; and yet the moment the least wandering of mind is observed in them, others become frightened; their fright is manifested beyond all necessity; and the patients and their family must suffer for it. They seem to think, that no disorder can properly be held a true Christian sickness, and fit for charitable interpretation, but where the patient has gone regularly to bed, and had curtains, and candlecups, and nurses about him, like a well-behaved respectable sick gentleman. But this state of things implies muscular weakness, or weakness of that sort which renders the bodily action feeble. Now, in nervous disorders, the muscular action may be as strong as ever; and people may reasonably be allowed a world of illness, sitting in their chairs, or even walking or running.

These mistaken pronouncers upon disease ought to be told, that when they are thus unwarrantably frightened, they are partaking of the very essence of what they misapprehend: for it is *fear*, in all its various degrees and modifications, which is at the bottom of nervousness and melancholy; not fear in its ordinary sense, as opposed to cowardice (for a man who would shudder at a bat or a vague idea, may be bold as a lion against an enemy) but imaginative fear;—fear either of something known or of the patient knows not what;—a vague sense of terror,—an impulse,—an apprehension of ill,—dwelling upon some painful and worrying thought. Now this suffering is invariably connected with a weak state of the body in some respects, particularly of the stomach. Hundreds will be found to have felt it, if patients inquire; but the mind is sometimes afraid of acknowledging its apprehensions, even to itself; and thus fear broods over and hatches fear.

These disorders, generally speaking, are greater or less in their effects according to the exercise of reason. But not let the word be misunderstood: we should rather according to the extent of the knowledge. A very imaginative man will indeed be likely to suffer more than others; but if his knowledge is at all in proportion, he will get through his evil better than an uninformed man suffering great terrors. And the reason is, that he knows how much bodily unhealthiness has to do with it. The words that frighten the unknowing might teach them better if understood. Thus insanity itself properly means *not* a but unhealthiness or unsoundness. Derangement explains itself, and may surely mean very harmless things. Melancholy is compounded of two words which signify black and Hypochondria is the name of one of the regions of the stomach, a very instructive etymology. And insanity refers to effects, real or imaginary, of particular states of the mind; which if anything after all, are nothing more than what every delicate constitution feels in its degree from particular states of the weather; for weather, like the tides, is apt to be such and such a condition, when the moon presents such and such a face.

It has been said,

Great wits to madness nearly are allied.

It is curious that he who wrote the saying (Dryden) was a very sound wit to the end of his life; while his wife, who was of a weak understanding, became insane. An excellent writer (Wordsworth) has written an idle couplet about the insanity of poets:

We poets enter on our path with gladness,  
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

If he did not mean madness in the ordinary sense, he should not have written this line; if he did, he ought not to have fallen, in the teeth of his better knowledge, into so vulgar an error. There are very few instances of insane poets, or of insane great understandings of any sort. Bacon, Milton, Newton, Shakespeare, Cervantes, &c. were all of minds as sound as they were great. So it has been with the immense majority of literary men of all countries. If Tasso and a few others were exceptions, they were *but* exceptions; and the derangement in these eminent men has very doubtful characters about it, and is sometimes made a question. It may be pretty safely affirmed, at least upon an examination of it, that had they not been the clever men they were, they would have been much worse and less equivocal. Calves whose case was after all one of inanition rather than insanity, had been a free liver; and seems to have been hurt by having a fortune left him. Cowper was weak-bodied, and beset by Methodists. Swift's body was full of bad humors. He himself attributed his disordered system to the effects of a surfeit of fruit on his stomach; and in his last illness he used to break out in enormous boils and blisters. This was a violent effort of nature to help and purify the current of his blood,—the main object in all cases. Dr. Johnson, who was first subject to mists of melancholy, used to fancy he should go mad; but he never did.

Exercise, conversation, cheerful society, amusement of all sorts, or a kind, patient, and gradual helping of the bodily health, till the mind be capable of amusement (for it should never foolishly be told "not to think" of melancholy things, without having something done for it to mend its bodily health),—these are the cures, the only cures, and in our opinion the almost infallible cures of nervous disorders, however excessive. Above all, the patient should be told that there has often been an end to that torment of our haunting idea, which is indeed a great and venerable suffering. Many persons have got over it in a week, a few weeks, or a month, some in a few months, some not for years, but they have got over it at last. There is a remarkable instance of this in the life of king Alfred. He was seized, says his contemporary biographer, with such a strange illness while sitting at table, in the twenty-fifth year (we think) of his age, that he shrieked aloud; and for twenty years afterwards this illness so preyed upon him, that the relief of one hour was embittered by what he dreaded would come the next. His disorder is conjectured by some to have been an internal cancer; by others, with more probability, the black bile, or melancholy. The physicians of those times knew nothing about it; and the people showed at once their ignorance, and their admiration of the king, by saying that the devil had caused it out of jealousy. It was probably

produced by anxiety for the state of his country; but the same thing which wounded him may have helped to keep him up; for he had plenty of business to attend to, and fought with his own hand in fifty-six pitched battles. Now exactly twenty years after, in the forty-fifth year of his age (if our former recollection is right) this disorder totally left him; and his great heart was where it ought to be, in a heaven of health and calmness.

## KINDNESS.

In the loneliest wilds some bird will oft sing,  
Breathing joy to regions unblest;  
And sweet as the soft, balmy zephyrs of spring,  
A tone of pure kindness will soothingly bring  
Relief to the spirit oppress.

Though carelessly uttered a kind word will cheer,  
And tender emotions impart;  
Refreshing as rain to the earth parched and sore  
Its musical accents enravish the ear,  
And swell the deep founts of the heart.

The soul with whose thrillings fate rudely hath dealt,  
In haughtiest seeming may bear  
Each bleak frown of fortune, unheeded, unfelt;  
Yet a mild-beaming look hath the power to melt  
The sternness of settled despair.

'Thus ever the feelings responsively thrill  
To kindness when offered sincere;  
But oh, it is rapture, more exquisite still,  
To mark the bright eye unconsciously fill  
With sympathy's radiant tear.

Ah! grateful as dew to the delicate flower,  
Whose sensitive petals unclosed  
With the freshness and bloom of morning's sweet hour,  
Undreaming, the moment of noon's fervid power,  
To which they must soon be exposed.

And blissfully oft will a smile's tender light  
Bring hope to the bosom again,  
Though fleeting it gleams; as a glad star at night,  
Beameth suddenly out on the mariner's sight,  
While wand'ring alone o'er the main. A. W. N.

## CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

New-York, February 9.

THE Opera gets more crowded, more dressy, and more fashionable nightly. Some malicious person started a rumour that the building was unsafe, and many stayed away till it was tested. There are many, too, who wait for the stamp of other people's approbation before they venture upon even a new amusement. The doubtfuls have now gone over, however, and the Opera is "in the full tide," etc., etc. Some of the first families have taken season tickets in the opera boxes, (there are but two private boxes, and those very inconvenient and undesirable,) and the best seats in the pit are sold out, like the stalls at the Italian opera in London, to bachelors in the market. The *prima donna*, Borghese, improves with every repetition, and what with dressing, singing, and acting—all exceedingly well—she is a very enjoyable *rechauffée* of Grisi, whose style she follows.

This is a day of such sunshine and air that those,

"Who cannot spare the luxury of believing  
That all things beautiful are what they seem,"

must be in love with the sunny sidewalk of Broadway. And this recalls to my mind a little book of poems, better described by their title than any book whose name I ever knew—"Droppings from the Heart" by Thomas Mackellar, lately published in Philadelphia. Everybody must love the man who reads his book, though its simplicity would sometimes make you smile. He thus apostrophizes the city of New-York:

"New-York! I love thy sons, beyond compare  
Ennobled—not by empty words of kings,  
But by ennobling acts, by virtues rare,  
And charities unbounded. These the things

That crown their names with honour. Peerless all  
Thy lovely daughters, warm with sympathy,  
Swift to obey meek mercy's moving call,  
To heal the heart and dry the weeping eye  
And hush the plaint that fears no comforter is nigh."

The credulity of this stanza is not weak-mindedness, by any means—as the strength of expression and beauty of poetry in the other parts of the book sufficiently prove. The writer's only vent seems to be the expression of affection. He loves everything. He believes good of everything and everybody. I do not know that, in my life, I ever saw a more complete picture than this book of a heart overrunning with tenderness. The lines to his "Sleeping Wife" are as beautiful as anything of Barry Cornwall's. The piece called "The Heart Longings," too, is finely expressed. A little infusion of distrust, bitterness, and contempt would make Mackellar a poet of the kind most admired by critics, and most read and sympathized with by the world. He is, I understand, a printer in Philadelphia, and enjoys the kindly friendship of Mr. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, to whom is addressed one of the sonnets in his book. For family reading, among people of simple lives and pure tastes, the "*Droppings from the Heart*" is the best adapted book of poetry I have lately seen.

One of the most charming resuscitations from the trance of oblivion that have come about lately, is the re-publication (in the "*Mirror Library*") of *Pinkney's Poems*. Mr. Pinkney, your readers will perhaps know, was the son of the Hon. William Pinkney, our Minister in 1802 at the Court of St. James, and was born in London during the diplomatic residence there of his father. He was partly educated at college, entered the navy, gave it up for the law, and, after much disappointment and suffering, died at twenty-five. With discipline and study he might, I think, have written as well as Moore. What poetry would be in a world where Toil were not the Siamese twin of Excellence—in other words, where man had not fallen)—"is a curious question, coz!" The wild horse runs very well in the prairie, but we give a preference of admiration to the "good continuer" by toilsome training. Whether the *faintant* angels who "sit in the clouds," admire more the objectless careerings of the wild steed, or the "wind and bottom" of the winner of the sweepstakes—whether fragmentary poetry dashed off while the inspiration is on, and thrown aside ill-finished when the whim evaporates, be more celestial than the smooth and complete product of painful toil and disciplined concentration—I have had my luxurious doubts. Pinkney's genius, as evidenced on paper, has all the impulsive abandonment which marks his biography. He was a born poet—with all needful imagination, discrimination, perception, and sensibility; and he had besides, the *flesh-and-bloodfulness* necessary to keep poetry on terra firma. Several of his productions have become common air—known and enjoyed by everybody, but without a name. The song beginning—

"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,"  
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon," etc.

—this, and two or three others of Pinkney's "entire and perfect chrysolites," should be re-graven with his name, for the world owes his memory a debt for them. The small volume of his poetry from which the *Mirror Library* edition is copied was printed in 1825, and has been long lost sight of. It contains—not the stuff for a classic—but a delicious bundle of heart-reaching passages, fresh and peculiar, and invaluable especially to lovers, whose sweetest and best interpreter Pinkney was. Every man or woman who has occasion to embroider a love-letter with the very essence-flowers of passionate verse, should pay a shilling for Pinkney's Poems.

## THE MORALS OF PEN AND INK.

THE chair and pen of an editor should be assumed with as binding vows and as solemn ceremony as were the sword and war-horse of knighthood—for the editor, like the armed and mounted knight, is an aggregation of more power than nature properly allots to the individual. Indeed, it is because the power has not been well considered by law and by public opinion, that the penalties of maleficent pen and ink are not more formidable than those of fist and dagger. Take the consideration of this thought for a while-time in your next omnibus-ride, dear reader, and if you chance to be young and have a lust for rown, write down ~~EDITORSHIP~~ for your second choice—the church, of course, number one, and POLITICS, possibly, number three.

The temptation to the *abuse of pen-power* is greater as the mind of the editor is more little. It is so easy to do brilliant tilting in the editorial lists, by slashing alike at the offending and unoffending! Abuse is the easiest, as courtesy is the most difficult kind of writing to make readable, and, as it is a relief for the smooth-faced card-player to vent before he sleeps his pent-up malice upon his wife, so a heart naturally ill-willed makes a purulent bile-spigot of a pen—relieved, so the venom is spent, no matter upon what. There is so seldom good cause to be ill-natured in print, that it would be safe, always, when reading an ill-natured criticism, to “smell the rat” of a bad heart near by.

If *perversion* of pen and ink be very blameable, *forbearance* should be laudable, and we claim credit for much pains-taking in this latter way. The reputations, ready-spitted, that are sent us for roasting, would alone (did we publish them) sell our paper to the ten thousand malicious, who may be counted on as a separate stratum of patronage to periodicals. This is some temptation. Then we are often attacked, and we *could* demolish the assailant very amusingly, and we resist this temptation,—though, if his pin be not winced at, puny impunity will prick again. There is much that is ludicrous, much that is pervertible to sport, in new books and new candidates to fame; and by fault-finding only, or by abusing the author instead of his book, (easy and savoury!) the review is made readable without labour in writing—and this tempts both malice and idleness. No man can live, elbow to elbow, with competitors in love, life and literature, without his piques and his resentments, and to “turn” these pleasantly “to commodity,” with a laugh that outstabs a dagger, is very tempting—*very*—to those who can do it dexterously.

Now that you have read the three foregoing paragraphs, dear reader, you are prepared to know the value of your acquittal, if you acquit the Mirror of ill-nature—of which it has been accused. We do not remember that, in its pages, we have ever, intentionally, wounded feelings, or trencched upon delicacy.

THE ROCCOO No. 1, is now ready for your shilling, dear reader—*one shilling* for the three purest gems ever crystallized into poetry—three narrative fairy-tales in verse, exquisitely full of genius. The book too, is beautifully printed, as are all the works of the Mirror Library—suitable for company at a lavender-fingered breakfast, or for the drawing-room table of your lady fair.

ROCCOO No. 2, is also ready, containing Pinkney's long neglected yet delicious poems, and you should pay a shilling if it were only to know what the country has to be proud of among its poetical dead. The author of

“I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone”

had a smoothness in his touch of a thought like the glide of a cloud-edge just under a star. For quaint and sweet

couplets of love-makery there are few books like it. We need this verse:—

“We break the glass, whose sacred wine  
To some beloved health we drink,  
Least future pledges, less divine,  
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;  
And thus I broke a heart, that pour'd  
Its tide of feelings out for thee,  
In draughts, by after-times deplored,  
Yet dear to memory.”

The following Bryant-like, finished, and high-dry poetry was written by a young lady of seventeen, and first published production. She is the daughter of one of our oldest and best families, resident on the Hudson. It may soon be like the promise of the dawn of this pure and we have here the beginning of a brilliant fame:—

Thou beautiful cloud, a glorious hue is thine!  
I cannot think, as thy bright dyes appear  
To my enraptured gaze, that thou wert born  
Of evening's exhalations; more sublime,  
Light-giver! is thy birthplace, than of earth.  
Art thou not formed to herald in the day,  
And clothe a world in thy unborrowed light?  
Or art thou but a harbinger of rains  
To budding May? Or, in thy subtle screen,  
Nurset the lightnings that affright the world!  
Or wert thou born of the ethereal mist  
That shades the sea, or shrouds the mountain's  
Spread thy wings o'er the empyrean, and sweep  
Fleetly athwart the untravelled wilds of space,  
To where the sun-light sheds his earliest beams  
And blaze the stars, that vision vainly scans  
In distant regions of the universe!  
Tell me, air-wanderer! in what burning zone  
Thou wilt appear, when from the azure veil  
Of our high heaven thy majesty shall fade;  
Tell me, winged vapour! where hath been thy  
Through the unchangeable serene of noon?  
Whate'er thy garniture—where'er thy come—  
Would I could follow thee in thy fair flight,  
When the south wind of eve is low and soft,  
And my thought rises to the mighty Source  
Of all sublimity! O fleeting cloud,  
Would I were with thee in the solemn night!

And now, what say to winding off this chatty page such rhymes (of our own) as are written on a round without stopping or mending? They were scribbled years ago, on a blank leaf of a music book, in reply to an accusation, and stumbled on accidentally this morning. They may bear one reading:—

’Tis not that when I saw thee first  
Thou wert a rose-bud newly burst—  
A flower of girlhood's fragrant May—  
Sweetly fair and freshly gay—  
Not, that on thy thoughtful brow  
The star of life burns paler now—  
And calm the eye and, cold the tone,  
That once were love's and music's own.  
I find thee changed—but every line  
As I would wish, if thou wert mine—  
Riper, softer, gentler-eyed,  
With more of love and less of pride;  
Thou wert, to day, it seem'd to me,  
As fair as woman well could be.

’Tis not for change in thee, I say,  
I coldly met thine eye to day—  
I say ’tis not, that thou art changed,  
I met thy look with eye estranged!  
Change like thine the star of even  
Climbs for to the highest heaven—  
Change like thine the half-shut flower  
Faints for in the morning hour—  
But oh, in that sweet time gone by,  
An unshut Heaven was that soft eye!  
The unpluck'd rose, the unsmunn'd dew  
Were like that lip—that eye of blue!  
And tho' not mine the future fate  
To be that bright bird's envied mate,  
While thou wert free, tho' bold it seems,  
I woo'd thee in the land of dreams—  
Woo'd and won, in ravish'd sleep,  
What I could die in dream to keep!  
But flowers belov'd are coldly scanm'd  
When pluck'd and in another's hand—  
Forgive me that I pass'd thee by  
With wordless lip, and careless eye!





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VOLUME II.]

PUBLISHED BY MORRIS, WILLIS, & CO., ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

[NUMBER 22.

Terms, \$3]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1844.

[per annum.

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We have four or five gems to follow these, which we are sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them now. One or two of them are books we almost made a secret of possessing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so impossible to replace. We can venture to promise, that, (leaving our own works aside,) no series of uniform literature in the language will be choicer, or better worth possessing at any price—let alone a shilling!

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1844.

NUMBER 22.

ONE of the most celebrated German works of genius—certainly the most, written about and most elaborately illustrated—is the dramatic poem of FAUST. We give on the other page a spirited drawing of the hero about to enter the garden where he is to have an interview with the heroine, and below we give what he said to her, and what she said to him. We have known more dangerous logic used, and lovers quite as natural and more entertaining—but we allow for spirit lost in translation. Let the reader judge:

SCENE.—MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET, FAUST.

*Marg.* Nay, Henri, promise me!  
*Faust.* What'er I can!  
*Marg.* How of religion, tell me, do you deem?  
Thou art a good, a kind, a loving man,  
But that, I think you hold in light esteem!  
*Faust.* No more of that my child—you prove  
That I to thee am kind and good;  
I would for any whom I love,  
Lay down my life, or shed my blood.  
I'd wither in the heart of none  
The faith and feeling that they own;  
Their church from no one would I steal.  
*Marg.* That is not the right way to feel,  
For we must all believe it.  
*Faust.* Must we so?  
*Marg.* Ah! if my influence o'er you aught could do!  
You honour not the holy Sacrament!  
*Faust.* I hold it in respect.  
*Marg.* But it is ne'er  
With any wish, or desire to share!  
Long is it since to mass or shrift you went!  
Do you believe in God?  
*Faust.* My loved one,—who  
Dares say "I do believe in God"—for you  
May this of priests and sages ask,  
And what they give thee for reply  
Will, to the questioner, seem a mask,  
For scorn or mockery.  
*Marg.* Then you believe not!  
*Faust.* Do not misconceive!  
Who dares name God, and say that "I believe?"  
And who can feel—feel through each sense and thought,  
And yet affirm that "I believe him not?"  
The All-embracer,  
The All-sustainer,  
Say, does he not support, include, embrace,  
Thee, me, himself?  
Doth not heaven arch itself, there, o'er our head?  
Lies not the firm-set earth, beneath outspread?  
The eternal stars, with friendly rays,  
Do they not all for ever rise?  
And we ourselves, do we not gaze  
E'en now into each other's eyes!

And is not every feeling thronging now  
Through head and heart within thee—weaving still  
Invisibly and visibly, around,  
About thee in eternal mystery?  
These, let thy heart absorb till it be full  
And, in the feeling when thou'rt wholly blest,  
Call it what'er thou wilt—heart, love, or God,  
Or happiness!—I cannot give it name;  
Feeling is all in all—name is but sound,  
Or smoke, o'er-shadowing with misty veil  
The glow and warmth of heaven!  
*Marg.* All that is very good, and true;  
Nearly the same the priest says too,  
Only in somewhat other words than you!  
*Faust.* All hearts, in every clime and zone,  
Where'er the light of heaven doth shine,  
Speak forth that feeling—in the tone  
And form and language most their own;  
Then, wherefore should not I in mine?  
*Marg.* So taken it may pass; but yet—in spite  
Of all, there's something in it is not right!  
For thou hast got no Christianity!

*Faust.* Dear child!  
*Marg.* And long it has afflicted me,  
To see thee in such company!  
*Faust.* How so?  
*Marg.* The man whom thou hast always with thee now,  
I hate him from my inmost heart;  
In all my life I ne'er did chance  
On aught can such a pang impart  
As his repulsive countenance!  
*Faust.* Dear silly thing! you need not fear.  
*Marg.* Whenever he is present here,  
The sight of him chills all my blood:  
Of almost every one my thoughts are good;  
But howsoe'er I long to meet with thee,  
That man I with an innate horror see.  
I hold him but a rogue besides,—in this  
Heaven pardon me if I say aught amiss!  
*Faust.* Yet that the world such oddities should give  
Is necessary still.  
*Marg.* I would not live  
With one like him;—where'er he cometh, he  
Throws round him such a glance of mockery,  
And scarcely hides the hate that in him lies;  
You see he can with nothing sympathise.  
It standeth written on his brow—he ne'er  
Can love to any human being bear.  
In thy embrace I feel so blest,  
So happy when within thy arms,  
So unrestrain'd—by naught repress,  
My soul, to thee resign'd, so warm;  
But in his presence doth all this depart,  
He shuts and withers up my very heart.  
*Faust.* Misgiving angel!  
*Marg.* And this feeling weighs  
So heavily upon my heart—so sore—  
That when by chance he but towards us strays,  
I feel as if I loved e'en thee no more.  
Where he would be I could not pray,  
And that would eat my heart away.  
And surely, Henri, it must be  
The same when he is near, with thee!  
*Faust.* You have a prejudice.  
*Marg.* I now must go.  
*Faust.* And am I never, then, to know,  
Upon thy bosom one calm hour of rest,—  
To mingle soul with soul, strain breast to breast?  
*Marg.* Ah, if I did alone but sleep,  
I'd gladly leave the fastenings slight,  
And open to you e'en to-night;  
But mother's slumber ne'er is deep,  
And were we found—I'm sure that I  
Upon the very spot should die.  
*Faust.* No need, my love, for that to fear;  
I have a little phial here,—  
Three drops but mingled in her drink  
Will nature veil in pleasant sleep,  
And so thy mother's eyes will sink  
Into a slumber calm and deep.  
*Marg.* What is there that I would not do for thee?  
*Faust.* If it were so, my love, would I  
Advise you such a thing to try?  
*Marg.* Gazing on thee, I know not what doth still  
Impel me ever to perform your will;  
I have already done so much for you,  
Scarce anything is left me now to do.

## THE BANKER'S WIFE.

PART THE SECOND.

AFTER having inquired into the fate of the letter, and having learned that, in compliance with his order, she had dropped it in the post two hours before, the banker demanded of the servant if everything was in readiness for the departure of Madame Dalvernay.

"No, sir," replied Nanette, "far from it. Madame has been so perplexed the whole morning, I am really afraid she will not be ready at the appointed hour."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the banker, thwarted in his de-

signs by this unwelcome piece of news, "not be ready? Did any one ever hear of such unparalleled slowness? For heaven's sake, Nanette, hasten to your mistress, and assist her to make the necessary preparations. The hour has almost arrived. The equipage is already in the court-yard of the hotel. Everything should have been arranged before this, ready for the departure."

"That may be, sir," replied the servant, "but it was not my fault; address yourself rather to Madame, whom I hear approaching."

"Tut! tut! leave us alone," the banker contented himself with replying, strengthening his verbal injunction by placing his fore-finger upon his mouth, like a bolt, to oppose a passage to any indiscretion.

This pantomime Madame Dalvernay could not see, though she had but little difficulty in suspecting some such wise precaution. The banker strove to conceal his embarrassment, and, in order that his wife might not observe his inquietude, he approached her, rubbing his hands and addressing her with a very deliberate and friendly air:

"Well, my dear, I am going to lose you for a few hours, eh? Ready to start, I suppose?"

"O!" rejoined Madame Dalvernay, "you are quick to take the alarm. I cannot leave you so soon. When one is about to leave Paris for the country, there is really no end to the preparations that are to be made."

"I thought as much," observed the husband, who, in this remark, allowed to escape a small portion of his vexation and discontent; "you women are never ready at the hour specified."

"But you surely will not be so impolite as to regret my determination to postpone my departure for a few hours," rejoined the lady, affecting to be grieved at his severity.

The banker felt himself taken in a net, and perceived that he had involuntarily gone too far, but, assuming an air of astonishment:

"I regret it?" replied he. "Oh, no! on the contrary. You misinterpreted my intentions. If I should consult my own feelings, you should not leave until this afternoon, and then I would accompany you."

"And why not consult your own feelings?" demanded Madame Dalvernay, severely; "for my part, I should like that arrangement infinitely better."

"But how can we?" objected the banker. "Is it not necessary that the friends who are to assist this evening at your party should find some one there to receive them on their arrival? It is indispensable that you leave as soon as possible. The hour is fast approaching."

Hitherto the conversation was carried on in the most amiable manner. Neither the one nor the other had alluded openly to the point in dispute. Madame Dalvernay introduced the first essential question:

"Do you think it amiable, my dear, to insist upon my leaving in the middle of the day, when the heat is so very oppressive?"

"And was it I who made a choice of this unseasonable hour?"

"You should have made other arrangements. It is now too late to change them."

Several minutes of silence then prevailed, during which our two personages cast furtive glances at the finger of the clock, which had already passed the highest figure of the dial.

"It is time we should depart," reflected the banker. "If she delays much longer she will certainly run the risk of meeting the individual here, and then everything would be exposed. But how shall I arrange it?"

On her part, Madame Dalvernay gave full scope to her reflections.

"One hour more, and my jealousy will have living proof, and can manifest itself at will. I am determined to await the issue."

At this moment Nanette, entering with numerous packages and boxes, interrupted the silence.

"Oh!" exclaimed the husband, terrified at the sight of so many unpacked articles, "have you all those still to arrange? Madame, you will not be able to leave to-day. I pray, let me assist you."

And Monsieur Dalvernay immediately set to work, folding up dresses, shawls, et cetera, presenting one of the most comical scenes imaginable. This strange manoeuvre, which she calmly witnessed for awhile, proved conclusively to her mind with what ardour her husband desired her departure, since, in order to accelerate it, he could not refrain from the most ridiculous actions.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Madame Dalvernay, "what awkwardness? Let me beg you to desist; my entire wardrobe will be ruined. You must acknowledge, Mr. Dalvernay," continued his wife, seriously, "that my presence is exceedingly disagreeable to you, since you manifest such a strange anxiety to rid yourself of it."

For an instant M. Dalvernay was confounded by the air of solemn authority with which these words were uttered, and did his utmost to counteract the effect of this false manoeuvre.

"Upon my word, Madame, if my thoughts, words, and actions are so falsely interpreted, I will trouble myself no longer on the subject," replied he, carelessly. "If it please you, remain until to-morrow."

And then, assuming an indifference which he was far from feeling, he threw himself into an arm-chair, extended his legs with an air of indifference, and cast, from time to time, a furtive and uneasy glance towards the hand of the clock.

"You are more than usually reserved to-day," said Madame Dalvernay, interrupting a long interval of silence, and drawing up a chair close by the one in which he was seated, without appearing to notice his vexation, which he strove in vain to conceal.

"Oh, by no means. I cannot imagine why you should suppose such a thing. Only a perplexing affair of business this morning at the banking-house. A few slight losses. Nothing of consequence."

The minute-hand of the clock pointed to half-past twelve.

"Devil!" thought he, "this is a complicated affair. One half hour more and then—I must put off this meeting, and inform the individual that the interview is postponed."

"Madame," said he, leaving abruptly his seat, "you must excuse me, my time is very much occupied. I have some important business to attend to to-day."

"I do not wish to interfere with your occupations, sir," said Madame Dalvernay, rising from her chair, "I will not detain you!"

Without farther ceremony the banker advanced hurriedly towards the door, and disappeared.

No sooner was Madame Dalvernay alone than she threw herself upon a sofa, buried her beautiful face in her hands, and yielded herself up unrestrainedly to the burden of her griefs.

"O heavens! a few months ago, and who would ever have dreamed that such would have been my unhappy fate! Alas! his heart is no longer mine, wretched woman that I am!"

The hesitation and obstinacy of her husband, in the pre-

ceding scene, only contributed to establish more clearly in her heart the sad certainty that she was the victim of a base treachery.

"I ought to have exposed the whole affair," she exclaimed, "and crushed in its infancy the heartless intrigue. What do I say? In its infancy? How do I know that it is not an inveterate intimacy? Does not the letter prove an understanding between them of no recent date? I am to be sent into the country! The secretary is to introduce my rival with all possible privacy! No, indeed; I will remain. I will meet her face to face, and unmask the unfeeling wretch. O, my blood boils, my head is dizzy! But no! Courage! I must restrain my indignation until the fatal moment arrives!"

Suddenly Madame Dalverney arose, and cast another glance at the clock. It was on the point of striking one.

"If she should not come, after all," she murmured. "I ought not to have allowed my husband to leave me. Now that I think of it, he is undoubtedly gone to inform her of the failure of his plans, and to postpone the meeting; and of the two victims of my righteous vengeance there remains but the one whom I have it least at heart to punish. Perhaps, though," she continued, her countenance brightening with a gleam of joy, "and what is more natural, for example, than that Madame Goutard should take another street different from that of M. Dalverney, or even in the same street, amid the crowd of persons hurrying to and fro, that they should pass without encountering each other."

In any case, Madame Dalverney thought it advisable to be upon her guard, (as in war they never operate otherwise than upon probabilities,) and to have her bitterness well arranged and prepared for the issue. She recollected that, according to the letter, it was Monsieur Leonce, the secretary, who was charged to introduce the mysterious lady; and, as the hour had arrived, it could not be long before he would make his appearance. And she was not mistaken, for in a few moments she heard his step, and M. Leonce stood at the door of her apartment.

The presence of Madame Dalverney could not otherwise than have excited the surprise of the secretary, who expressed it by an involuntary shudder and a look of astonishment, which did not escape the piercing eye of his youthful aunt.

"Pardon—I thought—you had—left—for the country, Madame!"

"I've changed my determination," she replied; "I have postponed my journey for a few hours, the heat is so very oppressive."

"And my uncle, is he aware of this new arrangement?" inquired Leonce, uneasily.

"In so much," replied frankly the lady, "that it was with him that the whole was concerted. But there is one person who, as yet, has not been informed of it, and I must not fail to let her know, as we were to perform the journey in company. It is my friend, Madame De la Croix; and, as for this delicate mission I will have need of an accomplished mandatory, I have fixed my eyes upon you."

This conclusion, which he was far from anticipating, and which was so graciously intimated to him, added not a little to the confusion of the young man, who was by no means prepared to leave his post at the very moment when his services would be so much needed.

"Upon me, Madame?" replied he, with astonishment.

The object of Madame Dalverney was not difficult to be divined. In the hope that her rival, receiving no counter order, would not fail to come, she wished to do honour of the reception herself; and, to facilitate this design, her

first determination was to get rid of the secretary, who was destined by her husband to act as the master of ceremonies.

"Could not Madame possibly dispense with my services on this occasion?" observed the secretary. "I have now at my bureau several important pieces of writing, which must be expedited immediately."

"They cannot be so very important," rejoined Madame Dalverney, sarcastically; "if so, you would not have had the time to have left them and come where you are."

The secretary bit his lips, not knowing, in his confusion, really, what course to take.

"This is an important service," Madame Dalverney continued, "which you alone can render me; a step which you alone are capable of executing well."

"It appears to me," objected M. Leonce, who was determined, if possible, to resist to the last, "that a letter would answer every purpose."

"A letter!" interrupted Madame Dalverney. "Think you I would excuse myself through a letter to Madame De la Croix? Never. She is so exceedingly susceptible, I fear she would never pardon me for it. No, you alone can present my excuses, and explain to her the cause of this sudden change in my determination. A letter! Heaven forbid!"

The nephew persisted, however, in his previous intention, and hoped his aunt would excuse him, considering the pressure of his important duties at the bureau; but Madame Dalverney, assuming now an air of authority, which well became her:

"But, Monsieur Leonce," said she, "you seem disposed to be very unaccommodating to-day. You pretend that your time is so exceedingly precious; but, since we have been conversing here, you might easily have executed this little commission. Unless Monsieur Dalverney has expressly enjoined upon you not to absent yourself at this hour—"

"Oh! no—oh! no—by no means, Madame. Heavens! I wonder if she suspects anything?"

In order not to run the risk of betraying the secret by a longer resistance, the secretary unceremoniously escaped from her presence, with a promise to execute faithfully her commission, and with a tranquil conscience, for he considered that if the husband was aware of this delay of his wife, he would, doubtless, take the proper precautions to obviate any unpleasant consequences that might result from it.

Alone, for the second time, Madame Dalverney congratulated herself that she had so well stood her ground, and that, for the present, she was still unquestionably the mistress of the field. Her only regret was, that she had allowed her husband to escape, for she feared lest his manoeuvres, out of doors, might render nugatory those which she had so ingeniously concerted, and thus far so laboriously conducted. In this state of doubt and uncertainty, she determined, however, to await with resolution the approach of the enemy. In the corridor she heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Assuming a belligerent attitude, holding herself erect, her hands grasping the back of a chair, she directed her eye, flashing with indignation, towards the door of the apartment.

The door opened and gave admission, not, as she had expected, to a woman, but to a man. The new-comer appeared to be almost out of breath. In his hand he held a red bandanna handkerchief, which he used to wipe a forehead bathed in perspiration, and to refresh a physiognomy vividly coloured by the action of a very rapid walk. Independent of the fatigue, a moral revolution, a powerful mental agi-



tation was plainly depicted upon every lineament of his haggard countenance.

"Monsieur Dalvernay—"

These were the only words this man could pronounce between the almost imperceptible intervals of his rapid respiration.

"He is not at home," replied the wife of the banker.

"Madame, if you please, permit me, for an instant, to take a seat," he continued, scanning each word as if he was measuring a Latin verse.

"Certainly, sir. Be seated."

The poor man scarcely waited for permission to be granted, but fell heavily upon a sofa in a corner of the apartment. The physiognomy of this individual offered nothing very remarkable, except a prominent aquiline nose, upon which he sported a huge pair of heavy, old-fashioned spectacles, with round glasses. He was almost bald, having only two small tufts of brick-dust coloured hair on either side of his head, just above his ears. In short, he belonged to that category, which are usually denominated as men of a *certain* age, when, on the contrary, nothing is more *uncertain* than the age of such persons, who may vary in a great latitude from forty to sixty years.

"Do you know, Madame, when he will return?" demanded finally the stranger.

"My husband said nothing about the time of his return, when he went out."

"Her husband! Poor woman, she is as much to be pitied as myself!" sighed the new-comer apart.

"Does my husband expect you?"

"Not me, Madame; but he was to have been here at this hour."

This answer excited the curiosity of the lady. She inquired politely:

"May I inquire to whom I have the honour of speaking?"

"To Monsieur Goutard, Madame, attorney and notary-public."

"Rue de Verneuil, No. 20," added Madame Dalvernay.

"Precisely, Madame. But how happens it that my address is known to you when my person is not?"

"I know your address," she replied, hesitatingly; "because—my husband goes sometimes—to your house—and I have heard him give it to the coachman."

"Yes, indeed," thought the notary to himself, "I know why he comes. Your dastardly husband. Madame," continued he, elevating his voice, "have you been in this apartment long?"

"Ever since this morning."

"Good! and you have not seen Madame Goutard enter here?"

"Was she to come?"

At this interrogatory the notary rose up gravely, approached Madame Dalvernay with an air of mystery, and whispered in her ear:

"Yes, she was expected here—at this very hour!"

"How do you know it?"

"I intercepted a letter this morning."

"Just as I did."

"The address appearing to me suspicious—"

"Exactly as it did to me," interrupted the lady.

"My wife not being at home—"

"My husband being occupied at his bureau—"

"I opened the letter—"

"So did I," replied the wife of the banker.

"And I read it. What—shall I tell you—"

"No! I know it already."

"Good," added the notary, with an air of discreetness.

"Then, instead of exposing the whole affair, as I had a great mind to—"

"And I!" interrupted the lady. "My blood boiled with indignation."

"My hair stood on end, Madame," rejoined Monsieur Goutard.

In spite of her affliction, Madame Dalvernay could not refrain from examining, when he alluded to his hair, to see if her interlocutor did not flatter himself, and if he possessed the means of feeling this effect which is attributed to fear. Whether he understood the thoughts of the lady, or whether, being nearly bald, he thought it to be to his interest to repeat his capillary formula, as if he could by that means increase his small quantity of hair:

"Yes, Madame, *they* stood on end," he continued. "I, however, contained myself. I resolved to let things take their course."

"I came exactly to the same determination."

"For that reason, I sealed the letter carefully over again."

"I did the very same thing this morning," replied the lady; "and I was anxious that this meeting should take place."

"It was to favour this project that I acted in the way I did."

"By that means I hoped to surprise them both."

"I came here for that express purpose," added Monsieur Goutard.

"Unfortunately, my husband is not at home."

"My wife, too, had deserted the house before I left."

"Where are they?" exclaimed Madame Dalvernay.

"Together, perhaps!" replied Goutard, throwing himself almost in the arms of his companion in misfortune. "Thousand pardons, Madame. Misfortune is like love; it unites those who experience it to the same degree; and can you imagine two persons whose misfortunes are more exactly similar? To think, too, that I love my wife as much as ever!"

"And I have never failed to love and cherish my husband."

"Ah! the monster! how he always pretended to return your love! It was, too, by these praiseworthy sentiments that he first contrived to gain my intimacy. Just imagine that to me he never spoke of any one but his beloved spouse."

"The traitor!" exclaimed Helen.

"He pretended to come and see me only on account of his own wife, when his real object was—Fool that I was, to allow myself to be so easily duped. He pretended—But no, I will not say it. It is so absurd, I cannot now understand how I could have been taken in such a snare."

"What said he," demanded Madame Dalvernay, "to give colour to his visits?"

"Do not speak of it," replied Goutard; "I blush when I think. You would laugh at my simplicity. Shall I tell her," he added, in an under-tone to himself, "that, under pretext of making her a present of a book, of preparing for her an agreeable surprise, her fool of a husband made me believe that he was anxious to purchase from me a beautiful house in the country? O, the traitor! Where are the bankers now-a-days, who thus throw chateaux at the heads of their wives?"

"Listen," said Madame Dalvernay, who appeared anxious to produce the fruit of a reflection to which she had yielded herself during the *aside* of M. Goutard; "one thing is certain—we are both betrayed!"

"Unfortunately, too true," replied the notary, in a piteous tone.

"Well! let us associate ourselves against the common enemy."

"That is, to propose to be friends," replied the notary, whose jealousy had not entirely smoothed his gallantry. "I accept the proposition with pleasure. You desire to form a mutual insurance. I understand and approve the happy idea."

"In order to put it into execution," continued the lady, "it will be necessary for each one to guard his own premises. Let our houses be barred against the ungrateful couple if they come together. I will answer for my own spouse."

"And, as for myself, I will go out and receive them in the latest style, if they have the audacity to present themselves on my territory."

In order to realize this menace, Monsieur Goutard made a precipitous exit, to regain as speedily as possible his own threshold.

W. A. S.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the Courrier des Etats Unis.*

### PARISIAN CHRONICLE.

PARIS, January 1, 1844.

THE ministerial saloons were open again last week, to offer an asylum to the numerous deputies, as economical as thoughtful, who, arriving at their station, knew not where to pass their soirées gratuitously. Thus the political world is fixed. In a few days more, winter will be completely organized. Nearly all the pilgrims of the noble faubourg have already returned from London, and the aristocratic saloons are thrown open to their recitals, one of which was very pompous at the midnight revel, given last Sunday, by Mademoiselle la Duchesse de R—. By way of retaliation, certain legitimistes, who did not take that journey, have indulged in epigrams and bon mots, which have already produced two duels. Civil discord may not even stop here.

A strange rumour has been in circulation for some days. The inauguration of Molière's monument, it is said, was done without any ceremony. But there is nothing very astonishing in this, when we consider that the government did not propose this homage to one of our national glories, nor even pay the expense of the enterprise. The direction of the Beaux Arts cares still less; the minister scarce knows Molière by reputation; and Monsieur Bambuteau, governed by his fixed idea, thinks, that having erected statues of great men, he must now finish levelling the boulevards of Paris, which still offer some rebellious gibbosities to the fostering care the administration has bestowed on them for several years past.

However, it was nearly decided that the ceremony should be attended by a large number of public functionaries; and the reason of its being abandoned, it is said, was owing to a formal request of the archbishop of Paris. If we may credit the Chronicle, the prelate and his counsellors did not think it proper to have functionaries and magistrates participate publicly in the glorification of one *excommunicated*.

Such is the news. We wish it might be contradicted. A thousand times better would it be to have had the suppression of the ceremony, occasioned by the exaggerated pretensions of some influential partisans of the Comédie Française.

A brilliant assembly ornamented the saloons of Monsieur D—, one of the most elegant in the faubourg St. Honoré. About ten o'clock the door opened, and the servant announced: "Monsieur le Baron Listz."

Every look was directed towards the new-comer. He was a man still young, of good appearance, wearing a smile on his lips, and five crosses at his button-hole.

"Is he the celebrated pianist?" asked several, in a low voice.

No. Listz, the pianist, was artistically lean, almost as thin as Paganini; while Listz, the baron, was in the commencement of *embonpoint*. Listz, the pianist, was pale as a fine day in autumn; but the cheeks of Listz, the baron, were tinged with light vermillion. In a word, Listz, the pianist, had long, fair hair, descending in curls over his ears, shoulders, and arms; while Listz, the baron, wore his hair very short, and brushed up.

Conjectures were stopped here by the mistress of the mansion, who overwhelmed him with the most charming attentions, and prevailed upon him to sit down to the piano.

A thundering improvisation ran over the keys, breaking, in its passage, strings, hammers, and tympanons. There was no longer any doubt; it was, indeed, the illustrious pianist. At the end of an hour the baron arose, and left the remains of the piano. Forced compliments were addressed to him; he repelled them with modesty, saying: "You flatter me; I did not play well; but it is not surprising, I have practiced so little of late!" He then took leave of the company, announcing his departure for Germany the next day.

As soon as the baron had gone, every one cried out against the change that had come over his person and manners. What metamorphoses there are in this lower world, and who dare predict what nature's prodigies shall become, when they have passed their thirtieth spring! Monsieur Listz has left music for diplomacy. He grows fat, his complexion heightens, his string of decorations lengthens every day. Ambition calls him to the other side of the Rhine, and he wishes to return to us next year as the minister plenipotentiary from a little court in Germany, with the title of count. Fortunately, if we have already too many diplomats, we are not wanting in good pianists.

The discourse pronounced at the tomb of Casimir Delavigne, and the notices consecrated to his memory, learn us that the illustrious poet has left no wealth but his name to his widow and son.

Mademoiselle Catalani, who has just died in Italy, appeared for the first time in Paris under the consulate. She was then only sixteen, and her talents were prodigious. The admirable voice of this cantatrice wanted charm and sympathy, but her powers were wonderful. She often sung the brilliant and complicated variations which Rode composed for his violin. Under the Restoration, she was directress of the Italian theatre in Paris; but she wished to monopolize all the roles of the treasury, and showed that it is with artist-directors, like author-directors, and that a theatre rarely prospers in that government where self-love reigns. Her long career enabled her to amass a large fortune. Her estate, it is said, amounts to twelve millions, which she has left to be divided between her two sons.

The exorbitant exactions of New Year's day, have given birth to the ordinary thousand little *chefs-d'œuvres* offered to the liberality of the givers of holiday presents. After these splendid bagatelles, the exhibitions of the products of industry show us other wonders. Fame and fortune are never wanting to inventions and progress; and thus our time is fruitful in discoveries useful to commerce and favourable to the fine arts, which always have a large share in the development of industrial and scientific ideas. Sculpture has just been richly endowed by the invention of ingenious mechanism, which produces statues and bas-reliefs with the correctness of the daguerreotype. The invention is applicable to plaster, wood, ivory, bronze, and stone; the instrument takes the model submitted to its action, and makes a second pattern exactly similar, or as much smaller in pro-

portion as the workman wishes to have it. In this sure and powerful way, a statue of six inches may be taken from one of six feet, representing every line and beauty in the most delicate detail. It is easily seen to what this discovery will lead. The most remarkable works, both ancient and modern, will be multiplied for the benefit of our museums and saloons; the finest models reduced to small proportions without losing anything of their primitive perfection, and their original seal will find a place and pedestal everywhere. These are not mere hopes, but results already realized, and of which we can assure our own eyes by visiting the public exhibition of M. M. Collas and Barbedienne, at No. 30, Boulevard Poissonnière.

Among the albums got up for the New Year's occasion, we distinguished, as usual, that of Labarre, a delicious pell-mell of pretty verses, adorned with charming melodies; and with the same title, the new collection of Frederic Bérat, containing ten compositions, full of grace, *négligé*, and original harmony. One of these ballads, entitled *Bérénice*, appears to us destined to have great vogue. Two of our best artists, Mademoiselle Sabatier, and Monsieur Amat, have undertaken to give it popularity among the concerts, and we have heard it in all the musical *fêtes* which have signalized the opening of the season. The album of Frederic Bérat is ornamented with beautiful designs by Monsieur Marsau.

The director of the Royal Academy of Music, has just gone off to Italy. This tour is a new chapter to be added to the history of the *Prophète*; a history already very long for an unpublished piece. It is known that Monsieur Meyerbeer, not satisfied with the resources of the opera, demands new singers, adapted to his music. Every year, about the beginning of October, the composer leaves Berlin, comes to Paris, presents himself to the director of the opera, and informs him that he holds the *Prophète* at his disposal, provided he can furnish him with voices suitable for its performance. Conferences are held on this important affair; the negotiations are prolonged until the first of January, and then Monsieur Meyerbeer departs for Prussia, carrying off the *Prophète* under his arm, unpublished, and sealed with a triple seal. It was hoped that the composer would grow tired of these delays, and, being desirous of bringing out his work, would end by yielding his point, but Monsieur Meyerbeer has had the patience of a man rich enough to wait. The director of the opera decided, therefore, to go and hear two first rate artists, who are, at this moment, charming the Italian dilettanti—Monsieur Feretti, at Milan, and Monsieur Fraschini, at Naples.

On his return, if the engagements are made, and some other secondary questions settled, Monsieur Meyerbeer may break the seals of his envelope. But we dare not yet count upon so fortunate an event, for the director, before leaving, had made some arrangements with Donizetti. In consequence of the agreement between them, if the *Prophète* is not begun to be studied by the fifteenth of February, Monsieur Donizetti is to commence immediately upon a new poem of Monsieur Scribe, called "*Jeanne la Folle*;" that is to say, Monsieur Donizetti, who will then be in Vienna, shall come with all speed to Paris to write the parts. The prolific maestro works only when travelling post.

Wagers are already laid between the *Prophète* and *Jeanne la Folle*. Which shall appear first? One was finished four years ago, and the other is not yet begun. Notwithstanding the good will of the director, and the journey to Italy, and the desire of a *chef-d'œuvre*, the *habitués* of the opera and the most skilful calculators, offer four against one in favour of *Jeanne*. It is the fate of the *Prophète* ever to be distanced.

In the meantime, to finish the winter and pass the summer, we shall have the opera bouffe, and the ballet *des Caprices*. The choreography has been borrowed from vaudevilles; this time, too, it is a piece from the theatre of varieties, that has furnished the subject and the details of the new ballet, which it is reported is charming. As in the *Comtesse d'Egmont*, the first act is in a public garden, the second is court, and the third in a mad-house. *Jeanne the Mad*, an opera, a mad-house in the ballet—insanity enough!

The reconstruction of the opera is always on the tapis of grand projects. They speak of moving it to several places. The mayoralty of the second arrondissement is to be henceforth in the hotel Aguado, and the new opera house constructed in its place, so that the theatre might have the church dedicated to the reformed worship in its trust. The plan was renounced long since. Serious projects are had to remove it to the boulevard, or in the Rue de la Paix. As to the mayoralty, it is very possible that the hotel Aguado will be purchased for it.

This hotel has experienced many vicissitudes in a short space of time. It was built within the last century by the farmer, General d'Ogny; it was transformed into a public establishment during the revolution. Several restaurants afterwards occupied it; first the brothers Robert, then Lointier. A gambling company then took the house, when the roulette, and trente, and quarant reigned for many years. Monsieur Aguado, it is said, bought the house from feelings of gratitude and superstition. The opulent Spanish financier began his fortunes in a small way. It was to the restaurateur, Lointier, he sold his first bottles of Spanish and Bordeaux wines. This remembrance determined him, at a later day, to purchase the hotel where he made his commercial début.

It is pretended that, dating from the present time, cigars at twenty-five centimes will be purchased for four sous. Nothing can be better than to abolish a bad measure, but it will not, perhaps, be sufficient to bring back the prosperity that had been compromised to the administration of tobacco, and to enable the vender to recover his old figures, that had been so cruelly diminished.

A philosopher fell in love with a widow as amiable as she was beautiful. Both were free. The affair was, of course, to be terminated in marriage; but, whether it was the better to assure herself of her lover's heart, or whether she wished to indulge in a little coquetry, the charming widow prolonged the courtship, and put off the ceremony. In the meantime, however, she permitted the philosopher to spend all his soirées with her. The long hours of evening passed with a witty and affectionate woman, sufficed for his happiness, and he had become so habituated to this supreme and daily felicity, that it seemed an impossible thing for him ever to spend his soirées in any other manner.

Notwithstanding, by one of those caprices so common with pretty women, the handsome widow took it in her head to seek a quarrel with her faithful adorer. She sought only a little variety by this manoeuvre; the patience of the philosopher would bear with her whim; she refused to see him, and shut the door. It was a thunder-blow for the poor man. This event took place on Sunday, and the philosopher spent his first evening in desolation. On Monday night he fell into another fit of melancholy; Tuesday, he was profoundly enmured; Wednesday, long meditations induced him to act his part valiantly; Thursday, he went to the play, where two good pieces restored his gaiety a little; Friday, he presented himself to a society, where he found many very agreeable ladies; Saturday, a happy chance threw him into a piquante advantage. "I was never more amused in

my life," said he. It was then he received a letter from the beautiful widow. Her caprice ended, the philosopher was recalled to favour. "It is too late," he replied; "you have suffered me to see that I could pass my soirees, and divert myself without you. I no longer wish to marry."

This apologue is dedicated to the administration of indirect contributions. The philosopher is the smoker; cigars growing dearer, is the capricious and coquetish widow. In a moment of quarrel and vexation, the smokers found out that, upon a pinch, they could live without cigars at four and five sous. Some have learned that a pipe sufficed for their happiness; others have lent their ears to perfidious counsels, and suffered themselves to be persuaded that tobacco spoils the breath, the teeth, the lungs, and purse of smokers. Now, the cigar in vain becomes cheaper, it will never recover all its old customers. It is for this reason, doubtless, that, after much indecision, the administration has decided to keep the price at twenty-five centimes. E. F.

#### LETTER FROM BOSTON.

February 6, 1844.

GENTLEMEN—In consideration of the recent difficulty of intercourse between this city and your village, I feel somewhat in the vein of Jenks, the late editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, who, when the little island of which he was an inhabitant was cut off, by the ice, from all communication with everything beyond its own boundaries, waggishly lamented, in a lengthy article, the deprivation to which the fact subjected the poor creatures who lived on the main land. In this sympathizing mood, and purely out of the bowels of compassion, with which a beneficent Creator has invested me, I take it, for some such purpose, I have removed my attention, and steel pen, from the "serried columns" of my ledger to this letter-sheet, (with an imaginary notice on the former, as on lawyers' office-doors, that I "will return in a moment.") in order to furnish your readers with one or two items of intellectual nourishment. I do this in somewhat the same philanthropic spirit in which, at stated periods, I contribute my mite to the supplies sent out to appease the gastric juice of those unhappy islanders at Owhyhee, who, though they are never out of *Sandwiches*, (a very nutritious article of food, if I recollect aright,) somehow or other contrive, at certain intervals, to wheedle whole cargoes of this edible from us! A portentous indication, I contend, that the day is not far distant when "coals" will not only be acceptable "to Newcastle," but when its people shall (like children after Sherman's lozenges) cry for them.

You should have seen our harbour during the past week! The ice-king made us a visit in the early part of the hebdomad, *incog.* (and clogged, and clogged too, enough we were before he had done with us!) and, after quietly ramming down the mercury of all the thermometers in town to zero, (except that of Mr. Lepean, which is fixed permanently at seventy, in order, as its owner sagely observes, to obviate extremes of heat and cold in its more immediate neighbourhood,) went coolly to work on, while our citizens were taking

"their fill

Of sweet and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill;

and, elucidating even the Argus optics of "Robert Rantoul's sealect watch," *floored over Boston Harbour!* with the object, it would seem, of a little private shindy for his own behoof, and to the manifest slight of Papanti's place, which is large enough, and sufficiently cold, heaven knows, for all useful purposes. However, the frosty tyrant made nothing by the speculation; which cannot be said of a brace of 'cute Yankees, for they *did* "realize" a little fortune the next day, by conveying a ladder to the terminus ("end" is voted

vulgar of Long Wharf,) and charging the thousands who made use of it in their descent upon the ice one cent toll each way. You have heard of "tolling for flounders?" It would appear that these unsuspecting fishes are not the only *flats* thus beguiled from their own element. The crowd would have descended by the usual long stairs, but the cunning speculators alluded to, anticipating this movement, had broken up the ice at the base of the steps, making a chasm impossible to pass, unless in seven-leagued boots. The extent, brilliancy, and general magnificence of the glaciated pavement, laid by the ice-king over-night, attracted throngs of people, of all ages, sexes and conditions, who tested its strength in every imaginable way, on foot and in vehicles. The ruse of the "striped pig" was again put in requisition, and with various other devices, (some of which demanded a new miracle to cast the devil out of the swine,) the license law was fearlessly evaded. General hilarity prevailed, and there bounded, to and fro, jests and repartees, as brittle, if not always as pure, as icicles. Then, too, there was the party of five hundred men engaged in cutting a canal, ten miles in length, for the egress of the steamship at her appointed hour!

Mrs. Nichols, herself, that queen of *confituriers*, (so idolized by *les petite gourmands* of Boston,) could not cut one of her immortal frost-cakes into three-penny pieces with more *sang froid* than Messrs. Gage, Hittenger, and John Hill carved up this immense field of thick-ribbed ice into quarter sections! So animated and singular a spectacle was worthy of the Russian capital. A man need have the caoutchouc existence of Joice Heth, to see two such sights in his life. If I had a pen with a nib as flexible as Willis's, I might give you a description of the scene, but mine is a stiff "Gillett's," and, if I were to be guillotined, I could render you nothing more than here and there an ice-olated idea. I will only add, that a large number of spectators accompanied the Britannia two or three miles on her course along the extraordinary canal through which she passed, and (notwithstanding the growing unpopularity of her commander, Captain Judkins,) they regretted largely that they could not walk, in the same manner, the rest of the way with her to her wharf in Liverpool.

Ralph Waldo Emerson will lecture at the Odeon to-morrow evening before the Mercantile Library Association. By the way, the members of this flourishing institute contemplate a ball at Papanti's, which, for the array of female beauty, gorgeous decoration, and epicurean delights, shall far outshine even their *magnifique re-union* last year. When it takes place I shall endeavour to render you a description. Whipple, whose extraordinary merits as a critical writer, I am happy to perceive, are becoming appreciated, lectures to the Lyceum on Thursday, the eighth, upon the prolific topic of *Literary Charlatanry*. If he does not make a rattling amongst the dry bones it cannot be but he too is "pigeon-livered and lacks gall;" which I know is not the case, for there is no man who more indignantly, or with a heartier scorn, kicks from him the coverlet of "shows" under which most men lie, and cuddle, in ignoble disregard of the poor human geese, from the spoils of whose breasts their nests are feathered!

A sensible poem by James T. Fields, original for the occasion, was spoken by James P. Murdoch, last Thursday, at the exhibition of the Lyceum elocution class. The last pamphlet by the *Spy in Boston*, on Popular Lectures, is a clever satire, and sells. *EASY NAT* is the name of a little book, which seems to have hit the public taste between wind and water, judging from the fact that it has passed to a fourth edition. It is a rough diamond, ill set.

Yours truly,

SALIENT.

## CLAIRE.

Ours gentle Claire is altered  
Most wofully of late,  
Her springing step has faltered  
From its old, elastic gait.  
She has given up balls and parties,  
On which she used to doat,  
She wears her hair in bandeaux,  
And her dresses to her throat.

I have loved that winning creature  
Too long, and much too well,  
Not to mourn o'er such transition  
And seek to solve its spell.  
I have pored o'er her lovely features,  
Until their every look  
Seems plain, to my perception,  
As the pages of a book.

And in them I discover  
A mournfulness profound,  
Her lips are fixed and pallid,  
Her glances seek the ground.  
Her cheek has a marble paleness,  
Save where one crimson trace,  
Lights up its cold, still beauty,  
Like fire on an altar-place.

They whisper of consumption,  
Those leeches grim, and gaunt,  
That make her father's mansion  
Their everlasting haunt;  
And they mutter of *dyspepsia*  
For our *spiritual Claire*,  
And they hint that she is *nervous*,  
That *soubriquet for despair!*

Her blind and doating mother,  
"Doth seriously incline"  
To the notion that physicians,  
Have the only right divine.  
She looks on their nauseous potions,  
As life's preserving rills,  
And deems those the blessedest martyrs,  
Who die by their mystic pills.

Her blunt, confiding father  
Sees, with unconscious face,  
The sure, yet gradual ruin,  
Of the lily of his race.  
Fair flower mid potherbs drooping!  
Thou soon shalt rear thy head,  
In those ever-blooming gardens,  
Where Eden balms are shed!

Yes, Claire—I feel that thou art dying,  
Of that surest of declines—  
A brain of earth grown weary,  
A heart that heavenward pines.  
And thou too knowest it, maiden,  
Thy hand is on the chain,  
Which angels flung from heaven  
To draw thee home again.

That letter in thy bosom  
Is wet with secret tears,  
And in its folds are garnered  
The blasted hopes of years;  
And he, who traced its pages,  
When his sands of life were low,  
Points with his shadowy finger  
The way that thou must go.

That melancholy student,  
With his brow and lip of pride,  
That solitary dreamer,  
Few missed him when he died.

None guessed the ties between you,  
None knew, save thou and I,  
The mirth of the noblest spirit,  
That ever sought the sky.

He is gone!—And the world around thee  
Seems lone, and dim, and cold;  
His name is never spoken,  
His fate is never told.  
As the waves close o'er a jewel,  
That on their breast is cast,  
No trace of it retaining,  
So hath his memory past.

Oh! for the widow's garment,  
Oh! for the deep relief,  
That an open, fearless sorrow  
Gives to the springs of grief!  
Oh! for the world's permission,  
To pour thy wild despair,  
In tears above his gravestone—  
These are denied thee, *Claire!*

And thou must pass, in secret,  
And bitter grief away,  
Like the boy of the olden fable  
Whose heart was the fox's prey.  
With every broken murmur,  
With every fevered start,  
To any cause related  
Save that of a—*broken heart.*

There is a leech, whose wisdom  
Hath wide and just renown;  
He of the staff and sandal,  
He of the thorny crown.  
And gently will he lead thee,  
My young, and dying Claire,  
To drink of those living waters  
Which banish human care.

c. w.

## A HUMAN BEING AND A CROWD.

THE reader will allow us to relate him an apologue. A Seer of visions, walking out one evening, just before twilight, saw a being standing in a corner by the way-side, such as he never remembered to have seen before. It said nothing, and threatened him no harm: it seemed occupied with its own thoughts, looking in an earnest manner across the fields, where some children were playing; and its aspect was inexpressibly affecting. Its eyes were very wonderful, a mixture of something that was at once substance and no substance, body and spirit; and it seemed as if there would have been tears in them, but for a certain dry-looking heat, in which nevertheless was a still stranger mixture of indifference and patience, of hope and despair. Its hands, which it now and then lifted to its head, appeared to be two of the most wonderful instruments that were ever beheld. Its cheeks varied their size in a remarkable manner, being now sunken, now swollen, or apparently healthy, but always of a marvellous formation, and capable, it would seem, of great beauty, had the phenomenon been happy. The lips, in particular, expressed this capability; and now and then the creature smiled at some thought that came over it; and then it looked sorrowful, and then angry, and then patient again, and finally, it leaned against the tree near which it stood, with a gesture of great weariness, and heaved a sigh which went to the very heart of the beholder. The latter stood apart, screened from its sight, and looked towards it with a deep feeling of pity, reverence, and awe. At length the creature moved from its place, looked first at the fields, then at the setting sun, and after putting its hands together in an attitude of prayer, and again looking at the fields and

the children, drew down, as if from an unseen resting place, a huge burthen of some kind or other, which it received on its head and shoulders; and so with a tranquil and noble gesture, more affecting than any symptom it had yet exhibited, went gliding onwards towards the sunset, at once bent with weakness, and magnificent for very power. The seer then, before it got out of sight, saw it turn round yearning towards the children; but what was his surprise, when on turning its eyes upon himself, he recognized, for the first time, an exact counterpart of his own face; in fact, himself looking at himself!

Yes, dear reader, the seer was the phenomenon and the phenomenon is a human being, *any care-worn man*; you yourself, if you are such; or the seer of the other sights in this book; with this difference, however, as far as regards you and us; that inasmuch as we are readers and writers of things hopeful, we are more hopeful people, and possess the twofold faith which the phenomenon seems to have thought a divided one, and not to be united; that is to say, we think hopefully of heaven and hopefully of earth; we behold the sunset shining towards the fields and the little children, in all the beauty of its double encouragement.

A human being, whatever his mistakes, whatever his cares, is, in the truest and most literal sense of the word, a respectable being (pray believe it);—nay, an awful, were he not also a loving being;—a mystery, of wonderful frame, hope, and capacity, walking between heaven and earth. To look into his eyes is to see a soul. He is surely worth twice, thrice, and four times looking at and considering,\*—worth thinking what we can do for him, and he for us, and all for each other. Our general impressions of things (as the reader knows) are cheerful, and ready to receive abundance of pleasure. Our greatest sorrow, when we look abroad, is to think that mankind do not extract a millionth part of the pleasure they might, from the exceeding riches of Nature; and it is speedily swallowed up by a conviction, that Nature being so rich, and inciting them to find it out, find it out they will. But meanwhile, we look upon the careful faces we meet—upon the human phenomenon and his perplexities,—and as long as our sorrows last, an indescribable emotion seizes us, of pity and respect.

We feel a tenderness for every man when we consider that he has been an infant, and a respect for him when we see that he has had cares. And if such be the natural feelings of reflection towards individual faces, how much more so towards a multitude of them—towards an assemblage—a serious and anxious crowd?

We believe, that without any reference to politics whatsoever, no man of reflection or sensibility looked upon the great and moving mass and succession of human beings, which assembled a little while ago in London, without being consciously or unconsciously moved with emotions of this kind. How could they help it? A crowd is but the reduplication of ourselves,—of our own faces, fears, hopes, wants, and relations,—our own connexions of wives and children,—our own strengths, weaknesses, formidable power, pitiable tears. We may differ with it, we may be angry with it, fear it, think we scorn it; but we must scorn ourselves first, or have no feeling and imagination. All the hearts beating in those bosoms are palpitations of our own. We feel them somehow or other, and glow or turn pale. We cannot behold ourselves in that shape of power or mighty want, and not feel that we are men.

We have only to fancy ourselves born in any particular

class, and to have lived, loved, and suffered in it, in order to feel for the mistakes and circumstances of those who belong to it, even when they appear to sympathise least with ourselves: for *that* also is a part of what is to be pitied in them. The less they feel for us, the less is the taste of their own pleasures, and the less their security against a fall. Who that has any fancy of this kind, can help feeling for all those *aristocrats*, especially the young and innocent among them, that were brought to the scaffold during the French revolution? Who for all those *democrats*, not excepting the fiercest that were brought there also—some of whom surprised the bystanders with the tenderness of their domestic recollections, and the faltering ejaculations they made towards the wives and children they left behind them? Who does not feel for the mistaken popish conspirators, the appalling story of whose execution is told in one of D'Israeli's books, with that godlike woman in it, who is never to be passed over when it is mentioned? Who does not feel for the massacres of St. Bartholomew, of Ireland, of Sicily, of any place; and the more because they are perpetrated by men upon their fellow-creatures, the victims and victim-makers of pitiable mistake? The world are finding out that mistake; and not again in a hurry, we trust, will anything like it be repeated among civilized people. All are learning to make allowance for one another: but we must not forget, among our lessons, that the greatest allowances are to be made for those who suffer the most. Also, the greatest number of reflections should be made for them.

Blessings on the progress of reflection and knowledge, which made that great meeting we speak of as quiet as it was! We have received many letters from friends and correspondents on the setting up of this paper for which we have reason to be grateful; but not one which has pleased us so much (nor, we are sure, with greater leave from the rest to be pleased) than a communication from our old "Tatler" friend, S. W. H. in which he tells us that he saw a copy of it in the hands of "one of the sturdiest" of trades' unions, who was "reading it as he marched along;" and who (adds our correspondent) "could hardly be thinking of burning down half London, even if the government did continue bent upon not receiving his petition."

May we ever be found in such hands on such occasions. It will do harm to nobody in the long run; will prevent no final good; and assuredly encourage no injustice, final or intermediate. "To sympathise with all" is an old motto on our flag. None, therefore, can be omitted in our sympathy; and assuredly not those who compose the greatest part of all. If we did not feel for them as we do, we should not feel for their likenesses in more prosperous shapes.

We had thought of saying something upon crowds under other circumstances, such as crowds at theatres, and in churches, crowds at executions, crowds on holidays, &c.; but the interest of the immediate ground of our reflections has absorbed us. We will close this article however, with one of the most appalling descriptions of a crowd under circumstances of exasperation, that our memory refers us to. On sending for the book that contains it to the circulating library, (for though too like the truth, it is a work of fiction,) we find that it is not quite so well written, or simple in its intensity, as our recollections had fancied it. Nothing had remained in our memory but the roar of the multitude, the violence of a moment, and a shapeless remnant of a body. But the passage is still very striking. Next to the gratification of finding ourselves read by the many, is the discovery that our paper finds its way into certain accomplished and truly gentlemanly hands, very fit to grapple, in the best and most kindly manner, with those many; and to these, an

\* *Respectabile, respectabilis* (Latin), worth again looking at.



extract at this time of day, from Monk Lewis's novel, will have a private as well as public interest.

The author is speaking of an abbe, who has been guilty of the destruction of a nun under circumstances of great cruelty. An infuriated multitude destroy her, under circumstances of great cruelty on their own parts; and a lesson, we conceive is here read, both to those who exasperate crowds of people, and to the crowds that, *almost before they are aware of it*, reduce a fellow-creature to a mass of unsightliness. For, though vengeance was here intended, and perhaps death (which is what we had not exactly supposed, from our recollection of the passage,) yet it is not certain that the writer wished us to understand as much, however violent the mob may have become by dint of finding they had gone so far; and what we wish to intimate is, that a human being may be seized by his angry fellow-creatures, and by dint of being pulled hither and thither, and struck at, even with no direct mortal intentions on their parts, be reduced in the course of a few frightful moments to a condition, which, in the present reflecting state of the community, would equally fill with remorse the parties that regarded it, *on either side*,—the one from not taking care to avoid giving offence, and the other from not considering how far their resentment of it might lead;—a mistake from which, thank heaven, the good sense and precautions of both parties saved them on the occasion we allude to.

"St. Ursula's narrative," says Mr. Lewis, speaking of a nun who had taken part against the abbe, and who was relating her cruelty to the people, "created horror and surprise throughout; but when she related the inhuman murder of Agnes, the indignation of the mob was so audibly testified, that it was scarcely possible to hear the conclusion. This confusion increased with every moment. At length a multitude of voices exclaimed, that the prioress should be given up to their fury. To this Don Ramirez positively refused to consent. Even Lorenzo bade the people remember that she had undergone no trial, and advised them to leave her punishment to the Inquisition. All representations were fruitless; the disturbance grew still more violent, and the populace more exasperated. In vain did Ramirez attempt to convey his prisoner out of the throng. Wherever he turned, a band of rioters barred his passage, and demanded her being delivered over to them more loudly than before. Ramirez ordered his attendants to cut their way through the multitude. Oppressed by numbers, it was impossible for them to draw their swords. He threatened the mob with the vengeance of the Inquisition: but, in this moment of popular frenzy, even this dreadful name had lost its effect. Though regret for his sister made him look upon the prioress with abhorrence, Lorenzo could not help pitying a woman in a situation so terrible; but in spite of all his exertions and those of the duke, of Don Ramirez and the archers, the people continued to press onwards. They forced a passage through the guards who protected their destined victim, dragged her from her shelter, and proceeded to take upon her a most summary and cruel vengeance. Wild with terror, and scarcely knowing what she said, the wretched woman shrieked for a moment's mercy; she protested that she was ignorant of the death of Agnes, and could clear herself from suspicion beyond the power of doubt. The rioters heeded nothing but the gratification of their barbarous vengeance. They refused to listen to her; they showed her every sort of insult, loaded her with mud and filth, and called her by the most opprobrious appellations. They tore her one from another, and each new tormentor was more savage than the former. They stifled with howls and execrations her shrill cries for mercy, and dragged her through the streets,

spurning her, trampling her, and treating her with every species of cruelty which hate or vindictive fury could invent. At length a flint, aimed by some well-directed hand, struck her full upon the temple. She sank upon the ground bashed with blood, and in a few minutes terminated her miserable existence. Yet though she no longer felt their insults, the rioters still exercised their impotent rage upon the lifeless body. They beat it, trod upon it, and ill-used it, till it became more than a mass of flesh, unsightly, and disgusting."

### DANCING AND DANCERS.

WHILE Tory genius boasts of its poetic Wilson, and mythology of another, and the fine arts of Wilson "the English Claude," the minor graces insist upon having their Wilson too in the person of the eminent Mr. Thomas Wilson, author of several dramatic pieces, and inductor of ladies and gentlemen into the shapely and salutary art of dancing.

This old, though doubtless at the same time ever young acquaintance of ours, who has done us the honour for several years past of making us acquainted with his movements, and inviting us to his balls, which it has not been our good fortune to be able to attend, always sends us, with his invitations, a placard of equal wit and dimensions, in which he takes patriotic occasion to set forth the virtues of his art. He does not affect to despise its ordinary profits, income-wards. That would be a want of candour, unbefitting the entireness of his wisdom. On the contrary, dancing being a liberal art, he is studious to inculcate an equally liberal acknowledgment on the part of those who are indebted to it. But being a man of a reflective turn of leg, and great animal spirits, he omits no opportunity of showing how good his art is for the happiness as well as the graces of his countrymen—how it renders them light of spirit as well as body, shakes melancholy out of their livers, and will not at all suffer them to be gouty. Nay, he says it is their own faults if they grow old.

We hardly dare to introduce, abruptly, the remarks on this head which form the commencement of his present year's *Exposé*. But the energy of Mr. Wilson's philanthropy forces its way through his elegance; the good to be done is a greater thing in his mind, even than the graces with which he invests it; and, in answer to his question, "Why don't everybody dance?" he says, in a passion of sincerity which sweeps objection away with it,—“Because the English prefer the pleasures of the table and sedentary amusements, with their gout, apoplexy, shortness of breath, spindle-shanks, and rum-punchon bellies,” (pardon us, O Bacchus of Anacreon!) “to the more wholesome and healthy recreation of dancing. If you ask a person of fifty (says he) to take a dance, the usual reply is, ‘My dancing days are gone by; it’s not fit amusement for people of my time of life,’ and such like idle cant: for idle cant it really is, as these pretences are either made as excuses for idleness or to comply with the usual fastidious customs of the day. They manage things better in France, as Yorick says; for it would be quite as difficult, amongst that polite and social people, to find a person of fifty who did not dance, as it is in gloomy, cold, calculating Old England, to find one who has good sense enough to laugh at these fastidious notions, with a sufficient stock of social animal spirits to share in this polite and exhilarating amusement. Moreover, if we wanted a sanction to continue to dance as long as we are able, I could here give a list (had I room) of a hundred eminent persons who did not consider it a disgrace to dance, even at a very advanced age; amongst the number, Socrates, one of the wisest men and greatest philosophers that ever lived, used to dance for his exercise and amusement when he was

upwards of seventy. Read this, ye gourmands and card-players of fifty; and if you are wise, and would leave the gout, and a thousand other ills beside you, come and sport a toe with me, at 18, Kirby-street Hatton-garden:

"For you'll meet many there, who to doctors ne'er go,  
Who enjoy health and spirit, from sporting a toe;  
Who neither want powder, pill, mixture, nor lozen,  
But a partner and fiddle to set them in motion."

Truly, we fear that the tip-end of Mr. Wilson's indignant bow strikes hard upon many a venerable gout; and that these dancing philosophers of Kirby-street have the advantage of a great many otherwise sage people who take pills instead of exercise, and think to substitute powders and lozenges for those more ancient usages, yclept the laws of the universe. Such, as Mr. Wilson tells us, was the philosophy of Socrates. There can be no doubt of it; it was the philosophy of all his countrymen, the Greeks, with whom dancing formed a part of their very worship, and who had figures accordingly, fit to go to church, and thank heaven with. Bacchus himself, with them, was a dancer, and a slender-waisted young gentleman. Such was also the philosophy of Mr. Wilson's brother poet, Soame Jenyns, a lively old gentleman of the last century, who wrote a poem on the "Art of Dancing," from which Mr. Wilson should give us some extracts in his next placard; (we wish we had it by us;) and what is curious, and shows how accustomed these salutary sages are to consider the interests of the whole human being, spiritual as well as bodily, Mr. Jenyns had a poetical precursor on that subject, who was no less a personage than a chief-justice in the time of Elizabeth,—Sir John Davies, and who, like himself, wrote also on religious matters, and the Immortality of the Soul. Sir John, however, appears not to have sufficiently practised his own precepts, for he died of apoplexy at fifty-seven—a very crude and juvenile age according to Mr. Wilson. But then he was a lawyer, and injudicious enough to be a judge,—to sit bundled up in cloth and ermine, instead of dancing in a "light cymar." Again, there was Sir Christopher Hatton, chancellor in the time of Elizabeth, who is said to have absolutely danced himself into that venerable position, through a series of extraordinary steps of court favour, commencing in a ball-room,—and not improbably either; for, like some of his great brethren in that office, Sir Christopher appears to have been a truly universal genius, able, "like the elephant's trunk," to pick up his pin as well as knock down his tiger; and it is not to be wondered at if sovereigns sometimes get at a knowledge of the profounder faculties of a man, through the medium of his more entertaining ones. The chancellor, however, appears to have turned his dancing to no better account, ultimately, than the justice; for they say he died prematurely of a broken heart, because the queen pressed him for a debt,—an end worthier of a courtier than of a sage and dancer. This it is to acquire legal habits, and "make the worse appear the better reason," even to one's-self. Hatton should have been above his law, and stuck to his legs,—to his natural *understanding*, as Mr. Wilson would call it; and then nothing would have overthrown him. Gray, with a poet's license, represents him as dancing after he was chancellor. It is a pity it was not true.

My grave lord-keeper led the bowls;  
His seal and maces danced before him.  
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet  
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

Sir Christopher bequeathed his name to Hatton-garden; so that Mr. Wilson resides in a fit neighbourhood, and doubtless has visions of cavaliers and maids of honour in ruff, "sporting their toes" through his dreams by night.

Our artist's vindication of the juvenility of dancers at fifty, reminds us of a pleasant realization we experienced the other day of a stage joke—nay, of a great improvement on it—a Romance of Real Life! In one of Colman's farces, an old man hearing another called old, and understanding he was only forty, exclaims "Forty! quite a boy!" We heard this opinion pronounced upon a man of sixty by an old gentleman, who, we suppose, must be eighty, or thereabouts. It was in an omnibus, in which he was returning from a city dinner, jovial and toothless, his rosy gills gracing his white locks; an Anacreon in broad-cloth. Some friend of his was telling him of the death of an acquaintance, and in answer to his question respecting the cause of it, said he did not know, but that the deceased was "sixty years of age." The remark seemed hardly to be an indiscretion in the ears of the venerable old boy, he considered it so very inapplicable. "Sixty!" cried he, with a lip that was really robust; "well, that's nothing, you know, compared with *life*. Why, he was quite a boy."

Wilson.—This must have been a dancer.

Seer.—Or a rider.

W.—Well, horseback is a kind of dancing.

Seer.—Or a walker.

W.—Well, walking is dancing too; that is to say, good walking. You know, my dear sir, people are said to "walk a minuet."

Seer.—But they say dancers are not good walkers.

W.—How! Dancers not good walkers!! It is true, I must allow in candour, that some professional dancers are apt to turn out their toes a little too much; but not all, my dear sir—not the best: and, as to dancers in general, I will affirm, *meo periculo*, as the philosopher says, they walk exquisitely—*a merveille*. Come and see my dancers walking into the ball-room, or my new dance of the "Rival Beauties;" "thirty young ladies," sir, all moving to the sweet and peaceful battle at once. See how they walk, my dear sir. You would never forget it.

Seer.—I shall never forget it, as it is, Mr. Wilson. I see it, in imagination, painted in the beautiful red letters of your placard, and do not wonder that you are a man in request for Richmond parties, and records of it in verse.

Here Mr. Wilson finishes the dialogue with a bow, to which it would be bad taste and an anti-climax to reply. There is a final and triumphant silence of eloquence, to which nothing can be said.

To return to the matter of age. There can be no doubt that dancers of fifty are a very different sort of quinquagenarians from sitters of fifty, and that men of the same age often resemble each other in no other respect. "The same is not the same." Some people may even be said to have begun life over again, at a time when the dissipated and the sullen are preparing to give it up. It is not necessary to mention such cases as those of Old Parr, Marmontel—a man of letters, of taste and fancy, and therefore, it is to be presumed, of no very coarse organization—married at fifty-six, and, after living happily with a family born to him, died at the age of seventy-seven. But, though a man of letters, and living at a period when there was great license of manners, to which his own had formed no very rigid exception—he had led, upon the whole, a natural life, and was temperate. Besides, Nature is very indulgent to those who do not violently contradict her with artificial habits, excesses of the table, or sullen thoughts. She hates alike the extremes, not of cheerfulness, but of Comus and of Melancholy. A venerable peer of Norfolk, now living, married and had an heir born to his estate at a venerable age, which nobody thought of treating with jests of a certain kind; for he also had

been a denizen of the natural world, and was as young, with good sense and exercise, as people of half his age—far younger than many. We remember the face of envying respect and astonishment with which the news was received by "a person of wit and honour about town," (now deceased,) in whose company we happened to be at the moment, and who might have been his son three or four times over.

Query—at what age must a person take to venerable manners, and consent to look old if he does not feel so? Mr. Wilson will say, "When he is forced to leave off dancing." And there is a definite notion in that. If any one, therefore, wishes to have precise ideas on this point, and behave himself as becomes his real, not his chronological time of life, we really think he cannot do better than study in Kirby-street, or at Willie's, and learn to know at what age it becomes him to be reverend, or how long he may continue laughing at those who remonstrate with him because they hobble. Linnaeus, in his *Travels*, gives an account—judicious in the eyes of us spectators of the staid misgiving manners of people at the same time of life—of two Laplanders who accompanied him on some occasion—we forget what, but who carried bundles for him, and had otherwise reason for being tired, the way being long. One of them was fifty, the other considerably older; yet what did these old boys at the close of their journey, but, instead of sitting down and resting themselves, begin laughing and running about *after one another*, like a couple of antediluvian children, as if they had just risen! They wanted nothing but pianofortes, and a mother remonstrating with them for not coming and having their hairs combed.

Most people are astonished, perhaps, as they advance beyond the period of youth and middle life, at not finding themselves still older; and if they took wise advantage of this astonishment, they would all live to a much greater age. It is equally by not daring to be too young, nor consenting to be too old, that men keep themselves in order with Nature, and in heart with her. We kill ourselves before our time, with artificial irregularities and melancholy resentments. We hasten age with late hours, and the table, and want of exercise; and hate it, and make it worse when it comes, with bad temper and inactive regrets.

A boy of ten thinks he shall be in the prime of life when he is twenty, and (as lives go) he is so; though, when he comes to be twenty, he shoves off his notion of the prime to thirty, then to thirty-five, then to forty; and when, at length, he is forced to own himself no longer young, he is at once astonished to think he has been young so long, and angry to find himself no younger. This would be hardly fair upon the indulgence of Nature, if Nature supplied us with education as well as existence, and the world itself did not manifestly take time to come to years of discretion. In the early ages of the world, the inability to lead artificial lives was the great cause of longevity; as in future ones, it is to be hoped, the appreciation of the natural life will bring men round to it. It would have put the pastoral, patriarchal people sadly out, to keep late hours at night, and to sit after dinner "pushing about" the milk!

Nature, in the meantime, acts with her usual good-natured instinct, and makes the best of a bad business; rather let us say, produces it in order to produce a better, and to enable us to improve upon our early world. She has even something good to say in behalf of the ill-health of modern times and the rich delicacy of its perceptions; so that we might be warranted in supposing that she is ever improving, even when she least appears to be so; and that your pastoral longevity, though a good pattern in some respects for that which is to come, had but a poor milk-and-water measure

of happiness, compared with the wine and the intellectual movement of us intermediate strugglers. At all events, to measure, somehow or other, may be equal—and the difference only a variety of sameness. And there is as much comfort in that reflection, and a great difficulty solved in. Only Nature, after all, still incites us to look forward; and whether it be for the sake of real or apparent change, forward we must look, and look heartily, taking care to realize all the happiness we can, as we go. This seems a true mode of keeping all our faculties in action—all the inevitable thoughts given to man, of past, present, and future—and with this grave reflection we conclude our presence under Mr. Wilson's patronage, gravely as well as gaily recommending his very useful art, to all lovers of health, grace, and sociality.

*Why do not people oftener get up dances at home, as without waiting for the ceremony of visitors and the drawback of late hours? It would be a great addition to the cheerfulness and health of families.*

We conclude our extracts from Mr. Kendall's forthcoming work with a sketch of the checkered life of the Santa Fe prisoners.

No sooner had dark set in than Van Ness, who had a little influence with the Mexican officers, from the fact of his speaking their language, obtained permission to leave the convent without a guard, accompanied by one of the Texan officers and myself. First ascertaining the name of the street in which our quarters were situated, we strolled off at random into the heart of the city. A walk of but a few squares brought us to the market, which was now filled with the vendors of every species of eatable, drinkable, and wearable article. Seated upon the ground, a female might be seen with a few chiles colorados, or red peppers, for sale. Her merchandise dimly lighted by a small fire beside her. But a few steps distant another woman, with a scanty supply of frijoles, would be quietly awaiting a customer, and her next neighbour was probably sitting by the side of an earthen pot of chile guisado, kept hot by a small charcoal fire beneath. In her lap would be a small pile of tortillas, and ever and anon, as some hungry customer gave her a call, she would throw two or three of the tortillas upon the fire to warm, dip a saucer of the guisado from the pot before her, and after receiving her *quartillo* in advance, hand over the eatables to the purchaser. The *quartillo* is a copper coin about the size of one of our pennies, but passes for three. There is a small portion of silver in the Mexican copper coins—just enough to make it an object to counterfeit them—and it is said that large quantities of spurious *quartillos* have been manufactured in the United States and in England expressly for the Mexican market.

The market-place of San Luis occupies a large square, and every part of it was in some way put to use by the females. Twenty-five cents would have purchased the whole stock in trade of a large portion of them; yet they seemed perfectly happy, and would chat away, while smoking their cigaritos, with the greatest vivacity and cheerfulness. There may not have been as many languages spoken as in the New-Orleans market, but there was as much talking, and even more bustle and confusion. The square was filled with soldiers off duty, loafers, market-women, girls, monks, gamblers, léperes, vendors of oranges and other fruits, robbers, friars, fellows with fighting chickens under their blankets—in short, one of those miscellaneous collections always to be found about a Mexican market-square. The adjoining buildings were occupied as drinking and cigar-shops, retail fancy-stores, and dwelling-houses of the poorer

orders. Around the liquor-shops were seen a few drunken Indians, the husbands or brothers, probably, of some of the market-women, who had spent one-half of their hard earnings in the purchase of mecal or aguardiente.

Entering an *estenguille*, or shop licensed to sell cigars, we met two or three faces so decidedly Anglo-Saxon in complexion and feature that we at once accosted them in English, and were answered by one of the party with a drawl and twang so peculiarly "Down East," that Marble, Hackett, or Yankee Hill might have taken lessons from him. We soon ascertained that they belonged to the American circus company then performing at San Luis, and on telling them who we were they at once invited us to their *wesoon* to supper. The first speaker, who proved to be a regular Vermonter, was not a little surprised to see us out without a guard, and asked if we had received permission to that effect. His astonishment was removed when we told him that we were allowed to leave our quarters on parole.

In five minutes after our arrival at the hotel of the equestrians, I found that our Vermont acquaintance was one of the quaintest specimens of the Yankee race I had ever seen, and not a few examples had I met previous to my encounter with him. He had a droll impediment in his speech, which gave to his actions and gestures a turn irresistibly comic, and then he told an excellent story, played the trombone, triangle, and bass viol, spoke Spanish well, drove one of the circus wagons, translated the bills, turned an occasional somerset in the ring, cracked jokes in Spanish with the Mexican clown, took the tickets at the entrance with one hand, while with the other he beat an accompaniment to the orchestra inside on the bass-drum, and, in short, made himself "generally useful." After partaking of an excellent supper, we spent an agreeable hour in his room, listening to story after story of his adventures. He "come out" to Mexico, to use his own words, by way of Chihuahua, accompanying the traders from Jonesborough, on Red River, in the first and only expedition across the immense prairies. They were some six or eight months on the road, and suffered incredible hardships for want of water and provisions. Our Yankee was a stout man when we saw him, but he told us that he was a perfect transparency when he first arrived at the Mexican settlements—so poor, in fact, that according to his own account "a person might have read the New-England Primer through him without specs."

When ten o'clock came we rose to depart; but the droll genius insisted that we should first partake of a glass of egg-nog with him, and then help him to sing "Old Hundred," in remembrance of old times. There are few persons in the New-England states who cannot go through this ancient and well-known psalm tune after some fashion; and, although neither time nor place was exactly befitting, we all happened to be from that quarter, and could not resist complying with his comico-serious request. He really had a good voice, and, for aught I know, may have led the singing in his native village church. After humming a little, apparently to get the right pitch, he started off with a full, rich tone; but, suddenly checking himself in the middle of the first line, said that the thing was not yet complete. Taking a double-bass from its resting-place in one corner of the room, he soon had the instrument tuned, and then recommenced with this accompaniment. Never have I heard a performance so strangely mingling the grave and the comic. It was odd enough to see one of his vocation in a strange land thus engaged—and then the solemnity and zeal with which he sawed and sang away were perfectly irresistible. I did not laugh; but thoughts arose in my mind

very little accordant with the earnest and devotional spirit with which our strange companion went through his share of the performance. This curious scene over, a scene which is probably without a parallel in the history of San Luis Potosi, we took leave of our singular acquaintance, who promised to call at the convent early the next morning, and do everything in his power to assist those among the Texans who were the most destitute.

#### WHY MUSIC PRODUCES SADNESS.

SWEET music, that is to say, "sweet" in the sense in which it is evidently used in the following passage,—something not of a mirthful character, but yet not of a melancholy one,—does not always produce sadness; but it does often, even when the words, if it be vocal music, are cheerful. We do not presume to take for granted, that the reason we are about to differ with, or perhaps rather to extend, is Shakespeare's own, or that he would have stopped thus short, if speaking in his own person; though he has given it the air of an abstract remark;—but Lorenzo, in "The Merchant of Venice," says that it is because our "spirits are attentive."

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music,"

says Pretty Jessica.

"The reason is, your spirits are attentive,"

says her lover;

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music."

How beautiful! But with the leave of this young and most elegant logician, his reason is, at least, not sufficient; for how does it account for our being moved, even to tears, by music which is not otherwise melancholy? All attention, it is true, implies a certain degree of earnestness, and all earnestness has a mixture of seriousness; yet seriousness is not the prevailing character of attention in all instances, for we are attentive to fine music, whatever its character; and sometimes it makes us cheerful, and even mirthful. The giddier portions of Rossini's music do not make us sad; Figaro does not make us sad; nor is sadness the general consequence of hearing dances, or even marches.

And yet, again, on the other hand, in the midst of any of this music, even of the most light and joyous, our eyes shall sometimes fill with tears. How is this?

The reason surely is, that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things,—of beauty, of youth, of life,—of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality.

We do not, it is true, say this to ourselves. We are not conscious of the reason; that is to say, we do not feel it with *knowingness*; but we *do* feel it, for the tears are moved. And how many exquisite criticisms of tears and laughter do not whole audiences make at plays, though not one man in fifty shall be able to put down his reasons for it on paper?

## THE LIGHT ON THE SHORE.

Our life is a bubble,  
And Time is the ocean;  
Each wave is a trouble,  
And Love the commotion.  
Our breeze is a sigh,  
That wafts us safe o'er;  
And soft woman's eye,  
The light on the shore.

From the rock of Despair  
We let go the rope,  
Through the breakers we wear,  
With the anchor of Hope;  
"Heigh ho!" is the cry,  
True Friendship the store,  
And soft woman's eye,  
The light on the shore.

Though we weather the blast,  
And cherish the cargo,  
Old Death comes at last  
And lays an embargo!  
When thus called to die,  
May we still look before,  
Still keep in our eye  
The light on the shore.

C. G.

## CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

New-York, February 14.

This is the day, says the calendar, "for choosing special loving friends"—as if there were room for choice in a world where

"He who has one is blest beyond compare!"

The Lupercalian custom of keeping Valentine's day—(putting the names of all the marriageable girls in the community into a box and making the bachelors draw lots for wives)—would make a droll *imbroglio* of "New-York society." By the way, if you know a working poet out of employ, recommend to his notice the *literature of Valentines*. Never till this year have the copies of amatory verses, for sale in the fancy-shops, been comparably so well embellished, and the prices of single Valentines have ranged from two shillings to two dollars—fine prices to build a trade upon! The shops, for two or three evenings last past, have been crowded with young men purchasing these, and probably a little better poetry would turn the choice in favour of any particular manufacture of such lovers' wares. The favourite device seems to be stolen from Mercury's detection of Mars and Venus—a paper net, which, when raised, discloses a tableau of avowal.

You remember the very fine dining-room of the gentlemen's ordinary at the Astor—as imposing a hall, I think, for festive purposes, as there is in the country. It is growing, while I write, into a fairy palace for the GRAND BACHELORS' BALL of this evening,—cart-loads of artificial flowers, festoons and bright ribands rapidly falling into place under the busy hands of decorators. It is the first time it has been yielded for a ball-room, and the effect anticipated is something above the common. The supper is to be spread in two or three of the small parlours *throughout the evening*—a good arrangement for avoiding the confusion of a general rush for supper at an appointed hour. The givers of the ball are among the first young men of the city—(not the dandies, but the desirables)—and it will probably be as active a MATRIMONY FAIR as candle-light ever shone upon.

Editorial skirmishing strikes a light into the people's tinder sometimes, and there is a paragraph this morning which explains the difference between *paid puffs* and *literary notices*. The True Sun of to-day says:—"The man who edits the Hagerstown News cannot, it seems, distinguish between an

editorial article and an advertisement. He mistakes a long advertisement of Verplanck's Shakespeare, which appears in our paper, for the production of the editor of the True Sun, and declines inserting it in the *News* for less than forty-five dollars. What does the man mean?" It is surprising that an editor should be ignorant that *puffs* are set in minion type, and *puffs of volition* are set in *revier*—a distinction not "plain (as yet) to the common man dermanding." The London papers print the word "Advertisement" over all their puffs paid for, and, by using different type, the True Sun has taken one step towards making a volunteer distinguishable.

Mr. Verplanck's project, by the way, is a very noticeable one. We have never had (to my knowledge) an American annotator upon Shakespeare, and Shakespeare is as much ours as England's. Very many of the Shaksperian works are obsolete in England, but in use here, and put down as Americanisms by travellers. I do not know whether Mr. Verplanck promises to show any new readings of Shakespeare, but he is a man of much higher education and more cultivated and scholarlike pursuits than Mr. Knight, (whose edition of Shakespeare has lately been so popular in England)—besides being a man of productive original genius which Mr. Knight has no claim to be. The commentaries upon works of genius by different men of genius can never be repetitions, and are always interesting—so I had with some interest for Mr. Verplanck's preface and first number. As he is a man of large fortune and entire leisure there is no obstacle to his doing it well.

A new monthly magazine, to be called THE PATENTIALEX, is to answer to the definition of that porcelain word, is forthwith to be issued. It is to be the antipodes of cheap literature, to have gilt edges, to be priced at fifty cents per number, and to address itself only to the wealthy classes. I have seen the prospectus, and think it will certainly—start!

The discovery of a gem in a dark mine is a poetical matter, but (to my present thinking) it is even a prosaic similitude for the sudden finding out of a work of genius progressing in one of the houses of a brick block. I had often passed DURAND's house in one of the retired close-built streets of New-York, without suspecting that it contained anything but the domestic problem of felicity and three meals a day; but a chance errand lately led me to knock at his door. My business over, he placed upon the easel (in a charming studio built in the rear of his house) a large landscape in which he had just given the finishing touch. I sat down before it, and (to use a good word that is staled and blunted from over-using) it *absorbed* me. My soul went into it. I was, it is true, in good pictorial appetite. It was in my studious time of day, and I had seen no pictures out of my own rooms for a week; but it seemed to me as if that landscape alone would be a retreat, a seclusion, a world by itself to retreat into from care or sad thoughts—so mellow and deep was the distance, so true to nature the colouring and drawing, so sweetly poetical the composition, and so single-thoughted the conception of the effect. The roofs of a comfortable farm-house and outbuildings were the subordinate life of the picture, seen over a knoll on the right. The centre of the foreground, and the brightest spot in the picture, was a high grass-bank on which glanced a golden beam of the setting sun. On it was a group of cattle in well-fed repose, and over it stood the finest oak tree I ever saw painted. Twenty miles of landscape lay below, enveloped in the veil of coming twilight, and a river wound gracefully away from the eye and was lost in the distance. It was indeed a glorious picture, and I stake my judgment upon the opinion that no living artist could surpass it. Du-

rand, as you probably know, has turned painter, after having long been the first engraver of our country. He is patient of labour, and has approached landscape painting by a peculiar education of hand and eye, and the probability is that, if he live twenty years, he will have no equal in this department of the arts. If you remember, I mentioned my great surprise at the excellence of two of his landscapes in the last exhibition of the Academy here. To see pictures with *an appetite in the eye*, one should see them singly, however, and but two or three, at farthest, in a day. Artists who would be deliberately appreciated, should make their houses morning-resorts, as they are, and very fashionable ones, in France and Italy. There are people (and those, too, who can afford to buy pictures) who yawn for some such round of occupation during the summer mornings of the travelling season.

Broadway is novelty-fied a little from its wintry sameness by a sprinkling of the English officers of the *Vestal*—the ship of war just arrived, bringing the British Minister.

February 17.

THE want of an excuse to put on bonnet, and go out, *somewhere in the evening*, with father, husband, brother or lover, is doubtless the secret of most audiences, whether in church or lecture-room. I arrived at this conclusion sitting and watching the coming in of an audience at a popular lecture a night or two ago. The subject was of a character that would only draw listeners (you would think) from the more intellectual and cultivated classes—dry and of remote interest—and one too that could be “read up,” to perfect mental satisfaction by sending a shilling to a library, or buying a bit of the cheap literature of the day. It was a cold, raw night, the lecturer was no orator, and the benches of the lecture-room had no cushions. With these premises, you would look to see anything but a pleasure-loving and youthful audience. Yet this was just the quality of the comers—in till the room was crowded. There was scarce an unappropriated-looking dame among them, and not one bald head or “adust” visage. That the young men would have been there without the ladies, I do not believe—nor, that the ladies came there with any special desire to know more of the subject of the lecture.

On this necessity for ladies to go *somewhere of an evening* is based, of course, most of the popular enthusiasms of the day—for they are never got up by individual reading, and would fail entirely but for the opportunity to give, in one moment, one thought to many people. This fact seems to me to indicate in what way the inducements should be heightened when audiences fall off, and, instead of cheapening tickets or spending more money in placards, I think it would be better to treat the ladies to an interlude of coffee and conversation, or to minister in some way directly to the tastes of those in whom resides the *primum mobile* of attendance.

I presume there are thousands of families in New-York that are not linked with any particular round of acquaintance—very worthy and knowledge-loving people, who can afford only a few friends and shun acquaintances as expensive. People in this rank are too moderate-minded to be theatre-goers, but the wife and daughters of the family must go *somewhere of an evening*. Parties are costly, public balls both costly and unadvisable, and there are eight months in the year when it is too cold for ice-cream gardens and walks on the Battery. Lecture tickets for a family are cheap, the company there is good, the room is warm, and so well-lighted as to show comeliness or dress to advantage, and the apparent object of being there is creditable and

reputable. I say again, that to add to the *social inducements* of this attraction would be to make of the Lecture System a *great gate to the public heart*. I add this gratuitous mite of speculation to the unused data that have been long waiting for a compiler of the statistics of metropolitan moments.

We have had a week of spring weather, and the upper part of New-York (all above the pavements, *ca va dire*) has been truly enjoyable. Most persons who do not wear their beards for a protection to the glands of the throat, have got the mumps—*on dit*. Writing in a warm room with the throat pressed down upon a thick cravat, and going into the open air with the head raised and the throat of course suddenly left exposed—is one of those provoking risks that “stand to reason.” By the elaborate inventions to keep the feet dry, there seems to be a “realizing sense” of the danger of wet feet also.\* Mr. Lorin Brooks’s invention for *expeditiously* throwing an iron bridge over every small puddle—(that is to say, of making boots with a curved metallic shank under the hollow of the foot)—has the advantage of adding to the beauty as well as the protection of the exposed extremities.

I see in Graham’s Magazine for February a portrait of the author of “Charcoal Sketches”—a man who is unlike most magazine writers in not belonging to a group. Mr. Joseph C. Neal has a niche to himself in the temple of merit. Let me commend to your perusal the very clever biographical and critical sketch which accompanies the portrait. It says of him what I think quite true, that in humorous sketches of character, Mr. Joseph C. Neal is by no means inferior to Dickens. I have, for some time past, looked upon him as the most *pay-worthy* of American magazine-writers.

SIGNOR PALMO continues to pay his way and his prima donna, and not much more—for the upper gallery is so constructed that, though you can see the stage from every part of it, you can only see the dress circle from the front row; and people go to plays a little to see and hear, and a great deal to be seen and heard of. The price of places being the same all over the house, few will take tickets except for the lower tier. The best evidence that the opera is growing on the public liking is the degree to which the piques and *tracasseries* of the company are talked about in society. Quite a Guelph and Ghibelline excitement was raised a few nights ago by the *basso*’s undertaking indignantly to sing as the critics advised him—with more moderation. Signor Valtellina is a great favourite, and has a famous voice, *ben martellato*. He is a very impassioned singer, and when excited, loses his *flessibilita*, and grows harsh and indistinct—(as he himself does not think!) By way of pleasing the carpers for once, he sang one of the warmest passages of the opera with a moping *lamentivo* that brought out a hiss from the knowing ones. His friends, who were in the secret, applauded. Valtellina laid his hand on his heart and retired—but came back, as the millers say, “with a head on,” and sang, once more, passionately and triumphantly. Excuse the fop’s alley slang with which I have told you this momentous matter—quite equal in importance (as a subject of conversation) to any couple of events eligible by Niles’s Register.

Nothing else new, that I know of, except that the dandies are subscribing to send out Barry, the stage manager of the Park, for Mrs. Nisbett and a French *corps de ballet*, exclusively female.

\* I have somewhere seen waggish mention of an approved waterproof shoe made of the skin of a drunkard’s mouth—warranted never to let in water!



## OUR LIBRARY PARISH.

Our heart is more spread and fed than our pocket, dear reader of the Mirror, with the new possession of this magic long arm by which we are handing you, one after another, the books we have long cherished. Almost the first manifestation of the poet's love, is the sending of his favourite books to his mistress, and no commerce of tenderness is more like the converse of angels (probably) than the sympathies exchanged through the loop-holes of starry thoughts—(so like windows twist soul and soul are the love-expressing conceptions of poetry!) The difference between an hour passed with friends and an hour passed with strangers, will be some guide to you in forming an estimate of the difference between writing for our readers *without*, and writing for them *with*, the sympathy of books in common. The Mirror becomes, in a manner, our *literary parish*—we the indulged literary vicar, with whose tastes out of the pulpit you are as familiar as with his sermons of criticism when *in*; and you, dear reader, become our loved parishioner, for whom we cater, at fountains of knowledge and fancy to which you have not our facility of access, and and whose face, turned to us on Saturday, inspires us like the countenance of a familiar friend. This charming literary parish (now rising of eleven thousand) we would not exchange for a bishopric nor for the constituency of a congress member, and we hold our responsibility to be as great as the bishop's and our chair better worth having than "a seat" in the Capitol. Few things gratify us more than the calls we occasionally get from subscribers who have a wish to see us after reading our paper for a while—and this feeling of friendly and personal acquaintance is what we most aim at producing between ourselves and the readers of the Mirror. We shall seldom be more pleased hereafter than in taking one of our parish by the hand—relying more upon the sympathy between us, by common thoughts, than upon any possible ceremony of introduction.

Let us beg our readers to have the different numbers of THE ROCOCO bound with blank letter-paper between the leaves, and to read always with a pencil in hand. There are such *chambers within chambers* of comprehension and relish in repeated readings of such sweet creations, and the thoughts they suggest are so note-worthy and so delightful to recal! We have sent a poem to the printer this morning (to be published in the same shilling number with *The Rimini*), which we do not believe ten of our readers ever saw—(a poem never reprinted in this country, and apparently quite lost sight of in England)—but which exercised upon our imagination, when in college, an influence tincturing years of feeling and reverie. An English copy was given us by an old man curious in books, and it was soon so covered with pencil-marks that we were obliged to rebind it with alternate leaves of white paper, and we carried it with us for a travelling companion through Europe, and re-read it (once again, we well remember) sitting on the ruins of the church of Sardis in Asia. It is a narrative poem of inexpressible richness and melody, and of the loftiest walk of inventive imagination. It is so sweet a story, too, that it would entertain a child like a fairy tale. We could go on writing about it for hours—for it brings back to us, days spent with it in the woods, green banks where we have lain and mused over it, lovely listeners who have held their breaths to hear it, and oh, a long, long chain of associations steeped in love, indolence and sunshine! And this it is to have a favourite author—to have a choice and small library of favourite authors. It makes a wreath wherein to weave for memory the chance flowers of a life-time! It gives Memory a sweet companion. It enables you to withdraw

yourself at any time from the world, or from care, and to discover the dreams, built over these books in the rare hours dream-visited. More valuable still, it gives you—when you begin to love, and want the words and thoughts that have fled affrighted away—a thread to draw back the train, and an instant and eloquent language to a heart otherwise dumb.

"Sybilla" wants a poetical colour given to the "transient state" from the "uncertain age" to the "sad certainty of youth gone by." We can only give her a verse from a piece of poetry written to a delightful and fascinating old man whom we once had a passion for:—

What though thy years are getting on  
They pass thee harmless by,  
I cannot count them on thy cheek  
Nor miss them in thine eye.  
The meaner things of earth grow old,  
And feel the touch of Time,  
But the moon and the stars, though old in heaven,  
Are fresh as in their prime.

Thanks for the many kind letters we receive, expressing satisfaction in our enterprise of the "Mirror Library." We have not time to answer them all, (we *do* answer, on an average, *ten a day*!) but we trust that all unanswered correspondents will find an apology for us in the busy vocation.

We have excellent poetry on hand—enough to last the Mirror for a year. *How* well *how* many people write!—(if we may double a wonder.) Excuse delays, oh kind contributors! "E. G. J.'s" lines are truthful and touching, but we have not room for them at present. They are laid aside for possible use hereafter.

Spring is close behind us, dear reader. What think you of this bit of poetry, touching Spring flowers:—

The flowers are nature's jewels, with whose wealth  
She decks her summer beauty;—Primrose sweet,  
With blossoms of pure gold; enchanting rose,  
That like a Virgin Queen, salutes the sun,  
Dew-diadem'd; the perfumed pink that studs  
The earth with clustering ruby; hyacinth,  
The hue of Venus' tresses; myrtle green,  
That maidens think a charm for constant love,  
And give night-kisses to it, and so dream;  
Fair lily! woman's emblem, and oft twined  
Round bosoms, where its silver is unseen—  
Such is their whiteness;—downcast violet,  
Turning away its sweet head from the wind,  
As she her delicate and startled ear  
From passion's tale!

A country subscriber writes to know who "Mrs Grundy" is. She is the lady who lives next door, *Madam*!—the lady at whose funeral there will be but one mourner—the last man! We are not sorry that we know her, but very sorry that she must needs know *us*, and have her "say" about us.

A nameless friend has wasted sundry sheets of paper in a vague and rambling discussion of an argument that has been compressed into a nutshell by Ugo Foscolo. *Ad vide*:—

"It is indubitably true, that passion cannot be very strong when we are at leisure to describe it. But a man of genius feels more intensely and suffers more strongly than another, and, for this very reason, when the force of his passion has subsided, he retains for a longer period the recollection of what it has been, and can more easily imagine himself again under its influence; and, in my conception, what we call the power of imagination is chiefly the combination of strong feelings and recollections."

to be offered; and constant effort, constant surprise, constant novelty and variety, will be found the out-riders to our prosperity. In addition to the WEEKLY NUMBER, each of which contains sixteen pages of closely-printed matter, with a fine Steel Engraving, we issue MONTHLY PARTS, with four Steel Plates, and forty-four pages of letter-press.

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To the wearer it presents the following among other advantages over the old method of stiffening the soles of boots and shoes by several layers of leather; by the elasticity of the shank which is placed in the inner sole, it gives a graceful turn to the foot, and is very important to ladies and gentlemen fond of dancing; to the pedestrian it gives ease, preventing the foot from pressing forward in the boot; whilst to flat-footed persons it is equally advantageous, as the arch or hollow of the boot is still preserved; and by this process a walking boot or shoe may be made with a low heel, and the hollow of the foot not be exposed to the mud, as in the old method. It gives support to all the muscles of the foot at the same time, and is remarkably easy to those who are troubled with corns. Persons required to stand at the desk will find them a great desideratum. Military and naval officers will find these boots and shoes to be indispensable, after the first trial of their superiority. They will be found to be more durable, on account of the elasticity of the sole, the foot maintaining one position in the boot. To the retail dealer they present the advantage of being more easily fitted to the customer, and therefore require less stock to be kept on hand.

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VOLUME II.]

PUBLISHED BY MORRIS, WILLIS, & CO., ANN-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

[NUMBER 23.]

Terms, \$3.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1844.

[per annum.]

A NEW VOLUME.

## THE NEW MIRROR OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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(EACH NUMBER CONTAINS A BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVING.)

Good as the Mirror has hitherto been (good enough to prosper) we have edited it as the Israelites built the walls of Jerusalem—with the best hand otherwise employed. The beginnings of all enterprises are difficult—more especially beginnings without capital—and the attention of one editor has been occupied with the management of the machinery now in regular operation, while the other, till the concern should be prosperous, was compelled to labour diligently for other publications. One by one (to change the figure) these hindering barnacles have been washed off our keel by going more rapidly ahead, and, with the beginning of the third volume, BOTH EDITORS will be ENTIRELY and EXCLUSIVELY devoted to the MIRROR—equal to setting studding sails a-low and a-loft with the wind dead aft, full and steady. Of course she will now go along “*with a bone in her mouth*”—as they say of a craft with the foam on her cut-water.

We live in the middle of this somewhat inhabited island of Manhattan, and see most that is worth seeing, and hear most that is worth hearing. After the newspapers have had their pick of the news, we have a trick of making a spicy hash of the remainder, (gleaning many a choice bit, by the way, which had been overlooked or slighted) and we undertake, hereby, to keep the readers of the Mirror *up to the times*. Everybody reads newspapers and gets the *outline* of the world's going round—but we shall do just what the newspapers leave undone—fill up the outline—tell you “some more,” (as the children say)—put in the lights and shadows of the picture done by newspapers in the rough. It is what we have tried to do in our “Letters to the National Intelligencer,” and as our brother editors seem to think we have succeeded, we will, (as we discontinue that correspondence in April) in *rather a more dashing and lighter vein*, resume these metropolitan sketches in the Mirror.

A secret for your ear, dear reader:—*By selling the plate of each number for half what it is worth, you get the reading for nothing!* Each plate is worth a shilling, to put in an album—and the whole Mirror costs but sixpence! So it is, in fact, *for nothing* that you get sixteen pages of the best literature that we can procure for you, including descriptions of the things about town that are seldomest described and best worth describing. Of course we can only afford this by very small profits on a very large circulation, and ten thousand subscribers are but the turn of the tide. The next ten thousand (into which we are now feeling our way) will be the first move of the rising tide that overruns into our pockets.

*We keep an eye in the back of our head* to see if any body is likely to overtake us (and to try their trick before they come along-side,) and we *keep a look-out on both sides* (from the salient balconies of our imagination) for any stray breezes of novelty for which it is possible to trim sail. And—to show you our hand a little—we have bagged, (like Eolus,) a breeze or two which we shall reserve awhile for competition. If nothing overhaul us, we shall try our speed by and by, with sky-scrappers and all—just to amuse the reader, and show our regard for his respectable sixpence.

Our plates by the way, we undertake to say, shall be, from this date, of twice the excellence (at least) of those heretofore given. Experience and inquiry, (with a little more money) make more difference in the bettering of this branch of our business than of most others.

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# MIRROR



# LIBRARY.

We have long wished to have, for our own library, a uniform edition of our favourite authors. In this gregarious world, *ten thousand may have together what one cannot have alone*, and we wish our readers to join and give us our coveted library by having one like it themselves. By this combination we can have it cheap—(that is to say a book of poems which costs a dollar here and two dollars in London, we can have for a shilling)—and instead of a higgledy-piggledy shelf of books, one short and one tall, one fat and one thin, we may have them of one symmetrical shape, beautifully printed, and bound to our and your liking. You will trust our taste to select the books, and we will throw you in, in a preface, what we know of the author, and what we think of his works; and for our trouble in proof-reading, publishing, packing and forwarding, we will pay ourselves out of that little un-missed and second shilling.

We have insensibly arrived at this idea by very blind steps. We tried in vain for years, to find a publisher who would undertake a new edition of our poems—though they were completely out of print, and though (it seemed to us) there was a demand for them which might justify the edition. Against advice, we thought we might at least furnish our friends copies to read, by publishing them in an extra of the *Mirror*, for a price that would just pay the expense of printing and circulating. To our no small astonishment the orders for them came in so rapidly while they were in press, that we published a very large edition, which is still selling freely, and it then occurred to us very naturally, that one of two things must be true:—either the publishers were perfect cormorants as to the profits they expected from books, or else they were not always infallible judges as to what works would sell. The next thought was an easy one. Could we not, out of our own better judgment and smaller expectations as to profit, publish as handsome and cheap editions of other authors, whose works were not, now, easily come at? "Let us try!" said Enterprise.

Before arriving at this idea of the *MIRROR LIBRARY*, however, we had made arrangements to republish in the same cheap form, other works of our own that were as much called for as the Poems—in short all the *PROSE WORKS* of N. P. WILLIS—(your humble servant of this present writing, dear reader!) Our dear ally, General Morris, had also extra-duded his popular *SONGS* and *BALLADS*, which have sold with the same electric rapidity as the others. Our "*LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE*"\* will be ready in a day or two,† and *PENCILINGS BY THE WAY* are in preparation and will be issued in a week or two. *The advertisements will duly announce all these*. We would say, *en passant*, of "Pencilings," that only *one third* of them have ever been republished, either here or in England. The first English edition (the fifth edition is now selling well in London) was printed from a broken set of the old *Mirror*, which had found its way out there, and the author being absent in France, even that imperfect copy was much reduced by

\* The "*Letters from Under a Bridge*" were written in a secluded den of the Valley of the Susquehanna. The author, after several years residence and travel abroad, made there, as he hoped, an altar of life-time tranquillity for his household gods. Most of the letters were written in the full belief that he should pass there the remainder of his days. Inevitable necessity drove him again into active metropolitan life, and the remembrance of that enchanting interval of repose and rural pleasure, seems to him now like little but a dream. As picturing truly the colour of his own mind and the natural flow of his thoughts during a brief enjoyment of the kind of life lone best suited to his disposition as well as to his better nature, the book is interesting to himself and to those who love him. As picturing faithfully the charm of nature and seclusion after years of intricate life in the gayest circles of the gayest cities of the world, it may be curious to the reader.

† Since published—see printed list above.

the proof-readers. The American edition (long ago out of print) was a literal copy of this incomplete English one. It is now, for the first time, "*Pencilings by the Way*" will be printed in a handsome and complete edition.

Of course, dear reader, we did not intend the present (the General and I) of putting our own works at the beginning of a "library of favourite authors." This is explained above. But we shall so arrange it, by giving you an extra title-page, that you can bind up or leave out, as or others, at your pleasure. Each author will be separately paged, and we shall so arrange it that whatever you select from our republications will bind into an integral and handsome volume.

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We have four or five gems to follow these, which we are sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them now. One or two of them are books we almost made a secret of possessing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so impossible to replace. We can venture to promise, that, (leaving our own works aside,) no series of uniform literature in the language will be choicer, or better worth possessing at any price—let alone a shilling!

To our subscribers we wish to say that we shall publish in our Library series *nothing which will again appear in the New Mirror*. The *New Mirror* itself, we are confident, will be a valuable portion of the Library—of the same size and shape, and containing, of course, the best fugitive literature that we can choose or procure. The *New Mirror* is our pride. We shall spare no labour upon it, and it shall be worthy of the constellation to which it is the leader—if we know how to make it so. And now, dear reader, let us commend to your purchase and preservation the *MIRROR LIBRARY*—for, by shillings thus expended without any feeling of sacrifice, you will gradually create a Paradise of delicious reading, into which you can retreat when you would be rid of care or weariness.

The above works have just been issued as *Extras of the New Mirror*, and can be bound either with or without it. They are beautifully printed, of a uniform size, and may be had on application to the publishers. They are sent by mail to all quarters of the country, at the usual newspaper postage. Single copies, 12½ cents; ten copies for \$1. For sale, wholesale or retail, by

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VOLUME II.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1844.

[NUMBER 23.]

## FISHER BOYS.

THIS taller lad is bent upon a basket of smelts for supper, but he wants a companion to whom he can say, "look there!" when the glittering shiners come wriggling out of the water. We don't think that idle young "varmint," sitting on the fishing-net, seems inclined to go. We leave the plate and the probable issue of the argument in the hands of the reader.

WE are happy to name Mrs. C. H. Butler as the authoress of the following story, which is in the finest vein of captivating narrative. The universal copying of this writer's tales from the Mirror show what our contemporaries think of them—an approval by acclamation.

## A LAMENT FOR OUR PLEASANT PLACES.

A RAILROAD! What, a railroad to run through our lovely village? "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" Ye wood-nymphs and naiads, arouse ye from your flowery dells and mossy caves. "Nymphs, satyrs, sylvans, that on mountains dwell," come to the rescue! Come from your haunts in the deep green forest—come from gushing rill, and sparkling fount—and let not your time-sanctioned retreats be invaded by yonder hideous monster, clad with his robes of iron, whose breath is fire, whose embrace is death! Echo, lift up your silver voice—call on your sister spirits who dwell amid rocks and mountain caves—bid them shout aloud, that ye be not forced to join the shrill scream of the whistling death-fiend, as he comes rushing like a mighty wind through your sylvan abodes.

A railroad through this beautiful vale! Ah no, it must not be! See yon mighty oak which shades the graceful curve of the meadow, must that bow its lofty head before the destroyer?

"Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough."

And the beautiful meadow, spread out in its freshness and verdure. Mark how the tall grass, and sweet-breathed clover, nod their welcome to the shadowy wind as it comes dancing in music through the forest aisles! There, too, the little grass-bird builds her nest, and the dormouse glides stealthily through the green colonnades, and the grasshopper chirps merrily all the day long—must the destroyer *there* leave his iron foot-marks! And our little brook that comes leaping and dancing down the hill-side, now demurely gliding along the grassy covert in unrippled dignity, like some young matron striving to shake off the pranks of girlhood; and anon, laughing and singing among the white pebbles and mossy boulders, like the same young matron let loose among a party of gleeful schoolmates, must this too be dammed, and choked, and crowded from its flowery-banked home? Oh, no! far from us, O mighty engine of speed and destruction, pursue your devastating track!

Would that yon harmless herd of kine, chewing the cud of sweet content—the timid sheep, dotting like snow-wreaths the hill-side—and the grave, ruminating ox, might add their voices to mine. But alas!

"Regardless of their doom the unconscious victims play,  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Or thoughts beyond to-day."

What! shall they no longer walk forth in safety to crop the fragrant herbage on yonder common, or browse amid the crackling under-brush that skirts the forest? Alas! poor

victims, your doom is sealed; hark to the shrill whistle of the brake-man, ye heed it not; ignorance with thee will not prove *bliss*, for lo! the cow-catcher hath thee in his death-grasp; one low, poor mooley, thy days are ended.

"Ah!" says old Mr. Gubbens, leaning wheezing over a grave-stone, "Oh, what a capital thing this railroad will be. Ugh! ugh! ugh! Posterity will thank us for our enterprise. Ugh! ugh! ugh! Our fathers were content with stages, and the dull teamster's progress; but we—Oh, how much will posterity owe us!"

Now let me ask you, Mr. Gubbens, "What has posterity done for you?" and as for Mr. or Madam Posterity thanking you, or feeling one iota of gratitude, depend upon it, they will do no such thing. Put your ear to the key-hole of Time, and listen.

"Oh," says Posterity, "what an idle, dissolute set we have in our village. It could not *always* have been thus!"

"True," replies Posterity 2d., "yet it is all easily accounted for. The mechanic, let him be ever so industrious, finds little or no employ. *Transportation* from the city is now so easy, that every article which comes within his craft can be obtained, and as cheaply. The market where the farmer could once dispose at profit of his produce, for the same reason is glutted. And then our milliners, and dress-makers; why, Mrs. Quibble, and Mrs. Trizle, and many others, all get their caps and bonnets from the city; and Miss Tipalong, and Miss Simperkin, by jumping into the cars, can get their dresses and *fol-de-rolé* fresh from the loom of fashion in a few hours. I tell you, it is the railroad has brought all this mischief upon us."

"Yes," adds Posterity 3d., "what a *mistaken* notion our forefathers had of our weal, in building this railroad."

"Dear me," says Madame Posterity, "how I wish that ugly railroad was drowned in the canal; for there are the Bamboozles, and the Spunges can come down upon us at any hour, like a flight of hungry crows."

"And, O la," simpers Miss Posterity, "I wish we had some of those shady groves for romantic, melancholy, delicious rumination, which grandmama used to tell us about."

"That was *before* the railroad, child," says Ma'ma.

There, Mr. Gubbens, do you hear that? Now don't talk any more about a *gratified posterity*.

But really and truly, now, gentle reader, and to your ear alone let me say it, I fear the *deed is done*! I tremble whilst I confide this to your sympathizing bosom, as though I stood on that threatened track with the avalanche of cars about to crush me.

Such a commotion as has been in our village for the last few weeks! O, the little saucy, impertinent bell of our town-hall has *dinkled, dinkled, dinkled*—calling the honest villagers from their employments—beguiling their ears with "railroad stock," "dividends," *rise of land*, etc. The fever, which at first circulated but slowly, now rages on every side. The plague spot spreads broader and broader. "Wise men of Gotham" have surveyed, and expounded, and lectured. According to their seducing words, *this* is the very spot formed by nature for a railroad! As if nature had ever anything to do with railroads, or any other roads, except those she chooses to throw up with her own cunning hand. And, indeed, (were one to believe what *they* say,) when Adam was driven forth from Paradise, he looked

calculatingly around him, and said to Madam Eve, pointing to the valley of the Connecticut:

"There, my dear, I mark that spot for a railroad." But any person of taste or discernment will at once acquit our great progenitor from any such infringement upon our rights.

Let me hasten to tell you, sympathizing reader, (for methinks I see the tears already filling your eyes,) lest you may think our village is one of those straggling hamlets thrown on a sand hill, with sickly pines, and pale grass, and stony roads, and lean cows, and skeleton horses; and thus check those sluices of compassion for "others' woe." Let me tell you, our village is one of *unrivalled* loveliness and beauty; not a point of view but is worthy the artist's skill. Yonder are lofty and noble mountains, crowned to the very summit with the fragrant pine. The silvery ash, and wide-spreading elm, with here and there some huge basaltic rock, peeping through the verdant foliage, for all the world like some grim old satyr, crowned with oak leaves. At the base of these mountains, glides the Connecticut; how beautiful, as it winds along through those variegated meadows. And then, our village itself, with its quiet (and, by the way, *that* is what they complain of!) pleasant streets, and its shady lanes, where the meeting branches of the elms form a verdant canopy above the rich, green sward; with just here and there a little loop in the thick foliage, for the gentle moon and prying stars to peep through upon the happy lovers who may be strolling beneath. And then there are those noble edifices, whereon wealth and taste have both combined their powers, which adorn yon lofty eminence, and the pleasant little cottages gleaming through forests of fruit and ornamental trees;—what *coup d'œil* could be more enchanting. And yet they talk of a railroad!

I have a little story for you.

Just where one of those quiet, shady lanes emerge into the broad, open meadow, stands a little grove of horse-chestnuts, locusts, snow-balls, and lilacs; and if you put aside the branches, you will see a little brown house reposing in the centre, like a partridge on her nest. In this quiet little cottage lives an elderly maiden, known throughout our village as "Aunt Nancy." As you peep through the branches of the tall, white lilac, (should it be in the morning,) you will probably see Aunt Nancy weeding among the beat and onion beds, or looking with a pleased eye upon the clusters of "china-pinks," "jump-up-johnnies," and "none-so-pretty's," which border the walk through the centre of this little garden-plot. Or, (should it be in the evening,) you will find her with her clean muslin cap and spectacles, her snowy kerchief pinned over her bosom, and her neat gingham dress, sitting by the window. Before her is placed a small round table or stand, on which the Bible lies open, and you will perceive that the eyes and thoughts of good Aunt Nancy are deeply engrossed in the sacred page she is studying.

The history of Aunt Nancy is this:

She was born in the same house where she is now sitting, of pious, industrious parents; but while yet a very little girl, misfortune came suddenly upon her father, and he was forced to mortgage the homestead on which they lived. Sickness soon after fell upon him; vainly he laboured to redeem his birthright; it was swept from him, and at length, broken-hearted, the poor man died. For a time, his widow and only child struggled on in poverty and wretchedness, but the widow too soon followed her husband to the grave, and poor little Nancy was left friendless and forlorn in the world. A kind neighbour received the orphan child into her family, and as soon as she was old enough, she was put out to service. Little Nancy was a gentle and mournful child, for she had known but sorrow and dependance. One bright

ray alone illumined the dark memory of the past—her earliest days of childhood. To these, her thoughts ever returned; and often would the poor child be found at night when her tasks for the day were ended, gliding in shadow under the old stone wall, or sitting with her face resting on her hand, at the foot of the large butternut, which shadowed the little brook gurgling past her father's door; that door around which, when a happy little thing, she had so merrily sported, catching the butterflies in the deep clover, or listening to the birds which *monstrously sang so sweetly*.

As Nancy grew older, one all-absorbing thought by degrees took possession of her mind. It was a strange one for one so young, so poor, and friendless; for it was to *redeem*, with her own hands, that cherished spot—the home from which poverty had driven forth her dear parents.

When she was about fourteen, a lady, who had been passing a few weeks in our village, by chance, met with an orphan child, and being pleased with her appearance, and with the good character which all the villagers gave her, engaged her to attend upon herself and child. And now the strange dream of Nancy seemed to brighten, and cheerfully she accompanied her new mistress to New-York. But the lady did not prove as kind to the forlorn girl as she had promised. The gentleness of Nancy, her patient, complaining disposition, were admirably calculated for the *gentle* nature and irritable temperament of her mistress. She could vent all her spleen upon the pale, heart-stricken girl, who never allowed herself to murmur at such injustice. One day Mrs. — had been unusually severe. Nancy had used every exertion to please, but in vain, and in tears, she retired to her wretched bed. She closed not her eyes at night, but lay revolving in her mind the misery of her situation; but even then, amid all her grief, gleamed afar off the old homestead, and still the futile hope that there she might yet repose, almost overpowered the sadness of her present lot.

Her plans were formed, and first, she determined to leave her cruel mistress; but where should she go? God, who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unheeded, will help thee, poor child! As soon as it was night, Nancy stole softly down stairs, and out of the house. She passed rapidly through many streets, only stopping now and then, as she went along, to read the signs. At length she stopped before the door of a large three story house, designated, by a shining brass plate, as a "boarding school for young ladies." After some hesitation she ascended the steps, rang the bell, and in a trembling voice, requested to see the principal of the establishment. She was shown into a little basement room, and not very pleasantly ordered by the servant to wait. After some time, the lady of the house entered the room, and struck with the pallid countenance of Nancy, spoke very kindly to her. Thus encouraged, the poor girl, while the tears streamed from her eyes, related her pitiful tale, to which the lady listened apparently with much interest.

"But why did you come to me, my poor child?" she asked.

"Oh, madam, that I might learn. O, if you will be so good as to receive me, I will work for you night and day; only let me learn a *little*, a *very little*, in your leisure hours."

The school mistress was kind and benevolent in her feelings, with, moreover, a little spice of *romance*. She smiled at the earnestness of the child, and replied:

"Well, I think I may trust your looks that you are not deceiving me; it is a strange story you tell me, and your request is still more strange; many would think me very rash to receive one who comes to me in the manner you do." (here her *romance* spoke a word in favour of the poor suppliant, and after a few moments of apparently pleased

thought, she added :) "Yes, I will take you, but not as a servant. I will place you in my school, and if you make that progress which I think you will, (that is, if you are sincere in what you ask,) you will soon be able to assist me in teaching the smaller scholars."

What language could express the astonishment and delight of the orphan, as she listened to the words of the kind-hearted lady. She could make no reply, but with one passionate burst of tears, falling on her knees, she pressed the hand of her benefactress again and again to her lips. True to her word, Mrs. Halsey, (for such was the name of the kind lady,) after first procuring a suitable wardrobe for her *protégé*, introduced her into her school, where she soon became a general favourite. A new existence seemed opening before her, while ever nearer and nearer appeared to wave the branches which shadowed her *childhood's home*. With her whole heart and soul did she idolize the kind and benevolent lady, whom the hand of God had sent to her relief, and day and night, did she unceasingly pursue her studies. In less time than Mrs. Halsey could have thought possible, the grateful girl was able to relieve her from many of the more arduous duties of the schoolroom; but what will not industry and perseverance accomplish.

In this manner some years passed away, and it is needless to say, never had Mrs. Halsey reason to regret either the promptings of her *benevolence* or her *romance*.

When Nancy had reached her twentieth year, a wealthy family, about to return to their residence in South Carolina, advertised for a governess; and having unfolded the long cherished wish of her heart, Nancy entreated Mrs. Halsey that she might offer herself for the situation. Although truly sorry to part with the amiable girl, Mrs. Halsey could not refuse her request, and accompanied her to the lodgings of Mrs. L——, (the Southern lady,) who gladly received into her family one who came recommended from so respectable a source. And now for the next six years did Nancy fulfil the office of governess to a family of spoiled, unruly children. Mrs. L—— being one of those foolish mothers who appear to think their maternal love can in no way be better exemplified than by the most absurd indulgence, and thus Nancy found her exertions oftentimes rendered nearly useless, by the constant interference of the ill-judging mother. The salary which she received was by no means adequate to her labours, yet still she knew that, by perseverance, she should in time gain sufficient to accomplish her darling project. Unfortunately, she had suffered her funds to remain in the hands of Mr. L——, who, becoming unfortunate in business, poor Nancy found herself stripped at once of all her hard earnings, with but barely sufficient money to defray her expenses back to New-York, where she was again gladly welcomed by Mrs. Halsey.

Finding herself getting too old to continue her school, she gave up the charge of her establishment almost entirely to Nancy; and as she insisted that her *protégé* should also share with her the profits, the latter, in the course of a year or two, found herself in possession of that sum, for the attainment of which her whole life had been spent. But the good old lady now fell dangerously ill, and nothing could have tempted the grateful girl to leave her benefactress at a time when she might best be able to evince her gratitude.

She wrote, however, immediately to a lawyer of our village, stating her views; and in a few months, the *wild dream of the lone orphan child was realized*. Yes, she had redeemed the hallowed home of her dear parents, and, as the "heart thirsteth for the water brooks," even so did Nancy pine to flee to that loved spot; yet to leave her kind benefactress was impossible.

The school was given up. Mrs. Halsey retired to a smaller house, where, for several years, the poor invalid was attended with all the devotion and affection of a child by Nancy; but at length death released the wretched sufferer, and she was now free to return to her native village.

O how happy she was when she found herself once more in that blessed retreat—the oasis to which her eyes had ever turned with the longing of the wandering Arab for the "diamond of the desert." How grateful did she feel to her Heavenly Father, who had watched over her unprotected childhood, and thus enabled her to fulfil the only desire her heart had ever known; but above all, that he had so bound her to himself by his divine love, that she was now enabled to kneel down in the same spot where she remembered to have seen her mother kneel, and there pour out her soul in love and gratitude.

Dear Aunt Nancy, every one rejoiced when she came among us!

She was then more than forty years of age; her constitution greatly impaired by her residence at the south, and by her unremitting attentions to the sick bed of her benefactress; yet no sooner was she settled in her little cottage, than remembering the sorrows of her own early life, she sought out several little girls who, like herself, had been bereft of father or mother. These she brought to her home, and took them to her bosom as a tender mother. She not only charged herself with their education, but with all their expenses; and as soon as they were old enough, they were allowed to choose such trades as best suited their tastes, and were apprenticed accordingly. Thus Aunt Nancy continued to do for many years, but she now lives entirely alone. She has seen the snows of sixty winters; her health is feeble, and in all probability a few more years will close her earthly career. But this *railroad*! Alas! that treasured grove must be laid waste—that little garden must be destroyed; for there, directly through the centre of Aunt Nancy's little domain, it is to run.

"But we shall remunerate her well," quoth old Mr. Gubens. "O yes, she will be well paid."

*Remunerated! Paid!*

What can remunerate that sickness of the heart, when she finds herself driven forth from that cherished spot! What *wealth* can heal the blow which will pierce her bosom, as she hears the first sound of the axe at the root of those loved trees!

Talk, not then, of *pay*. To her Father in Heaven will she look for consolation, and *He* alone will comfort her. c. a. n.

## THE BANKER'S WIFE.

### PART THE THIRD.

THE scene which we have just so summarily described occupied no little time, and the hour of the meeting, which was one o'clock, had struck at least twenty-five minutes since. By the aid of the intelligence which she had received, Madame Dalvernay was at no loss to account for the delay, and to imagine it natural enough. For example, Monsieur Goutard, having opened and read the letter to the address of his wife, had returned it to its original envelope, resealed it, and immediately left the house. Madame Goutard was absent at the time, and it was necessary that she should return home, peruse the billet, and hasten to the appointed place. One thing, however, was to be feared, which would effectually annihilate all her precautionary measures, and that was a *rencontre*, an understanding, in the meantime, between M. Dalvernay and Madame Goutard.

The wife of the banker was agitated by these different

apprehensions, and, strange to say, she was at times surprised at finding herself desiring that her rival might not make her appearance. Now that the moment had arrived, she began gradually to lose her anxiety to meet this woman face to face; for, in not seeing her, she might cling with pertinacity to hope, and strive to dissipate her harassing doubts. Lovers ask nothing better than the mere semblances of proofs, to convince them of their erroneous suspicions. Logic and good sense are kept prudently out of the case.

This consolation, however, was not reserved for Madame Dalvernay, for a too evident reality soon put to flight her doubts, and fully convinced her, in her own mind, how deeply she had been betrayed. An elegantly-dressed woman, of refined and polished manners, penetrated into the saloon. Madame Dalvernay felt herself at this moment transported by all the tortures of the most violent jealousy, and, without any ceremony, she advanced deliberately and boldly towards the new-comer.

"You desire to see M. Dalvernay; is it not true, Madame?" demanded the banker's wife.

"I do, Madame," replied the strange lady; "and, in case of his absence, I would wish to speak with his nephew and secretary, Monsieur Leonce."

"That must be the individual," thought Madame Dalvernay to herself. "She has read the letter. Did it not say that it was Mr. Leonce who was to introduce her? Let us see how far she will carry her impudence. Madame," she continued, elevating her voice, "I know who you are, and what has brought you hither."

"I am rejoiced," replied the new-comer, "as that will render it unnecessary to explain to you the object of my visit."

"Your answer," continued Madame Dalvernay, irritated by such a display of *sang froid*, "your answer, Madame, proves that you are not so well informed with regard to me. You do not know who I am!"

"Certainly; I cannot be mistaken. You are Madame Dalvernay."

"Yes, Madame; I am Madame Dalvernay."

"I am delighted at it; and hope that my good fortune, in meeting you here, will afford me an opportunity of striving to enlist your co-operation in the important step which I have come to accomplish."

"Let it suffice you to know, Madame," replied the wife of the banker, amazed at her impertinence, "that I am well informed with regard to the whole matter."

"In that case, Madame, will you be kind enough to allow me to wait until Monsieur Dalvernay returns?"

In saying which the strange lady took a seat without farther ceremony.

"I repeat it, Madame; I say I know all," continued Helen, who was astonished at this additional piece of effrontery.

"In that case, I repeat, Madame, I am rejoiced at it," insisted the other, who, by this time, began to feel herself wounded by the unceremonious reception which was given her.

The entry of Madame de Luciennes just at the moment when Madame Goutard was expected, and her first words, which seemed to have such a direct reference to the contents of the mysterious letter, may well account for the very natural mistake of Madame Dalvernay in taking the one for the other; and more particularly when it is considered that, as yet, she was in perfect ignorance with regard to the project of marriage between Madame de Luciennes and her nephew.

At the point where we left off the conversation, it was interrupted by a long pause, or (as we might, with more propriety, term it) a truce; for it resembled more a *cock* than an interview. The wife of the banker recommenced hostilities, assuming the most disdainful and contemptuous expression she could put on:

"Madame," said she, "you have no reason to be surprised at the reception you have met with. Know, that we were expected here!"

Madame de Luciennes rose from her seat with dignity and replied:

"In truth, Madame, I thank you for having informed me of it again and again. I did not doubt it. I knew my prospect of success would be but limited, in case I should find you here. I had my reasons for inquiring for Monsieur Dalvernay."

"And I mine for presenting myself in his stead," rejoined Helen, confounded at so much audacity, "and I cannot comprehend, Madame, how a woman can thus renounce her modesty, and so far lose sight of all that is becoming in her sex, as to take such a step as this, which, in all similar cases is the province of the men alone."

Madame de Luciennes thought she saw, in this vigorous tirade, a severe reproach for the interested visit she had come to pay to the uncle of her intended husband. Her pride as a woman revolted at being thus humiliated, and, directing a haughty look upon the wife of the banker:

"Madame," said she, "when one has need of lessons in politeness herself, she should not be so liberal of them to others."

"It depends only upon you not to listen to them," replied Madame Dalvernay angrily, pointing with her finger to the door.

"You drive me from your house, Madame," exclaimed the widow, whose voice now trembled with rage. "You drive me—very well—I am rejoiced that your savage grossness has sunk you so low in my estimation that my just indignation cannot reach you. But, Madame, you will repeat of this. I'll be revenged!"

Upon which Madame de Luciennes left the room triumphantly, Madame Dalvernay still remaining mistress of the field. Poor woman! she beheld everything around her conspire to perpetuate her deplorable condition.

Madame de Luciennes had no sooner descended the flight of stairs, and gained the street below, than another individual ascended with breathless haste, walked rapidly through the corridor, and the next moment stood at the door of the saloon. It was no other than Monsieur Goutard. The brave man was evidently as much excited as on his first introduction, and to have seen them thus in presence of each other, these two friends, one would have taken them for the most openly declared adversaries.

The notary, plunged in the profoundest reflection, his hat under his arm and his cane in his right hand, walked up and down the apartment with rapid stride.

"Well!" demanded Madame Dalvernay, pettishly, "what have you discovered?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," replied the distracted notary.

"It was not worth while, then, giving yourself so much trouble," she continued, in the same tone. "You did not find Monsieur Dalvernay at your house?"

"Not a soul was to be seen. I found only this envelope of his dastardly letter. An idea immediately struck me. I imagined my wife had perused its contents, taken the letter



with her, and had hastened here; so, without losing a moment, I flew—"

"You guessed exactly right."

"What! my wife has already been here?"

"Only an instant ago."

This answer brought M. Goutard to a full stop in his hurried walk.

"You have seen her, then?" he demanded eagerly.

"And more, too—I condescended to speak to her! An impertinent, shameless hussy, who dared to brave me in my own house!"

"Ah! it is Madame Goutard. I recognize her by the description," replied the notary, dolefully. "I should have been delighted just to have caught a glimpse of her here."

"Why did you not come earlier?" continued Madame Dalvernay. "She left this apartment but a moment ago. I drove her out, Monsieur!"

"Permit me to say, Madame, that it was precipitate."

"Am I to consider you, Monsieur, as blaming me for what I've done?" said the wife of the banker, angrily.

"Oh no, Madame," hastened M. Goutard to reply; "but does not your strange conduct afford me some ground, at least, to find fault?"

Then perceiving, by the expression of her countenance, the effect his words had produced, he strove quickly to extenuate it, and added:

"It appears to me, Madame, it would have been to our mutual interest to have detained her."

"Ah, indeed," replied Madame Dalvernay. "Detain your wife! An impudent, ill-mannered shrew. Detain her! It was rather *your* duty to have detained her at home. You alone are to blame, Monsieur. A man should have an eye to his wife, and exercise an indulgent watchfulness over her conduct. A beautiful husband you are, thus to be obliged to run all over Paris in search of your wife! Ha! ha!"

"Madame, you forget the old proverb about those who live in glass houses," rejoined M. Goutard, ill-humouredly. "If you had known how to make yourself agreeable to your husband, fascinate, and keep him at home, all this would probably never have happened. Say rather it is your fault, and that you alone are to blame for it all."

The interview began to be acrimonious. The woman wounds the dignity of the man, the man the politeness of the woman—two very vulnerable parts in both cases.

"That is as much as to say," rejoined Madame Dalvernay, piqued to the quick, "that your wife is to be preferred to me."

"It is at least the opinion of your husband, who seeks her company," replied the notary.

"Say, rather, that your wife seeks the company of my husband, and that it is owing to the little respect and affection with which you have inspired her that has driven her to this degrading step."

The contest was carried on violently, and continued to wax warmer and warmer between these two personages, who, nevertheless, should have remained the best of friends. Instead of condoling with each other they resorted to accusations, and, when they should have pitied one another, they indulged in recrimination and abuse. After an interval of silence, Madame Dalvernay continued:

"I perceive, Monsieur Goutard, that we can no longer act in concert. You disapprove of my actions, and, probably, I should do the same, in case you should do anything with which I might not be satisfied."

"How? and have I done nothing? Have I not, the whole morning, been in pursuit of my wife? Is that nothing? I have read the accursed letter. I resealed it. I took the en-

velope after she had opened it. I have been twice here. I have run, I have flown, I am furious, I am bathed in perspiration, and you accuse me of having done nothing!"

"Nothing," replied coldly the lady, "nothing for the association which we mutually formed. I thank you for your kind aid, but I can now dispense with an auxiliary."

At this firm and dignified bearing of Madame Dalvernay, Monsieur Goutard saw plainly that his only expedient, to prevent a sudden outbreak, and to remedy the error which he felt was occasioned by his own unnecessary irritability, was to retrace his steps. He humbled himself, begged pardon for his wrongs, and again promised to co-operate, to his utmost power, in advancing the cause of the *mutual insurance*.

Peace concluded, and Madame Dalvernay having demonstrated summarily to M. Goutard that his post was upon his territory in the Rue de Verneuil, he separated from his fair ally to go and defend his honour by his own fireside, promising to give no quarter to the enemy, whether he should encounter them on the highways or whether they had established a garrison in his own domicile.

Madame Dalvernay was again alone. Her violent excitement having, in a degree, subsided by its own intensity, and having no longer any one to contradict her, she had now an opportunity of calmly reflecting upon the strange and varied scenes through which she had just passed.

She acknowledged her error in thinking Monsieur Goutard imperious in his demands, for simply wishing her to detain his wife, and she confessed to herself that, in this domestic war, it was her duty to have acted precisely as the notary had proposed. She felt convinced that in no other way could they be certain of success in their mutual undertaking, and resolved that if her rival should again present herself she would, either by force or a ruse, constitute her a prisoner. The wife of the banker was seated on a sofa, plunged in meditation upon her well-organized stratagems, when she heard the door gently open behind her. From this manner of entering without the usual intimation of a rap, she concluded immediately that it must be some member of the family who alone could dispense with this customary preliminary. Who could it be? Either her husband or her nephew. It was, in fact, the latter, but he was not alone. Madame de Luciennes accompanied him.

Madame Dalvernay had a difficult game to play. It was necessary for her, in order to develop her well-planned schemes, to restrain the slightest mark of indignation, to assume, rather, an air of politeness, to mask her batteries so as not to alarm her adversaries, and to execute her stratagem without exciting the most remote suspicion. Madame de Luciennes was then, as may be easily imagined, no little amazed to encounter so smiling and pleasant a countenance, which, only a few moments before, beamed with fury and contempt. Leonce, on the contrary, who had just been exasperated against his aunt by the resentment exhibited towards his intended, alone betrayed upon his features an irritation, which he could with difficulty control. But the widow, completely calmed by the alteration in the manner of her recent enemy, began to think that by a violent war of words nothing was to be gained, and that it was the better part of valour to yield, rather than run the hazard of endangering the cherished object of their mutual wishes by any unnecessary outburst of passion. She pressed against her heart the arm of Leonce, which she held, and whispered in his ear:

"Be moderate, my dear Leonce, for my sake; for, after all, she is your aunt."



The secretary, who was, by no means, disposed to be belligerent, was not sorry that she had imposed upon him, as a duty, to follow his natural inclination. He saluted his aunt with an air of profound respect, and advanced with the widow to a sofa, upon which they seated themselves.

A long pause ensued, which was at length interrupted by the secretary.

"My dear aunt," said he, "from what misunderstanding could possibly have arisen your manner of acting towards Madame?"

"It was—a misunderstanding," replied Madame Dalvernay, offering the first excuse that presented itself. "Leonce, I was indisposed, harassed, and I did not know Madame."

"It is true," rejoined the nephew, "Madame was known only to Monsieur Dalvernay and myself, though she thought you might have suspected the object of her visit, which was to—; but, since my uncle has not spoken to you on the subject, has not prepared you for this confidence, I almost tremble."

Madame immediately thought of the letter, and the duty which devolved upon Leonce to introduce the individual privately; she, however, masked her indignation, though she could scarcely refrain from questioning the secretary as to what he appeared, not averse, but only trembled to confess.

"*Et bien!* Well, Madame," continued he, "since my uncle has not judged proper to mention it, I will take it upon myself, and plead for your consent—to—my marriage."

"To your marriage? Well," thought Madame Dalvernay to herself, "I was unprepared for this counter stratagem. The expedient is a new one. Let us see how far they will carry their effrontery. To your marriage," she repeated, elevating her voice, "and with whom?"

"With Madame," replied Leonce, designating the widow. "We hesitated to mention it earlier, because my uncle assured us that you would never yield your consent."

"Ah! ha! is that the game?" thought Helen to herself. "They are confident that I will oppose this pretended marriage, and for that reason employ it as a ruse without fear of detection."

Catching at this idea, Madame Dalvernay resolved to take them at their word, and treat as serious this sudden and extraordinary union. She, however, allowed them to intercede for a length of time, while she now and then opposed some slight objection, but finally ended by granting her consent.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the nephew, astonished at this unexpected indulgence. "Thanks, thanks, my dearest aunt, and will you pardon me for refusing to yield to your long-cherished wishes on this subject, and consent to favour me with the same advantages that you would have accorded me on condition of marrying my cousin?"

"Ought not one to do something for a nephew that one loves," replied Madame Dalvernay, with an air of beneficence, behind which lay concealed all the malicious joy of her pretended triumph.

"Can it be, my dearest aunt?" demanded Leonce, who could scarcely give credence to his unexpected good fortune. "Do you not deceive me? The hundred thousand francs, which by contract—"

"Are yours, as a marriage dowry," interrupted the aunt.

"What happiness! Good heavens, I cannot believe it! I am dreaming, surely! Ah! it is impossible!"

"If it is impossible," rejoined Madame Dalvernay, with a repressed smile of triumph, "it shall not, at least, be by any fault of mine."

The happy couple would probably have never ceased re-

turning thanks, and demonstrating their gratitude to the benefactress, had not the resounding footsteps in the corridor of some one approaching arrested the attention of Madame Dalvernay.

#### THE ARTIST'S CHAMBER.

[Two verses that have a delicious, artistical slumber over about them.]

The room was low and lone, but scatter'd there.

Lay carelessly the trifles stamp'd with mind:

The page of chivalry, superb and drear,

Beside a half-fill'd vase of wine reclined,

And show'd romance and gayety combined;

And there, like things of immortality,

Stood statues, in their master's soul enraptured—

Venus with the sweet smile and heavenly eye,

And the sad, solemn brow of lovely Niobe.

And scatter'd round, by wall and sofa, lay

Emblems of thoughts that love from earth to part;

Upon a portrait fell the evening ray,

Touching with splendour many an auburn ring

That veil'd a brow of snow; and crimsoning

The bending Spanish cheek with living rose;

And there lay a guitar, whose silvery string

Breathed to the wind; like beauty in repose;

Sighing the lovely sounds that bade her blue eye dim.

And here is poetry that drops upon the taste like honey from an over-ripe fig, in an Italian noon—pat and honey.

Ib!a, I love thee! On my heavy eye

Thine flashes, like the lightning on the cloud.

I cannot paint thy beauty; for it leaves

All picturing pale. Were I to say the moon

Looks in her midnight glory like thy brow,

Where is the wild, sweet sparkling of thine eye?

Or, that the palm is like thy stately form,

Where is thy grace among its waving boughs?

Thy forehead's whiteness is my rising sun;

Thine ebon tresses, wreathing it like night,

Like night bewilder me; thy teeth are pearls

In moist lips rosier than an Indian shell.

But now my world is darkness, for thou'rt gone!

Thy look was to my life what evening dew

Are to the tamarisk; thy single glance

Went deeper, swifter to thy lover's heart

Than spear or scimitar; and still I gaze

Hopeless on thee, as on the glorious moon;

For thou, like her, art bright—like her, above me.

We know that, with these affecting verses, we minister to at least one heart among our readers that stands in need of consolation.

#### THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes.

When first I clasp'd thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble

cries;—

For I thought of all that I had borne, as I bent me down to

Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss!

I turn'd to many a wither'd hope,—to years of grief and pain—

And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flash'd o'er my boding

brain—

I thought of friends grown worse than cold, of persecuting

foes,—

And I ask'd of Heaven, if ills like these must mar thy youth's

repose?

I gazed upon thy quiet face—half blinded by my tears—

Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my

fears,—

Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of gloom

that bound them,

As stars dart down thy loveliest light when midnight skies

are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,

And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no more;

And for the hopes—the sun-bright hopes—that blossom'd at

thy birth—

They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherish'd things of

earth!

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but tho' brief thy

span below,

To me it was a little age of agony and woe;

For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began to fade,

And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my hopes

were wrapt in shade.

Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that is dear as thou wert then,  
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in sickness and in pain;  
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,  
Ten times more precious to my soul for all that thou hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watch'd thee day by day,  
Pale, like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste away;  
And sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not breathe aloud,  
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming cloud.

It came at length—o'er thy bright blue eye the film was gathering fast;

And an awful shade pass'd o'er thy brow, the deepest and the last;

In thicker gushes strove thy breath—we raised thy drooping head,—

A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead!

Thy gentle mother turn'd away to hide her face from me,  
And murmur'd low of Heaven's behests, and bliss attain'd by thee:—

She would have chid me that I mourn'd a doom so blest as thine,  
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine infant brow

Cull'd one soft lock of radiant hair—our only solace now,—  
Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers—not more fair and sweet—

Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy feet.

Tho' other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,  
With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of thy brow,

They never can replace the bud our early fondness nurs'd,  
They may be lovely and beloved, but not, like thee—the first!

THE FIRST! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can bring,

Of hopes that blossom'd, droop'd, and died, in life's delightful spring:—

Of fervid feelings past away—those early seeds of bliss,  
That germinate in hearts unsar'd by such a world as this!

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my first!  
When I think of what thou might'st have been, my heart is like to burst;

But gleams of gladness thro' my gloom their soothing influence dart,

And my sighs are hush'd, my tears are dried, when I turn to what thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake, ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,  
With not a taint of mortal life, except thy mortal birth,—

God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst,  
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my fairest and my first!

### THE OATH THAT WAS KEPT.

*Translated for the New Mirror from the French of Mark Perrin.*

IN 1820, in a little village in Bretagne, lived M. de la Sausaye. He was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had just succeeded to the estate of his father; and, although living then as now, under the constitutional regime, he was not the less on that account both cock and lord of the village. He was the descendant of an ancient race, and the wealthiest man in the place; with this double title, he indulged in feudal fancies singularly enough. He hunted in the first grounds he came to, and the rural guards shut their eyes; he courted the young girls, and, as he was handsome and generous, they did not complain, and their mothers shut their eyes. When he had exhausted all the pleasures of the village, and satiety brought disgust, he made excursions out of his territory, and like a paladin in quest of adventures, he left his chateau to seek his fortunes elsewhere. He wandered at first from one place to another, then he was seen going every day to a small town, about two leagues distant from the one he inhabited. After these visits had lasted nearly three months, he discontinued them; either because he needed repose, or because winter was approaching, he preferred remaining at home. It was said he was not much of a scholar, and as he had until then neglected the lessons of his preceptor, perhaps he had returned to his half-learned

studies. At any rate he lived in solitude, going out only to walk in his park, and never received any visitors. One morning, however, a man of forty knocked at the gate of his chateau, and demanded to be introduced to M. de la Sausaye.

"Monsieur sees no one," replied the domestic.

"Go and tell him that M. Jerome demands it."

The servant obeyed, and in a few moments returned to say his master did not know M. Jerome, and had no wish to see him.

M. Jerome pushed aside the domestic, and, walking up to the chateau, opened another gate, and found himself in a superb park, in a large alley of which he saw M. de la Sausaye taking his melancholy promenade. Proceeding directly towards the young man, who, as soon as he perceived a stranger, sprang forward in anger, and, when he got within hearing, exclaimed:

"This is very strange, sir, to introduce yourself against my will. Who am I speaking to?"

"I sent in my name to you," replied M. Jerome, tranquilly.

"But this name tells me nothing, it is unknown to me, and—"

"When you know my reasons, Monsieur, you will understand why I have insisted upon seeing you. I come to you in regard to an affair which interests yourself more than me, since your honour is concerned in it."

"My honour?"

"Yes, your honour."

M. Jerome was a man of forty, as we have said already; his stature was commanding, and bearing dignified; his serious and modest countenance inspired respect; and, violent as was M. de la Sausaye, he cast down his eyes before the firm courtesy of the unknown, and said:

"Let us see, Monsieur."

"As it would not be just," resumed M. Jerome, "that you should be entirely ignorant of whom you have to do with, Monsieur, I will commence by telling you that my birth is equal to yours, and my position superiour."

Sausaye stepped back and looked upon M. Jerome with disdain.

"Let us not speak of birth," said M. Jerome, "as that is mere chance, and no one can reasonably boast of it; as to the rest, Monsieur, I have had the happiness of being useful to my country, and this honourable task I still continue. I believe you cannot say as much. You are young, it is true; but you have not yet begun, you live in idleness, and—"

"Go on, Monsieur, go on, if you please," said Sausaye, haughtily.

"Willingly. Three months ago, Monsieur, you appeared for the first time in the town of R—, two leagues from this place. Madame Duport lives there, the widow of an officer who died in 1812 on the field of honour. Madame Duport has three children—two daughters, the eldest eighteen, the youngest about sixteen, and a boy of ten. But you ought to know this better than I."

"Yes, Monsieur," replied Sausaye, growing serious.

"You know," continued M. Jerome, "that Madame Duport has a fortune, which, although moderate, is thought considerable in Bretagne; that, without speaking of the brilliant reputation of the father, the mother and daughters are cited as models of honour and virtue; that if one wishes to find that antique faith, and severe probity united to other excellent qualities, they must go to Madame Duport. In a word, you know that, to all their virtues, the daughters add singular beauty, and particularly the eldest; Mademoiselle Eugenie joins to a distinguished mind unequalled charms. You presented yourself at Madame Duport's, and you were

received with the distinction which your rank and wealth merited; not that Madame Duport esteems rank so much, or prizes riches above everything; but, trusting to that adage, 'Nobility is honourable,' and, as to your fortune, (which, in reality, is not much more than hers,) she ought to think of establishing her daughters. By degrees your visits grew more frequent, and you attached yourself to Eugenie. After that you were with her every day, and when Madame Duport believed you were going to explain yourself, and speak of marriage—for the assiduities of a young man are never without motives, and when they do not result in marriage they compromise a family—at that moment, I say, you disappeared, they see you no longer, and—"

"And Madame Duport has charged you to come and demand explanations?"

"Madame Duport!" cried M. Jerome, with an air of the greatest astonishment. "Eh! Monsieur, I do not even know her by sight. I have never set my feet in her house."

"Are you not a relation or friend of her family?"

"Not the least in the world, Monsieur."

"Then why do you meddle with this affair?"

"Why do I meddle?" replied M. Jerome, calmly. "*Mon Dieu!* with what is just, what is honest, with your honour."

"It is taking too much pains, Monsieur."

"Not at all; I interest myself in you, and, it seems to me, in order to act like an honest man, you must marry Mademoiselle Eugenie."

M. Jerome laid so much stress on the words, *you must*, that Saussaye looked at him ironically and said:

"Ah! indeed, must!"

"Yes, Monsieur, it is absolutely necessary."

"What if I am not persuaded of this necessity?"

"Ah! Monsieur, that is impossible. You understand better than I the necessity. You know the love that you manifested, and perhaps really felt. You know the value of your promises and vows. You know all the love Mademoiselle Eugenie has for you, and—"

"It is, then, Eugenie who sends you?"

"She! Mademoiselle Eugenie! I swear to you she does not know M. Jerome."

M. Jerome recounted then to Saussaye how advantageous and honourable this marriage would be to him; he entered into details so precise, and spoke of circumstances so intimate, he astonished his auditor.

"You have pledged your word," said he to him. "You have abused the inexperience of her youth to ensnare her heart, and placed her in such a situation that you cannot retreat without dishonour! You feel this yourself; and this seclusion in which you have shut yourself up, and where your evil inclinations struggle with your good qualities, is proof of it. I am, therefore, persuaded, Monsieur, that you will, without delay, return to Madame Duport, and ask the hand of her daughter Eugenie."

"No, Monsieur, no," replied Saussaye, in a resolute tone.

"*Mon Dieu!*" continued M. Jerome, "I know very well what your life has been until now. You have abused your youth, your amiability, your riches, and your name among the good peasants, to whom a name is still something. You have seduced the young girls. You have multiplied what you call your conquests, without ever repairing any. Would to God that some one like me had stopped you in the commencement of your criminal conduct, and forced you to marry your first victim."

"To marry, Monsieur!"

"Yes, to marry! There are wrongs which can be repaired only in one way."

Saussaye, confounded with the propositions of M. Jerome, tried to contend against the firmness he encountered in the looks of his antagonist, and conjectured, at the same time, what could be the motives of this man in meddling with an affair that was a stranger to him; but M. Jerome had in his countenance so much calmness and grand serenity that he could not attribute this step of his to a bad passion, nor even a personal interest; he seemed impelled by the sole desire of preventing a bad action and accomplishing a just thing.

"Then, Monsieur, you will not marry Mademoiselle Duport?"

"No," said Saussaye.

"Take care; consider that, in the position of things, my refusal would be base."

"Base!" cried the young man; "take care of yourself!"

"It is base!" repeated M. Jerome, tranquilly. "The late captain of cavalry, M. Duport, died on the field of battle. You know his widow is destitute of relatives or friends to defend her. Her daughters have no one to support them. Their brother cannot avenge them these ten years, and ten years is a long time to cherish an offence. You know all this, Monsieur, and you basely seek to take advantage of it."

"Retract your words, Monsieur, or you will have reason to repent it," said Saussaye.

"Not at all. I know who you are. I supposed that ordinary means would not suffice to bring you back to duty, and am ready for everything, save of not repenting of it. You are base, you are destitute of honour, you are a miserable fellow!"

"Monsieur, you shall give me satisfaction for this."

"Most willingly! There are two swords in the carriage that brought me here. But, Monsieur, think well of it; a duel is often the judgment of God. With what face can you draw your sword against one, who only demands a just and honourable thing of you, a thing which your conscience, and even love, dictate you should do? Come, then, think once more that you would have been obliged to act differently had the father been living, or if his son was twenty years old. But I am here, I am the husband who is needed for the poor widow, the substitute for a father to Mademoiselle Eugenie, the brother you thought too young to oppose you. Your park suits me very well. Are you ready, Monsieur?"

"At your service," said Saussaye.

"Have you swords?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"We will, then, leave mine, and take yours."

The swords were brought immediately, and both proceeded through one of the alleys of the park.

M. Jerome, his head bent down, and his arms crossed on his breast, walked slowly, and appeared in profound meditation.

"M. Jerome," said Saussaye, "I commit two imprudences in accepting this challenge; the first is, fighting with a stranger—"

"It is true, you do not know me; what is the other?"

"We are to fight without witnesses."

"That is also true; but you will observe, in this case, I am the most imprudent. I fight, and if I kill you, I will pass for an assassin; whereas you defend yourself against an aggressor. But, if you choose, call your domestics."

"No, Monsieur, no. It appears that everything is to be extraordinary in this encounter."

"More than you think, Monsieur. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Be on your guard."

The combat was not long. M. Jerome disarmed his adversary, and then prayed him politely to pick up his sword, and make some reflections. After two or three minutes had elapsed, they began again; and M. Jerome having, with a vigorous blow, knocked the weapon from his adversary's hand, made one step towards him and wounded him in the left arm.

"Monsieur," said he, making a profound bow, "I am your servant, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again."

He then turned on his heel, left the park, and regained his carriage.

When Sausseye saw his blood flowing, and felt the first twinges of pain, he hastened to the chateau, went to bed, and sent for a surgeon.

"It is nothing," said the surgeon, "no nerve is touched, and you will be able to use your arm in a few days. But what has happened astonishes me."

"And me, too, doctor."

"Are you not a first-rate swordsman?"

"Yes, doctor, but I am a mere child to my antagonist; he disarmed me at the first thrust, and the vigour of his wrist enabled him to wound me in a place the sword seldom reaches. He chose his mark."

"The devil he did!" said the doctor.

"And," pursued the wounded man, "it was done in an instant. Apropos, do you know this M. Jerome?"

"M. Jerome," said the doctor, "I have never heard of him. But why did you fight, my dear Sausseye?"

At this question Sausseye held down his head, and, colouring somewhat, replied:

"I don't know—an old quarrel. The countenance of this Monsieur displeased me, and mine did not please him."

"Very good, very good," said the doctor; "you must diet, and put twenty-five leeches on your wounded arm."

Fifteen days after that M. de la Sausseye was cured, according to the doctor's prediction, and, while walking in the park, the servant came and announced M. Jerome.

"Ah! now I will have my revenge," cried he; "show him here."

M. Jerome advanced slowly towards Sausseye, and found him in the park, very near the place where he met him the first time.

"Monsieur," said he to him, "I am glad to find you are well. I did not call on you during your light illness, because I knew your condition was not serious, and could not disturb your friends."

"Your friends!" replied Sausseye; "perchance Monsieur puts himself among the number?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur, and among the most devoted, too."

"Very well, my friend," replied the young man, with an ironical smile, "you owe me reparation, and probably will not refuse to give it me."

"That remains to be seen, Monsieur. I do not like duelling, but there are occasions, circumstances, and situations in which a duel is inevitable. But when a duel has been loyal what need is there of revenge? What do you complain of? Have I not spared your life twice! Once, when I disarmed you; the other, when it was easy enough for me to run you through, I contented myself with wounding you slightly. Do you wish to be avenged for that? No, Monsieur, let us understand each other. In our difference, you are the offender and I the offended; or, at least, Mademoiselle Eugenie Duport, whose rights I maintain."

"Does she know I have been wounded for her?" asked Sausseye, eagerly.

"For her!" replied M. Jerome. "That is a little too much. You fought on her account, or rather against her, I should say. I fought for her myself."

"Against her! never," said Sausseye.

"It would be difficult to explain the thing otherwise. I came to urge you to discharge a sacred duty; you refused; you preferred to die yourself, and even to kill your neighbour, rather than satisfy honour."

"Honour again."

"Yes, honour; and then you pretend you have fought a duel for Mademoiselle Duport! I do not know that she has been informed of our combat. I have already told you I have not the honour of seeing her."

Sausseye appeared to have lost the wish of seeking satisfaction, and the conversation languished, when M. Jerome gently and affectionately said:

"I come, my dear Monsieur, on the same errand I did fifteen days ago."

"I have received news from Madame Duport's family."

"Indeed!" said M. Jerome joyfully. "You have been there? Heaven be praised!"

"I have not been from home, but I have heard indirectly that a rich young man, of good family, who, it is said, has been in love with Mademoiselle Eugenie a long time, has asked her hand, and that her mother is not opposed to the marriage."

"It may be so, though I am ignorant of it all. I do not visit their family; but you know Mademoiselle Eugenie will not consent to this marriage, nor to any other. She can marry you only."

"It was added that this young man was favourably received by Mademoiselle Eugenie."

"Calumny!" replied M. Jerome coldly.

"No, no!" cried Sausseye, with the anger of a man fighting against his conscience. "No, I will not marry her."

"Send for your swords again," said M. Jerome.

"Have you been at the Comedie?"

"Many times formerly."

"Have you read Moliere?"

"I know him by heart."

"Very well! We are playing the *Forced Marriage* here."

"What do you call a *Forced Marriage*?" cried M. Jerome. "You introduced yourself into a house without invitation, where you were not wished for; and then you baselessly abused their hospitality. You inspired the daughter with love for you, deceived her youth, triumphed over her ignorance, seduced her, and then speak of a forced marriage! Yes, there is a forced marriage here, but the parts are changed; a respectable family are forced to have a son-in-law like you. This discourse offends you, your pride cannot bear it; accustomed to use your advantages infamously, you have chosen your victims, and have flattered yourself you would find Madame Duport as defenceless as those you have met with heretofore. Swords, then, Monsieur, swords, since it is only with the steel one can reason with your outrageous conduct."

Sausseye quit the park precipitately, and hastened himself for the arms demanded. During his absence M. Jerome fell into a sadness similar to that before the first combat.

"Have I taken," thought he, "a wrong course? Have I let myself be carried too far by the customs of my former profession? O God, who seest me, and who will judge me; O my God! thou who knowest the value of a sacred promise, of an oath, whose words were the last sounds heard by the dying man, tell me, make me know thy will; what must I do, great God?"

M. Jerome had hardly ended this mental prayer before

Saussy returned with the sword. Without exactly considering this chance as an indication from on high, M. Jerome, following his military tastes, stood on his guard. His adversary, determined on vengeance, did the same. The combat was shorter than the preceding one. M. Jerome wounded Saussy this time in the right arm; his fingers relaxed their grasp, and his sword fell from his hand. M. Jerome, always grave and impassible, made a low salutation to the young man, and left him without a word.

"Ah, ça!" said the doctor, while bleeding Saussy, "you must tell me about this master of arms, who touches you with such peculiar talent. A surgeon would find it difficult to wound you so innocently. Do you know, he has passed near the muscle with unheard of felicity. Twenty-five leeches, my friend."

"I am the prey of leeches, and this Jerome," said Saussy gravely.

"But who is M. Jerome?" asked the doctor again. Is he a Swiss, or an Englishman, or a Bonapartist?"

"He is a cold, calm man, who has sworn to kill me by inches."

"Why not make up with him, my friend. If you do not, I would not like to answer for you."

(The conclusion in our next.)

### THE PIANO FORTE.

HENRY THE FOURTH expressed a patriotic hope to see the time arrive when every man in France should have "a fowl boiling in his pot." The anathemas of an able political writer against music-playing in farmers' houses (very just if his calculation of the effect of it were the only one) do not hinder us from expressing a hope, that the time may arrive when every family that can earn its subsistence shall have its piano forte. Not to make them "fine and fashionable," or contemptuous of any right thinking; but to help them to the pleasures of true refinement, to reward them for right thinking and right doing, and make them feel how compatible are the homeliest of their duties with an elegant recreation;—just as the fields and homesteads around them are powdered with daisies and roses, and the very cabbages in their gardens can glitter with sunny dew-drops, to those that have eyes beyond their common use.

In Germany they have piano fortes in inns and cottages; why should they not have them here? The only true answer is, because we seafaring and commercial Saxons, by very reason of our wealth, and of the unequal advance of knowledge in comparison with it, have missed the wiser conclusions, in this respect, of our Continental brethren, and been accustomed to the vulgar mistake of identifying all refinement with riches, and consequently, all the right of being refined with the attainment of them. We fancy that nobody can or will be industrious and condescend to a homely duty, who has a taste for an elegance; and, so fancying, we bring up the nation, at their peril, to have the same opinion, and thus the error is maintained, and all classes suffer for it! the rich, because it renders them but half sensible of the real enjoyment of their accomplishments, and makes them objects of jealousy to the poor; and the poor, because it forces them to work out, with double pain, that progression towards a better state of things, the steps of which would be healed and elevated by such balmy accompaniments. In England, it is taken for an affectation, or some worse sign, if people show an inclination to accomplishments not usually found within their sphere. But the whole evil consists in the accomplishments not being there already, and constituting a part of their habits; for in Germany the circumstance is regarded with no such ill-will;

nor do the male or female performers who can play on a piano forte or sing to it (and there are millions of such fancy they have the fewer duties to perform, or that they are entitled a bit the more to disrespect those duties. On the contrary, they just know so much the better what is good both in the duty and the recreation; for no true thing can co-exist falsely with another that is true; each reflects light and comfort on each. To have one set of feelings harmonized and put in good key, is to enable us to turn others to their best account; and he or she who could go from the music to their duties in a frame of mind the worse for it would only be the victim of a false opinion eradicable, and not of a natural feeling improvable. But false refinements are first set up, and then made judges of true ones. A foolish rich man, who can have concerts in his house, identifies his music not with anything that he really feels or knows about it, but with his power to afford it. He is of opinion with *Hugh Rebeck* in the play, when he is asked why music is said to have a "silver sound,"—"Because musicians sound for silver." But if he knew what music really was, he would not care twopence for the show and flare of the thing, any more than he would to have a nightingale painted like a parrot. You may have an *Æolian* harp at your window that shall cost twenty guineas—you may have another that shall cost little more than as many pence. Will the winds visit the poor one with less love? or the true ear hear it with the less rapture? One of the obstacles in the way of a general love of music, in this country, is the dearth of it, both print and instrument; and this is another effect of the mistakes of wealth. The rich, having monopolised music, have made it costly; and the mistaken spirit of trade encourages the delusion, instead of throwing open the source of comfort to greater numbers. A costly piano forte makes a very fine, and, it must be owned, a very pleasing show in a room, if made in good taste; but not a bit of the fineness is necessary to it. A piano forte is a harp in a box; and the box might be made of any decent materials, and the harp strung for a comparative nothing to what it is now. If we took a lesson from our cousins in Saxony and Bavaria, the demand for cheap piano fortes would soon bring down the price; and instead of quarrelling over their troubles, or muddling them with beer and opium, and rendering themselves alike unfit for patience and for action, the poor would "get up" some music in their villages, and pursue their duties, or their claims, with a calmness beneficial to everybody.

We are aware of the political question that might be put to us at these points of our speculation; but we hold it to be answered by the real nature of the case, and, in fact, to have nothing whatever to do with it. We are an unmusical people at present (unless the climate have to do with it) simply because of what has been stated, and not for any reason connected with questions of greater or less freedom. The most musical countries—Greece, Italy, and Germany—have alike been free or enslaved, according as other circumstances happened; not as music was more or less regarded; with this difference, that the more diffused the music, the more happy the peace, or the more "deliberate" the "valour." The greatest among the most active as well as

\* \* \* \* \* Anon they move

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders: such as raised  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved,  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'swage  
With solemn touches troubled thought, and chase  
Anguish and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,  
From mortal or immortal minds."—*Paradise Lost*.

most contemplative of mankind, have been lovers of music, often performers of it, and have generally united, in consequence, both action and contemplation. Epaminondas was a flute-player; so was Frederick the Second; and Luther and Milton were organists.

In connection with music then, let us hear nothing about politics, either way. It is one of God's goods which we ought to be desirous to see cultivated among us, next after corn, and honesty, and books. The human hand was made to play it, the ear to hear it, the soul to think it something heavenly; and if we do not avail ourselves of it accordingly, we turn not our hands, ears, and souls to their just account, nor reap half the benefit we might from the very air that sounds it.

A piano forte is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furniture with a soul in it, ready to waken at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at; but open, it looks best, smiling at us with its ivory keys, like the mouth of a sweet singer. The keys of a piano forte are, of themselves, an agreeable spectacle,—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their aspect, because they are so common; but well worth regarding even in that respect. The colour of the white keys is not a cold white; or even when at their whitest, there is something of a warmth in the idea of ivory. The black furnish a sort of tessellation, and all are smooth and easy to the touch. It is one of the advantages of this instrument to the learner, that there is no discord to go through in getting at a tone. The tone is ready made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once. Another and greater advantage is, that it contains a whole concert in itself; for you may play with all your fingers, and then every finger performs the part of a separate instrument. True it will not compare with a real concert—with the rising winds of an orchestra; but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds; and the organ itself cannot do for you what the piano forte does. You can neither get it so cheap, nor will it condescend to play everything for you as the other does. It is a lion which has "no skill in dangling the kid." It is a Jupiter, unable to put off his deity when he visits you. The piano forte is not incapable of the grandest music, and it performs the light and neat to admiration, and does not omit even the tender. You may accompany with it, almost equally well, the social graces of Mozart, and the pathos of Winter and Paisiello; and, as to a certain miniature brilliancy of taste and execution, it has given rise to a music of its own, in the hands of Clementi and others. All those delicate ivory keys, which repose in such evenness and quiet, wait only the touch of the master's fingers to become a dancing and singing multitude, and, out of apparent confusion, make accordant loveliness. How pleasant to the uninitiated to see him lay his hand upon them, as if in mere indifference, or at random; and as he dimples the instrument with the touches wide and numerous as rain-drops on a summer-sea, play upon the ear the most regular harmonies, and give us, in a twinkling, elaborations which it would take us years to pick out! We forget that he has gone through the same labour, and think only of the beautiful and mysterious result. He must have a taste, to be sure, which no labour can gift him with, and of this we have a due sense. We wish we had a book by us, written a few years back, entitled "A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany," in order that we might quote a passage from it about the extempore playing of Hummel, the celebrated master who was lately in England; but, if we are not mistaken, it is the hand of the same writer which, in so good a style, between sport and scholarship, plays its musical criticisms every week in "The London Atlas;"

for they are the next thing to an instrument themselves; and we recommend our readers to get a sight of that paper as often as they can, in order to cultivate the taste of which England at present seems to be so promisingly ambitious. By the way, we know not whether the Italians use the word in the same sense at present; but in an old dictionary in our possession, the keys of musical instruments are called "tasti,"—*tastes*,—a very expressive designation. You do *taste* the piano forte the moment you touch it. Anybody can taste it; which, as we said before, is not the case with other instruments, the tone in them not being ready made; though a master, of course, may apply the word to any.

"So said,—his hand, sprightly as fire, he flings,  
And with a quavering coyness *tastes* the strings."

There are superfine ears that profess not to be able to endure a piano forte after a concert; others that always find it to be out of tune; and more who veil their insensibility to music in general, by protesting against "everlasting tinkles," and school-girl affectation or sullenness. It is not a pleasure, certainly, which a man would select, to be obliged to witness affectations of any sort, much less sullenness, or any other absurdity. Such young ladies as are perpetually thinking of their abstract pretensions, and either affectedly trying to screw up their musical skill to them, or resenting, with tears and petty exclamations, that they cannot do it, are not the most sensible and agreeable of all possible charmers. But these terrible calamities may be safely left to the endurance, or non-endurance, of the no less terrible critics, who are so merciless upon them, or pretend to be. The critics and the performers will equally take themselves for prodigious people; and music will do both parties more good than harm in the long run, however their zeal may fall short of their would-be capacity for it. With respect to piano fortes not perfectly in tune, it is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that no instrument is ever perfectly in tune. Even the heavenly charmer, music, being partly of earth as well as of heaven, partakes the common imperfection of things sublunary. It is, therefore, possible to have senses too fine for it, if we are to be always sensible of this imperfection; to

"Die of an air in *achromatic* pain;"

and if we are not to be thus sensible, who is to judge at what nice point of imperfection the disgust is to begin, where no disgust is felt by the general ear? The sound of a trumpet, in Mozart's infancy, is said to have threatened him with convulsions. To such a man, and especially to so great a master, every right of a horror of discord would be conceded, supposing his ear to have grown up as it began; but that it did not do so is manifest from his use of trumpets; while at the same time so fine *beyond* ultra-fineness was his ear, that there is a passage in his works, pronounced impractically discordant by the whole musical world, which nevertheless the critics are agreed that he must have written as it stands. In other words, Mozart perceived a harmony in discord itself, or what universally appeared to be such,—just as very fine tastes in eating and drinking relish something which is disliked by the common palate; or, as the reading world discovered, not long ago, that Pope, for all his sweetness, was not so musical a versifier as those "crabbed old English poets." The crabs were found to be very apples of the Hesperides. What we would infer from this is, that the same exquisite perception which discerned the sweetness in the sour of that discord, would not have been among the first to despise an imperfection in the tuning of an instrument, nor, though he might wish it away, be rendered insensible by it of that finest part of the good music it performed, which consists in invention, and expression, and grace,—always the flower of music, as of every other



art, and to be seen and enjoyed by the very finest ears as well as the humbler ones of good-will, because the soul of a thing is worth more to them than the body of it, and the greater is greater than the less.

Thus much to caution true lovers of music how they suffer their natural discernment to be warped by niceties "more nice than wise," and to encourage them, if an instrument pleases the general lovers of music, to try and be pleased with it as much as they can themselves, maugre what technical refiners may say of it, probably out of a jealousy of those whose refinements are of a higher order. All instruments are out of tune, the acoustic philosophy tells us. Well, be it so; provided we are not so much out of tune ourselves as to know it, or to be unable to discern something better in spite of it.

As to those who, notwithstanding their pretended love of music at other times, are so ready to talk of "jingling" and "tinkling," whenever they hear a piano forte, or a poor girl at her lesson, they have really no love of music whatsoever, and only proclaim as much to those who understand them. They are among the wisecracks who are always proving their spleen at the expense of their wit.

Piano fortes will probably be much improved by the next generation. Experiments are daily making with them, sometimes of much promise; and the extension of science on all hands bids fair to improve whatever is connected with mechanism. We are very well content, however, for ourselves, with the instrument as it is; are grateful for it, as a concert in miniature; and admire it as a piece of furniture in all its shapes: only we do not like to see it made a table of, and laden with moveables; nor when it is upright, does it seem quite finished without a bust on it; perhaps because it makes so good a pedestal, and seems to call for one.

*Piano forte* (soft and strong) is not a good name for an instrument which is no softer nor stronger than some others. The organ unites the two qualities most; but *organ* (*oppyer* instrumentum,—as if *the instrument*, by excellence) is the proper word for it, not to be parted with, and of a sound fit for its nobleness. The word piano forte came up, when the harpsichord and spinet, its predecessors, were made softer. *Harpsichord* (arpichorda,—commonly called in Italian *clavicembalo*, or keyed cymbal, i. e. a box or hollow, *Fr. clavicin*) is a sounding but hardly a good word, meaning a harp with chords—which may be said of any harp. *Spinet*, an older term, (*epinette*, thorns,) signifies the quills which used to occupy the place of the modern clothed hammers, and which produced the harsh sound in the old instruments; the quill striking the edge of the strings, like a nicking of a guitar-string by the nail. The spinet was preceded by the *Virginals*, the oldest instrument, we believe, of the kind,—so called, perhaps, from its being chiefly played upon by young women, or because it was used in singing hymns to the Virgin. Spenser has mentioned it in an English *Trimeter-Iambic*; one of those fantastic attempts to introduce the uncongenialities of Latin versification, which the taste of the great poet soon led him to abandon. The line, however, in which the virginals are mentioned, presents a picture not unworthy of him. His apostrophe, at the outset, to his "unhappy verse," contains an involuntary satire:

"Unhappy Verse! the witness of my unhappy state,  
Make thyself flut'ring wings of thy fast-flying  
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love whosoever she be;  
Whether lying restless in heavy bedde, or else  
Sitting so cheerlesse at the cheerful boarde, or else  
Playing alone carelesse on her heavenly virginals."

Queen Elizabeth is on record as having played on the virginals. It has been supposed by some that the instrument took its name from her; but it is probably older. The mu-

sical instrument mentioned in one of Shakspeare's sonnets is of the same keyed family. What a complete feeling of the *andante*, or *going* movement (as the Italians call it,) is there in the beautiful line which we have marked: and what a pleasant mixture of tenderness and archness throughout!

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st  
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, that should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
To be so tickled, they would change their state  
And situation with those dancing chips  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait!  
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss."

Thus we have two of our great poets, Spenser and Shakspeare, showing us the delight they took in the same species of instrument which we have now, and so bringing themselves near to our piano fortes.

"Still virginalling  
Upon his palm—"

says the jealous husband in the "Winter's Tale." Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, all mention the organ. Chaucer speaks of several instruments, but we cannot trace to him any other keyed one. It is rather surprising that the poets, considering the love of music natural to them, and the frequent mention of the art, have spoken of so few musical instruments—at least as if conversant with them in their houses. Milton was an organ-player, and Gay a flute-player (how like the difference of their genius!) Thomson possessed an Æolian harp, of which he seems to have been very fond. He has addressed an ode to it (from which the verses have been set to music, beginning

"Methinks I hear the full celestial choir;")

and has again mentioned the instrument in his "Cassid of Indolence," a most fit place for it.

All the truest lovers of any one art admire the other arts. Farinelli had several harpsichords to which he gave the names of painters, according to their respective qualities,—calling one his Raphael, another his Coreggio, &c. And the exquisite little painting, by Annibal Carracci, in the British Gallery, of "Silenus teaching Apollo to play the pan-pipe" (together with a companion picture hanging near it) is said to have formed one of the compartments of the harpsichord belonging to that great painter. This is the natural magnificence of genius, which thinks no ornaments too precious for the objects of its love. We should like to be rich enough to play at imitating these great men, and see how much we could do to aggrandise a piano forte. Let us see: it should be of the most precious, aromatic wood; the white keys, ivory (nothing can be better than that) the black, ebony; the legs sculptured with foliage and loves and graces; the pannels should all be Titians and Correggios; the most exquisite verses out of the Poets should be carved between them; an arabesque cabinet should stand near it, containing the finest compositions: and Rossini should come from Italy to play them, and Pasta to sing.

Meantime, what signifies all this luxury? The soul of music is at hand, wherever there are keys and strings and loving fingers to touch them; and this soul, which disposes us to fancy the luxury, enables us to do without it. We can enjoy it in vision, without the expense.

We take the liberty of closing this article with two copies of verses which two eminent living musicians, Messrs. Barnett and Novello, have done us the honour to set to music. The verses have been printed before, but many of our readers will not have seen them. We did not think it pos-

sible for any words of our own to give us so much pleasure in the repetition, as when we heard her father's composition sung by the pure and most tuneful voice of Miss Clara Novello (Clara is she well named;) and the reader may see what is thought of Mr. Barnett's powers, by musical judges, in a criticism upon it in a late number of "The Atlas," or another in a new cheap periodical publication, called "The Englishwoman," heiress to the graces and good stock of her deceased parents, "The Ladies' Gazette" and "The Penny Novelist," and uniting them both to better advantage:—

## THOUGHTS ON HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

(Set to music by Vincent Novello.)

When lovely sounds about my ears  
Like winds in Eden's tree-tops rise,  
And make me, though my spirit hears,  
For very luxury close my eyes;  
Let none but friends be round about,  
Who love the soothing joy like me,  
That so the charm be felt throughout,  
And all be harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,  
Then let the hand of her I love  
Come with its gentle palm on mine,  
As soft as snow, or lightning dove;  
And let, by stealth, that more than friend  
Look sweetness in my opening eyes;  
For only so, such dreams should end,  
Or wake in Paradise.

## THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANO FORTE.

(From Barnett's "Lyrical Illustrations of the Modern Poets.")

O friend, whom glad or grave we seek,  
Heaven-holding shrine!  
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,  
And peace is mine.  
No fairy casket full of bliss,  
Out-values thee;  
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,  
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow  
In griefs or joys,  
Unspeakable emotions owe  
A fitting voice:  
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,  
And Memory dear,  
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,  
Comes for a tear.

O, since no joy of human mould  
Thus waits us still,  
Thrice bliss'd be thine, thou gentle fold  
Of peace at will.  
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,  
In thee we find;  
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,—  
Thine answer kind.

## DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

A GREEK philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment;

and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but, in general, parents should be more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over-head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field; and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollution, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise,) they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do

not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavours, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure; or at least to set off the one with the other, to make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harbar line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

## CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

New-York, February 24.

FEBRUARY should be called the *month of hope*, for it is invariably more enjoyable than the first nominal fruition—more spring-like than the first month of spring. This is a morning that makes the hand open and the fingers spread—a morning that should be consecrated to sacred idleness. I should like to exchange work with any out-of-doors man—even with a driver of an omnibus—specially with the farmer tinkering his fences. Cities are convenient places of refuge from winter and bad weather, but one longs to get out into the country, like a sheep from a shed, with the first warm gleam of sunshine.

I see that Moore has virtually turned to come down from his long ladder of fame—his publishers, Longmans, having made a final collection of his works in an elaborate edition, and prefixed thereto a picture of an *old man*—Tom MOORE AS HE IS! It is melancholy to see this portrait. The sparse hair, made-the-most-of—the muscles of the face retreating from the habitual expression—the lamp within still unconscious of losing brightness, yet the glass over it stained and cracked. Moore should never have been painted, after thirty. This picture is like a decrepit cupid—wholly out of character. His poetry is all youth, its very faults requiring youthful feeling for an apology; and to *know* that he has grown old—that he is bald, wrinkled, *venerable*—is like some unnatural *hocus-pocus*—some hideous metamorphosis we would rather not have seen even in melodrama. Moore has not sobered away, twilight-wise, as he might have done. His wit and song have kept admiration so warm around him that he has forgotten his sun was setting—that it was time the shadows of his face grew longer—time that his pen leaned towards life's downward horizon. The expression on this face of frisky sixty, is of a flogged-up hilarity that is afraid to relax. Moore will look facetious and dining-out-ish in his coffin.

I see that WALLACE has added *lecturing*, as a new branch, to his profession, and is very successful. Mr. BARRY, the stage manager of the Park, is to try on the same experiment to-night at the Society Library. "Two strings to your bow" is a good economy in any profession, and there are sundry professions the duties of which do not interfere, for instance, with authorship. A man who should read two hours before going to bed, and write for the first two hours after sunrise, would give time and attention enough to any literary pursuit, while the business part of the day and a good part of the evening would be still left unoccupied. Actors particularly (so capricious is fortune with them) should have a brace of vocations, and a poet, with an honest trade besides, is more likely to have his "lines fall in pleasant places."

It appears by the English papers that Madame CATALANI indignantly denies being dead! She is still living and capable of enjoying "good living" at her villa, near Florence. The American story, which went the rounds of the papers some time since, of a man whose capacious throat had "swallowed a plantation and fifty negroes," finds its counterpart in the villa and its dependants which have come out of the throat of Madame CATALANI. I was fortunate enough to enjoy much of her hospitality when in Italy, and there are few establishments that I have seen where the honours were done with a more princely liberality and good taste. She was then, as she is probably still, a well-preserved and handsome woman, of majestic mien and most affable manners, and at her own little parties she sang

whenever asked, as well as ever she had done in public. She seemed to me never to have been intoxicated with her brilliant successes, and to have had no *besoin* of applause left like a thirst in her ears—as is the case with popular favourites too often. Her husband, M. VALABREQUE, was a courteous man and a fond husband, and their children were on an equal footing of social position with the young nobility of Florence. Most strangers who see anything of the society of that delightful city come away with charming remembrances of Madame CATALANI.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY is growing into a temperance anniversary, probably much to the pleasure, and a little to the surprise, of the distinguished ghost. There was a grand temperance celebration at the Tabernacle last evening, at which the eloquent author of the *Airs of Palestine*, Rev. JOHN PICKFORD, delivered an address. By the way, it is an overlooked feather in the cap of temperance, that *we owe to it the pleasant invention of kissing*. In the course of my reading I have fallen in with the historical fact, that, when wine was prohibited by law to the women of ancient Rome, male relatives had the right of ascertaining, by tasting the lips of their sisters and cousins, whether the forbidden liquor had passed in. The investigations of this lip police, it is said, were pushed with a rigor and vigilance highly creditable to the zeal of the republic, and for a time intemperance was fairly kissed away. Subsequently, female intoxication became fashionable again, (temperance kisses notwithstanding!) and Seneca (in his *Epistole*) is thus severe upon the Roman ladies: "Their manners have altogether changed, though their faces are as captivating as ever. They make a boast of their exploits in drinking.\* They will sit through the night with the glass in their hands, challenging the men, and often outdoing them." Now, by restoring the much-abused and perverted kiss to its original mission, and making of it the sacred apostle of inquiry that it was originally designed for, it strikes me that the temperance committees would have many more "active members," and the cause would assuredly grow on public favour. I submit the hint to that admirable enthusiast, Mrs. CHILD.

There are two establishments in the city of New-York which should be visited by those who require *stretchers* to their comprehension of luxury—Meek's Furniture Warehouse, behind the Astor, and Tiffany's Bijou-shop, at the corner of Warren-street and Broadway. In a search I have lately made for a bookcase of a particular *fancy*, I have made the round of furniture warehouses, and, as a grand epitome of all of them—a seven-story building, crammed with furniture on every floor—I should recommend the mere idle sight-seer to spend a morning at Meek's for his amusement. Upon the simple act of *sitting down* has been expended as much thought (in quantity) as would produce another Paradise Lost. Some of the chairs, indeed, are poems—the beautiful conception and finish of them, taken into the mind with the same sensation, at least, and the same glow of luxury. The fancies of every age and country are represented—those of the Elizabethan era and the ornate fashion of Louis XIV. predominant, though tables and sofas on Egyptian models are more sumptuous. At so much cost, they ought to put the mind at ease as well as the body. And, by the way, the combining of couch and chair in one (now so fashionable) would have pleased the Roman dames, whose husbands kept chairs for women and mourners—a man's sitting upon a chair (in preference to a couch) being

\* They also became the cause of tipling in others, for it grew into a common practice at Roman suppers to drink a glass to every letter of a beauty's name—the longer the more toasted.

"*Nervia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.*"

considered a received sign of deep mourning or poverty. Few people can trust their taste to go into such an immense warehouse as Meek's and select (in one style, and that style suitable to their house, condition, and manner of living) the furniture for an establishment. It would be a good vocation for a reduced gentleman to keep *taste to let*, holding himself ready to take orders, and execute them at discretion, according to the suitabilities of the employer.

Tiffany's is a fashionable pleasure-lounge already, his broad glass doors and tempting windows being at one of the most thronged corners of Broadway. It is better than a museum, in being quite as well stocked with surprises, and these all ministering to present and fashionable wants. Where resides the prodigious ingenuity expended on these superb elegancies and costly trifles, it would be hard to discover. And the seductive part of it is, that there are articles for all prices, and you may spend a dollar or five hundred in the same dainty line of commodity!

The times are "easy," if we can judge by the articles that find plenty of buyers. I heard yesterday that a shop-keeper in Broadway had imported several ladies' dresses, priced at one thousand dollars each, and had no difficulty in selling them. Mr. Meeks informed me that, of a certain kind of very costly chair, he could not keep one unsold! It was certainly a superb article, made of carved rosewood and purple velvet; price (for a single chair) one hundred and fifty dollars! We have not yet adopted, in this country, the French custom of ornamenting dinner-tables very expensively with silver vases and artificial flowers, nor has the old Roman custom ever been resumed, I think, of placing the "household gods" upon the table. The aspect of a supper-table in Cicero's time, indeed, must have been beyond the show even of Bourbon sybarites; the guests in white and scarlet robes, with chaplets of roses, myrtle, or ivy on their heads, lying by threes on couches covered with purple or embroidered with gold and silver—a crowd of slaves, chosen for their beauty, waiting within the square formed by the tables, and dressed in tunics of the brightest colours—over all a canopy of purple cloth, giving the room the appearance of a superb tent—the courses brought in with a regular procession marching to music—last, (not least heightening to the effect,) the custom, borrowed of the Egyptians, of bringing in a skeleton, in the midst of the feast, to furnish a *foil* to the enjoyment. All these were common features of Roman luxury at the time when Rome had the treasures of the earth at her disposal, and probably will never be reproduced in the same splendour, unless we rebarbarize and make war upon Europe under a military chieftain.

Mitchell's theatre carries the town with Cinderella. The opera goes on well, too. The only very great wonder is the "talking machine," which I have not yet seen. I will see it and describe it for you.

The February rehearsal of spring is over—the popular play of April having been well represented by the reigning stars and that pleasant company of players the Breezes. The drop-curtain has fallen, representing a winter-scene, principally clouds and snow, and the beauties of the dress-circle have retired (from Broadway) discontented only with the beauty of the piece. By the way, the acting was so true to nature that several trees in Broadway were affected to—budding!

"Ah, friends, methinks it were a pleasant sphere,  
If, like the trees, we budded every year!  
If locks grew thick again, and rosy dyes  
Return'd in cheeks, a raciness in eyes,  
And, all around us vital to their tips  
The human orchard laugh'd with rosy lips."

So says Leigh Hunt.

Yours, &c.

## THE LAND OF INTERMEZZO.

If spring be cognate to one poetical subject more than all others, it is to the single dreamy fable upon which are founded three immortal poems—one by Thomas Moore, one by Lord Byron, and the third, (quite as beautiful as either,) by the Rev. George Croly. The last—"THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD," by Croly,\* and the first, "THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS," by Moore, are just issued in Extras of the Mirror. The other, Byron's "HEAVEN AND EARTH," (so universal are the works of the noble bard,) we took for granted was already within reach of every reader. Apart from the excessive beauty of these poems, it is curious to peruse them with a view to comparison—to read first the short and simple story of "Haruth and Maruth," and then study the different shapes into which it is cast by the kaleidoscope imaginations of three of the master-minstrels of the time.

[Stay—do you live in the country, dear reader? Have you a nook near by—(natural)—or can you go to one in imagination, or will you come to ours—where our spirit is likely to be—that is to say, while scribbling this page, this glorious morning? For Spring makes a mad-house of a city's brick walls, and we must *think* in the country to-day—*live*, bodily, where we will.]

Here we are, then, in a deep down dell—the apparent horizon scarce forty feet from us—nothing visible that has been altered since God made it—and a column of clear space upward, topped by the zenith, like a cover to a well—this dell the bottom of it. (The zenith off, we should see heaven, of course!) In my pocket are the three poems abovementioned and a few editorial memoranda—but we will bind ourselves to nothing—not even to talk about these poems unless we like, nor to remember the memoranda. Idleness was part of Paradise, and with the weather of Paradise it comes over us, irresistibly.

To bring heaven and earth together—to make heaven half earth, and earth half heaven—is the doomed labour and thirst of poetry; and of these three poems the desire for this pleasant *intermezzo* is the exclusive under-tow, the unexpressed yet predominating stimulus. To Byron, (with his earthly mind unmodified,) complete heaven would doubtless have been as unpalatable as were evidently the mere realities of earth. He, and Moore, and Croly, have seized upon the eastern fable, of angels made half human and mortal half divine, to give voice to the dumb ache of their imaginations—an ache as native to the bosoms of the "Mirror parish," as to these three immortal subjects of mortal Victoria. (She ought, by the way, to wear a separate crown for her loyal immortals—the undying men of genius who are her subjects exclusively, and whose fame is, at least, *usque-millennial* and a thousand years over.) Each of these has pulled down angels to the love of flesh and blood,—(the happiness each would least like to lose, probably, in becoming an angel)—but there are differences in the other particulars of their half and half Paradise, most characteristic of the qualities of the different poets, and pleasant stuff for your idle hour's unravelling, oh reader, rich in leisure!

But this land of *Intermezzo*—this kingdom of *Middlings*—this beatific, and poet-loved half and half! Let us talk of it some more!

We are inclined to think that *HALF WAY*, in most things,

\* This is the poem spoken of on the last page of the last number of the Mirror—as having affected us more powerfully in the reading than almost any other work of imagination we remember. It is published in the same shilling Extra with Leigh Hunt's beautiful *STORY OF THE RIMINI*, and accompanied with Notes and Criticisms on both Poems—forming, together, EXTRA No. 12.

is where happiness dwells. We say so timidly, for we live in a country famous for extremes. It must be Heaven "No. 1," to tempt the Yankee! Paradise, which lies between earth and heaven, would be poor stock in Wall-street! The best—*only* the best and most exciting, in the way of pleasure, for this market—Rags, or the best broad-cloth, the only wear:—Sullen privation or sudden luxury, the only living:—Stars, or no actors:—Millions, or hand-to-mouth:—Perfectly obscure, or highly fashionable! Medium—*intermezzo*—there is (*quasi*) none in America!

In this sweet land of *Intermezzo* we find ourself, of latter years, laying up treasure. Quiet lives there. Reverie is native there. Content dwells nowhere else. Modesty retires there when she would escape Envy, for there Envy never sets foot. St. Paul saw that land when he said—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." "Something I must like and love," says old Feltham, "but nothing so violently as to undo myself with wanting it." Travel where you will, up to middle age, (says a certain Truth-angel, who sometimes stoops to our ear,) but abide, ever after, in the land of *Intermezzo*!

But, in the land of *Intermezzo* does not live FAME! It is a land with an atmosphere of sober gray, and fame is the shadow of one living in the sun. If we may preach to the poets among our flock of parishioners, we should say, *forge this shadow!* Think of it as it is—*only* a shadow. Value it as you do the shadow of your friend—nothing, but for the substance that goes before. Live in the land of *Intermezzo*, and let Fame find you—taking for it no more care than for your shadow when you walk abroad. Write—for the voice the soul wants,—the utterance without which the heart seems over-full—but be not eager for the world's listening! Fame is sweet when it comes unbeckon'd. The world *gives*, more willingly than it *pays on demand*. In the quiet fields of *Intermezzo*, pluck flowers, to dry unseen in your bosom, and if, by chance, years after, they are unloaded in the sun, they will be thrice fragrant for their shaded keeping. Amen!

A personal application has been suspected of one of the articles in a late Mirror. We did not dream of its possibility till the rumour reached us, and the article having come to us anonymously we have no means of knowing its intention except by what it bears on its face. The hit, if any was intended, seems to us not all "palpable," but, by the by, nothing is easier than for an ill-natured person to make us a stalking-horse in this way. A sketch of character that seems, to us, only clever in its truth to nature, and which is therefore innocently published, may contain a malicious combination of circumstances fastening it on one person, and its malice, of course, is intelligible only to those who know that person. We can only promise that the Mirror shall never wound a feeling if we can possibly avoid it, and in case of any accident of this kind, we trust to the public to suspend opinion till we have had our "say."

There were, in Shakespeare's day, as well as now,

"Malicious censurers which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new-trimm'd;"

and what he says of success in life still holds true:—

"What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. But if we shall stand still  
For fear our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit."

—So, the Mirror goes on!

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(EACH NUMBER CONTAINS A BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVING.)

Good as the Mirror has hitherto been (good enough to prosper) we have edited it as the Israelites built the walls of Jerusalem—with the best hand otherwise employed. The beginnings of all enterprises are difficult—more especially beginnings without capital—and the attention of one editor has been occupied with the management of the machinery now in regular operation, while the other, till the concern should be prosperous, was compelled to labour diligently for other publications. One by one (to change the figure) these hindering barnacles have been washed off our keel by going more rapidly ahead, and, with the beginning of the third volume, BOTH EDITORS will be ENTIRELY and EXCLUSIVELY devoted to the MIRROR—equal to setting studding sails a-low and a-loft with the wind dead aft, full and steady. Of course she will now go along “*with a bone in her mouth*”—as they say of a craft with the foam on her cut-water.

We live in the middle of this somewhat inhabited island of Manhattan, and see most that is worth seeing, and hear most that is worth hearing. After the newspapers have had their pick of the news, we have a trick of making a spicy hash of the remainder, (gleaning many a choice bit, by the way, which had been overlooked or slighted) and we undertake, hereby, to keep the readers of the Mirror *up to the times*. Everybody reads newspapers and gets *the outline* of the world's going round—but we shall do just what the newspapers leave undone—fill up the outline—tell you “some more,” (as the children say)—put in the lights and shadows of the picture done by newspapers in the rough. It is what we have tried to do in our “*Letters to the National Intelligencer*,” and as our brother editors seem to think we have succeeded, we will, (as we discontinue that correspondence in April) in *rather a more dashing and lighter vein*, resume these metropolitan sketches in the Mirror.

A secret for your ear, dear reader:—*By selling the plate of each number for half what it is worth, you get the reading for nothing!* Each plate is worth a shilling, to put in an album—and the whole Mirror costs but sixpence! So it is, in fact, *for nothing* that you get sixteen pages of the best literature that we can procure for you, including descriptions of the things about town that are seldomest described and best worth describing. Of course we can only afford this by very small profits on a very large circulation, and ten thousand subscribers are but the turn of the tide. The next ten thousand (into which we are now feeling our way) will be the first move of the rising tide that overruns into our pockets.

*We keep an eye in the back of our head* to see if any body is likely to overtake us (and to try their trick before they come along-side,) and we *keep a look-out on both sides* (from the salient balconies of our imagination) for any stray breezes of novelty for which it is possible to trim sail. And—to show you our hand a little—we have bagged, (like Eolus,) a breeze or two which we shall reserve awhile for competition. If nothing overhaul us, we shall try our speed by and by, with sky-scrapers and all—just to amuse the reader, and show our regard for his respectable sixpence.

Our plates by the way, we undertake to say, shall be, from this date, of twice the excellence (at least) of those heretofore given. Experience and inquiry, (with a little more money) make more difference in the bettering of this branch of our business than of most others.

NOTE BENE.—Subscribe, in all cases, (if you wish to serve us—*do you?*) BY LETTER TO OURSELVES. The Post-master will forward it free of expense.

P. S.—As to our EXTRAS, they are, to booksellers, what the “manna” must have been to the Jew bakers. You don't need coaxing to help yourselves to anything so cheap and heavenly. Take what has fallen, and be sure that more loaves, crisp and satisfying, are baking in the clouds.

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

The first number of the new year will be issued on the sixth day of April next. The work is sent by mail to all parts of the country. Address (postage free)

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## MIRROR



## LIBRARY.

We have long wished to have, for our own library, a uniform edition of our favourite authors. In this gregarious world, *ten thousand may have together what one cannot have alone*, and we wish our readers to join and give us our coveted library by having one like it themselves. By this combination we can have it cheap—that is to say a book of poems which costs a dollar here and two dollars in London, we can have for a shilling—and instead of a higgledy-piggledy shelf of books, one short and one tall, one fat and one thin, we may have them of one symmetrical shape, beautifully printed, and bound to our and your liking. You will trust our taste to select the books, and we will throw you in, in a preface, what we know of the author, and what we think of his works; and for our trouble in proof-reading, publishing, packing and forwarding, we will pay ourselves out of that little un-missed and second shilling.

We have insensibly arrived at this idea by very blind steps. We tried in vain for years, to find a publisher who would undertake a new edition of our poems—though they were completely out of print, and though (it seemed to us) there was a demand for them which might justify the edition. Against advice, we thought we might at least furnish our friends copies to read, by publishing them in an extra of the *Mirror*, for a price that would just pay the expense of printing and circulating. To our no small astonishment the orders for them came in so rapidly while they were in press, that we published a very large edition, which is still selling freely, and it then occurred to us very naturally, that one of two things must be true—either the publishers were perfect cormorants as to the profits they expected from books, or else they were not always infallible judges as to what works would sell. The next thought was an easy one. Could we not, out of our own *better judgment and smaller expectations as to profit*, publish as handsome and cheap editions of other authors, whose works were not, now, easily come at? "Let us try!" said Enterprise.

Before arriving at this idea of the *MIRROR LIBRARY*, however, we had made arrangements to republish in the same cheap form, other works of our own that were as much called for as the Poems—in short all the *PROSE WORKS* of N. P. WILLIS—(your humble servant of this present writing, dear reader!) Our dear ally, General Morris, had also introduced his popular *SONGS* and *BALLADS*, which have sold with the same electric rapidity as the others. Our "LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE" will be ready in a day or two, and *PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY* are in preparation and will be issued in a week or two. *The advertisements will duly announce all these*. We would say, *en passant*, of "Pencilings," that only one third of them have ever been republished, either here or in England. The first English edition (the fifth edition is now selling well in London) was printed from a broken set of the old *Mirror*, which had found its way out there, and the author being absent in France, even that imperfect copy was much reduced by the proof-readers. The American edition (long ago out of print) was a literal copy of this incomplete English one, and now, for the first time, "Pencilings by the Way" will be printed in a handsome and complete edition.

Of course, dear reader, we did not intend the presumption (the General and I) of putting our own works at the beginning of a "library of favourite authors." This is explained above. But we shall so arrange it, by giving you an extra titlepage, that you can bind up or leave out, us or others, at your pleasure. Each author will be separately paged, and we shall so arrange it that whatever you select from our republications will bind into an integral and handsome volume.

\* The "Letters from Under a Bridge" were written in a secluded glen of the Valley of the Susquehanna. The author, after several years residence and travel abroad, made there, as he hoped, an altar of life-time tranquillity for his household gods. Most of the letters were written in the full belief that he should pass there the remainder of his days. Inevitable necessity drove him again into active metropolitan life, and the remembrance of that enchanting interval of repose and rural pleasure, seems to him now like little but a dream. As picturing truly the colour of his own mind and the natural flow of his thoughts during a brief enjoyment of the kind of life alone best suited to his disposition as well as to his better nature, the book is interesting to himself and to those who love him. As picturing faithfully the charm of nature and seclusion after years of intoxicated life in the gayest circles of the gayest cities of the world, it may be curious to the reader.

There are now ready, therefore, the following:

- 1.—'The Sacred Poems of N. P. WILLIS,' . . . . . 12½ ct.
- 2.—'Poems of Passion,' by N. P. WILLIS, . . . . . 12½
- 3.—'Lady Jane and other Poems,' by N. P. WILLIS, . . . 12½
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- 8.—'The Rocco, No. I.'—containing three of the most delicious Poems ever written, viz.: The 'Culprit Fay,' by JOSEPH R. DRAKE; 'Lillian,' by W. M. PRAED; and 'St. Agnes' Eve,' by JOHN KEATS. With Notes, by N. P. WILLIS, . . . . . 12½
- 9.—'The Rocco, No. II.'—containing the entire 'Poems' of WM. COATE PINKNEY, with a Biographical Sketch by the late WILLIAM LEGGETT, Esq., and NOTES by N. P. WILLIS, . . . . . 12½
- 10.—'Loves of the Angels, an Eastern Romance,' by THOMAS MOORE, . . . . . 12½
- 11.—'The Irish Melodies and Sacred Songs of THOMAS MOORE. Double number, . . . . . 25

The following works are nearly ready for publication, viz.:

- 12.—'The Rocco, No. III.'—containing the 'Angel of the World,' by the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, and the 'Story of the Rimini,' by LEIGH HUNT. With NOTES prepared for this edition, . . . . . 12½
- 13.—'The Songs and Ballads of CHARLES DIBDIN,' (the bard of Poor Jack), with a SUPPLEMENT, containing (and giving to the right authors) a few NAUTICAL SONGS, which, from their popular character, and their inevitable truth and boldness, have been attributed to Dibdin. With a MEMOIR and NOTES to this first American edition, . . . 12½
- 14.—'The National Airs, Legendary Ballads, and Miscellaneous Poems of THOMAS MOORE. With NOTES and CRITICISMS. Double number, . . . . . 25

In addition to the above, 'THE POEMS' of the Hon. MRS. NORTON, and several other charming works are in the press, and will form part of the *MIRROR LIBRARY*.

We have four or five gems to follow these, which we are sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them now. One or two of them are books we almost made a secret of possessing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so impossible to replace. We can venture to promise, that, (leaving our own works aside,) no series of uniform literature in the language will be choicer, or better worth possessing at any price—let alone a shilling!

To our subscribers we wish to say that we shall publish in our Library series *nothing which will again appear in the New Mirror*. The New Mirror itself, we are confident, will be a valuable portion of the Library—of the same size and shape, and containing, of course, the best fugitive literature that we can choose or procure. The New Mirror is our pride. We shall spare no labour upon it, and it shall be worthy of the constellation to which it is the leader—if we know how to make it so. And now, dear reader, let us commend to your purchase and preservation the *MIRROR LIBRARY*—for, by shillings thus expended without any feeling of sacrifice, you will gradually create a Paradise of delicious reading, into which you can retreat when you would be rid of care or weariness.

The above works have just been issued as *Extras* of the *New Mirror*, and can be bound either with or without it. They are beautifully printed, of a uniform size, and may be had on application to the publishers. They are sent by mail to all quarters of the country, at the usual newspaper postage. Single copies, 12½ cents; ten copies for \$1. For sale, wholesale or retail, by

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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1844.

NUMBER 24.

## TURKISH COSTUME.

We give this week a picture of Galbeyaz, musing upon the captive Juan, and wondering whether old Baba will succeed in getting him into the Seraglio without bag-and-Bosphorus. We give her picture, not because we admire her, of course. We scorn the thought. But costume is a legitimate study, and dress, (though Byron omitted that in her history,) was the Sultana's forte. Forget the character, dear reader, but admit the picture to your unexceptionable scrap-book, as illustrative of the costume of Stamboul.

## THE BANKER'S WIFE.

CONCLUDED.

THE wife of the banker, listening for a moment, recognized the step of the individual, and, addressing herself to the amorous couple:

"It is my husband!" she exclaimed; "quick—quick, conceal yourselves in this cabinet. I wish to be alone with him, and present your request myself, for I am really afraid he will be more opposed to it than you, at present, imagine."

"Oh, by no means," rejoined Leonce, "he has already promised—"

"You will see now, however, that he will strenuously object. I have my reasons. I am sure of it. But quick—quick!"

Madame Dalvernay had scarcely turned the key upon the lovers, when her husband appeared at the door of the saloon.

"Ah! I find you are still here, eh?" said the banker, crossing the apartment, and depositing his hat and cane upon a side-table.

"The tone in which you speak," replied the lady, "induces me to believe you intend it for a reproach."

"Oh! by no means," rejoined the husband. "I am not at all astonished at your presence. Did I not learn, not two hours ago, that it was only necessary for me to manifest a desire, in order that you should take occasion to do precisely the opposite?"

"So, now, you are going to ask me to stay, I suppose," said Madame Dalvernay, "in the hope that I will soon take my departure?"

"By no means, Madame. I am perfectly resigned. Pray, suit your own convenience."

"She knows as yet nothing," thought Monsieur Dalvernay to himself, during an interval of silence; "if she did, she could not have so long refrained from speaking of it. And to think that I cannot put my hand on Goutard, whom I have been in pursuit of the whole morning. Let me try and find out if he has been here."

"Ahem—my dear," demanded he, "has any one been here during my absence?"

"Yes, there was a certain—Monsieur—"

"Goutard?"

"Precisely! but how did you know? Did you expect him?" inquired the lady.

"No—but—I am not surprised at his visit. A little affair of business we had together. He spoke nothing of it?"

"Not a word. But he is to call again."

"Good—good—she has as yet discovered nothing," thought the banker to himself. He then added, "At what hour have you fixed your departure?"

"Do not be impatient—soon, very soon," replied the lady; "my arrangements are nearly completed. Perhaps you would like to know the cause of my delay?"

"I am curious enough!"

"Well—I remained to organize a marriage."

"A marriage?" demanded the banker, with the air of a man who had fallen from the clouds.

"A marriage," repeated tranquilly Madame Dalvernay; "the marriage of Leonce, your nephew, with a woman—"

"Of course. I should hope it was."

"With a woman who came expressly to solicit his hand, and to make personal application to you."

"The name of this woman?"

"Upon my word, you ask of me more than I can tell you. Desiring to have an interview with you, I did not think of asking her name."

"Ah! I can guess now who it is—a certain widow. 'Tis true, Leonce has spoken to me upon this subject, but I did not imagine that he intended to prosecute the affair. I see, however, you considered it only a joke, as you did not think of inquiring the name of the lady."

"It was unnecessary, since you know it already."

"True—but, as you refused your consent—"

"On the contrary," interrupted the lady, "I granted it."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Dalvernay; "and your niece?"

"Oh! my niece can easily find another," replied Helen, whose jealousy was smothered by the triumph which she hoped to gain by these evasions.

"But, if I recollect rightly," insisted the husband, "you were determined to oppose violently any other union?"

"You see that persons sometimes change their opinions," added deliberately Madame Dalvernay.

"Impossible! No one changes thus their determination, in a moment, upon so important an affair."

"Doubtless that is what you anticipated," rejoined Helen, triumphantly, "but you will soon find out differently." Then, assuming a tone of mildness and affection:

"These young people have very much interested me," she continued; "the lady particularly—she is so kind, agreeable, fascinating. How are you pleased with her?"

"Very much! But all that is not sufficient to have changed your opinion so suddenly, and—I cannot believe it."

"And when you see all? Wait a little. The fair lady is here in this cabinet; and, as I have promised to intercede with you in her behalf, I will."

At this very moment Nanette interrupted the interview, to announce Monsieur Goutard.

"Beg him to wait one moment," said Madame Dalvernay.

"Why so?" demanded the banker. "I have been in search of him the whole morning."

"And he is in pursuit of you," added the lady.

"Just as I supposed. I assure you, I am very anxious to speak with him a moment in private."

"And I too," rejoined the lady. "Can you refuse me so small a favour?"

"No! but I cannot conceive," replied the banker, amazed at this sudden caprice of his wife. "I am anxious to have this interview."

"After mine," persisted Madame Dalvernay.

"Is it, then, so urgent?"

"Indispensable."



"You have, then, discovered something?" inquired the banker, with evident concern.

"Certainly—I know all," replied the wife, pathetically.

"The devil you do. In that case all is lost!" exclaimed M. Dalvernay to himself, turning and advancing towards the door of a closet, in one corner of the apartment, into which he was suddenly and forcibly pushed by his wife, who immediately turned the key.

At that moment Monsieur Goutard rushed precipitately into the saloon.

"Where are they?" he demanded furiously. "At home I found no one—in the street no one. I, who have pursued them for so long a time, and thirst after justice and vengeance—I, Eleonore Goutard, notary and attorney, Rue de Verneuil, No. 20."

"I have them safe at last," replied Madame Dalvernay, whose indignation had now reached its acme.

"Both?" exclaimed Goutard, thunderstruck at their proximity.

"Both!" repeated triumphantly Madame Dalvernay.

"Ah! the wretches!" cried the notary, who began to promenade hastily up and down the saloon, elevating his cane and his voice in proportion as his anger increased. "The wretches! in what a state have they put me! I scarcely recognize myself. These things happen only to me."

"To you and to many others," replied the lady, to console her companion in misfortune.

"Revenge!" cried the notary, "we must have revenge. Let us begin with my wife. Where is she?"

"Here in this cabinet," replied Helen, pointing to the door, of which she held the key.

"She is here in this cabinet!" repeated the notary.

At these words his brow darkened, his hands trembled, and he leaned for support upon his cane. Then, recovering his energy, he ventured tremblingly to propound this delicate interrogatory:

"Is Madame Goutard alone in the cabinet?"

"No," replied Helen, "there are two."

"How!" exclaimed the notary, in a tone of despair. "Is it possible you have allowed the wretches to be shut up together! It is infamous. It is madness. It is to be their accomplice!—your husband—"

"Is there," interrupted Madame Dalvernay, pointing to the other cabinet.

"Ah! I like that arrangement better! But whom have you imprisoned with my wife?"

"Monsieur Leonce, my nephew, who—"

"So much the better. For, after all, I had rather it would be he than the other, although I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance. Ah! you know not how you frightened me. Oh! Madame Goutard, you will pay dearly for this!"

With this threat on his lips and his cane in hand, the notary advanced, with a ferocious countenance, towards the door of the cabinet.

The banker, who had overheard this strange tirade, of which he did not comprehend a word, burst open by force the door of his closet, and threw himself against the door of the cabinet where Leonce and Madame de Luciennes were imprisoned.

"Can it be," exclaimed he, "that Madame Goutard is here?"

"As though you did not know it," replied Madame Dalvernay.

"Defend her not, this culpable woman, your accomplice," persisted the enraged notary, who continued to advance toward the fatal door.

"I thought it was another," replied the banker, with firmness; "but, since it is Madame Goutard, and she is in my house, I should protect her. She shall not be harmed within these walls."

"I will force the door," exclaimed the notary, terribly exasperated, "and have my revenge!"

"No, it shall not be opened," replied the banker, with decision.

"Not, at least, until I know the cause of all this—"

"The cause? Wretch! do you dare to ask the cause?"

"He even dares to ask the cause!" echoed Madame Dalvernay, scandalized by so much audacity.

Monsieur Goutard was resolved to force his way to the cabinet. Monsieur Dalvernay resisted. Blows were exchanged. The contest promised to be long, and victory doubtful. Madame Dalvernay terminated the scuffle by opening the fatal door. She entered, seized Madame de Luciennes by the arm, led her violently up to Goutard, and exclaimed:

"Behold your wife!"

At these words Goutard drew back, stupified. The countenance of the notary, hitherto distorted by rage, assumed an air of inexpressible kindness and good nature. He could scarcely restrain his involuntary outbursts of agreeable disappointment, but exclaimed interruptedly, half-confused, half-laughing:

"This—is—not—my wife! This is—not—Madame Goutard!"

"How! not your wife?" cried Madame Dalvernay, petrified with amazement.

"No—not my wife—thank heaven—"

"Thank heaven! What do you mean by those insulting words, Monsieur!" exclaimed the nephew, who interposed angrily. "This lady is soon to become Madame Leonce, and I ought—"

"I beg a thousand pardons, Monsieur Leonce," replied the notary, with *aiseté*; "it was not for Madame that I exclaimed, thank God, but for my wife—for Madame Goutard."

"Really, then, that is not your wife?" inquired earnestly Madame Dalvernay, who had not as yet completely recovered from her amazement.

"No, Madame; thank heaven, I can say it now, since my explanation with Monsieur Leonce."

"But what means all this mystery and confusion?" demanded the banker, who was the least advanced in the interpretation of this enigma. "I must know."

"It is for you to explain it to us," replied the notary, with an air of solemnity. "Madame Dalvernay was mistaken, but that proves nothing. You gave a rendezvous to Madame Goutard at one o'clock to-day."

"Who? I?"

"Yes, you. Assume not such an air of astonishment. You wrote a billet—"

"To your wife?"

"Certainly."

"I wrote to you."

"To me? impossible!"

"To you. Is not your name Eléonore Goutard?"

"Certainly, but I do not call myself Madame Eleonore Goutard in so many letters. No one bears that name but my wife."

Monsieur Goutard, who, in this case, resembled the attorney in the comedy, had also his witness in his pocket; and, to prove his assertion, he produced the envelope, which indeed bore the aggravating superscription of *Madame*.

"Do you deny the charge now?" demanded Goutard.

"More than ever," rejoined the husband. "It was not I who wrote that address."

"It was I," interrupted Madame Dalvernay, overjoyed at this *dénouement*. "A fit of jealousy prompted me to change the envelope. Your name, which is that of a woman—"

"Is absurd, I know," interrupted Goutard. "Unfortunately, when it was given me I was too young to protest against it."

"I was convinced from the address," continued Madame Dalvernay, "that it was destined for a woman. I opened it, and the contents confirmed all my suspicions." Then, turning to her husband, "Can you prove to me that such a billet was intended for Monsieur Goutard?"

"Easily," replied Dalvernay, with composure.

"How? The privacy you enjoined upon him, and the information of the hour of my departure—"

"All that was indispensable."

"Why?"

"In order to arrange an affair of which I wished you to know nothing. To prepare for you—"

"An agreeable surprise!" interrupted the nephew.

"Then what was the mysterious affair, of which I was to be kept in ignorance?"

"Do you not recollect, my dear," said Dalvernay, "that last month, in passing by Auteuil, you were enraptured with a beautiful country house?"

"Ah! yes," added Madame Dalvernay; "a charming *pavillon*, an enchanting situation."

"The same. Well, Monsieur Goutard is the proprietor, and I was anxious to purchase it for you, as a gift, for this, the eve of your wedding-day."

"Heavens! can it be?" exclaimed the wife of the banker, throwing herself into the arms of her husband. "O! how wicked I have been! Such suspicions, such accusations, such condemnations, at the very moment you were preparing me such a charming source of happiness."

"I seize the present moment," interrupted the nephew, taking the widow by the hand, "to remind my aunt that she has given me her word—"

"Which I am happy to renew," rejoined Madame Dalvernay.

At the same time M. Leonce and Madame de Luciennes approached the sentimental group, to manifest their gratitude and congratulate them on their prospect of happiness on the morrow.

This touching picture of domestic bliss had melted the heart of poor Monsieur Goutard. He wiped away a tear from his eye and looked around him, as though searching for some one to whom he might communicate his emotion and exuberance of spirits. He seized his hat and cane, and, advancing rapidly towards the door of the saloon, exclaimed:

"I perceive I am the only one here who has no guardian angel by his side to share his felicity. It is not for want of searching after her, however; I have done nothing else the whole day. I must go and see if I can find her now at home. Adieu, friends—adieu."

"But, hello!" cried the banker, "the country house?"

"You shall have it," he exclaimed, from the foot of the stairs, "you shall have it, but not until I have found Madame Goutard."

W. A. S.

## THE OATH THAT WAS KEPT.

CONCLUDED.

THE wound of M. de la Sausseye brought on a fever; he had all the dreams and saw all the phantoms of a sick man. The Don Juan of the province, that is to say, only half cor-

rupted, he felt remorse; then, when the fever abated, and in the weakness which succeeded, he reflected seriously. Without being able to divine who M. Jerome was, and while seeking to drive from his mind the disagreeable remembrance, he returned, in spite of himself, to conjectures about what could be the motives which influenced him.

Mademoiselle Eugenie must have made some confidences, and in this way M. Jerome must have learned the secret, which ought to be known only by two persons.

Sick, and disposed by solitude to admit all sorts of hypotheses, even that M. Jerome had been influenced only by the love of honour and justice, he then felt ashamed of the part he had played, and acknowledged all the advantages of his adversary. At last, jealousy mingled in his thoughts; not very scrupulous, he saw no reason to prevent Mademoiselle Duport from marrying a man who loved her. His own attentions had been long enough to warrant a father, a brother, a friend, to call him to account for his conduct. But that mattered not, M. Jerome had taken a poor way; a man is not forced by a sword to marry. Then when he thought of Eugenie, when he recalled her grace and beauty, he was astonished at his conduct, and love made him feel the pangs of remorse. His self-love was still great and irresolute; discontented with himself, he was by turns the prey of his love, his jealousy, and his vanity.

At length a letter was brought him from Madame Duport.

"Monsieur," she wrote, "although I am astonished at your absence, not knowing the cause, still I cannot help regarding you as a friend of my family, and I have the honour of announcing to you the approaching marriage of my daughter Eugenie to M. de R."

At this news, Sausseye sprung out of bed, dressed himself, ordered his horse, and set off at full gallop towards Madame Duport's. On arriving, he handed his horse to a servant, and hastened to find Eugenie. She was alone, seated in a fauteuil, and her face concealed in her handkerchief.

"Eugenie," said he, "Eugenie, are you going to be married?"

"It does not concern you," she replied, without raising her head.

"It does not concern me?" said Sausseye. "How, Eugenie, when I love you, adore you, who hoped to be loved by you, thought I was loved by you,—will you thus abandon me, betray me, love another?"

Eugenie wept, but did not reply; and Sausseye, who, not a month since, fought two duels rather than consent to marry her, was at her feet, praying, supplicating, begging for one look, one word, and offering her his name and fortune.

"No," said he, "no, it is not possible, you do not love M. de R. You will not marry him! Ah! speak, Eugenie, speak; say one word, or I die at your feet!"

Love is a passion so strong, and understands dissimulation so little, that the first words of Eugenie, when she did look at Sausseye, were:

"Ah! Mon Dieu, Monsieur, how pale you are."

At that moment the blood oozed from the half-closed wound of Sausseye, and Eugenie exclaimed:

"Good heavens! blood! blood! You are wounded!"

"Yes, and by your M. Jerome."

"My M. Jerome! What do you mean?"

Sausseye saw the inadvertency he had committed in speaking of M. Jerome; for, after all, as M. Jerome had said, he himself fought for her, while his own role it would be difficult to explain to her.

"Pardon me," said he, "pardon me, Mademoiselle, you do not know M. Jerome."

"Did he wound you?"

"Do you not know him?"

"Ah! Monsieur," replied Eugenie, weeping, "since when do you accuse me of knowing your enemies?"

"Ah! my enemies are those who wish to carry you away from me. My enemy, it is, M. de R. Your mother is my enemy, for she disposes of your hand, and you obey. Every one who seeks to deprive me of your love is my enemy."

The blood continued to flow, and Eugenie wished to ring for assistance.

"No, no," said Saussey, "let me die, or say that you love me still."

Madame Duport opened the door. "M. de la Saussey?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Madame, it is I; I who adore your daughter, and who hopes she loves me. I who, on my knees, ask her hand."

"But the blood! his blood is flowing!" said Eugenie, alarmed.

Both the mother and daughter hastened eagerly to dress the wound. Their fear abated, and the wound dressed, they sat down to talk of affairs. Madame Duport had been sincere, and had given her consent to the marriage of her daughter, provided she was willing. It was, therefore, easy to withdraw from this engagement, without being wanting to an honest man, who, though in love, as it was said, nevertheless sought a marriage of convenience, rather than inclination. The lovers' quarrel was made up, Saussey's wound was attributed to one of those ridiculous quarrels frequent among young men of twenty-five, and he returned to his home with the duplicate of his marriage contract. He requested it might be kept secret until the first time the bans were published. One morning, while walking in the park, he reflected upon his conduct, and avowed the wrong he had done; but still he felt hurt at the intervention of M. Jerome. His pride and self-love made him wish for another encounter with him.

"We must meet again before our marriage, his blood must flow, and he shall know that I do not obey him in marrying Eugenie. He will not always be so fortunate. There is a chance in duelling, after all. He handles the sword better than I do, but the choice of arms is mine; the pistol is the best."

Saussey spoke aloud, like an angry man, thinking himself alone. Just then M. Jerome presented himself. Saussey recoiled a step, not knowing whether his adversary had heard him or not. Nevertheless, he was glad at seeing the man on whom he wished to be avenged; he crossed his arms on his breast, and, without calculating the danger he run, he haughtily commenced the conversation.

"Monsieur," said he, "you arrive very apropos. I was just thinking of you."

"Alas!" resumed M. Jerome, "since our first encounter you have been the continual object of my secret meditations, and I do not pass an hour without praying heaven for your happiness, even if it were to be at the expense of mine."

"Indeed, Monsieur," replied Saussey, with a contemptuous look, "you come here with the expectation of giving me a sword-thrust, to contribute to my happiness."

M. Jerome cast down his eyes, and his ordinarily pale face coloured slightly.

"Monsieur, I have been wounded in both arms. You must know that you have the advantage with swords. We will take pistols this time."

"A duel! Monsieur! a duel!" cried M. Jerome. "Ah, far be it from us, such a crime; let us not transgress both

human and divine laws. A good citizen ought never to take arms against his fellow-citizen, against a Frenchman like himself."

"That is an excellent maxim, but you know it is neither yours nor mine."

"Pardon me, Monsieur, I have always thought what I say."

"And within this last month you have drawn your sword against me?"

"Yes."

"Then fifteen days you did it again."

"Alas! yes."

"Monsieur!" cried Saussey, "you have meddled with my affairs in spite of myself. Twice you have forced me to a combat that did not concern you. Then, after acting like a professed duellist, you now come to me with maxims against duelling. To me, whom you have wounded twice, you come to preach evangelical precepts. You might have done so a month since, but now you must account for the blood you have shed with the pistol in hand. I hope you are ready to do so."

"No, no, you shall never force me to anything so culpable. My hand shall never again be raised against you. No, no, Monsieur, I will not fight."

Saussey reflected a moment, and then said:

"When have you seen Madame Duport?"

"Monsieur, I have told you I have not the honour of knowing this lady, and I can add that for two months I have seen none of her family."

"Be frank, M. Jerome; you know that my marriage with Eugenie is settled."

"Yes, Monsieur, I learned it from yourself just now: when you were speaking aloud to yourself, I overheard you."

This was precisely what Saussey feared. M. Jerome knew he was going to be married, and doubtless would take the merit of it to himself, and think that the fear of constant duelling had driven him to do so. Then, too, M. Jerome's moderation seemed ironical, and he resolved, at all hazards, to prove to him, by another deed, that he acted freely, and was not to be made the dupe of hypocritical calmness.

"Monsieur," said he to his adversary, "you have uttered false allegations in regard to Mademoiselle Eugenie. You said I had compromised her; you went still farther, you lied!"

"If I have said anything wrong, I retract it, and beg you to forget it, and pardon me."

"You are an impertinent fellow!"

"I have gone too far, I acknowledge."

"You have calumniated Mademoiselle Eugenie. No man, unless dishonourable and cowardly, would descend to calumniate a woman."

"You are right, Monsieur; I have always thought so, too."

"Well, then, I tell you that you have slandered her. You ought to understand the epithets I give you."

"Without agreeing with you that I merit these odious appellations, will you accept my excuses?"

"What a man you are! Here you come to provoke me to fight two duels. I, who had never seen you; I, who had never in any way molested you; and now, when I insult you, when I heap on you the most opprobrious epithets, you recoil!"

"At least, my moderation ought to satisfy you."

M. Jerome's calmness increased Saussey's anger, and he exclaimed:

"Do you wish to drive me further?"

And he lifted his hand.

If, in moments like these, one had sufficient self-possession

sion to see clearly, Saussey might have easily remarked the nervous tremour of M. Jerome at the sight of the uplifted hand; the paleness of his brow, his livid lips, and his flashing eye; but he saw nothing; and M. Jerome, mastering himself, tranquilly replied:

"A philosopher, whose authority you will not deny, has justly placed the Gospel above all other books, above all morals he estimates the morals of those inspired writings, and you know what is found in that code of justice: 'Who-soever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' Strike, Monsieur, strike again, but pardon me my past offence. Twice have I committed a crime, and seek for pardon, that my days and nights may be without remorse."

Speaking thus, M. Jerome held down his head, humiliating himself before Saussey, who measured him from head to foot disdainfully, and then said, as he turned away towards the chateau:

"The fool has turned capuchin."

The marriage, until then kept secret, became public, the necessary writings were made at the mayoralty of the village, and the bans were published. The day before the wedding, Saussey was at Madame Dupont's. He remained until evening, and, after all the company had retired, he related to his affianced and her mother all that had passed within the last two months; acknowledged how wrong he had been to leave one whom he loved, and the two visits of M. Jerome, and the two duels that followed.

"He is an extraordinary man," said he, "to whom I confess I owe my life, for twice it was in his power to run me through with his sword, and he did not do it; but the last time I met him he refused to fight altogether. He has shown the greatest bravery and the greatest cowardice; at first Achilles, and then Thersites. Who is he, one of your relations? I expected to meet him here this evening."

"M. Jerome?" said Madame Dupont.

"Yes, he calls himself M. Jerome."

"I do not know him; we have no relations or friends by that name."

"Indeed!"

"I assure you, we have not."

The next morning Saussey was married, and at ten o'clock set off in their carriage for the church.

"Coachman, stop!" cried Saussey, seeing they had passed the church.

"Let him go on, my son," said Madame Dupont; "he has orders to do so."

Saussey held Eugenie's hands in his. She whom he loved was his, the law had just sanctioned their union, and he attached very little importance to a ceremony which would add nothing to his rights. It was not until he heard the creaking of an iron grille, leading into a beautiful garden, that he looked out and perceived they were near a chateau.

"Where are we going?" said he.

"To be married, my children."

They descended from the carriage, traversed the garden, and at the end of a long alley reached a chapel, the doors of which were instantly opened; the sanctuary was lighted by numerous wax candles, and on the steps of the altar a priest was waiting to receive them. Saussey entered, leading Eugenie by the hand; but, no sooner did he cast his eyes on the minister, than he exclaimed:

"M. Jerome!"

"What ails you?" asked Eugenie.

"Nothing, dearest. But is this priest, who is going to marry us, your confessor?"

"He? M. Dufresnoy? No. But you spoke of M. Jerome?"

"That was nothing; I thought I recognized a face, but was mistaken."

The ceremony was calm, dignified and impressive. After the nuptial benediction, M. Dufresnoy addressed them in a paternal and Christian manner. His voice was gentle, and evangelical unction accompanied every sentence. He spoke of peace, charity, mutual support, and that fidelity which was the precious source of all happiness and repose in the married state. His voice trembled with emotion, his eyes filled with tears, while his features retained their composure. M. Dufresnoy had a commanding form, and his gestures were imposing. Saussey observed beneath his linen surplice the red ribbon and the golden star of the legion of honour.

"I was mistaken," thought he; "but the resemblance is striking."

On leaving the chapel, they walked in the garden while awaiting the sumptuous dinner to which M. Dufresnoy had invited them. Saussey expressed his surprise at the magnificent green-house, the rare flowers, the clumps of trees artistically placed, and separated by *jets d'eau*, the correct taste reigning everywhere, and the trees on all sides of the noble park, which surrounded this oasis filled with every natural beauty that could delight the eye, while four walls, covered with verdure, sheltered it from the heat of summer and the winds of winter.

Saussey and his wife were admiring these beauties, when, at the turn of an alley, they met M. Dufresnoy.

"Madame," said he, with a gallant air, to the bride, "will you be good enough to spare me your husband a moment?"

She assented with a smile, and the abbé took Saussey's arm.

"What do you think, Monsieur, of a man of peace, of a minister of the Lord like me, who has lifted a murderous hand twice against his neighbour? Of course, you must think me very culpable!"

"I think," said Saussey, whose doubts were at once cleared up, "that M. Dufresnoy wears the tonsure, and M. Jerome the cross of honour, and that—"

"Listen to me. I am the last scion of a rich family, and at twenty years of age had no thoughts of being a priest under the consulate. I, therefore, became a soldier. I entered a regiment of cavalry at the same time with another young man of my age and rank. It was Dupont, your wife's father. We became brothers in arms.

"Chance, which unites destinies as well as separates them, brought us together at the *début* of our military career, and for fifteen years we were not separated an instant. We were named brigadiers at the same time, then sub-lieutenants, lieutenants, captains, and at last commanders of squadrons. We obtained the cross on the same battlefield, and were made chevaliers the same day. There was, however, this difference between us: he married, and I remained single. I have always thought, Monsieur, that there were two conditions in the world in which it was best not to take a wife. The soldiers of Christ and the soldiers of Cesar, in my opinion, ought to have no family but their colours. You smile."

"Pardon," said Saussey.

"You must not forget I am a priest," said M. Dufresnoy. "Dupont left the regiment whenever he could, to spend the time with his wife. He had three children, the last of whom was born when the soldiers of France rallied around the emperor. The enemy had invaded our native soil, and

battles were fought on French fields. At Champaubert, Duport was shot in the breast, and fell in my arms. The moment my dying friend cast his last look upon a human being in this world was the most solemn moment of my life."

"My friend," said he, "I have two daughters. They are beautiful. I leave them without a protector. They must find in you not only a second father but an avenger, if they are ever insulted. You must be jealous of their honour. You understand."

"I took the oath. I swore to die sooner than suffer the least insult offered to the two children, and my friend expired in my arms. You know the misfortune of France: the country was invaded, and fell into the hands of new masters. I left the service and established myself at Paris. I was young and rich. I fell in love with a widow as rich as I was, and some years younger. I loved her so ardently that I, in a measure, forgot the loss of my friend. I was loved, Monsieur; but, alas! we can count on nothing in this world! A violent illness in a few days carried off my affianced. At this last blow God abandoned me. I had lost my friend, I had lost my bride, I had nothing left me in the world, and resolved to leave it."

"Did you think of committing suicide, Monsieur l'abbé?"

"I thought of everything the unfortunate think of when tired of life. I was a weary sentinel, forgotten to be relieved, because the post I occupied was no longer useful; I could leave it without compromising the army. I made my will, and loaded the fatal arms, when I recalled to mind my oath—the daughters of Duport, for whose welfare I had promised myself responsible to their dying father! The weapon fell from my hand. I did not feel the desire, but the necessity of living, and did not kill myself, but lived to keep the oath I had sworn to my brother in arms. Still life was insupportable, and God touched me. You smile?"

"Pardon me, but you ought to understand—"

"Why should I comprehend you, when you do not understand me. If I thought as you do, if I was not what you ironically call a devotee, why did I turn priest? Rich, still young, and having an honourable rank in the army, a deep conviction was necessary to make me renounce all and yet live. Nothing touched me, I was attached to nothing, and then my eyes turned away from this world, and you see what I have become—a priest, a servant of a greater master than Cæsar, than Napoleon. You now know who M. Jerome is."

"Not at all," replied Saussaye. "You are a priest, nothing better. Your separation from the world, your peculiar convictions have made you take this part; but then, Monsieur, have you not abused your position? How came it that a secret, known only to two persons, should ever reach your ears?"

"Unfortunate! what do you mean to say?"

"Frankly, that when on the steps of the altar I recognized M. Jerome, who had given me two sword-thrusts, I leaned towards Eugenie, and asked if this man—"

"Was her confessor?" interrupted Dufresnoy.

"Alas! yes," said Saussaye.

How blind passion makes men, and how they imagine one turns against them the most sacred things! Because M. de la Saussaye wins the love of a young woman, and leaves her, it follows that a priest must perjure himself and commit sacrilege! No! religion has had nothing to do in all this; religion has not meddled with your affairs. It is I, Monsieur, I who have done all. You see my estate joins that of Madame Duport. One night, when watching, and weary of the thoughts that pursued me, chance led me to-

wards the house which contained the family of my friend. I saw a window open and a woman, Eugenie, appear, followed by a young man—it was you. From that time I watched you, and when I found you visited them no longer, it became necessary for me to act, or feel that I had perjured myself; I could never think myself honest and virtuous if I failed in my promise to a dying man.

"But then I was a priest, and was bound by other oaths that were opposed to the first. I consulted a priest like myself, and he shuddered with horror at the bare recital of my project. I had broken with the world, I followed a Master whose commands were to leave father, and mother, and children, and who annulled the most sacred oaths if they offended against his holy laws. I could no longer sleep, and if my eyelids closed for a moment I saw Duport dying in my arms, and awaiting, ere he drew his last breath, the promise which I hesitated to fulfil. My former life led me to seek you. Let us pass over those two unhappy encounters. When I learned at last that your marriage was decided, I returned to your park to humble myself before one, whom I had conquered twice, to hear my courage denied; and, for a soldier of Napoleon to find himself ill-used by a young man, who had never seen the fire of one battalion, I went to humiliate myself before you and to kill the old man."

"But what if I had continued to refuse to marry Eugenie," said Saussaye, "what would you have done then, M. Dufresnoy?"

"M. Jerome would have killed you, and the priest would have wept over it all his life." L. F.

## QUOTATIONS.

### NUMBER ONE.

If the reader is pleased with these audible thinkings of mine, which are about to follow, so! if not, why, so! again. If the editors of the New Mirror, out of the abundance of their confiding friendship for me, put at my disposition, now and then, a column of vacancy, with *carte blanche* as to wherewithal to fill it, I mean to do so in such manner as may best suit my own humour. Truly, it would be a fine thing if one were always compellable to think in stays and corsets, and not sometimes at liberty to follow out the fantastic wanderings of his own fancy. Sometimes I shall be stupid, and sometimes edifying; and, perhaps, among the shells and husks I throw out, there may now and then be found a kernel containing some nourishment. If to indulge in quotation be pedantic, pedantry just now squares with my humour.

"I'll live by rhyme and rhyme shall live by me."

Now, in that one sentence, taken at random from the wisdom of ancient Pistol, is contained, briefly enough, the rule of action which governs the conduct of all politicians, pedlars, legislators, cobblers and preachers, and, in fine, of the whole world. All juntas, cabals, conventions, congresses of emperours and kings, saints and beggars, take it as their sure rule and guide of action. It is your only true, good policy. Who would be honest, obliging and friendly, except that thereby he might live? The condescending smile of the great man, and the fawning flattery of the small, alike grow out of this precept, and therein have their root; and as well the barber who takes you, meaning no offence, by the nose; and the Pope, whose toe kings kiss; alike eat, drink and sleep upon it. Hear honest Iago!

"You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-working knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For naught but provender; and when he's old, cashiered.  
Whip not such honest knaves: others there are,  
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined their  
coats,  
Do themselves homage. These fellows have some soul."

If the creed makes one man, there's many an Iago in the world. Comfortable doctrine, that of his, to the large class of scoundrels turned patriots, who use large professions of obsequious subserviency to the whims and notions of the people. Comfortable, also, above most things, to those who burrow in fat offices, and keep their ears erect, watching a change of rulers. It is a philosophy after their own hearts, wiser than all the lore of antiquity.

"If I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind."

The most practically useful of philosophic conclusions, and the only correct method of steering through the disturbed currents of the world. How would you or I make progress, if we were to let fly forth our opinions without reserve, ("wearing our heart upon our sleeve for daws to peck at,") concerning the rich and great, the men who bear full purposes and hold fat offices. We should, upon conviction of impudence and impudence so felonious, cease straightway to circulate at dinners and *soirees*, and, perforce, be restrained to the purgatory of our own garret. Flattery is your only unction for pride, and the great are entitled to be restive under advice—an infiction which most tries one's patience. But, if you encounter one who has seen better days, but has now "a hole in his coat," poor, and out at elbows with the world, then tell him your mind. Remember,

"That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather  
Does on the brain.  
For he that out of clothes is out of fashion,  
And out of fashion is out of countenance,  
And out of countenance is out of wit."

Listen to the words of wisdom out of the mouth of Lear's fool:

"Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up a hill, let him draw thee after."

Upon which maxim acted Bacon, in his connexion with Essex; and Burghley, in his conspiracies with Northumberland. Oh, wise fool! to have hit, in so few words, upon the great axiom which lies at the foundation of all political wisdom. Richelieu or Talleyrand, Mazarine or Metternich, could add nothing to it, if tomes were filled with their experience.

Hear Timon, too:

"Every prize of fortune is smoothed by that below;  
The learned pate ducks to the golden fool."

And why should it not? Does not every man that goes through the world with head erect, ever and anon knock his pate against the rafters? Flattery is as current a coin as gold. It has received a value at the mint, and has become a legal tender; until *boring* is the only sure way of getting through the world. There is no man whom it is so hard to jostle from the pavement of life, and the world's favour, as your adroit and skilful flatterer. Those who can truly say,

"We are no good inginers,  
We want their fine arts, and their thriving use,  
Should make us graced, or favoured of the times;  
We have no strife of faces, no cleft tongues,  
No soft and glutinous bodies, that can suck  
Like snails on painted walls; or, on our breasts,  
Creep up, to fall from that proud height, to which  
We did by slavery, not by service, climb."

"May also say,  
We have no place in court, office in state.  
We stand not in the lines that do advance  
To that so courted point."

You that would crawl upward in the world, practise accordingly, and be prosperous. Now to the creed of Sejanus:

"Your idle, virtuous definitions  
Keep honour poor, and are as scorn'd as vain.  
Those deeds breathe honour that do such in gain."

#### NUMBER TWO.

"What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in?"

Truly, one would loudly respond with a vehement negative. What man ever found that the world long gave him credit for being any better than in reality he was? Doubtless, it may, for a space, magnify his great deeds, make of him an idol and popular pet, and hold him at higher than his actual value; being but a guinea, he may for a time pass currently as a doubloon. The worse for him in the end; because, as certainly it will chance that the same world's distorted vision will magnify his evil deeds, minify his good actions, and look at his virtues through a concave lens. Badly enough fares your modest and unobtrusive man in a crowd! Every one jostles him, he is carried hither and thither, and at last elbowed into the kennel—no joke in Broadway, of a wet day in the winter. He gets neither office nor dignity. He is not of the proper mettle for a leader. He is merely a good enough, diffidence fellow. So goes the world. But yon bold man, who holds himself a little higher than he is worth, though with less brains than a nail-paring, will, under all depressions whatever, rise in the world. He may have a little heart, but, like ancient Pistol, "he speaks brave words," and the world takes his word at par. Mark your brave men, your pistol and dagger heroes, who vapour on the floor of Congress and elsewhere! With whom would their bravery pass unquestioned, if they were content to be modest? In such case, their hearts would have shown as they are—white as a blanched lily. Large words are the sunshine, which colours, with a thousand bright hues, the milky vapour of a coward's heart. What sayeth Bassanio?

"How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars?  
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk!  
And these assume but Valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubted."

Take, therefore, my advice. Be ever at pains to show all your virtues to the world, and assume the semblance, if you are so unfortunate as not to possess the reality. The counterfeit coin will generally pass better in the market than the pure beaten gold. It is not so difficult to wear the lion's skin as might be imagined. "The world is oft deceived with ornament."

"His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields."

One would think Sir John Falstaff would have been the last man extant to babble of emerald seas of grass, and green wheat-fields quivering in the wind. But every one is fond of babbling about that which he understands least. Many a poet, who never sees the outside of a smoky city, maunders, through interminable verses of *descriptive verse*, of the beauties of nature, clear skies, and the leafy magnificence of deep woods. Alas, how few men are capable of enjoying, as God meant man to enjoy, the green fields, the rushing rivers, the blue sky bathed in glowing sunshine, or lit with its million starry eyes; the broad, green ocean of the prairie, or the impenetrable verdure of the woods. Your busy man of riches would be equally contented if field, wood and prairie were one sombre black, so that his money brought him good interest; and the sky a universal dingy yellow for a century, so that rain enough might come from out it to enable his steamboats to run.



Our American poetry is too entirely descriptive. Bryant's has become an almost interminable monotony. Why does not he change his tone, and get again into the *Thanatopsis* vein. Let all poets know, at least, that tangled cane-brakes and impervious forests are not exactly the parks and lawns of which they are fond of carolling. Let none meddle with them who are afraid of snakes and scream at spiders.

"They will steal anything and call it purchase."

I hold this to be, when intimately looked into, as wise a saying as was ever uttered. It is the fashion of the present age to apply soft terms to villany and vice. The poet steals whole pages from the ancients, utters them to the world as his own, and, when indicted, calls it purchase. For the most part, your magazine poets hunt here and there in old corners, patch up from odds and ends, cobbler-like, huge quilts of rhyme, and utter their false wares without a brush. The politician changes sides upon the argument of a good salary, and calls it—honest conviction. The statesman violates a sacred treaty, and terms it—diplomacy. The parson changes a good living for a better, and assigns as cause—a loud call from heaven. The man of the world commits a crime, in its own nature of a dye deeper, in its consequences more horrible to the victim, than murder, and calls it—galantry. And your epicure makes of himself a beast, and calls it—refined taste.

"There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts."

Perhaps—and the supposition is charitable—men never imagine themselves to be quite so bad as they are. At any rate, it is an evidence of the intrinsic excellence of virtue, that the very basest desire to wear its outward semblance.

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."

A maxim, the truth of which many a poor fellow, who started into life with flourishing hopes and buoyant prospects, has most bitterly felt. Savage, Chatterton, and Burns often found themselves lodged with strange bedfellows; and reasonably enough, too, if, as Hogg says, "A poet belongs to no grade in society. He is equal to the highest, and not above the lowest." But it is not misery alone that acquaints one with strange companions. Politics are as potent as misery; and the whirling eddies of party bring these together in amity to-day who were yesterday at daggers-drawing. Adroitness is the one qualification for success; and it is as well for one to keep near the fence, if not exactly upon it. Politicians get into as many scrapes as pigs; the latter being admitted to be the most unfortunate animal extant. Certainly, their life is, as man's has been said to be, a succession of scrapes; or, rather, a multitude of scrapes in concentric circles. There is, indeed, a striking resemblance between pigs and politicians. There is no hole so narrow or dirty that a pig will not squeeze through, squealing vociferously all the while, to secure a mouthful of corn from the public crib. No animal makes so loud a noise at a trivial mishap, and none gets over it so quickly and goes off so quietly as a pig. Obstinate and perverse, they are possessed of a species of laconic brevity, in which they have the advantage of public men and editors who write long articles. A pig's whole life is a farce, and ends by his being hung up by the heels with a stick in his mouth, subject to the orders of the kitchen cabinet—a melancholy resemblance to the fate, in our day, of some distinguished politicians.

#### NUMBER THREE.

"Any strange beast there makes a man."

There are many places where such is the case, honest Trinculo! In our day and country, I know of nothing, un-

less it be the commission of some atrociously-interesting crime, which so soon "makes a man" as to become, or pretend to be, "a strange beast." Mankind have a strange fancy for oddities and singularities, and are ever pretending to be what they are not. For example, there is your blunt man, who insults you because, forsooth, he is no flatterer, he! Such an one,

"Having been praised for bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he!  
An honest mind and plain; he must speak truth:  
An' they will take it, so; if not, he's plain."

Most men aim at becoming strange beasts—for there it is a natural disposition in mankind to make of itself a show. One pretends to extraordinary righteousness and wonderful sanctity—a method of attaining distinction which ought, since the time of Simeon Stylites, who, in that regard, was unapproachable, to have been abandoned. Another is willing to become notorious by being credited for more wretchedness than he is truly cursed withal. One pretends to vast learning, lays up store of large words, and lets fly forth the same, whether on occasion or out of season. Another professes a supreme contempt for education, and prides himself on his common sense; holding, doubtless, with sage Dogberry, that reading and writing come by nature.

The strangest of strange beasts is your lion—your literary, critical, political, or fashionable lion. "There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living." I have a most holy horror of all such wild-fowl, and utterly eschew and avoid them. I will, like Benedick, go on the slightest errand to the antipodes, wherein you can devise to send me, or fetch a toothpick from the furthest inch, rather than hold three-words' conference with such a harpy.

"I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer."

How many chatters are there in the world who do not express their opinions, but let them loose, so that they fly out like caged birds, in a confused flock. I am, after much reflection, inclined to the opinion, that when one is possessed of but few ideas they never stand much in each other's way, and the owner gets him out of his head the more fluently. They never jostle one the other in making procession from his mouth. It is surprising how little most men and women really say, compared with the quantity of words they utter. You shall hear many a one talk for hours, his words flowing, to use old Chapman's words,

"As when of pregnant bees  
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees  
Of their expression endlessly, with ever rising new  
From forth their nest."

And yet the proportion of wheat to chaff shall be the smallest imaginable.

Your professed wit, above all things, let us heartily detest and abhor. Ever upon the alert for an opportunity whereon to hang a joke or pun, the true grains of wit in his discourse float imperceptible, like single herrings in the broad Atlantic. You soon come to protest his constant drafts upon your risibilities with a most testy impatience.

"His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract."

Is that not the most common, if not the truest philosophy? Who would tell his friend to his face his inmost opinion as to his merits? That might lose him his friend, and the profit consequent on the friendship. Let him, therefore, say it out boldly behind his back; for so he can say out his say, and likewise retain his friend. Of what use, after all, is a friend, except it be to serve one's purposes in getting through the world. True, to say it to his face would be more honest; but what is the weight of honesty when put in the scales

with profit. An honest man is, I know, the noblest work of God; and, at the same time, the worst treated piece of his workmanship. Wear, therefore, two hearts under one gaberdine; and let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth.

"Was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?"

A pertinent interrogatory, aptly put, and needful to be answered. Your Sherris sack, your Burgundy, your brandy, and your whole race of liquors, have in them a wondrous virtue. They put courage in the heart, and give to fear and trembling no quarter; so that many a man who would have said, when duly sober, like Nym, "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron," becomes, under the potent influence of wine, as brave as Ajax, and ready to flash his pistol in anybody's face.

"I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged."

Philosophy more acute than any precept of Epicurus or the Stoics! Well considered, this maxim would act as a complete preventive to suicide. Many a man has popped out of the world by a foolish *felo de se*, just as his tide of ill-luck was about beginning to ebb; and many a rascal, whose character has been ruined, but who has had the good sense to continue in the world, has manufactured a new one, which has served him better than the one he had lost. If you ever commit perjury, or are afflicted with any similar misfortune, do not, by any means, run and hang yourself. A rope is the most uncomfortable of cravats; and a hung man, unlike hung-beef, is of no more use than a peascod. No one would give a farthing for a hanged man. Rather put money in thy purse; and thou shalt still be a most reputable man, not one in a thousand looking askant at you. If you lose your mistress, think not of adding to the evil, and further rejoicing her by blowing out your brains. A man without brains is no better than a horse. Rather get you another mistress. You would have been tired of the first before your natural decease. If you should, unfortunately, commit the unpardonable sin, by becoming as poor as a rat, by no means drown yourself in a horse-pond. You will wish you were out by the time you reach the bottom. "Ere I would say I would drown myself, I would change my humanity with a baboon. Drown thyself! Drown cats and blind puppies. Put money in thy purse." To drown one's self for love—and after nine days to rise up and float on the water like a bloated ape! "Most tolerable, and not to be endured."

#### BREAKFAST.

A BREAKFAST-TABLE in the morning, clean and white with its table-cloth, coloured with its cups and saucers, and glittering with the tea-pot,—is it not a cheerful object, reader? And are you not always glad to see it?

We know not any inanimate sight more pleasant, unless it be a very fine painting, or a whole abode snugly pitched; and even then, one of the best things to fancy in it, is the morning meal.

The yellow or mellow-coloured butter, (which softens the effect of the other hues), the milk, the bread, the sugar,—all have a simple, temperate look, very relishing however to a hungry man. Perhaps the morning is sunny; at any rate the day is a new one, and the hour its freshest; we have been invigorated by sleep; the sound of the shaken canister prepares us for the fragrant beverage that is coming; in a few minutes it is poured out; we quaff the odorous refreshment, perhaps chatting with dear kindred, or loving and laughing with the "morning faces" of children,—or, if alone, reading one of the volumes mentioned in our last, and taking tea, book, and bread-and-butter all at once,—no "inelo-

gant" pleasure, as Sir Walter Scott saith of the eating of tarts.\*

Dear reader, male or female (very dear, if the latter,) do you know how to make good tea? Because if you do not (and we have known many otherwise accomplished persons fail in that desideratum) here is a recipe for you, furnished by a mistress of the art:

In the first place, the tea-pot is found by experience to be best, when it is made of metal. But whether metal or ware, take care that it be thoroughly clean, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a leaf of the stale tea left from the last meal. The tests of boiling are various with different people, but there can be no uncertainty, if the steam come out of the lid of the kettle; and it is best therefore to be sure of that evidence. No good tea can be depended upon from an urn, because an urn cannot be kept boiling; and water should never be put upon the tea but in a thoroughly and *immediately* boiling state. If it has done boiling, it should be made to boil again. Boiling, proportion, and attention, are the three magic words of tea-making. The water should also be soft, hard water being sure to spoil the best tea; and it is advisable to prepare the tea-pot against a chill, by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you begin; emptying it out of course, when you do so. These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot three teaspoonfuls, and as much water as will cover the quantity. Let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes, and then, *first* putting the sugar and milk into the cup, pour out the tea; making sure to put in another cup of boiling water *directly*.

Of tea made for a party, a spoonful for each and one over must be used, taking care *never* to *drain* the tea-pot, and always to add the requisite quantity of boiling water as just mentioned.

The most exquisite tea is not perhaps the wholesomest. The more green there is in it, certainly the less wholesome it is; though green adds to the palatableness. And drinking tea very hot is a pernicious custom. Green tea and hot tea make up the two causes which produce perhaps all the injurious results attributed to tea-drinking. Their united effects in particular, are sometimes formidable to the "nerves," and to persons liable to be kept awake at night. Excellent tea may be made, by judicious management, of black tea alone; and this is unquestionably the most wholesome. Yet a little green is hardly to be omitted.

Now have a cup of tea thus well made, and you will find it a very different thing from the insipid dilution which some call tea, watery at the edges, and transparent half way down; or the syrup into which some convert their tea, who are no tea-drinkers, but should take treacle for their breakfast; or the mere strength of tea, without any due qualification from other materials,—a thing no better than melted tea-leaves, or than those which it is said were actually served up at dinner, like greens, when tea was first got hold of by people in remote country parts, who had not heard of the way of using it,—a dish of acrid bitterness. In tea, properly so called, you should slightly taste the sugar, be sensible of a balmy softness in the milk, and enjoy at once a solidity, a delicacy, a relish, and a fragrance in the tea. Thus compounded it is at once a refreshment and an elegance, and, we believe, the most innocent of cordials; for we think we can say from experience, that when tea does harm, it is either from the unmitigated strength just mentioned, or from its being taken too hot,—a common and most pernicious custom. The inside of a man, dear people, is not a kitchen copper.

But good tea, many of you may say, is dear. Tea of all sorts is a great deal too dear; but we have known very costly tea turn out poor in the drinking, and comparatively poor tea become precious. Out of very bad tea it is per-

\* In his *Life of Dryden*. Original edition, p. 86. "Even for some time after his connexion with the theatre, we learn, from a contemporary, that his dress was plain at least, if not mean, and his pleasures moderate, though not inelegant. 'I remember,' says a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745, 'plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich-drugget. I have sat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry-gardens, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chateaux wig.'"

haps impossible to make a good cup; but skill and patience are famous for converting ordinary materials into something valuable. And it should be added, that it is better to have one cup of good tea, than half-a-dozen of bad. Nevertheless we are not for despising the worst of all, if the drinker finds any kind of refreshment in it, and can procure no better. The very names of *tea* and *tea-time* are worth something.

And this brings us to an association of ideas, which, however common with us at the breakfast-table, and doubtless with hundreds of other people, we never experience without finding them amusing. We allude to China and the Chinese. The very word *tea*, so petty, so infantine, so winking-eyed, so expressive somehow or other of something inexpressibly minute and satisfied with a little (*tee!*) resembles the idea one has (perhaps a very mistaken one) of that extraordinary people, of whom Europeans know little or nothing, except that they sell us this preparation, bow back again our ambassadors, have a language consisting only of a few hundred words, gave us *China-ware* and the strange pictures on our tea-cups, made a certain progress in civilization long before we did, mysteriously stopped at it and would go no further, and, if numbers, and the customs of "venerable ancestors," are to carry the day, are at once the most populous and the most respectable nation on the face of the earth. As a population, they certainly are a most enormous and wonderful body; but, as individuals, their ceremonies, their trifling edicts, their jealousy of foreigners, and their tea-cup representations of themselves (which are the only ones popularly known) impress us irresistibly with a fancy, that they are a people all toddling, little-eyed, little-footed, little-bearded, little-minded, quaint, overweening, pig-tailed, bald-headed, cone-capped or pagoda-hatted, having childish houses and temples with bells at every corner and story, and shuffling about in blue landscapes, over "nine-inch bridges," with little mysteries of bell-hung whips in their hands,—a boat, or a house, or a tree made of a pattern, being over their heads or underneath them (as the case may happen,) and a bird as large as the boat, always having a circular white space to fly in. Such are the Chinese of the tea-cups and the grocers' windows, and partly of their own novels too, in which everything seems as little as their eyes, little odes, little wine-parties, and a series of little satisfactions. However, it must be owned, that from these novels one gradually acquires a notion that there is a great deal more good sense and even good poetry among them, than one had fancied from the accounts of embassies and the autobiographical paintings on the China-ware; and this is the most probable supposition. An ancient and great nation, as civilized as they, is not likely to be so much behindhand with us in the art of living, as our self-complacency leads us to imagine. If their contempt of us amounts to the barbarous, perhaps there is a greater share of barbarism than we suspect in our scorn of them.

At all events, it becomes us to be grateful for their tea. What a curious thing it was, that all of a sudden the remotest nation of the east, otherwise unknown, and foreign to all our habits, should convey to us a domestic custom, which changed the face of our morning refreshments; and that, instead of ale and meat, or wine, all the polite part of England should be drinking a Chinese infusion, and setting up earthen-ware in their houses, painted with preposterous scenery! We shall not speak contemptuously, for our parts, of any such changes in the history of a nation's habits, any more than of the changes of the wind, which now comes from the west, and now from the east, doubtless for some good purpose. It may be noted, that the introduction of tea-drinking followed the diffusion of books among us, and the growth of more sedentary modes of life. The breakfasters upon cold beef and "cool tankards," were an active, horse-riding generation. Tea-drinking times are more in-door, given to reading, and are riders in carriages, or manufacturers at the loom or the steam-engine. It may be taken as an axiom,—the more sedentary, the more tea-drinking. The conjunction is not the best in the world; but it is natural, till something better be found. Tea-drinking is better than dram-drinking: a practice which, if our memory does not deceive us, was creeping in among the politest and even the fairest circles, during the transition from ale to tea. When Mr. Hazlitt, by an effort worthy of him, suddenly left off the stiff glasses of brandy-and-water, by which he had been tempted to prop up his disappointments, or rather

to loosen his tongue at the pleasant hour of supper, he took to tea-drinking; and it must be owned, was latterly tempted to make himself as much amends as he could for his loss of excitement, in the quantity he allowed himself; but it left his mind free to exercise its powers;—it "kept," as Walter beautifully says of it,

"The palace of the soul serene;"

not, to be sure, the quantity, but the tea itself, compared with the other drink. The prince of tea-drinkers was Dr. Johnson, one of the most sedentary of men, and the most unhealthy. It is to be feared his quantity suited him so worse; though the cups, of which we hear such multitudinous stories about him, were very small in his time. It was he that wrote, or rather *effused*, the humorous request for tea, in ridicule of the style of the old ballads (things, he said without irreverence, which he did not understand so well as "his cups.") The verses were extempore, and addressed to Mrs. Thrale:—

And now, I pray thee, Hetty dear,  
That thou wilt give to me,  
With cream and sugar soften'd well,  
Another dish of tea.

But hear, alas! this mournful truth,  
Nor hear it with a frown,—  
Thou canst not make the tea so fast,  
As I can gulp it down.

Now this is among the pleasures of reading and reflecting men over their breakfast, or on any other occasion. The sight of what is a tiresome nothing to others, shall suggest to them a hundred agreeable recollections and speculations. There is a tea-cup, for example. "Well, what is a tea-cup?" a simpleton might cry—"it holds my tea—that's all." Yes, that's all to you and your poverty-stricken brain; we hope you are rich and prosperous, to make up for it as well as you can. But to the right tea-drinker, the cup, we see, contains not only recollections of eminent brethren of the bohea, but the whole Chinese nation, with all its history, Lord Macartney included; nay, for that matter, Aristotle and his beautiful story of Angelica and Medoro; for Angelica was a Chinese; and then collaterally come in, the Chinese neighbours and conquerors from Tartary, with Chaucer's

—Story of Cambuscan bold,

and the travels of Marco Polo and others, and the Jesuit missionaries, and the Japanese with our friend Goldwin, and the Loo Choo people, and Confucius, whom Voltaire to show his learning delights to call by his proper native appellation of Kong-foo-tee (reminding us of Congo tea); and then we have the Chinese Tales, and Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, and Goldsmith brings you back to Johnson again, and the tea-drinkings of old times; and then we have the Rape of the Lock before us with Belinda at breakfast, and Lady Wortley Montague's tea-table eclogue, and the domestic pictures in the Tatler and Spectator, with the passions existing in those times for china-ware, and Horace Walpole, who was an old woman in that respect; and, in short, a thousand other memories, grave and gay, poetical and prosaic, all ready to wait upon anybody who chooses to read books, like spirits at the command of the book-readers of old, who for the advantages they had over the rest of the world, got the title of Magicians.

Yea, pleasant and rich is thy sight, little tea-cup (large though, at breakfast) round, smooth, and coloured;—composed of delicate earth,—like the earth, producing flowers, and birds, and men; and containing within thee thy Lilliputian ocean, which we, after sending our fancy sailing over it, past islands of foam called "sixpences," and mysterious bubbles from below, will, giant-like, engulf;—

But hold—there's a fly in.

Now why could not this inconsiderate monster of the air be content with the whole space of the heavens round about him, but he must needs plunge into this scalding pool? Did he scent the sugar? or was it a fascination of terror from the heat? "Hadst thou my three kingdoms to range in," said James the First to a fly, "and yet must needs get into my eye?" It was a good-natured speech, and a natural. It shows that the monarch did his best to get the fly out again; at least we hope so; and therefore we follow the royal example in extricating the little winged wretch, who has struggled hard with his unavailing pinions, and become drenched and lax with the soaking.

He is on the dry clean cloth. Is he dead? No—the tea was not so hot as we supposed it:—see, he gives a heave of himself forward; then endeavours to drag a leg up, then another, then stops, and sinks down, saturated and overborne with wateriness; and assuredly, from the inmost soul of him, he sighs (if flies sigh,—which we think they must do sometimes, after attempting in vain, for half an hour, to get through a pane of glass.) However, his sigh is as much mixed with joy, as fright and astonishment and a horrible hot bath can let it be; and the heat has not been too much for him; a similar case would have been worse for one of us with our fleshy bodies;—for see! after dragging himself along the dry cloth, he is fairly on his legs; he smoothes himself, like a cat, first on one side, then the other, only with his legs instead of his tongue; then rubs the legs together, partly to disengage them of their burthen, and partly as if he congratulated himself on his escape; and now, finally, opening his wings, (beautiful privilege! for all wings, except the bat's, seem beautiful, and a privilege, and fit for envy,) he is off again into the air, as if nothing had happened.

He may forget it, being an inconsiderate and giddy fly; but it is to us, be it remembered by our conscience, that he owes all which he is hereafter to enjoy. His suction of sugar, his flights, his dances on the window, his children, yea, the whole House of Fly, as far as it depends on him their ancestor, will be owing to us. We have been his providence, his guardian angel, the invisible being that rescued him without his knowing it. What shall we add, reader? Wilt thou laugh, or look placid and content,—humble, and yet in some sort proud withal, and not consider it as an unbecoming meeting of ideas in these our most mixed and reflective papers,—if we argue from rescued flies to rescued human beings, and take occasion to hope, that in the midst of the struggling endeavours of such of us as have to wrestle with fault or misfortune, invisible pity may look down with a helping eye upon ourselves, and that what it is humane to do in the man, it is divine to do in that which made humanity.

## TO KATE.

"The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me."

O Kate, the world is beautiful—  
'Tis of a noble birth;  
Its Ruler is more excellent  
Than sceptred ones of earth;  
I've wandered through its gardens fair,  
I've sailed upon its sea,  
Yet never knew the joy like those  
Sweet hours I passed with thee.

I've heard the merry pipe breath out,  
To bid the dance go on,  
While every face beamed joyous, as  
A summer's dewy morn;  
And then a smile of happiness  
Came gently over me;  
But, Kate, 'twas nothing like the hours,  
The hours I passed with thee.

I've revelled 'neath the free, blue sky—  
Upon the sloping hill—  
Amid the noblest works of earth—  
But thou art nobler still;  
And though a score of years have passed,  
And made a man of me,  
I've never felt the joy like those  
Sweet hours I passed with thee.

And oft when music's silver chord  
Is touched to wailing strain,  
Sweet mem'ry dances back to me—  
I'm with thee yet again;  
And then thy fancied presence drives  
All shadowy forms from me,  
And, Kate, I seem once more to pass  
Those happy hours with thee.

J. A. S.

THE following tale is from the London Court Journal—and is, we are sorry to say, as applicable to American as to English society.

"The gun seems to have lost its attractions for you," said the beautiful Mrs. Dalton to her husband, who was lazily concluding a late country breakfast. "I really think

that you have learned to care almost as little about your game as you do about your wife."—"My love, if you wish to be released from my society this or any other morning, you have only to say so, and may spare your hints," returned Hubert Dalton, without taking the trouble to look up from his toast—"I never *hint*, Hubert," said the lady, "and there was a time when you needed no hints to show proper attention to me."—"A matrimonial lecture, begun in due and regular form," observed Hubert, *sotto voce*. "The average duration of these phenomena varies from half an hour to two hours—they are usually preceded by ill-temper, and followed by—"—"The Honourable Mr. Fane," announced a servant—"Ah, Ernest," said Dalton, "you are doubly welcome. Have you ridden over from the Abbey this morning?"—"No, from the colonel's," said Fane, after exchanging a very cordial greeting with Mrs. Dalton; "he insisted on carrying me away from the field yesterday afternoon, and I have only just escaped. All the galloping, halloing, and potations pottle deep in which the dear colonel places his great delight, have, you know, slight charms for me. But, I suppose, to a brother sportsman I must speak more respectfully of such things."—"Mr. Dalton has abused the order," said the lady; "and you see him here at twelve o'clock over dead birds, instead of hearing him in the preserve after live ones."—"I commend him for remaining *chez vous*," said Ernest Fane, with a look at the lady which flatly contradicted his words. It would be unjust to say that the look was precisely returned, but it would be untrue to say that it was not perfectly appreciated.—And this is the first tableau of our little drama; and that there may be no mistake as to the "getting up," it is well to mention that Mrs. Dalton had once been the belle of a season, but for four or five years had been the lovely wife of one of the richest of the gentlemen of —shire. The faultless morning costume in which those somewhat "discontented charms" are arrayed, needs no description. Her handsome husband's careless dress speaks for itself. It is Ernest Fane whose toilet has really been the work of the morning; and yet how simple appears that master-piece of art. But Ernest Fane is there with a purpose; and Achilles would as soon have advanced to battle without the impenetrable shield, as the Honourable Ernest would have entered Mrs. Dalton's presence with one fold of that cravat really neglected. Truly, great men never overlook trifles. Completeness is the privilege of genius—consult Shakspeare, and other not undeservedly popular writers on the subject.

## II.

It is evening; the scene is laid in one of the drawing-rooms of Place-Dalton. Lamps shine upon alabaster vases; the fire glows with an intensity soon taught it by autumnal nights, and the group of the morning is again formed. But in the interval, Hubert Dalton has galloped over many rough miles, and Ernest Fane has murmured out many smooth meanings. And now Hubert Dalton has subsided into that easiest of chairs, and is under suspicion of slumber, not unconfirmed by the fact that he holds the "Morning Post." Opposite to him Isabella reclines upon the downiest of sofas, but sleep has little to do with her repose. Parting those whom heaven has joined, is Ernest Fane, but he has chosen an ordinary chair—his attitude is most respectful, and he is prompt to mark the slightest word or wish from the sofa on his right. Heavy odds against the easy-chair.—The drama cannot exist without dialogue—"Will that serial machine ever succeed?" asks the lady, and pauses for a reply. Husbands and lovers, how is it that ye hear with such different ears?—"Oh! a piece of humbug," says Hubert, from amid the folds of his cushions, and ceases—"Hardly," in his turn remarks Ernest; "and yet it is a very ingenious idea."—"You have seen it in drawings of models, perhaps, Mrs. Dalton?"—"Never," replies the wife with a quiet smile. And thereupon the pencil is brought into use, and this line and that line, and this wing and that sail, are all explained to the reclining beauty by the ready hand and fluent tongue of the gentleman who leans over her, and occasionally rests upon one knee by her side; and she half comprehends, but wishes something else explained to her, and he re-explains so clearly, and in so pleasant a voice, and seems more and more pleased the more questions she asks—and when her hand accidentally touches his, he smiles, and inquires whether she perfectly understands now. How delightful to see so much attention in a husband—to

see that the ante-nuptial *petite soiree* are still extended to the wife. Alas! is it the husband who is doing all this, or is he still nodding over the "Morning Post"? Were we a judge of the ecclesiastical court, we would abolish easy-chairs in married life.

## III.

The officers of her majesty's—th regiment of —a, stationed in —bury, doubtless found that ecclesiastical city extremely dull, for there is little in common between soldiers and canons. But why needed the men of war seek amusement in getting up pieces? why did they take to private theatricals? why did they engage a London stage-manager, scene-painters, carpenters, and the like? why did they send for pretty Mrs. — and her sisters to play the female characters? and why, oh why, did they insist that their oftentimes hospitable host, Mr. Hubert Dalton, and his friend, the Hon. Ernest Fane, should take part in the amateur display? Heavy charges against the —th, in addition to the extortionate ones of the tradespeople of —bury.—Dalton plunged into the undertaking with all the energy of a sportsman, but Fane showed little anxiety to emulate his friend, until the latter displayed some signs of distaste at the character which had been allotted to him, and regretted that they had not given him something "altogether comic." Suddenly Ernest seemed to feel regret that Dalton should not have the fullest opportunity for the developments of his peculiar talent, and exerted himself so strongly, that the desired alterations were made.—The night arrived—the house was crowded with the *elite* of —shire. So brilliant an audience had never filled the —bury "Temple of the Drama." Wonders had been achieved by the Londoners; the little, dingy house had been transformed into a gay and luxurious private theatre. What with carpets, chandeliers, and crimson cloth, one might have fancied one's self at the Duke of —'s, or at Lord —'s. The comedy, in which neither of the friends had a part, went off sparkingly; Mrs. — and her sisters looked divinely; and the applause was loud. Mrs. Dalton, who sat in front with a select party, acknowledged that she had not thought a mere play could be made so endurable.—The curtain again rose, for the last act of "Lucia di Lammermoor." Ernest Fane was the Edgardo of the night. Exquisitely conceived was the magnificent costume in which he advanced, and admirably did the melancholy beauty of his features, and the symmetry of his slight but admirably moulded figure realize the idea of the despairing lover. While his rich tenor voice gave forth the liquid agony with which Rubini has rendered us all familiar, the silence around was deep as that of the desert; but, as the fatal steel was driven home, and the soul parted upon the last note, the tears of half the audience and the enthusiastic applause of the other half bore testimony to the perfection of the performance of Ernest Fane.—In a time which seemed to Isabella Dalton about two minutes, and was really less than ten, the curtain rose once more, and with a whoop and a scream in waddled Hubert Dalton, dressed as the clown in a pantomime—his cheeks mottled with alternate streaks of white and red paint, and his face distorted into a horrid grin, as a prelude to a "comic song" full of doggerel rhymes, which he shouted forth, regardless of time and tune, and was rewarded by ironical titters from the gallery, into which the servants of the audience had been admitted. Isabella Dalton did not laugh.—The odds against the easy-chair are heavier and heavier; but we must hope for the best.

## IV.

"You in town now, Fane?" and the wondering speaker actually recoiled with surprise, and in the act trampled down a thriving colony of the weeds which, as usual at such a time, were sprouting beneath the flag-stones of St. James's-street.—"Your gestures are rather theatrical, Sydney," replied Fane, quietly; "and I congratulate you that there is no human eye but my own within many miles distance. "But explain, expound, expatiate—such things cannot be without our special wonder."—"There is nothing wonderful in the matter. I am in town for a couple of days to make some arrangements, after which I shall return to the country."—"Very explanatory. I should have no right to ask under other circumstances; but when a man meets another in St. James's-street on Christmas-day, all ceremony ends, and in the name of decency he demands reasons, and all the rest of it."—"I have no objection to do homage to

public morals to the extent of assuring you that I came up to see a dilatory coach-builder, and having seen him, I am on the wing again."—"And what is the carriage for?"—"For the continent."—"For whom?"—"For me."—"You will not travel alone—who is your companion? Remember, public morals demand this explanation."—"A lady."—"Your wife?"—"I don't know—at all events, not yours. Adieu."—Mr. Sydney, not precisely seeing his way to the result of all this, went to his club, and with much pains indited a paragraph, which was so worded as to mean that the Hon. Ernest Fane was about to be married, or to travel, or to elope, or to fight a duel, or to escape one. And this composition he sent to the morning newspapers; and when it appeared, people were almost as wise as they were before.

## V.

Now, were we narrating a Parisian scandal, we might denote in three words the direction taken by two spirits "which could appreciate one another." But, fortunately, we are tracing a passage in the life of an English lady—an English wife; a being who, though she sometimes provokes those who deserve it, recollects that there are two such words as duty and religion. And perhaps if some husbands presumed less upon their certainty that such recollection would take place, it might be as well. But this *en passant*. Proceed we with our story.—It is the Christmas week, and Ernest Fane has rejoined the owners of Place-Dalton. Curious conversations have taken place between them and himself, and even more interesting dialogues between him and Isabella. But we have not the unlimited space for fine drawing which the Parisian feuilletonist is permitted to occupy, and in lieu of recording twenty of these latter interviews, we shall immortalize but one.—"But to ask me to leave my home—"—"A happier home awaits you, dearest."—"My reputation—"—"What is the world's gossip compared to happiness, my adored?"—"My husband, who is—"—"Careless, brutal, a fool, my beloved one."—"The uncertainty of your love enduring—"—"It will end but with life, my soul."—"Perhaps deceiving me at this moment."—"Not for worlds, idol of my heart."—"And how are we to go."—"I have a post-chaise in the bye-road, relays are secured all the way to town—there a luxurious travelling-chariot awaits you, and then—"—"And how are we to live—you have often said that you have nothing but a younger son's fortune."—"But you, star of my destiny, you have a separate income, on which—"—"How do you know that?"—"I have read your aunt's will, my own Isabel, and I know—"—"But have you read her eleventh codicil?"—"Why—what is that?"—"It provides that if I—she was a Methodist—that if I ever—she had strange ideas—that if I ever—in short, if I ever did anything of this kind, the money was to go to a distant relation, and so—"—"Ah!—hm—tz!—On second thoughts, my dear Mrs. Dalton, I think we may as well join our friend Hubert in the next room."—"Isabella," said Mr. Dalton, coming forward, "you have played your part admirably. Mr. Fane, I think it would be a pity if your travelling arrangements were thrown away—you understand me? I detest scenes and scandal?"—The husband and the lover exchanged courteous bows, and the Hon. Ernest Fane departed, whether rejoicing or not may perhaps be a Christmas riddle. And Hubert Dalton avowed that he had learned a lesson, which it seemed an odd thing for him to do in the Christmas holidays. He spoke the truth, however, and he now sleeps much less in his wife's drawing-room, answers her questions civilly, and usually abstains from making himself publicly ridiculous. Mrs. Dalton has, therefore, less opportunity of contrasting her husband's neglect with the attentions of others, and though, as she said, *she* "never hints," it is possible that a quiet suggestion or two may be gained from our Christmas story.

## MODERN FRENCH NOVELISTS.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

ALTHOUGH this writer holds a high place amongst the modern novelists of France, his productions are all more or less imbued with the prevailing error of the day. He views human life and human nature in the most unfavourable light possible. Every event which he narrates, and every character which he portrays, is marked by a fixed determination

of thinking ill of himself, and making his readers think ill of human life and human nature. Now, the state of man is by no means so superlatively gloomy as all this implies; its weals and its woes, its pains and its pleasures, are much more equally balanced than Alfred de Musset would have us suppose; and, notwithstanding his arguments to the contrary, the mass still believe in the existence of virtue in woman and honour in man. This mania of regarding life as a melodrama of crime and misery is a natural effect of the dissatisfaction so prevalent amongst the members of "la jeune France." Born and reared amidst the warlike din of the last days of the empire, the present generation has been nurtured with one sole idea—that of military glory; it became their day-dream of happiness, their type of fame, and the main and sole object of their hearts' ambition. With such feelings, vague but all-engrossing, fermenting in their young minds, with hands outstretched to grasp the bauble they imagined within their reach, the Restoration took place, and dashed their cherished cup of hope to the ground. Their reign of glory gave way to the reign of priesthood; and the one fell blow which dissipated the hopes and fortunes of "the wonder-working hero of his age," put an end also to the glowing aspirations of the myriad of young hearts beating within the colleges of France. The children, who had been looking forward to all the importance and fascinations of a military career with perhaps "un baton de Marechal au bout," were suddenly doomed to sink their ambition in the sphere prescribed to the black-coated lawyers, priests and diplomats. It would almost seem that this quick reversion from the red coat of the soldier to the staid garment of the civilian had cast its gloomy shadow over the character of their minds, and that this first and general disappointment, so universally felt by the rising generation of France, was destined to exercise an all-powerful influence both upon their arts and their literature. The fact is, that there exists in France a general disposition to view everything in the worst possible light—a morbid state of mind, which has given rise to that half satirical, half hypochondriacal school of literature, at the head of which the subject of the present sketch deserves to be placed.

Alfred de Musset is a young man of good family, and an habitué of the fashionable and literary salons of Paris. His reputation is of a threefold nature, and he is equally well known as a gallant, a poet, and a novelist. Before he made himself remarkable in the world of letters, he had acquired no small degree of celebrity from his liaison with a woman, not less celebrated for her literary talent than notorious for the extreme *laissez aller* of her conduct. He was the first man who created in the bosom of Georges Sand any feeling deep enough to pass current for love. De Musset was scarcely eighteen years of age when he quitted home, country, and friends, to accompany this extraordinary woman to Italy.

They started together on their pedestrian journey to the land of poetry and art. Both were accoutred in blouses and straw hats, a knapsack on the shoulder, and a cigar in the mouth. Whatever may have been the feelings of Sand, those of her companion were imbued with all the illusions and fervour of youth. His love for her was akin to idolatry, and the immense power of her unequalled genius, to a certain extent, perhaps, justified such a sentiment. After a long journey, embellished by the poetry of the one, and by the rich, warm feelings of the other, they reached Venice. The day after their arrival, Alfred de Musset was attacked by a brain fever, which soon brought him to the very brink of the grave. No words can describe the devoted tenderness with which the companion of his journey nursed and tended him; but, strange to say, during the paroxysms of his delirium, he loaded her with the harshest and most brutal imprecations. Every term of the most unqualified contempt—every expression of the strongest and most unmitigated disgust, was heaped upon her by the man who had adored her when in a state of sanity. There is certainly no reasoning upon the vagaries of human nature. Such language on the part of De Musset might have been either a proof of the second sight which some persons have attributed to the insane and to the dying, or it might have been the mere ravings of delirium. His companion, nevertheless, justified his revilings whilst he was on what then seemed his bed of death,—she deceived him. De Musset recovered; and, with returning health and reason, his love resumed its pristine ardour and devotion. He loved her too

well not to detect, at one glance, her treachery. Maddened by grief, and broken by ill health, he returned to Paris with the firm determination of never seeing her more. It is to Alfred de Musset that many of Sand's exquisite "Lettres d'un Voyageur" are addressed. She often repeats in them how truly she had loved him, even at the very moment when she betrayed him—a strange paradox, by the by, and quite in keeping with the subsequent career of the strange being who advanced it. She came to Paris, and they saw each other again; but this second meeting only served to drive them wider asunder, and to destroy the last illusions of De Musset. "Les Confessions d'un Enfant de Siecle" were written while he was writhing under the anguish caused by his mistress's faithlessness, and the whole tenor of its contents is therefore strongly imbued with the violence of personal feeling.

Although these celebrated "confessions" assume the form of a novel, they are evidently, even to the uninitiated, a narrative of the author's own life. The treachery of a heroine is the pivot upon which revolve all the events of the story. She is shown up to the reader in every form that the mind of the writer, mad with passion, could depict; now, under the appearance of the light, heartless woman of the world—now, with all the tranquil *homish* charm of virtue—and then, again, under the bright, dazzling colours of the courtesan. No details, however cynical, are omitted. The author seems to have traced his thoughts as they presented themselves in rapid succession to his own mind, with all their native singularity of contrast, height of colouring, and crudity of expression. There is, doubtless, much to be admired in this work of Monsieur de Musset's; but there is something too nearly akin to indelicacy in exposing to the public gaze the private feelings and thoughts which recur constantly during the course of the narrative, for me to award to it unqualified praise.

Alfred de Musset has since published several tales, remarkable for their graceful vivacity and lively interest. "Le fils du Titien," "Frédéric et Bernerette," and "Croisillies," were each welcomed with pleasure by the reading world. His "chef-d'œuvre" is, however, "Les deux Maîtresses," the object of which little tale is to prove (no very difficult thing, by the bye) the possibility of being in love with two different women at the same time. The author has certainly done his best, as well by example as precept, to establish both the advantage and the possibility of such a "state of the heart." The character of the hero, Valentin, is admirably drawn: the two heroines are charming;—the one, an elegant Marchioness of the Faubourg St. Honore; and the other, a fascinating young widow, whose worldly position, if not her graces of mind and person, is greatly beneath that of her aristocratic rival. The struggle which takes place in the heart of Valentin between the two passions is extremely well depicted. It is but of short duration, however; unlike Macheath, he does not say, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away," but he seriously sets about loving them equally well. This lasts until one fine day the Marchioness, by her capriciousness, loses ground, and Valentin transfers her half of his heart to the widow, whom he marries.

In his own country, De Musset is generally more esteemed as a poet than a novelist. His poetical works are, however, with some exceptions, exceedingly unequal, a defect which may be accounted for by the prodigious facility with which he writes verse. Not long since, at Madame Emile de Girardini's, a warm discussion was going on as to the merits of a translation from the German, by Lamartine, of "Le Chant du Rhin." Some maintained it to be good, upon the principle that whatever came from such a poet must be good. The thing itself was as weak and insipid as possible, and De Musset vowed it was so; and that he himself would write off a much better version of the patriotic hymn in less than an hour. The fair hostess immediately took him at his word; and leading him up stairs to her boudoir, spread before him a sheet of paper and a cigar, declaring, that there he should remain in *durance vile* until such time as he had redeemed his pledge. Before the expiration of the hour, Alfred de Musset had written his "Chant du Rhin," which on the following day appeared in a feuilleton of the "Presse;" and nothing could be more true to the original than his version of the famous war-song; its impetuous patriotism is thrilling to a degree that cannot be imagined. The publication of this singular imprudent



added greatly to the fame of its author. For my part, however, I like Alfred de Musset better as a novelist than a poet; and if he would but divest his writings in some degree of the cynical tone of the *regency*, he might be looked upon as one of the superiour writers of his day.

#### THE BREVIARY FOR ODD MOMENTS.

WHEN books were scarcer and scholars given to longer incubation, a pocket companion called a *Go-with-me*, was the fashion—(*Vade-mecum*, if you like it better in Latin.) It was commonly a favourite author, sometimes a volume of maxims, oftener yet a book of devotion. The monks profess to entertain themselves in all odd hours and quiet places with their pocket *BREVIARY*—the concentrated and vital essence of missal and prayer-book. We liked better, in our youth, (Heaven assoil us!) a self-compiled breviary of beloved poetry—a book half scrap, half manuscript, picked from newspapers and copied from readings—and, in a protracted youth, (enriched with a most plentiful lack of anything-to-do,) we stuck together, with pin and paste, sundry consecutive volumes which had their consecutive day. Various were their uses! There have occurred deserts, in our travels through most of our loves and friendships, which could only be pleasantly crossed in the company of such caravans of poetry. There have been thoughts born without words to them, aptly fitted to a vehicle by this varied repository. We have been fed through many a famine of hope, supplied through many a drought of tears and memory, by these timely resources. We have them yet. The longer poems we are giving to our friends in the numbers of the *Rococo*. The shorter ones we purpose giving in the *Mirror*, or possibly in a sort of mosaic *Extra*—imparting thus, piecemeal, the whole of our *BREVIARY OF IDLENESS*. Here and there, it is possible, we may give something you have seen before, but that will not happen often—for we have frequented most the least known shelves of libraries, and loved most the least-famed authors. Here is a stray passage upon roses;—(but we don't give you the best first!)

"We are blushing roses, bending with our fulness,  
Midst our close-copp'd sister-buds warming the green coolness.  
Whatever beauty wears, when it reposes,—  
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,—took a shape in roses.  
Hold one of us lightly;—see from what a slender  
Stalk we bow in heavy bloom, and roundness rich and tender:  
Know you not our only vital flower,—the human?  
Loveliest weight on lightest foot, joy-abundant woman?"

What we like about that is the well-contrived entanglements compelling you to stop and re-read it, and so find a new beauty—like the wheel of your carriage coming off amid scenery you are travelling through too rapidly. And here follows another bit of the same kind on the same subject, by a different author:

Oh! thou dull flower, here silently dying:  
And wilt thou never, then,—never resume  
Thy colour or perfume?  
Alas! and but last night I saw thee lying  
Upon the whitest bosom in the world,  
And now thy crimson leaves are parch'd and curl'd.

Is it that Love hath, with his fiery breath,  
Blown on thee, until thou wast fain to perish,  
(Love whose strives to cherish.)  
And is the bound so slight 'tween life and death—  
A step but from the temple to the tomb?  
Oh! where hath fled thy beauty, where thy bloom?  
For me, last night I envied thee thy place,  
So near a heart which I may never gain,  
And now, perhaps, in pain,  
Thou'rt losing all thy fragrance, all thy grace;  
And yet it was enough for thee to lie  
On her breast for a moment, and then die."

And now we will give you something in a more homely but equally poetical vein, on the *HAPPINESS OF HOME*:—

Like a thing in the desert, alone in its glee,  
I make a small house seem an empire to me;  
Like a bird in the forest, whose world is its nest,  
My house is my all, and the centre of rest.  
Let ambition stretch over the world at a stride,  
Let the restless go rolling away with the tide,  
I look on life's pleasures as follies at best,  
And, like sunset, feel calm when I'm going to rest.

I sit by the fire in the dark winter's night,  
While the cat cleans her face with her foot in delight,  
And the winds all a-cold, with rude clatter and din,  
Shake the windows like robbers who want to get in;  
Or else, from the cold to be hid and away,  
By the bright burning fire see my children at play,  
Making houses of cards, or a coach of a chair,  
While I sit enjoying their happiness there!

I walk round the orchard on sweet summer eve,  
And rub the perfume from the black-currant leaves,  
Which, like a geranium, when touched, leaves a smell  
That lad's love and sweet-briar can hardly excel.  
I watch the plants grow, all begemmed with the shower,  
That glitter like pearls in a sunshiny hour;  
And hear the pet robin just whistle a tune,  
To cheer the lone hedger when labour is done.

Joys come like the grass in the field, springing there,  
Without the mere toil of attention or care;  
They come of themselves, like a star in the sky,  
And the brighter they shine when the cloud passes by.  
I wish for but little and find it all there,  
Where peace gives its faith to the home of the hare;  
Who would else, overcome by her fears, run away  
From the shade of the flowers and the breeze of the day.

Oh, the out-of-door blessings of leisure for me!  
Health, riches, and joy!—it includes them all three.  
There peace comes to me,—I have faith in her smile,—  
She's my playmate in leisure, my comfort in toil;  
There the short pasture-grass hides the lark in its nest,  
Though scarcely so high as the grasshopper's breast;  
And there its moss ball hides the wild honey bee,  
And there joy in plenty grows—riches for me!

Far away from the world, its delusions and snares—  
Whose words are but breath, and its breathing but cares,—  
Where trouble's sown thick as the dews of the morn,  
One can scarce set a foot without meeting a thorn.  
There are some view the world as a lightly-thrown ball,  
There are some look on cities like stones in a wall—  
Nothing more. There are others, Ambition's proud heirs,  
Of whom I have neither the courage nor cares.

So I sit on my bench, or enjoy in the shade,  
My toil as a pastime, while using the spade;  
My fancy is free in her pleasure to stray,  
Making voyages round the whole world in a day.  
I gather home-comforts where cares never grew,  
Like manna, the heavens rain down with the dew,  
Till I see the tired hedger bend wearily by,  
Then like a tired bird to my corner I fly.

And so ends to-day's lesson.

#### CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

New-York, February 21.

The Vesuvius of new books has naturally its Pompeii, in which merit, among other things, is buried quietly under the cinders and remains long trodden over and forgotten. Upon the excavations and disinterments in this city of literary oblivion is founded, in a great measure, the *NEW MIRROR* project of a Library of favourite authors, and perhaps the most interesting of its restorations to light, as yet, is the delicious poem by CHOLY, "*THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD*." I hardly think there are ten people in the United States who know this sweet book, though it is founded on the same Eastern fable as MOORE's "*Loves of the Angels*," and, to my thinking, a finer expansion of that splendid story. BYRON's "*Heaven and Earth*," and the two poems just named are all founded on this same tradition, and it is curious to read them with a view to comparison, and see of what varieties of combination the kaleidoscope of genius is capable. Byron makes his the vehicle of his audacious defiance towards sacred things, while MOORE's is all love and flowers, perfume and gems.

Croly's is more a poem of strong human passion and character, and comes home more to the human "business and bosom." It is written (the latter) with wonderful splendour of diction and imagery. Few poetical works will be more popular in this country, I think—profoundly as it has slept in Lethe for the last twenty years. Croly is a clergyman, (the Rev. George,) and, having a fat living from the Church of England, his Pegasus has never been in hack harness, and, I think, shows the ease of pasture-gambol in his verse.

Tammany Hall is graced to-day with a showy transparency representing a huge owl sitting in a Gothic window, and a Latin motto beneath, declaring that "the countenance is the index of the mind." I cannot see, by the morning papers, any explanation of the objects of the club whose celebration comes off under these ominous auspices; but if it be a physiognomical society, as the motto would purport, they have chosen well. It were a good symbol also for a club of "minions of the moon," if they were less fond of a lark—better still for a society of poets, if poets were ever (which is doubtful) fond of poetical society. It is the poet's cue to look wise and say little, to get his victual by night, to differ altogether in his habits, as owls do, from birds of other feather. Virgil, indeed, makes the owl a poet:

"And oft the owl with rueful song complained  
From the house-top,\* drawing long doleful tunes."

A copy of the Life of Franklin, by Mr. SPARKS, which is just now about to be issued, lies before me—one of the clean, handsome Library editions for which the Boston presses deserve so much credit. It contains the autobiography of Franklin from the original copy; and, touching this, Mr. SPARKS gives, in his preface, some new information:

"He (Franklin) began to write it in England as early as the year 1771, and from time to time he made such additions as his leisure would permit. While he was in France, as Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, he showed a copy of it to some of his friends there, and one of them, M. Le Veillard, translated it into French. Not long after Dr. Franklin's death, this French translation appeared from the Paris press. It was then re-translated by some unknown but skilful hand into English, and published in London; and this re-translation is the life of Franklin which has usually been circulated in Great Britain and the United States, and of which numerous editions have been printed. And, even to this day, it continues to be read and to be quoted by respectable writers as if it were the author's original work; although the fact of its being a translation is expressly stated in the preface to the first edition, and although twenty-five years have elapsed since the autobiography was published from the original manuscript by Franklin's grandson. In the present volume it is printed from the genuine copy. Notes have been added to illustrate some parts, and the whole is divided into chapters of suitable length, for the convenience of readers."

Professor BRONSON, whose lectures are "going on" and still to "come off," draws a very attractive picture in his advertised prospectus. "The lectures," he says, "will be comparatively free, an admission of twenty-five cents only being required." For this, among many other things, he promises that "a key shall be given to the connexion of natural and spiritual things by which all mysteries may be explained." "The true source of our ideas on the sublime and beautiful will be explained, together with the true principles of taste and criticism." "The French *baquet*, or grand mesmeric reservoir, will be exhibited, and minerals, vegetables, animals, and several persons at a time magnetized; the German rotary magnetic machine for similar purposes; also three or four hundred engravings pertaining to physiology, &c. and each auditor furnished with them gratuitously, with the evening programme; also several hundred paintings, (many expressly imported from London,) to

illustrate the subjects of mineralogy, botany, natural history, and astronomy. A common rose will be shown, as developing from the bud to full bloom, appearing four or five feet high, in all its glory; a butterfly in the same manner several feet square, passing through its three stages of development; and all the phenomena of the natural heavens, to wit, the sun, moon, and stars." As a list of articles to be had for twenty-five cents, I think you will allow the Professor's advertisement to be worthy of statistical preservation.

The girdle put around the earth by the English is, to my mind, less powerfully figured forth in their drum-beat (so finely alluded to by WEBSTER) than in the small colonial-looking newspaper—the same article, whether it come from the pagodas of India or the snows of Canada, the sheep-hills of New South Wales, or the plantations of the Bermudas. By the kindness of my friend AARON PALMER, Esq. (who does business with arms as long as the world's axis, and has correspondences and exchanges newspapers with every corner of the globe) I have by me, at this moment a file of English Papers published at the seat of the Great Mogul, Delhi, and another published at Bermuda. You would think them all edited by the same man and supplied by the same contributors. They are filled principally, of course, with old English news, but the Delhi paper (only ninety days from the heart of Hindostan!) has some strictures on Lady Sale and her book, which show she is not to be a heroine without the usual penalty of envy and malice. An officer-contributor to the Gazette says:

"We were nearly as much on the tiptoe of expectation for Lady Sale's book as the good folks of England, though the secret of its origin was here better known. It would be amusing to print, in parallel columns, the opinions on her production given by the press of India and England; *c'est à dire*, of those who know what they are writing about and those who do not. I am safe in asserting that, for every eulogium her ladyship has received in England, she has got at least one set down in India."

The same writer says, in another part of his letter:

"We look forward to the notice of our Scinde doings in England. Let not the profit of the acquisition blind you to the iniquity. Our late dealings with that country commenced in perfidy, and went on in blood and rapine. May they not end in retribution!"

#### PYRAMIDS AND PAWNBROKERY.

We have commonly two sweet hours of idleness in the afternoon—two hours that are the juice of our much-squeezed twenty-four hours—two hours that (to borrow a simile from the more homely and toothsome days of authorship) are "as sweet as a pot of lambative electuary with a stick of liquorish." At four o'clock,

"Taking our hat in our hand, a remarkably requisite practice,"  
(Southey.)

we button our coat over our resignation, (synonym for dinner,) and with some pleasant errand that has been laid aside for such opportunity, stroll forth. It is sometimes to an artist's room, sometimes to a print-shop, sometimes to an unexplored street, sometimes to look off upon the Bay, or take a ride in an omnibus—now and then to refresh our covetous desires at Tiffany's. We have lately been the subject of a passion for pawnbrokery, and taking the precaution to leave our little pocket-money at home, we have tampered with exploring and price-asking in these melancholy museums of heart-ache.

"Twiddling" our pen, this morning, (as Leigh Hunt represents Apollo doing with a sunbeam,) we fell to speculating on what it was that made us think, whether we would or no, of the pyramids! This is last-page-day, and we had

\* Probably not called an attic in Virgil's time.

forty things to write about, but there!—*there!* (“in my mind’s eye, Horatio!”) stands the “wedge sublime” of a pyramid! Doubtless the ghost of some word, dead, or similitude of the day before—but why such pertinacity of apparition? We did, nor noted, nothing pyramidal yesterday. We watched the General, hanging up, in his new-garnished office, Dick’s fine print of Sir Walter’s monument, and that, it is true, is a pyramid in Gothic. We bought yesterday, in our pawnbroking researches, a bust of a man of genius whom we admired because he found leisure to be a gentleman,—the accomplished victim of circumstances, just dead at Andalusia—and a pyramid, truncated by a thunderbolt near the summit, were an emblem of his career that may well have occurred to us. We were talking and thinking much yesterday of Moore’s confessed completion of his literary life-time; and what is his toil, just finished, but the building of an imperishable pyramid for the memory of his *finished* thoughts.

Stay!—an anecdote of Moore occurs to us. He is dead, “by brevet,” having seen to, (and got the money for,) his own “last words;” and when, by the scythe of the relentless mower, Tom Moore shall be no more, to know more of his more personal qualities (what an echo there is to the man’s name!) will add spices to his embalming. An old lady in Dublin, who was one of Moore’s *indigenous* friends, (he was only aristocratic as an *exotic*, perhaps you know,) told us the story. It is not likely to get into print except by our telling, for it records a virtue; and Moore is a man to have selected his biographer with a special caveat against all contributions to his “life” from its grocery source—his respectable father, the Dublin grocer, probably caring little for his “brilliant successes,” and only cherishing in his brown-paper memory the small parcel of his virtues. But—to the story—(which Moore told the old lady, by the way, on one of his reluctant Irish visits.)

Moore had just returned from his government-office in the West Indies, a defaulter for eight thousand pounds. Great sympathy was felt for him among his friends, and three propositions were made to him to cancel the debt. Lord Lansdowne offered simply to pay it. Longman and Murray offered to advance it on his future works, and the noblemen at White’s offered the sum to him in a subscription. This was at the time subscriptions were on foot for getting Sheridan out of his troubles; and while Moore was considering the three propositions just named, he chanced to be walking down St. James-street with two noblemen when they met Sheridan. Sheridan bowed to them with a familiar “how are you?” “D—n the fellow,” said one of the noblemen, “he might have touched his hat! I subscribed a hundred pounds for him last night!” “Thank God! you dare make no such criticism on a bow from me!” said Moore to himself. The lesson sank deep. He rejected all the offers made to relieve him—went to Passy, and lived in complete obscurity, in that little suburb of Paris, till he had written himself out of debt. Under the spur of that chance remark were written some of the works by which Moore will be best known to posterity.

This reminds us, (and if we don’t nab it now, it may never again be nabable,) of a laugh at Moore’s expense in a company of very celebrated authors. They were talking him over, and one of the company quoted Leigh Hunt’s simile for him—“a young Bacchus snuffing up the vine.” “Bah!” said another, “don’t quite deify the little worldling! He is more like a cross between a toad and a cupid!”

We have got hold of a string and we may as well pull away to see what will come of it. We had long forgotten two or three trifles tied together, of which this last para-

graph is one, and we remember now, another anecdote told by the caustic person whose comparison we have just quoted. He said that Byron would never have gone to Greece but for a tailor in Genoa. The noble bard, he went on to say, was very economical, as was well known, in small matters. He had hired a villa at Genoa and furnished it, with the intention of making it a permanent residence. Lord and Lady Blessington and a large society of English people of good style were residing there at the time. In the fullest enjoyment of his house and his mode of life, Byron wanted a new coat; and, having some English cloth, he left it with his measure in the hands of a Genoese tailor, with no particular instructions as to the making. The tailor, overcome with the honour of making a coat for an *Eccellenza Inglese*, embroidered it from collar to tail, and sent it home with a bill as thickly embroidered as the coat! Byron kept the coat for fear of its being sold, as his, to an actor of English parts on the stage, but resolutely refused to pay for more than the making of a plain and plebeian garment. The tailor threatened an attachment, and Byron assigned over his furniture to his banker, and finally quitted Genoa in disgust—ready of course, as he would not otherwise have been, for a new project. From indignation at an embroidered coat-tail the transition to “liberty or death,” “wo to the Molem!” or any other vent for his accumulated bile, was easy and natural! He embarked in the Greek cause soon after, and the embroidered coat was *not* (as it should have been) “flung to the breeze at Salamis”—the banner of inspired heroism!

So was the tale told. So tell we it to you, dear reader. It is no damage to the gods or demigods to unpedestal them sometimes. The old Saturnalia, when masters and slaves changed places for a while, was founded on the principle in nature that all high-strungitudes are better for occasional relaxing.

We have not done what we sat down to do—which was to run a pretty parallel between a fame and a pyramid—apropos of some trifles bought of a pear-shaped pawnbroker. Pity that ideas once touched are like uncorked claret—good for one draught only! We shall never dare to take up the figure again, so we may as well hand you the gold thread we meant to have woven into it—a little figurative consolation to the unappreciated poet. To him who is building a pyramid of poetical fame, a premature celebrity is like the top-stone laid on his back and carried till he has built up to it. We wish those of our contributors whom we neither publish nor praise, would apply this “paracetin” to their “inward bruise.”

We have a heap of poetry on hand, which, written in a column, would overtop the cataract of Tequendama. It is numbered and put in train. Those who write to us to inquire the number of their future predecessors, will please pay their postage.

It says something for Williams and Stevens, (we would fain flatter ourselves,) that their reflections pass for ours; and something for our prosperity, that the most sumptuous warehouse for New Mirrors in the city should be taken to be the office of the “New Mirror.” We do not sell New Mirrors at No. 343 Broadway, and Williams and Stevens do—both theirs and ours, we trust it may be said, of the best in their kind—but those who want looking-glasses should write to 343 Broadway, and those who want Mirrors for the mind, to 4 Ann-street. We have some embarrassment from letters reciprocally misdirected.

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[NUMBER 25.]

Terms, \$3]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1844.

[per annum.]

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We live in the middle of this somewhat inhabited island of Manhattan, and see most that is worth seeing, and hear most that is worth hearing. After the newspapers have had their pick of the news, we have a trick of making a spicy hash of the remainder, (gleaning many a choice bit, by the way, which had been overlooked or slighted) and we undertake, hereby, to keep the readers of the Mirror *up to the times*. Everybody reads newspapers and gets the *outline* of the world's going round—but we shall do just what the newspapers leave undone—fill up the outline—tell you “*some more*,” (as the children say)—put in the lights and shadows of the picture done by newspapers in the rough. It is what we have tried to do in our “*Letters to the National Intelligencer*,” and as our brother editors seem to think we have succeeded, we will, (as we discontinue that correspondence in April) in *rather a more dashing and lighter vein*, resume these metropolitan sketches in the Mirror.

A secret for your ear, dear reader:—*By selling the plate of each number for half what it is worth, you get the reading for nothing!* Each plate is worth a shilling, to put in an album—and the whole Mirror costs but sixpence! So it is, in fact, *for nothing* that you get sixteen pages of the best literature that we can procure for you, including descriptions of the things about town that are seldomest described and best worth describing. Of course we can only afford this by very small profits on a very large circulation, and ten thousand subscribers are but the turn of the tide. The next ten thousand (into which we are now feeling our way) will be the first move of the rising tide that overruns into our pockets.

*We keep an eye in the back of our head* to see if any body is likely to overtake us (and to try their trick before they come along-side,) and we *keep a look-out on both sides* (from the salient balconies of our imagination) for any stray breezes of novelty for which it is possible to trim sail. And—to show you our hand a little—we have bagged, (like Eolus,) a breeze or two which we shall reserve awhile for competition. If nothing overhaul us, we shall try our speed by and by, with sky-scrapers and all—just to amuse the reader, and show our regard for his respectable sixpence.

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We have insensibly arrived at this idea by very blind steps. We tried in vain for years, to find a publisher who would undertake a new edition of our poems—though they were completely out of print, and though (it seemed to us) there was a demand for them which might justify the edition. Against advice, we thought we might at least furnish our friends copies to read, by publishing them in an extra of the *Mirror* for a price that would just pay the expense of printing and circulating. To our no small astonishment the orders for them came in so rapidly while they were in press, that we published a very large edition, which is still selling freely, and it then occurred to us very naturally, that one of two things must be true:—either the publishers were perfect cormorants as to the profits they expected from books, or else they were not always infallible judges as to what works would sell. The next thought was an easy one. Could we not, out of our own *better judgment and smaller expectations as to profit*, publish as handsome and cheap editions of other authors, whose works were not, now, easily come at? "Let us try!" said Enterprise.

Before arriving at this idea of the *MIRROR LIBRARY*, however, we had made arrangements to republish in the same cheap form, other works of our own that were as much called for as the Poems—in short all the *PROSE WORKS* of N. P. WILLIS—(your humble servant of this present writing, dear reader!) Our dear ally, General Morris, had also extra-duded his popular SONGS and BALLADS, which have sold with the same electric rapidity as the others. Our "LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE" will be ready in a day or two,† and PENCILLINGS by THE WAY are in preparation and will be issued in a week or two. The advertisements will duly announce all these. We would say, *ex passant*, of "Pencilings," that only one third of them have ever been republished, either here or in England. The first English edition (the fifth edition is now selling well in London) was printed from a broken set of the old *Mirror*, which had found its way out there, and the author being absent in France, even that imperfect copy was much reduced by the proof-readers. The American edition (long ago out of print) was a literal copy of this incomplete English one, and now, for the first time, "Pencilings by the Way" will be printed in a handsome and complete edition.

Of course, dear reader, we did not intend the presumption (the General and I) of putting our own works at the beginning of a "library of favourite authors." This is explained above. But we shall so arrange it, by giving you an extra titlepage, that you can bind up or leave out, us or others, at your pleasure. Each author will be separately pagged, and we shall so arrange it that whatever you select from our republications will bind into an integral and handsome volume.

\* The "Letters from Under a Bridge" were written in a secluded glen of the Valley of the Susquehanna. The author, after several years residence and travel abroad, made there, as he hoped, an altar of life-time tranquillity for his household gods. Most of the letters were written in the full belief that he should pass there the remainder of his days. Inevitable necessity drove him again into active metropolitan life, and the remembrance of that enchanting interval of repose and rural pleasure, seems to him now like little but a dream. As picturing truly the colour of his own mind and the natural flow of his thoughts during a brief enjoyment of the kind of life alone best suited to his disposition as well as to his better nature, the book is interesting to himself and to those who love him. As picturing faithfully the charm of nature and seclusion after years of intoxicated life in the gayest circles of the gayest cities of the world, it may be curious to the reader.

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We have four or five gems to follow these, which we are sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them now. One or two of them are books we almost made a secret of possessing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so impossible to replace. We can venture to promise, that, (leaving our own works aside,) the series of uniform literature in the language will be choicer, or better worth possessing at any price—let alone a shilling!

To our subscribers we wish to say that we shall publish in our Library series *nothing which will again appear in the New Mirror*. The *New Mirror* itself, we are confident, will be a valuable portion of the Library—of the same size and shape, and containing, of course, the best fugitive literature that we can choose or procure. The *New Mirror* is our pride. We shall spare no labour upon it, and it shall be worthy of the constellation to which it is the leader—if we know how to make it so. And now, dear reader, let us commend to your purchase and preservation the *MIRROR LIBRARY*—for, by shillings thus expended without any feeling of sacrifice, you will gradually create a Paradise of delicious reading, into which you can retreat when you would be rid of care or weariness.

The above works have just been issued as *Extras of the New Mirror*, and can be bound either with or without it. They are beautifully printed, of a uniform size, and may be had on application to the publishers. They are sent by mail to all quarters of the country, at the usual newspaper postage. Single copies, 12½ cents; ten copies for \$1. For sale, wholesale or retail, by MORRIS, WILLIS & CO., No. 4 Ann-street, New-York.





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VOLUME II.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1844.

[NUMBER 25.]

## KENILWORTH CASTLE.

We have, probably, scarcely a single reader who does not expect to give himself up, once more, to the enchantment of Scott's novels. "Kenilworth" would be read more realizingly with a picture of the fine old castle, embodying also one of the best-drawn scenes of the novelist—and therefore we think our plate for this week valuable for more than its intrinsic beauty. It represents Wayland showing his wares to Amy Robsart and Janet.

## THE LAMP-POST IN THE SPREAD HAND.

We take the vital centre of New-York to be a *certain lamp-post* from which radiate five crossings—one pointing to the Astor, one to the American Museum, one up Broadway, one up the Bowery, and the fifth (dead east) to the office of the *NEW MIRROR*—the which office is clearly visible from the palm of the *spread hand* upholding this medio-metropolitan lamp-post. Having conceived—(you *have*—have you not, dear reader?)—the laudable purpose of subscribing for the *Mirror's* second year, (now on the eve of commencing,) your first inquiry is the geography of "ANN-STREET, No. 4"—upon which money-welcoming spot shines nightly this central lamp of the municipality. You arrive safely at the Astor. You glide past its substratum of apothecaries, perfumers, goldsmiths, and hatters, and arrest your footsteps at the triple corner studded with three of the notable structures of Manhattan—the imperial Astor, the goodly St. Paul's, and the marvellous Museum with the "fifty thousand curiosities." You now face due southward. Helm down, (coat-skirt down Vesey-street, that is to say,) and you head east, south-east, laying your course exactly. Before you lies a crossing of flags by which you may safely reach the islanded palm of the spread hand, (holding two granite posts guarding a lamp-post,) and, once there, you luff a little to the right, and follow the pointed forefinger of that same hand to the opening lips of Ann-street. Cross over, keep down a few doors to the right, and "there you are"—(there *we* are!)—walk in!

And now, dear sir! (*besides* your receipt and the benign smile of the Brigadier) what will you have? Our visibilities to the naked eye are small, but there be caves and store-houses of our primrose-coloured wares, and if we affect the Turkish fashion of a specimen shop, with room only for one purchaser at a time, it is for another reason besides the saving of rent. Philosophic, like us, is the French Amphytrion, who does not show to his delicate guest the *pieces de resistance*. The roasted joints stand upon a side-table, removed from view, and if slices are handed you over your shoulder, it is with an apposite commendation which the sight of the whole dish would fatally smother. Small as the shop is, however, (*parva, sed apta mihi*!) the welcome is spacious! All who come there, come with a parishioner's regard, self-chosen to our literary flock, and none turn the latch without unlocking our heart with the same door-handle. ("*Qualis rex, talis grex*!" Having found comfort in loving ourselves, we venture the more easily to love those who are like us.)

Touching this shop, (of which we have now given you the pictorial chart,) we shall have more to say hereafter. It has its history. Our landlord is a "picked man of countries,"

and has written his pleasant book. Around us "volcanoes belch their fires" of prodigal literature, and opposite us there is a deep-door by which the modest wits about town descend to *WINDUST's*, for news and things more succulent. There sometimes dives the Brigadier to lunch with needful celerity on the busy Saturday, and up from thence emerge daily and shiny-ly (after their pot of ale) the refreshed manufacturers of public opinion. Oh, from our modest window, we see sights! But, enough for now!

## THE CRUCIFIX OF BRILLIANTS.

*From the French for the New Mirror.*

DURING the first few months of my sojourn at Rome, I witnessed one of those heart-rending dreams, replete with thrilling interest, of which the imperial city is, but too often, the melancholy theatre.

A Neapolitan cavalier, named Luzzi, had fixed upon Rome as his place of residence from the year 1770. His birth, his intelligence, his refined, polished, and fascinating address, and, above all, the exquisite manly beauty of his face, and the elegant symmetry of his figure, had, immediately upon his arrival, facilitated his entry into all the most ancient and distinguished houses of Rome. Among those in which he was welcomed with the most cordial favour, was cited the palace of the Marquis of Caraglio, a man of brilliant fortune and an indefatigable votary of pleasure.

The marquis had been married from his twentieth year (he was then thirty-six) to Giulia de Staroli, a descendant of one of the noblest families of Ravenna. This union, however, was productive of the most uninterrupted happiness, in spite of the boundless difference which existed between the characters of the amiable couple. Indeed, in proportion as the marquis was an impassioned devotee to the fascinations and excesses of gay society, and found his chief delight in mingling with the giddy throng of midnight revellers around the jovial board, so much did Giulia, on the contrary, appear to love the purer sweets of solitude, and to cherish a devoted attachment to the more simple, though more lasting pleasures of domestic peace and contentment. The sprightly and highly cultivated mind, and the incomparable beauty of the marchioness, might have entitled her to the most elevated rank among the most beautiful, fashionable and accomplished women of Rome; but she preferred the quiet charms of retirement, the calm and peace of the green fields, to the vain and empty pomps of the world. She withdrew from the city, and retired to her beautiful country-seat at Albano, distance a few leagues from Rome, with her children and a few faithful domestics.

"Signor," said she to the marquis, "you are fond of the excitement and pleasures of a life in the city; but to me, the country alone can afford those more permanent joys and comforts which leave no trace of regret behind them. When you are fatigued with the world, and surfeited with its false and deceitful allurements, you will come to Albano, where you will always be certain of finding hearts, overflowing with love and respect, for the kind husband and the indulgent father."

The marquis, although the love and esteem he had ever cherished for his Giulia had not undergone the slightest diminution, opposed but feebly her departure for the villa of Albano.



The austerity of the morals of the marchioness, her unquerable antipathy to any thing which bore a resemblance to a *fete*, a rout or an orgies, her devotion to the education of her children, and her love of quietude and retirement, induced him rather to receive with approbation her voluntary exile, as affording her more liberty, away from the allurements of the world, to exercise those noble and praiseworthy maternal duties, which are so essential and yet so rare, in the thoughtless mazes of fashionable society.

"I shall not fail to visit you often, Signora," replied the marquis; "not, as you appear to think, in order to escape from the whirlwind of the world's disapprobation, which at times is so necessary to my happiness, but rather to enjoy the charm of listening to those delightful thoughts, which, falling from your lips, refresh the soul after unsubstantial pleasures, and lead it insensibly again into the forsaken path of virtue."

Giulia retired to Albano, and the marquis continued to reside in his palace at Rome, yielding himself, with more impetuosity than ever, to the ungovernable sway of his passions.

One evening the marquis arrived suddenly at the villa of Albano, and he immediately sought the presence of his wife.

"Signora," said he, "the importance of the event which brings me so unexpectedly to Albano, I hope you will consider a sufficient apology for the hasty and unannounced intrusion upon your privacy. I have come to communicate a startling piece of intelligence, and I hesitate less to give you the information, because I am sure you will be as deeply interested as myself, in endeavouring to solve the inexplicable mystery."

"Speak, Signor, speak," replied the astonished marchioness.

"You have undoubtedly heard of the brilliant talent, and remarkable beauty of the Signora Broggia?"

"The cantatrice, who has recently created such a sensation at the theatres of San Carlos and La Scala," replied the marchioness.

"Precisely. For six weeks past this charming person has been at Rome, and in company with some of my friends, with Luzzi, with Colonna, with Chigi and Borghese. I have not been able to resist attaching myself to her triumphal car, and swelling the host of her admirers. Without vanity, of all my rivals, I seem to be received with the most favour—"

"Signor," interrupted Giulia, with dignity, "spare me such unpleasant details, which drive a blush of shame to the cheek of the mother of your children."

"Ah! I beg pardon, a thousand pardons, Signora," replied the marquis. I have not, I could not have had any intention of afflicting you for an instant. I will suppress, then, all unnecessary preamble, and inform you, without digression, that last night after the termination of the performances at the opera, I joined a select party of friends at a *petit souper*, given by the accomplished cantatrice, at her beautiful apartments on the Piazza de Spagna. Imagine my surprise and astonishment, as the Signora Broggia entered the saloon, to behold glittering upon her neck, this brilliant cross of diamonds, which I am sure is the same I had the happiness of presenting to you sixteen years ago, in commemoration of the joyful day of our nuptials." And the marquis drew from his pocket the dazzling crucifix of brilliants, which sparkled in the light of the chandeliers like the imperial standard of Constantine.

A death-like pallor swept suddenly across the features of the marchioness, who cast her eyes confusedly to the floor,

and trembled violently in every limb. This terrible emotion, however, lasted but for an instant. Giulia seized with eager, though tremulous hands, the glittering jewel, and said, in striving to impress upon her parched and discoloured lips a smile of joy and satisfaction:

"Oh, yes indeed! It is my bridal cross. Yes! it is surely mine. Oh, how rejoiced I am once more. But you must now, in turn, pardon me, Signor, for having so long concealed from you what I supposed to be an irreparable loss. This cherished pledge of our union disappeared suddenly from my casket a few days before my arrival at Albano. The author of this larceny has thus far escaped my most indefatigable researches."

"And have your suspicions rested upon any one of your servants, Signora?" demanded the marquis.

"Upon no one, Signor. Upon no one to the present moment; but now—I think—"

"You know the criminal?" inquired eagerly the marquis.

"No, no; but I think our investigations could be pursued with more certainty of success in the city. I will accompany you to Rome, and our united efforts may succeed in detecting the thief, and placing him in the hands of justice."

"Let us avoid the scandal of a public prosecution, Signora," replied the marquis. "This cross, again placed in your possession, will never leave it. I have agreed with the Signora Broggia, on condition of surrendering me this to present her with another precisely like it. It is only a loss of a few thousands, more or less; but what of that? Is it not better to make this sacrifice, than to embark in a troublesome, legal prosecution, which may result in nothing but condemnation of the wretched criminal to the scaffold? Permit me, on the contrary, to congratulate myself upon an event, which places it in my power to offer you, a second time, this emblem of purity and conjugal fidelity. Hail!" added the marquis, laughing, and passing around the graceful neck of the marchioness the precious jewel, "it is a demon in person who is decorating an angel of light, with the sacred emblem of the holy redemption."

The countenance of Giulia was no longer pallid. Her eyes sparkled with unusual fire, and her whole visage beamed with an expression which betrayed a violent and unnatural excitement.

"Did you succeed in learning from the Signora Broggia, in what manner this cross came into her possession?" demanded the marchioness.

"It was a new year's gift, but she was unwilling to give me the name of the donor. I shall find out, however, at our next interview."

"And do you think she would tell you?" demanded Giulia, with emotion.

"She will tell me!" replied the marquis, with an air of triumph.

"Signor," rejoined the marchioness, "I shall accompany you to Rome. Upon that point, I am decided. I do not desire the scandal of a public investigation, far from it: but curiosity, you understand, the piqued curiosity of a woman cannot easily be brought to relinquish the gratification of such a temptation. I beg you will permit me to accompany you to the city."

The marquis could no longer resist the earnest entreaties of his wife. He brought her with him to Rome. The next day, after their arrival in the city, the corpse of the Cavaliere di Luzzi was found on the banks of the Tiber, a short distance from the gardens of the Palace of Caraglio.

This murder created a profound sensation throughout the

entire capital. The commissaries of the police instituted immediately the strictest search for the assassin, and were almost upon the point of relinquishing their pursuit, when a fisherman, having made some revelations to justice, they arrested, in the very Palace of Caraglio, a young Moorish girl, who had been in the service of the marchioness from her infancy.

Mika (for that was her name) confessed the crime of which she was accused, and gave a full and unreserved detail of all the circumstances which had preceded and followed it.

"I loved," said she, during her examination, "the Chevalier di Luzzi, and believed my love returned. For him, I had stolen from my mistress, my benefactress, a cross of diamonds of great value. When I discovered that he had given this jewel to the Signora Broggia—this jewel, which had already occasioned me so much poignant remorse—when I discovered, above all, that the chevalier was faithful to me, I thought only of revenge. The day after my arrival at Rome with my mistress, the marchioness, I gave him a rendezvous at midnight in one of the most retired pavilions of the garden, and there, after having reproached him with his infidelity and breach of trust, I plunged a stiletto to his heart. I then dragged the corpse to the banks of the Tiber, where I had hoped it would have been forever buried; but God, in his infinite wisdom, has not seen fit that this new crime should go unpunished. I am prepared to die."

This thrilling recital, confirmed by the most irrefragable proofs, appeared to all to bear upon its front the stamp of truth. The officers had found, in one of the pockets of the victim, a note, which indicated the place and hour of the fatal rendezvous. It was in the handwriting of Mika, and signed by herself. The fisherman recognized also the Moorish girl as the person whom he had seen dragging the dead body of the Chevalier di Luzzi to the banks of the river.

The judges condemned the young girl to death, and she listened to her sentence with the most extraordinary resignation and composure.

His holiness, the Pope, was earnestly solicited, by many of the most distinguished personages in Rome, to grant his pardon to the unfortunate girl, but all efforts in her behalf proved unavailing. "The act," said the pontiff, "is too flagrant and premeditated, to hope that the wretched perpetrator should be pardoned. I hope, however, that God will soften the hearts of the real criminals, that they may confess their crime, and the young girl thus be saved. For," continued his holiness, "it appears to me, that the whole affair is enveloped in a profound mystery, which the justice of men alone cannot fathom. Let us leave the rest to Providence; He will not desert us in the hour of need."

The hopes of the pontiff were realized. The very day on which the unhappy girl was conducted to the scaffold, and at the very moment she was ascending the fatal steps of the instrument of death, a number of constables were seen in the distance hurrying rapidly, and without stretched arms, towards the spot, crying—Pardon! pardon! pardon! These cries, caught up and re-echoed by the dense multitude, terminated in one deafening shout of joy; and the executioner dropped, from his nerveless grasp, the fatal axe which was suspended over the kneeling form of the unfortunate Mika.

Let us now return to the Palace of Caraglio, and attempt to portray the heart-rending scenes which have just transpired within its gloomy walls. The marchioness, having failed in all the attempts which she had made to save the

life of the affectionate Mika, could not endure the thought of abandoning, to the infamy of a public execution, the generous creature who had exhibited in her behalf such incredible proofs of devotion. With a courage and a *sans froid* worthy of a Roman matron, she made her preparations for death, and summoned to her bedside two apostolical prebendaries, her confessor, and her husband.

"Signor," said she to the latter, "in a few moments I shall be ushered into the presence of my God, the searcher of hearts. He will judge me, and I trust will grant me his pardon, for I die repentant. You will not be more inflexible than God, and will not refuse me the absolution which the Holy Church has already accorded to my prayers, to my remorse, and to my tears."

The marquis pressed the almost lifeless hand of his wife in token of acquiescence.

"Signor," continued Julia, "for fifteen years I have remained faithful to those sacred vows which we plighted before God and the world. For fifteen years—But enough. The day on which you introduced the Chevalier di Luzzi into this palace, I—ceased to be innocent—That man fascinated my eyes, took possession of my heart, overpowered my understanding, my whole being, and rendered me the guiltiest and most wretched of women. He was poor, possessed of nothing but a name, perhaps without éclat. I wished to assure him an existence worthy of my love. I became a thief—yes, a thief—for him. The cross of diamonds, which you have so nobly restored to me, is but a small portion of the immense expenditures I have lavished upon him. This foolish and culpable attachment explains to you, Signor, the object of my retirement at Albano. Borne insensibly along by the resistless current of iniquity, I did not wish to abdicate the outward appearances of virtue; I wished to continue to appear austere, pure, economical. I was less pure, less austere than you, Signor, in my morals; more lavish than you in my expenditures. That man had rendered me the vilest of hypocrites, and I should for that reason have doubted whether he was other than a miserable wretch; for a lover cannot avoid reflecting upon the soul of a woman, whom he has rendered culpable, his faults as well as the better qualities of his heart. But oh! my blindness has been so great!

"Your arrival the other evening at Albano, tore away the veil with which my eyes have so long been shrouded. I learned then, for the first time, that I had a rival. I resolved to seek vengeance, and I have been revenged. Luzzi was poniarded by my own hand! This hand, which you now feel so cold and heavy, alone plunged the avenging steel into his traitorous heart. Mika, my affectionate Mika, who, actuated by a devotion without parallel, is accused of the crime of which I alone am guilty, was ignorant of all until the deed was perpetrated—until I called her to my assistance to aid in the concealment of the lifeless corpse. It was at my suggestion that she assumed upon herself this terrible responsibility. I had hoped, by intercession with his holiness, to obtain her pardon, and consequently to save my own life. My efforts have proved unavailing; and since she is doomed to undergo the penalty attached to so great a crime, I am resolved she shall not suffer for my iniquities. Save her then, Signor, save her; and let this declaration suffice to break the chains with which she has been so unjustly loaded. As to myself, the arm of the law cannot reach me. I am already beyond the jurisdiction of men. Dearest husband, I crave your pardon. Padre Eugenio, I—crave—your benediction—"

The marquis was in the act of deposing a kiss of pardon

upon the forehead of Giulia, when the priest, taking him by the arm, drew him gently back :

"Signor," said he, "the Marchioness of Caraglio is no more ! Her spirit has returned to the God who gave it. Pray for the soul of your wife, and forget not your own eternal welfare."

"What ! my Giulia !" exclaimed the heart-broken marquis.

"Is dead !" muttered the priest. "She has poisoned herself ! The will of God be done."

The Marquis of Caraglio was so terribly affected by this heart-rending scene that he retired into the Convent of the Camaldoli, and soon after followed his unfortunate Giulia to the tomb.

W. A. S.

### PARIS EN ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

PRIVATE life has been wisely and loyally held sacred ; but this precaution protects only the individuals ; the private life of a people can take shelter only in glass houses. It is into the details of existence in Parisian dwellings we are going to penetrate ; what we wish to paint is, Paris at home.

If you are inquisitive about the medley of colours in costumes, cast your eyes over Paris in robe de chambre ; the carnival which displays its whimsicalities in the streets only three days, dwells the whole year in the most sumptuous apartments of our magnificent houses ; here it is permanent ; it is the home of the carnival. Here you will see costumes in every form, and of every colour ; fancy, with her most capricious inventions, usurps the place of taste ; the essential thing, the important point, is to get as far as possible from any thing common, whose routine is so much to be disdained. Above all, and before all, originality must be had at any cost.

What a grotesque gallery ! The wisest fellow the most foolish.

To get a glimpse at these mysteries, we do not need a new Asmodeus ; we have only to enter and look.

What is generally called the middle ages, the gothic times, still turns many heads. Grand feudal habitations are despoiled or copied to furnish and encumber our dwellings, so contracted in comparison with those of those old giants. Be not surprised, then, to find, in this little room in the Rue de Provence, as complete an arsenal as in the armorial hall of a Burgrave. Here is a panoply, a complete suit of armour ; it was found necessary, to place this human caparison in the limited room, to bend the knees ; yet, in spite of this abasement, the casque of this iron sceptre reaches the ceiling, too low for the tall stature. We find ourselves in a world of trunks, dressers, cupboards, and dark, heavy furniture, twisted, chiseled, incrustated, and wonderfully carved. The little figures in painting, unsheathed blades, vases loaded with reliefs, tables with leaves, damask, and linsey-woolsey, filling every possible place. The sanctuary, draped with thick, long curtains, admits only a doubtful light. The sadness of this abode is peculiar ; every object, every utensil, every piece of furniture seems ill at ease, and out of place ; one hardly knows how to use them, and they do not appear to comprehend what is expected from them. The master of all this presents himself to receive us ; he wears the costume of chevaliers without armour. His long robe of brocade, fastened about the waist with a cord of silk and gold, the neck bare, closely-fitted pantaloons, velvet shoes and low cap without plumb ; he has no poinard at his girdle, but he plays with a small dagger of marvellous workmanship. The debut of the interview is very embarrassing ; one feels, in such a place, as if they ought to speak only of prowess and

falconry. He takes care to relieve you from this perplexing dilemma ; he asks your opinion about the last opera. Take care not to accept his invitation to breakfast ; this haughty seigneur has no venison in his larder ; he will offer you an egg in the shell and a cup of tea. It is the fraction of an exchange broker.

Step cautiously ; everything here demands silence, invites to thought, and disposes to meditation. This dwelling is austere, and almost without any ornament but its green hangings in a frame, and wainscoting of old oak. Do not trouble the inhabitant of this abode ; cast your eye upon his pale, meagre visage, his dry and bony form, his long hair, and the robe of black serge that envelops the frail, slight body. Is this man in search of the grand Arcanum ? How serious his profile is painted in his shadow. His head in this light is worthy the pencil of Rembrandt. Approach slowly ; he lifts his eyes to heaven, he speaks in a low voice, he rises and exclaims :

"I have found it ; bonjour my friends."

"What have you been seeking ?"

"Parbleu, my cue to a couplet !"

He is a vaudevilliste.

How new and cheerful this apartment is. How radiant—how embellished. How many charms and delicacies. Everything here is silk, ribbons, and bone lace, graces and sheep-folds, Paphos, Arcadia, and Cythera.

"It is day, Madame —"

What a ravishing creature ; how pretty she is under her canopy of lace, and in the midst of a profusion of white pillows. Really, I have a mind to compare her to a rose in the snow.

She is going to get up, her hair is already dressed ; she wears it without flowers, but braided with ribbons. Enveloped in a peignoir of lawn, and a muslin mantille, she goes on her cachemire slippers, and bounds out on the leopard skin at the foot of the bed ; from this carpet of fur, she plunges into the ample fauteuil, which is then pushed to her toilet with transparent draperies and vellum lace, like the altar of a convent.

Take care and do not mistake here. Is it a pearl fallen from the jewel-box of the regency ?

Admirable, you speak like a romance of the time.

She has no one with her but a waiting woman, who seems more rude than mischievous ; doubtless we are going to see the abbé, the poet, the great financier, the Marquis, Mademoiselle Ressource, the merchants, the Duke's carrier, the greyhounds, and perfumed billets. But no. Listen.

"Anna, I will see no one—no one ; do you hear ? These suppers tire me to death."

She has supped, perhaps, in the small house of the duke.

"Then, too, the smoke of the cigars makes me horrible sick. That little fool Bertha smoked, the gentlemen thought it so charming I wished to do so too ; my heart failed me ; how low and narrow the cafés of the English are. They do not drink Champagne any longer ; they drink old Madeira, or brandy ; it is detestable, particularly the next day Mademoiselle Anna, give me, if you please, a glass of sugar and water, put some rum in it, I beg you. Let us see the journals."

"Here are the fashions."

"No, let me look at the theatres. Ah ! *cis embataut*—the same thing always."

"The tribunals."

"Oh, yes, the tribunals are amusing. Ah, bah ! that is too bad ; there is not one crime to-day ; not even an execution."

What a marquise ! Yesterday she was making hats —

Rue Vivienne. From thence to Aspasia is but a step—follow me.

In this abode everything is entirely antique.

The mistress is inspired with her name; she charms the leisure of the high politician. Contemplate her reclining on that couch which was stolen for her from the Didon de Guerin; she is draped in an ample tunic of fine wool; her vestments display her form voluptuously; she has the proud beauty of the Roman matron, and the noble regularity of the Grecian models; her naked arms are adorned with heavy bracelets of burnished gold; the agraffe that confines her loose tunic is formed of a cameo that represents a nymph and satyr.

Of course she is going to take a perfumed bath in a conch of jasper or porphyry; we shall soon see her admiring herself in one of those plates of gold which costs the revenue of a province.

No, she is going to take an ordinary bath, and settle with her cook for it.

This doleful young man, so tall, so white and insipid, has the airs of Luran, and gives audience to his gallant correspondence; his *gay robe de chambre* is effeminately worn; his cap is surmounted by a top-knot; his *peignoir*, trimmed with lace, lies flung over the back of a chair near him, ready for him when he makes his toilette. His lodgings are *a la Saracen*; one would think the voluptuary had just returned from the Crusades.

In this boudoir, which can vie with that of the little person we just took for a marquise, there is here so much exquisite taste and delightful vanities, so much *rocaille* and Pompadour—look, without fear, at the formidable baron, exquisite bearded, clad in a buff corset, booted and spurred, as if he were going to war. His voice is terrible.

He is going to call his page and demand his arms.

No; he calls Frilby, his favourite little dog. He dined yesterday at our side. He ate some stewed fruit and drank iced water. But let us hasten, if you please; there remains a rich collection for us to explore.

The mornings in Paris are of every country except their own. We have Spaniards, who at home wear the sombrero and the brown cloak; Neapolitan brigands; Adriatic fishermen, with their Dalmatian vests; Turks abound; Greeks and Albanians are innumerable; the East is in favour. We do not want for Russians, nor Poles furred and wrapped up in their pelisses, and morocco boots embroidered with gold. The Arabs, their heads covered with hoods, have multiplied infinitely since our conquests in Africa; the regeneration and its marvels, and copies of Francis the First abound everywhere. Sometimes, in these dwellings, so fantastically furnished, one meets a whole Thebaid of hermits, in coarse cloth; in others, monks and cells. The habits of the religious have been very fashionable among our poets; we know a commission merchant who delights in dressing himself like Tasso.

Home sailors find numerous and warm partisans; almost all these sea-wolves wear, or rather disguise themselves like corsairs of the Archipelago, after the designs of the *Illustrations* of Byron; we have also Swiss cabins and shepherds, Norman and Breton seamen. Scotchmen flourish, and the mountain plaid is very *recherché*. There is no sort of disguise but what can be found in Paris, *en robe de chambre*. Some roll themselves up in cloth, as in a Roman cloak; others lie almost naked on the carpet. It is even among families quite intellectual, where this mania for private costume is carried to the greatest extent, and these extravagances they dignify by the name of eccentricities.

They smoke everywhere; there in chibouques, here in

Hungarian pipes; every variety of cigars constitute a part of their enjoyments. At a breakfast of medical students, all the guests drank from cups shaped like skulls. Those who cannot attain in their caprices neither luxury nor elegance, take the ugly and the horrible. Would one believe that some have even adopted great-coats, and caps like the galley-slaves?

The swansdown of our fathers, the warm flannel coats, the little felt caps, loose pantaloons and green slippers, are now held as human infirmities.

We must render justice to the women; they have not gone like the men into these ridiculous and burlesque customs. With very few exceptions, they are at home appropriately clad; they have had the good sense not to renounce the attractions of the *negligé* and the grace of the *dishabille*. Those who have left off these charming customs have taken masculine gear, delight to wear at home the costume of men; there are others, who think woman is like the ode, and that at home, both in her furniture and in her dress and person, a charming disorder is the effect of art.

All that is outward is false. If a man apes the airs of genius, be sure he is a fool. Those who make the parade with their library never read; a bureau magnificently provided with ink, paper, and all the brilliant superfluities which are the playthings of the idle, is a sure indication the man never writes. How many trophies of arms have we seen among cowards! How many racks of pipes among those whom one whiff of tobacco smoke would give the sea-sickness! How many objects of art among the ignorant! How many pianos always shut! and how much hunting-gear have those who never killed an owl!

These caprices are indigenous; to be a citizen of the world, is not to be one of one's own city. It seems that the national air is too niggardly. To escape the humiliation of being French, they turn Iroquois.

The Chinese, too, have made an irruption into the *costume de chambre*; pointed bonnets, silk robes, and turned-up shoes are making a fortune.

We have had occasion to remark that *toirs* and *voyages* cure this folly. A man who has seen a great deal contracts a certain independence in his mode of living, and thinks less of appearing like a foreigner than he who fairly imagines that he has travelled over every country whose fashions he has adopted.

This society, that in the morning revolts against the laws of costume, is docile and submissive to the mode in the evening; then it lays aside its own will, and seems cast in one mould.

Sometimes the keeping of the *chambre* is in accordance with the predilections of genius. There have been illustrious tragedians, whose rooms were furnished like that of a *petite maitress* in Rome. At other times the contrast between reality and appearances is seen. When Rossini made his last visit to Paris, he received visitors in his apartments at the Madeleine in his cotton cap. For this *coiffure* in disgrace is there not hope now of its reinstatement? &c. &c.

#### AN ENGLISH BREAKFAST.

We have said nothing of coffee and chocolate at breakfast, though a good example has been set us in that respect in the pleasant pages of Mr. D'Israeli. We confined ourselves to tea, because it is the staple drink. A cheap coffee, however, or imitation of it, has taken the place of tea with many; and the poor have now their "coffee-houses," as the rich used to have. We say "used," because coffee-drinking in such places among the rich is fast going out, in consequence of the later hours of dinner and the attractions of the club-houses. Coffee, like tea, used to form a refresh-

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A NEW VOLUME.

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Good as the Mirror has hitherto been (good enough to prosper) we have edited it as the Israelites built the walls of Jerusalem—with the best hand otherwise employed. The beginnings of all enterprises are difficult—more especially beginnings without capital—and the attention of one editor has been occupied with the management of the machinery now in regular operation, while the other, till the concern should be prosperous, was compelled to labour diligently for other publications. One by one (to change the figure) these hindering barnacles have been washed off our keel by going more rapidly ahead, and, with the beginning of the third volume, BOTH EDITORS will be ENTIRELY and EXCLUSIVELY devoted to the MIRROR—equal to setting studding sails a-low and a-loft with the wind dead aft, full and steady. Of course she will now go along “*with a bone in her mouth*”—as they say of a craft with the foam on her cut-water.

We live in the middle of this somewhat inhabited island of Manhattan, and see most that is worth seeing, and hear most that is worth hearing. After the newspapers have had their pick of the news, we have a trick of making a spicy hash of the remainder, (gleaning many a choice bit, by the way, which had been overlooked or slighted) and we undertake, hereby, to keep the readers of the Mirror *up to the times*. Everybody reads newspapers and gets *the outline* of the world's going round—but we shall do just what the newspapers leave undone—fill up the outline—tell you “*some more*,” (as the children say)—put in the lights and shadows of the picture done by newspapers in the rough. It is what we have tried to do in our “*Letters to the National Intelligencer*,” and as our brother editors seem to think we have succeeded, we will, (as we discontinue that correspondence in April) in *rather a more dashing and lighter vein*, resume these metropolitan sketches in the Mirror.

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*We keep an eye in the back of our head* to see if any body is likely to overtake us (and to try their trick before they come along-side,) and we *keep a look-out on both sides* (from the salient balconies of our imagination) for any stray breezes of novelty for which it is possible to trim sail. And—to show you our hand a little—we have bagged, (like Eolus,) a breeze or two which we shall reserve awhile for competition. If nothing overhaul us, we shall try our speed by and by, with sky-scrappers and all—just to amuse the reader, and show our regard for his respectable sixpence.

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We have insensibly arrived at this idea by very blind steps. We tried in vain for years, to find a publisher who would undertake a new edition of our poems—though they were completely out of print, and though (it seemed to us) there was a demand for them which might justify the edition. Against advice, we thought we might at least furnish our friends copies to read, by publishing them in an extra of the *Mirror*, for a price that would just pay the expense of printing and circulating. To our no small astonishment the orders for them came in so rapidly while they were in press, that we published a very large edition, which is still selling freely, and it then occurred to us very naturally, that one of two things must be true—either the publishers were perfect cormorants as to the profits they expected from books, or else they were not always infallible judges as to what works would sell. The next thought was an easy one. Could we not, out of our own *better judgment and smaller expectations as to profit*, publish as handsome and cheap editions of other authors, whose works were not, now, easily come at? "Let us try!" said Enterprise.

Before arriving at this idea of the *MIRROR LIBRARY*, however, we had made arrangements to republish in the same cheap form, other works of our own that were as much called for as the Poems—in short all the *PROSE WORKS* of N. P. WILLIS—(your humble servant of this present writing, dear reader!) Our dear ally, General Morris, had also extra-dusted his popular *SONGS and BALLADS*, which have sold with the same electric rapidity as the others. Our "*LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE*" will be ready in a day or two,† and *PENCILINGS BY THE WAY* are in preparation and will be issued in a week or two. *The advertisements will duly announce all these*. We would say, *en passant*, of "Pencilings," that only *one third* of them have ever been republished, either here or in England. The first English edition (the fifth edition is now selling well in London) was printed from a broken set of the old *Mirror*, which had found its way out there, and the author being absent in France, even that imperfect copy was much reduced by the proof-readers. The American edition (long ago out of print) was a literal copy of this incomplete English one, and now, for the first time, "*Pencilings by the Way*" will be printed in a handsome and complete edition.

Of course, dear reader, we did not intend the presumption (the General and I) of putting our own works at the beginning of a "library of favourite authors." This is explained above. But we shall so arrange it, by giving you an extra titlepage, that you can bind up or leave out, us or others, at your pleasure. Each author will be separately paged, and we shall so arrange it that whatever you select from our republications will bind into an integral and handsome volume.

\* The "*Letters from Under a Bridge*" were written in a secluded glen of the Valley of the Susquehanna. The author, after several years residence and travel abroad, made there, as he hoped, an altar of life-time tranquillity for his household gods. Most of the letters were written in the full belief that he should pass there the remainder of his days. Inevitable necessity drove him again into active metropolitan life, and the remembrance of that enchanting interval of repose and rural pleasure, seems to him now like little but a dream. As picturing truly the colour of his own mind and the natural flow of his thoughts during a brief enjoyment of the kind of life alone best suited to his disposition as well as to his better nature, the book is interesting to himself and to those who love him. As picturing faithfully the charm of nature and seclusion after years of in-souciated life in the gayest circles of the gayest cities of the world, it may be curious to the reader.

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In addition to the above, "*THE POEMS*" of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and several other charming works are in the press, and will form part of the *MIRROR LIBRARY*.

We have four or five gems to follow these, which we are sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them now. One or two of them are books we almost made a secret of possessing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so impossible to replace. We can venture to promise, that, (leaving our own works aside,) no series of uniform literature in the language will be choicer, or better worth possessing at any price—let alone a shilling!

To our subscribers we wish to say that we shall publish in our Library series *nothing which will again appear in the New Mirror*. The New Mirror itself, we are confident, will be a valuable portion of the Library—of the same size and shape, and containing, of course, the best fugitive literature that we can choose or procure. The New Mirror is our pride. We shall spare no labour upon it, and it shall be worthy of the constellation to which it is the leader—if we know how to make it so. And now, dear reader, let us commend to your purchase and preservation the *MIRROR LIBRARY*—for, by shilling thus expended without any feeling of sacrifice, you will gradually create a Paradise of delicious reading, into which you can retreat when you would be rid of care or weariness.

The above works have just been issued as *Extras of the New Mirror*, and can be bound either with or without it. They are beautifully printed, of a uniform size, and may be had on application to the publishers. They are sent by mail to all quarters of the country, at the usual newspaper postage. Single copies, 12s cents; ten copies for \$1. For sale, wholesale or retail, by MORRIS, WILLIS & CO., No. 4 Ann-street, New York.





*Mary, Queen of Scots*

Execution by beheading

subject afforded them some amusement. But to Agnes one voice seemed to ring more melodiously than the rest, and to enchain the greatest share of her attention. That voice was Trevor's.

The breakfast came, and with it the usual college accompaniments of "copus" and champagne; conversation became brisk and continuous, and the yacht and her anticipated performance were freely canvassed. Thus, without wishing to be listeners, did the Berners become acquainted with much of our hero's history. There was a wildness and romance about it, joined, at the same time, to a high tone of gentlemanly feeling, which interested first the fancy and then the heart of the fair Agnes. But, *allons*.

Eleven o'clock was fixed for the yachts to start; it was now ten, and our sailors prepared to go on board. While passing under the windows of the hotel a rose fell at the feet of Trevor; he picked it up, and, looking up to the windows, discovered the fair lady of the pony carriage: a blush mantled his cheek, and seemed to be reflected in that of the lady, as she withdrew suddenly from the window. It is needless to add that the rose was carried off by the finder.

Ten yachts were entered for the cup, and now all was bustle and preparation on board; sails were examined and spare ones placed ready to bend, if occasion or accident required. All was expectation. The "stewards of the course," if such a term could be applied to the managers of a regatta, now rowed round to each vessel, pointing out the boats round which they were to sail, and repeating the rules and regulations. Every sailor was at his post, and all were ready to cast off their moorings and hoist sail. The stewards had visited the last vessel, and had cleared from her side, when a gun from the shore gave the signal to prepare. All was silence on board; a pin might have been heard to drop on the deck. Another gun and up went the sails like magic, and away bounded the vessels; sail after sail was set, the sheets hauled home, and each started for a long stretch on a wind. Nothing could be fairer than the start, nothing more beautiful than "the order of their going." The first boat was rounded, the yachts all keeping together; again they started on the other tack, and then the close order of sailing began to break, and the yachts to "tail" one after the other. It was now that the Cygnet began to display her powers, and to shoot ahead of her companions. Another flag-boat was rounded and again they tacked on a wind. Twice was this course gone over, the Cygnet maintaining her place as the first till she came in a winner by twenty minutes ahead of the second yacht. Shouts from the shore and waving of handkerchiefs proclaimed the contest over; and, through his glass, Trevor beheld the handkerchief of Agnes waving in the breeze; this was for him the most acceptable reward. Again the boat was manned and they sprang ashore, the cup was presented to the happy winner, and many a bumper went round in it to the health of the Cygnet and her commander.

As chance would have it, a mutual friend of the Berners and of Trevor was among the throng. Trevor spotted him out, and happened to mention the fair incognita. His friend offered to introduce him; Trevor, of course, accepted, and the deed was done. Many were the sports which succeeded the race for the cup, but for all the eyes of our hero were blind and his ears deaf; he only saw and heard the all-charming Agnes.

Neville and Fane had gone off to see more of the sports, and to amuse themselves according to their own fancies, thus leaving Trevor alone with his new acquaintances, nor did he fail to profit by the opportunity.

"What a beautiful yacht that is of yours," observed

Agnes, by way of keeping up the conversation. "It is the same, I think, which was at anchor in the Orwell yesterday, near Wolverton."

"The same," replied Trevor, "and I think I had the pleasure of seeing you yesterday morning in the park."

"Yes, I was out before breakfast, I enjoy these summer mornings so much, particularly near the water."

"Are you fond of the sea?"

"Very; but, unfortunately, have few opportunities of enjoying it."

"Would your party honour us by visiting my yacht? We can take a few hours' sail before dinner. It may, perhaps, refresh you after your drive."

"I shall be delighted; but I must consult mamma."

Saying this, the fair Agnes tripped away to her parents, who had walked on along the beach in company with Trevor's friend.

The proposition was accepted, and Trevor waved his hat as a signal for the boat. She was soon manned, and lay waiting by the shore.

"This is an unexpected treat!" exclaimed the lively Agnes, as she took her place in the stern-sheets. "How long it is since we have had a sail!"

"How long do you remain at Aldboro'?" asked Trevor, addressing himself to Mr. Berners.

"Three or four days; after that we are going to spend the rest of the summer at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight."

"I, too, shall remain a few days here, and then proceed to the westward. I had intended stretching across to Antwerp from hence, but have altered my mind in favour of our own coast. While we are here I hope you will consider my vessel at your service."

Poor Trevor, already had love proved the magnet which was to draw him wheresoever it listed.

They had reached the Cygnet, and were already under way; the breeze was moderate and the sea was calm, so that the cruise was most agreeable to the ladies; nothing happened to mar their pleasure, and, after a few hours' sail, they returned ashore. Mr. Berners invited Trevor to dine, and accompany them to the ball at night. Could he be expected to refuse? A note was despatched by one of the sailors in quest of Neville and Fane, to inform them of our hero's engagement, and to beg they would meet him at the ball.

We must pass over the events of the three or four following days; it will be sufficient to say, that the mornings were spent on the water, where the Berners formed a daily addition to the party, and the evenings passed in dancing and music. Was Trevor happy? Nay, was he not deeply in love? Who can doubt it!

"I see how it is," said Fane, one night, as he and Neville sat together in a corner of the hotel, "I see we are not destined to visit Antwerp this cruise. Master Trevor will stick to this coast, and no wonder, with such attractions. By Jove, he is a lucky dog; isn't he, Neville?"

"Yes, indeed, and I wish him joy of it. As to ourselves, the Isle of Wight will do just as well as Antwerp. There is fun to be had there, and I don't care whether we go to Otaheity or Greenland, so long as there is amusement to be had."

"We shall start to-morrow with a dull companion, depend upon it. Trevor will be devilish blue at leaving his lady-love."

"Never mind, we will laugh him out of it."

On the morrow came leave-takings, gloomy looks, and invitations to renew the acquaintance at Ventnor.

We will not say that Trevor's eyes were as clear as usual,

when he stood watching the Berners' carriage as it drove from the hotel.

A week has elapsed, the *Cygnets* is at anchor before the beautiful cliff and handsome villas of Ventnor. It is a lovely spot, overhung by lofty cliffs of dark stone, sprinkled here and there with some hardy shrub which has been bold enough to shine in the fissures; flower-gardens and lawns lie sheltered at their base, and slope away to the rocks which bound the open ocean.

A long and low building, erected immediately over the rocks, with a rude staircase leading down to the water's edge, and a tall flag-staff on its roof, indicated a coast-guard station; and now and then a revenue cutter would cruise off Ventnor, and communicate with the station aforesaid. The coast was open, bold, and exposed to the south and westerly winds, and, having no harbour, was so dangerous for vessels that they were often obliged, when lying at anchor, to slip and be off to sea, to avoid being dashed upon a lee-shore.

The Berners had arrived, and that morning had been out with Trevor for a sail; Neville and Fane had started for a fortnight's tour round the island, leaving their friend in the uninterrupted enjoyment of Agnes' society. How happily passed those hours, how brightly did they promise for the future! Promises doomed never to be realized.

It was sunset. Trevor and Agnes were strolling to and fro along the sea-girt cliff; they talked of the gay world, its balls, parties, and dissipations; they talked of a rural life, its social intercourse, its rural fetes, its healthful happiness; they talked of the sea, of yachts, of fortunes; in short, they talked round the whole circle of conversation, till they came to its centre—love!

Deep, rapid, passionate were the tones of Trevor's voice, as, with throbbing heart and almost breathless suspense, he poured forth his confession of love—his first and only love. Nor did he plead in vain, for the soft pressure of a trembling hand and the swimming glance from a full and bright blue eye, told him he was loved again. Oh! the ecstasy of those moments, when the heart has drained the cup of its deepest emotions, has confessed the very inmost secret of its treasury, and feels itself replenished and rewarded with the love and the confidence of one it adores.

It was night. The lamps burned brightly in the Berners' abode. One solitary lantern marked the station of the yacht. Too happy, too full of lovers' softest emotions to tolerate any but the society of his Agnes, Trevor had returned to the *Cygnets* when evening had obliged them to join the party in the house; and Agnes too, under plea of indisposition, had retired to her chamber.

It was night; the moon had risen, and shone forth upon a dense cloud-bank in the western horizon. Slowly and with hollow sound the breeze began to increase, and to sigh through the rigging of the yacht; the clouds drew on apace, darkening as they spread over the star-lit sky, till the sailor on watch no longer doubted a storm. All hands were soon on deck, the anchor was weighed, and, under a reefed main-sail and storm-jib, they stood out to sea.

The breeze had increased till it now blew half a gale of wind, and the waves beat high and furious; the sky was completely overcast, and only now and then, through some rift-cloud, could a ray of moonlight appear. It was during one of these temporary gleams that the keen eye of Trevor, who had come on deck to take the command of his vessel, discovered a sail to windward, bearing down for the *Cygnets*; but, just at the moment he had brought his glass to bear

upon her, a cloud shut out the moonlight and left them in darkness.

"Luff to the wind as close as she will lie!" cried Trevor to the helmsman.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the seaman.

Another gleam of light showed two vessels, bearing down rapidly towards them, and the distant report of a gun made the circumstance rather mysterious.

"If I am not mistaken, captain, yonder vessel is the revenue cutter *Badger*, which was lying alongside of us yesterday, and the other looks deucedly like a smuggler."

"I think so too," said Trevor, "ready about there, we will go on the other tack, and see if they will follow."

Round went the *Cygnets* on the other tack, and, at the same moment, round went the supposed smuggler. It was evident that she sought the shelter of the yacht, by placing the *Cygnets* between herself and the cutter. Still onward they came, gun after gun booming down the wind. All was again darkness, save where now and then the flash of a gun showed the position of the cutter.

"This is by no means pleasant, to be peppered at in the dark, and that, too, in mistake for the smuggler," said Trevor. "We may as well show our own teeth, and bark too."

A gun to leeward from the yacht followed this remark.

At this moment a shot knocked the tiller out of the helmsman's hand, and tore into the deck of the *Cygnets*.

The vessel luffed up in the wind, and her sails shivered.

"We shall be run into!" shouted Trevor, at the same time hailing through the trumpet. But the wind was too high, not a sound of his voice had reached either of the other vessels.

"Give them the other guns," said he; and, as their red flash broke on the darkness, the white canvases of the cutter loomed like a ghost before them. A crash, a cry rent the air, and the next moment the beautiful, the graceful *Cygnets* was sinking, a wreck under the bows of the cutter.

The morning broke clear and serene, and the sun shone brightly on the cliffs and houses of Ventnor; the sea, to be sure, was rough, and dashed loudly upon the rocks; but it was no more than would have been caused by a whole-sail breeze.

Agnes sat at her window, for love was more powerful than sleep; her eyes had looked in vain for the yacht, and fear would have succeeded surprise had she not been told by Trevor of the necessity of putting to sea in a westerly wind.

Still she was anxious, and, dressing herself hastily, she walked out along the Under-cliff. No sail was in sight, yet she gazed intently sea-ward. Nothing was visible save a dark speck undulating with the waves, and sweeping upon the crest of each billow nearer and nearer to the shore. By some irresistible spell, Agnes watched this floating object intently till it was lodged upon the sea-washed steps of the Preventive-station. She hurried down and gazed, with a glassy stare, upon the corpse of her affianced Trevor! J. W. S.

The practice of duelling, although it is now far too prevalent, was carried to much greater extent in former times than at present. *Jerrold's Magazine* contains the following account of an affair which took place at Caen, in March 1787:

Two officers quarreled, and one of them in his rage gave the other a blow—this was returned—and they immediately went out of the town to decide the matter with swords. In a short time, both were wounded severely, and neither of

them being able to stand, they were carried back to their quarters—but the wounds did not prove mortal. The colonel convened all the officers of the corps, and it was decided in solemn conclave, that as soon as the combatants were sufficiently recovered, they must go out again and fight till one of them should be killed, it being the unanimous opinion of the regiment that *one of the party* must die—(mind, reader, *one of the party!* not the aggressor! it was immaterial which of them, but the point of honour required that *one* of them should die.) As they were not likely to be again able to fight with swords, their *brother* officers! (tender appellation) their *brother* officers decided that they should fight with pistols. The maimed combatants were, therefore, carried to the field in chairs, and ten of their *brother* officers attended the execution of their humane purpose! The first shot was fired by the officer who received the first blow, and the ball lodged in his antagonist's body; he was able, however, to return the fire, but from his torture missed his opponent. The third shot was then fired by the latter, which took effect in the breast, and the sufferer sank down almost lifeless, and unable to hold a pistol and take due satisfaction! They were carried home, the *brother* officers (ferocious ruffians, but not courageous enough to brave public opinion) called another meeting of the corps. The matter was discussed in due form, and it was decided that if the wounded man should recover, they should again take the field till one of them should die on the spot. The two pistol balls had, however, their due effect, and the poor wretch died.

#### THE BRIEVIARY.

We give but one gem from our *Vade-mecum* this week—some lines on a picture of a Hindoo girl charming a serpent with a flute—the finest description of a *snake* that we ever saw.

*"Is it a vision? for I've seen such things  
Among the morning skies, and the sweet fies  
That play round tree-tops in the setting sun."*

The bower is of the Indian drapery  
That weaves its living woof of flowers and fruits,  
Red with the kisses of the amorous sun;  
The roof is canopied crimson of the rose,  
Vaulting a couch of violet, here and there  
Tinged with some bud irish weeping from the roof;  
And tissue with rich leaves that force their way  
Veining the blue, like gold in lazuli.  
A form is in that bower, that might be thought  
Placed there for man to worship, or of those  
That sit on thrones o' the cloud, and wreath their wings  
With pearls still wet with dew of Paradise.  
Yet she is human, and the silvery shawl  
That like a holy circle o'er a saint  
Crowns her pale beauty, binds a weary brow  
Besieged with memories that make it pale.

She sits upon the ground; and one hand lifts  
A flute, that from her lip draws melodies  
Like the wind's wooing of the rose; and one  
Holds a bright serpent in a silken band.  
Her eye is on him and his eye on her,  
As if she found in him one thing to love—  
As if he felt her beauty, not her chain,  
And lived upon her melancholy smile.  
Her song has stirr'd him; it has stirr'd herself;  
For on her eyelash hangs a glistening tear,  
The heart's quick tribute to times past and gone;  
And such wild sportings as he can tries  
Before her powerful eye, and suits his dance,  
Swifter or slower, to her wandering song.  
He shoots along the violet floor, and lies  
Straight as a prostrate column, and as still  
As its pale marble; then sweeps up his coil  
Surge upon surge, and lays his gorgeous head  
With its fix'd, sleepless eye i' the centre ring,  
The watcher of his living citadel;  
Then rolls away as loose as the sea wave;  
And, he stoops like the wild swan, and shows  
A neck as arch'd and silvery; then the vine

Must be outdone, and he's as lithe, and curl'd,  
And glistens thro' the leaves as proud a green.  
But now the song grows loftier, and his pomp  
Must all be worn, to please his Indian Queen.  
He rises from the train, that on the ground  
Floats in gold circles, and his glittering head  
Towers in the sunset, like a rising flame;  
And he has put on colours that make dim  
The stones o' the Indian mine: his length is sheath'd  
In mail, that has for plates the mother-pearl,  
And for its studs the diamond; there's no ray  
That strikes his neck from that broad setting sun,  
But rings it with a collar of bright gems,  
Or sheets it in one emerald, or the flame  
Of rubies. From beneath his burning crest  
Flashes the eye, a living chrysolite,  
Yet fix'd in all its shootings on one form,  
That thanks its duty with a faint fond smile.  
So stands and shines he till the charm is done,  
And that sweet sound and sweeter smile have sunk  
In silence and in shade.

This is the temptation of Eden reversed, and the woman seems to know the trick of it.

#### CHIT-CHAT OF NEW-YORK.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.  
(CONCLUDED.)

February 29.

I had a half hour's interview with the TALKING MACHINE this morning, and found him a more entertaining *android* than most of my wooden acquaintances—(the man who *thinks for him* being a very superior person.) I must first give you a *tableau* of the room. A German woman takes your half dollar at the door, and points you to a semi-boxed-up Turk, (query: Why are all automata dressed in turbans?)—a Turk seated in a kind of low pulpit, with a green shirt, a good complexion, a very fine beard, and a pearl breastpin. Out from under his shoulder issues a bunch of wooden sticks, arranged like a gamut of pump-handles, and behind this, ready to play on his Turk, sits Mr. Faber, the contriver. (I immediately suggested to Mr. F., by the way, that the costume and figure had better have been female, as the *bus-tle* would have given a well-placed and ample concealment for all the machinery now disenchantingly placed outside—the performer sitting down naturally behind and playing on her like a piano.\*) The Turk was talking to several ladies and gentlemen when I entered, and my name being mentioned by one of the party, he said: "How do you do, Mr. —?" with perfect distinctness. There was a small musical organ in the room, and one of the visitors played "Hail Columbia!" the automaton singing the words "like a man." There was no slighting or slurring of diphthong or vowel, syllable or aspirate. Duty was done by every letter with a legitimate claim to be sounded—the only fault being a strong German accent, (which of course will wear off with travel,) and a few German peculiarities, such as pronouncing *v's* like *w's*, gargling the gutturals, &c. &c.

I understood Mr. Faber to say that he was seven years contriving the utterance of the vowel *e*. Mr. F. has a head and countenance fit for a speech-maker, (maker of the gift of speech, I mean)—a head of the finest model, and a mouth strongly marked with intelligence and feeling. He is simple, *naïf*, and enthusiastic in his manners. The rude musical organ in the room was his own handiwork, and at the request of one of the ladies he sat down to it and played a beautiful waltz of his own composing. He may well be completely absorbed, as he seems to be, in his *androides*. It says any thing, in any language. It cannot cough—not

\* A suspicion has since crossed my mind that I may here have stumbled on an explanation of the great mystery of this supernatural addition to the figure, the supernatural continuance of articulation in the female requiring perhaps some *androidal* assistance to the lungs. If so, it would appear that woman, like "the church, cannot do without a *bishop*."



being liable to bronchitis; nor laugh—being a Turk. But it can sing, and has a sweet breath and well-governed tongue. In short, it is what would pass in the world for “a very fine man.” Besides those whom God has made, (Boyle, the philosopher, calls the world “an automaton of God’s making.”) I know of but one or two attempts before this to make a talking-machine—the famous one by Von Kempelen, and the celebrated brazen head constructed by Friar Bacon. What could be uttered by this unthinking brass has not come down to us. The *status of Memnon* could utter musical sounds, and Maelzel’s chess-player could say ‘*echec*.’ A much more useful automaton than any of these, Mr. Faber’s included, was one invented by one of the brothers Droz—“a child, sitting at a desk, who dipped his pen in the ink and wrote in French whatever was dictated to him,” (the inventor of course somewhere concealed.) It struck me as a great pity, indeed, that the admirable ingenuity and perseverance of Mr. Faber should have been wasted on a superfluity—for there is more talking than enough.) Albertus Magnus invented, with thirty years’ labor, an *automaton servant*, who would open the door when any one knocked, and salute the visitor—capable of course of being able to say “not at home,” and so saving the conscience of the domestic; and this was perhaps worth the labor. Less meritorious, again, was the *automaton fly* made of iron by Regiomontanus in the 14th century, which would make the circuit of the room with a buz, and return to its master. Something in the Pygmalion line has been attempted within a few years by a Swiss mechanician, Maillardet, who constructed a female with a “bosom that would heave for an hour,” once wound up. She would also play forty tunes on the piano with her fingers, and look languishingly by casting her eyes down—almost enough for one woman to do! I think these are facts enough for a very speculative essay on the value of such offices as may be performed by the body without the aid of brains.

In looking through another file of the gazettes published by the English in Hindoستان, (like those I spoke of in my last, lent me by Mr. PALMER,) I find that the amusing feature is that which is now so prominent in our own newspapers—a miscellaneous correspondence with all parts of the country. As a specimen, I extract a passage written from the camp Ferozepore, in the heart of India, to the editor at Delhi, and which, though it comes from the neighbourhood of, “far Cathay,” seems made of the same “pelf and packware” used by us dull wits of the temperate latitudes:

“In the evening (of a general parade) Lord Ellenborough gave a *soiree*, to which every officer in or about camp was duly bidden. A ball it could not be called, for there were scarcely fifty ladies, and the crush of great commanders so fearful in the tents that even these fifty found it difficult to dance without treading on each other’s toes; and as for waltzing, as an Irishman at my elbow observed, ‘it was like jumping in a sack, except that there were no sacks.’ The tents were lit up with chandeliers of painted glass—reflected from an unlimited number of bran-new medallions, (for good conduct in the late engagements probably,) the effect of which was so happy that I would recommend them on all similar occasions. In the distance was a cheering view of supper-tent, and Lord E. prudently stationed himself in the centre thereof, with a knowledge of the point of attraction for which everybody must have given him credit. The tide of population set strongly in towards his lordship all the evening, and the most lively satisfaction was expressed at his good looks and the excellence of the champagne. Several native grandees were present, and the crowd, and among them your old Delhi friend Hindoo Rao, apparently dressed to represent the knave of clubs. Alto-

gether, there was a great deal of gold lace, a great deal of eating and drinking, a great deal of getting hot inside, and catching cold out, and the ball was all that a ball should be, except (Irish again) there was no ball at all, because there were hardly any ladies.”

Mr. FOSTER, one of the best of the light-artillery writers of the corps-editorial, has joined the Tribune.

The projected aristocratic magazine, the “*Oriflamme*,” rather hangs fire, I understand, with a closer look at the enemy. It would be a better name for a controversial magazine, as the old *oriflamme* of France was only borne into battle to defend the rights of the church.

The HOME CRITIC seems to come to the surface with some reluctance also. The truth is, that it takes some capital and more confidence to start a paper of any kind. There are some fine and bold writers standing ready for this paper, and I hope it may start. Once under way, I think it would do well. Beautiful spring weather.

P. S.—The dreadful news from Washington has just reached here. I fear my trifling letter will seem discordant in the midst of so much mourning and anguish. What an unparalleled calamity!

March 3.

I HAVE been prevented, of late, from going about, so much as my wont, and have hardly seen or heard more of the city doings than the country readers of your paper. This will account, if not apologize for, some lack of variety in my letters. I broke through my fireside habits last night, and went to the Methodist Chapel in Madison-street, to hear the Rev. Mr. Maffit’s diatribe against “Box”—admission twenty-five cents. My surprise on being called on for money at the door was pleasurable, for I rejoice in an injustice turned by its victims “to commodity.” Two hundred people were well amused, and religion (per one of its ministers) was profited fifty dollars in pocket. Except in this light, however, I should call the using of “Box” for a pulpit text a decided case of *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. (The church gas-lights seemed to be of that opinion, for they suddenly paled their fires ten minutes before the conclusion of the lecture.)

While I think of it—Dickens has contradicted the report published in the London papers, touching his duration for debt. I am glad it was not true. Mistakes of positive assertion and of this personal character are so rare in the respectable English papers that I mentioned it in my letter to you with no suspicion of its being an error—the assertion supported, moreover, by the rumours, rife to the same purport, when I was last in London. The reports, doubtless, were born of the coupling of two well-known facts—the decrease of the prices paid for his books by publishers, and the increase of his “pledges,” with no corresponding reductions apparent in his style of living. The statement having once appeared in the papers of his own country, an expression of sympathy (as far off as the other shoulder of the world) was but complimentary to Mr. Dickens.

Mr. Maffit’s discourse was more of an event to me than to most of his audience probably; for his eloquence made a great impression upon me when I was a boy between ten and twelve years of age, and I had not seen him since. He preached at that time in the Bromfield Chapel, Boston, (on the next street to the one in which I lived,) and was then a “new light” in the Methodist church, and drew crowds after him. I left my play eagerly to hear him, and I have often since wished for an opportunity to analyze the peculiar delight he gave me—for it was all pleasure, without the slightest effect in the way of religious impression. I could

fill my letter with what came to me upon the turned-back leaf of seeing Mr. Maffit in the pulpit again, but the comparison between the affects of oratory upon tastes mature and immature, though interesting elsewhere, would be out of place here. He was not so much changed as I anticipated. Macready has always reminded me of him, and they are still alike. Mr. Maffit did not use to shave his temples, and from this peculiar tonsure, his forehead looks higher and his hair less Hyperian and more oratorical than formerly.

He commenced with some general remarks as to the charm of variety in customs and manners, and the common English weakness of condemning pitilessly every departure from the cockney standards and peculiarities, trying, by this test only, every country under the sun. This part of the oration was written in lambent and oily-hinged periods, and delivered—really, in music absolute! I felt the spell over again. It is in the voice and accent of Mr. Maffit that the philtre lies hid. So sweet a tone no other man has, in my knowledge. His inflexions, so long as he remains unexcited, are managed with the skill of the subtlest rhetorician. He hides the meaning of his sentences under the velvet words that are sweetest to linger upon, and to press with emphasis, and in this department of oratory he seems to me unsurpassed. He soon broke the spell, however. As he left generalizing, and got from poetry to analysis, he began to show bad taste and clumsy discrimination, and fell into a kind of grimalkin sputter of sarcasm that let down his dignity sadly. The audience began to applaud, and, with their applause, he grew inflated, both in matter and manner, and for the last half hour of his discourse was entirely off his feet—trashy, inconsequent and absurd—most applauded, however, when most incomprehensible. (And this ill-bestowed applause may easily have been the reverend orator's Delilah.) I remember little of what he said after the first fifteen minutes. There was a good deal of illustration to show that the "Yankees could whip the British," and much more of such clap-trap, and Dickens and Mrs. Trollope were each served out with as much pulpit-pounding and bitter epithet as is commonly given the devil, at a dose. One comparative testimony given by the orator is valuable, as he speaks, on both sides, with authority. He assured us that the society in every part of this country, "from the Aroostock to the Sabine," is as refined and delightful as any society whatever, except that of Heaven. He did not mention how long he had resided in the latter country, but he had been a travelling guest of American families for the twenty years since he left Ireland, and had been treated everywhere as a son and brother, and spoke advisedly. I could wish this Irish and celestial evidence in our favour might be put (for smoking) into the pipe of the London Quarterly.

I have discovered lately that the household gods have a vocabulary of their own. Search after a trifling invention led me to Windle's furnishing-shop in Malden Lane, and after spending an hour in marvelling at the mind that has been expended upon the invention of household conveniences, I asked for a catalogue of the shop's wares. A pamphlet of twenty-one pages was handed me, and I give you, for your despair, a few of the names of the necessary utensils by which your comfort is ministered to: "Pope's heads and eyes," "Shakers' Swifts," "Beefsteak Pounders," "Faucets and Bung-starts," "Boot-jacks and Leg-resters," "Salt-and-spit boxes," "Chinese Swings," "Chinese Punk in boxes," "Sillabab sticks," "Oven-peels," "All-blaze pans," "Ice-cream Pagodas," "Paste-jaggers and cutters," "Crimping and goffering machines," "sugar-nippers and larding pins," "Bread-rasps and sausage-stuf-

fers," etc. etc. etc. This is vernacular, of course, to the ladies, but Greek to us.

Apropos of words; there should be a replevin, (by poetry upon vulgar usage,) to restore the word *diaper* to its original meaning. Ford says in one of his plays, (The Sun's Darling,)

"Whate'er the wanton Spring,  
When she doth *diaper* the ground with beauties,  
Tails for, comes home to Autumn."

*Diaper* means literally to *embroider with raised work*,—after a stuff which was formerly called *d'Ipre* from the town of Ipre in Flanders, where it was manufactured. There is such a load of descriptiveness in the world that it is a shame it should be lost to poetry.

Moore's carefully revised and corrected edition of his works is re-published in this country at the price of *three dollars and half*. Half of it, at least, is uninteresting to the general reader, consisting of his satires, (with names left in unexplained blanks,) local poetry, translations from the classics, and a mass of laboured notes. The popular portions, consisting of "The Loves of the Angels," "The Irish Melodies and Sacred Songs," and the "National airs, ballads, and miscellaneous Poems," have been published in three Extras of the Mirror—five shillings for all of them. This will form as beautiful an edition of the enjoyable part of Moore's poetry as could be wished, and as cheap as beautiful.

CHARLES DIBDIN, "The Bard of Poor Jack," as he is commonly called, is one of those authors less known than his works; particularly in this country, where his songs are familiar to every lip, and his name hardly recognized. General Morris has made a collection of all the songs of Dibdin that are universal in their popularity, and has added others which from their bold and graphic excellence have been commonly attributed to him. This *shilling Extra* of the Mirror will become, I think, the sailor's classic, embodying, as it does, all their most remarkable songs.

Montgomery's "World before the Flood," one of the sweetest poems in the English language, is also in press for the "Mirror Library." On looking over the biography of this good man and true poet, I find, by the way, the following passage, referring, I believe, to the father of one of the Editors of the Intelligencer. "Mr. Montgomery removed to Sheffield, (England,) in 1792, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, the publisher of a very popular newspaper, at that time known by the title of the Sheffield Register. Mr. Montgomery became a useful correspondent to this paper, and gained so far the good opinion and affection of Mr. Gales and his family that they vied with each other in demonstrating their respect and regard for him. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England to avoid a political prosecution, Montgomery, with the assistance of another gentleman, became the Editor of the Register." Critics have unanimously agreed that "The World before the Flood" is the best production of Montgomery's muse, and it certainly is a noble and pure structure of elevated imagination. Among the sacred classics, Montgomery, I think, will rank first.

The terrible calamity at Washington still forms the principal topic of conversation in New-York.

The critics, by acclamation, pronounce Kendall's Narrative of his Santa Fe expedition and imprisonment in Mexico, one of the most enjoyable and engrossing books of the time. I am no judge—having a weakness for the author. I have read his book with great delight, but with a *sotto voce* (borrowed from Mrs. Norton:)

"All thou doest seems well done to me!"

## NOT MARRIED YET.

I'm single yet—I'm single yet!  
 And years have flown since I came out!  
 In vain I sigh—in vain I fret!  
 Ye gods! what are the men about?  
 I vow I'm twenty—oh, ye powers!  
 A spinster's lot is hard to bear—  
 On earth alone to pass her hours,  
 And afterwards lead apes—down there!

No offer yet—no offer yet!  
 I'm puzzled quite to make it out;  
 For every beau my cap I set,  
 What, what, what are the men about?  
 They don't propose—they won't propose,  
 For fear, perhaps, I'd not say "yes!"  
 Just let them try—for heaven knows  
 I'm tired of single-blessedness.

Not married yet—not married yet—  
 The deuce is in the men, I fear!  
 I'm like a—something to be let,  
 And to be let alone—that's clear.  
 They say "she's pretty—but no chink—  
 And love without it runs in debt!"  
 It agitates my nerves to think  
 That I have had no offer yet!

G. F. M.

## SORROW'S RELUCTANT GATE.

THIS last turned leaf, dear reader, seems to us always like a door shut behind us, with the world outside. We have expressed this thought before, when it was a prelude to being *gayer* than in the precedent pages. With the closed door, now, we would throw off restraint, but it is to be *sadder* than before. It is so with yourself, doubtless. You sometimes break into singing on entering your chamber and finding yourself alone. Sometimes you burst into tears.

There is nothing for which the similitudes of poetry seem to us so false and poor, as for affliction by the death of those we love. The news of such a calamity is not "a blow." It is not like "a thunderbolt," or "a piercing arrow;" it does not "crush and overwhelm" us. We hear it, at first, with a kind of mournful incredulity, and the second feeling is perhaps a wonder at ourselves,—that we are so little moved. The pulse beats on as tranquilly. The momentary tear dries from the eye. We go on, about the errand in which we were interrupted. We eat, sleep, at our usual time, and are nourished and refreshed; and if a friend meet us and provoke a smile, we easily and forgetfully smile. Nature does not seem to be conscious of the event, or she does not recognize it as a calamity.

But little of what is taken away by death is taken from the happiness of one hour, or one day. We live, absent from beloved relatives, without pain. Days pass without our seeing them—months—years. They would be no more absent in body if they were dead. But, suddenly, in the midst of our common occupations, we hear that they are one remove farther from us—in the grave. The mind acknowledges it true. The imagination makes a brief and painful visit to the scene of the last agony, the death-chamber, the burial,—and returns weary and dispirited, to repose. For that hour, perhaps, we should not have thought of the departed, if they were living—nor for the next. The routine we had relied upon to fill up those hours comes round. We give it our cheerful attention. The beloved dead are displaced from our memory, and perhaps we start suddenly, with a kind of reproachful surprise, that we can have been so forgetful—that the world, with its wheels of minutes and trifles, can thus untroubled go round, and that dear friend gone from it.

But the day glides on, and night comes. We lie down, and unconsciously, as we turn upon our pillow, commence a recapitulation that was once a habit of prayer—silently naming over the friends whom we should commend to God,—did we pray,—as those most dear to us. Suddenly the heart stops—the breath hushes—the tears spring hot to the eyelids. *We miss the dead!* From that chain of sweet thoughts a link is broken, and for the first time we feel that we are bereaved. It was in the basket of that last hour before sleeping—embalmed in the tranquillity of that hour's unnamed and unreckoned happiness—that the memory of the dead lay hid. For that friend, now, we can no longer pray! Among the living—among our blessings,—among our hopes—that sweet friend is nameable no more! We realize it now. The list of those who love us—whom we love—made briefer. With face turned upon our pillow—with anguish and tears—we blot out the beloved name; and begin the slow and nightly task of unlearning the oft-told syllables from our lips.

And this is the slow-opening gate by which sorrow enters in! We wake on the morrow and remember our tears of the past night; and, as the cheerful sunshine streams in at our window, we think of the kind face and embracing arms, the soft eyes and beloved lips, lying dark and cold, in a place—oh how pitiless in its coldness and darkness! We choke with a suffused sob, we heave the heavy thought from our bosom with a painful sigh, and hasten abroad—for relief in forgetfulness!

But, we had not anticipated that this dear friend would die, and we have marked out years to come with hopes in which the dead was to have been a sharer. Thoughts, and promises, and meetings, and gifts, and pleasures, of which hers was the brighter half, are wound like a wreath of flowers around the chain of the future, and as we come to them—to the places where these looked for flowers lie in ashes upon the inevitable link—oh God! with what agonizing vividness they suddenly return!—with what grief, made intenser by realising, made more aching by prolonged absence. We call up those features beloved, and remember where they lie, uncared for and unvisited! Years must pass—and other affections must "sweep and garnish and enter in" to the void chambers of the heart—and consolation and natural forgetfulness must do their slow work of erasure—and meantime grief visits us, in unexpected times and places, in paroxysms imperceptibly lessening in poignancy and tenacity, but life in its main current, flowing, from the death to the forgetting of it, unchanged on!

And now, what is like to this, in nature?—(for even the slight sympathy in dumb similitudes is sweet.) It is not like the rose's perishing—for that robe only the hour in which it dies. It were more like the removal from earth of that whole race of flowers, for we should not miss the first day's roses, hardly the first season's, and should mourn most when the impoverished Spring came once more round without them. It were like stilling the music of a brook forever, or making all singing-birds dumb, or hushing the wind-murmur in the trees, or drawing out from nature any one of her threads of priceless repetition. We should not mourn for the first day's silence in the brook, or in the trees; nor for the first morning's hush after the birds were made voiceless. The recurrent dawns, or twilights, or summer noons, robbed of their accustomed music, would bring the sense of its loss—the value of what was taken away increasing with its recurrent season. But these are weak similitudes—as they must needs be, drawn from a world in which death—the lot alike of all living creatures that inhabit it—is only a calamity to man!

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[NUMBER 26.

Terms, \$3]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1844.

[per annum.

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We live in the middle of this somewhat inhabited island of Manhattan, and see most that is worth seeing, and hear most that is worth hearing. After the newspapers have had their pick of the news, we have a trick of making a spicy hash of the remainder, (gleaning many a choice bit, by the way, which had been overlooked or slighted) and we undertake, hereby, to keep the readers of the Mirror *up to the times*. Everybody reads newspapers and gets *the outline* of the world's going round—but we shall do just what the newspapers leave undone—fill up the outline—tell you "some more," (as the children say)—put in the lights and shadows of the picture done by newspapers in the rough. It is what we have tried to do in our "*Letters to the National Intelligencer*," and as our brother editors seem to think we have succeeded, we will, (as we discontinue that correspondence in April) *in rather a more dashing and lighter vein*, resume these metropolitan sketches in the Mirror.

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*We keep an eye in the back of our head* to see if any body is likely to overtake us (and to try their trick before they come along-side,) and we *keep a look-out on both sides* (from the salient balconies of our imagination) for any stray breezes of novelty for which it is possible to trim sail. And—to show you our hand a little—we have bagged, (like Eolus,) a breeze or two which we shall reserve awhile for competition. If nothing overhaul us, we shall try our speed by and by, with sky-scrappers and all—just to amuse the reader, and show our regard for his respectable sixpence.

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# MIRROR



# LIBRARY.

We have long wished to have, for our own library, a uniform edition of our favourite authors. In this gregarious world, *ten thousand may have together what one cannot have alone*, and we wish our readers to join and give us our coveted library by having one like it themselves. By this combination we can have it cheap—(that is to say a book of poems which costs a dollar here and two dollars in London, we can have for a shilling)—and instead of a higgledy-piggledy shelf of books, one short and one tall, one fat and one thin, we may have them of one symmetrical shape, beautifully printed, and bound to our and your liking. You will trust our taste to select the books, and we will throw you in, in a preface, what we know of the author, and what we think of his works; and for our trouble in proof-reading, publishing, packing and forwarding, we will pay ourselves out of that little un-missed and second shilling.

We have insensibly arrived at this idea by very blind steps. We tried in vain for years, to find a publisher who would undertake a new edition of our poems—though they were completely out of print, and though (it seemed to us) there was a demand for them which might justify the edition. Against advice, we thought we might at least furnish our friends copies to read, by publishing them in an extra of the *Mirror*, for a price that would just pay the expense of printing and circulating. To our no small astonishment the orders for them came in so rapidly while they were in press, that we published a very large edition, which is still selling freely, and it then occurred to us very naturally, that one of two things must be true—either the publishers were perfect cormorants as to the profits they expected from books, or else they were not always infallible judges as to what works would sell. The next thought was an easy one. Could we not, out of our own *better judgment and smaller expectations as to profit*, publish as handsome and cheap editions of other authors, whose works were not, now, easily come at? "Let us try!" said Enterprise.

Before arriving at this idea of the *MIRROR LIBRARY*, however, we had made arrangements to republish in the same cheap form, other works of our own that were as much called for as the Poems—in short all the *PROSE WORKS* of N. P. WILLIS—(your humble servant of this present writing, dear reader!) Our dear ally, General Morris, had also introduced his popular *SONGS and BALLADS*, which have sold with the same electric rapidity as the others. Our "LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE" will be ready in a day or two,† and *PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY* are in preparation and will be issued in a week or two. *The advertisements will duly announce all these*. We would say, *en passant*, of "Pencilings," that only *one third* of them have ever been republished, either here or in England. The first English edition (the fifth edition is now selling well in London) was printed from a broken set of the old *Mirror*, which had found its way out there, and the author being absent in France, even that imperfect copy was much reduced by the proof-readers. The American edition (long ago out of print) was a literal copy of this incomplete English one, and now, for the first time, "Pencilings by the Way" will be printed in a handsome and complete edition.

Of course, dear reader, we did not intend the presumption (the General and I) of putting our own works at the beginning of a "Library of favourite authors." This is explained above. But we shall so arrange it, by giving you an extra titlepage, that you can bind up or leave out, us or others, at your pleasure. Each author will be separately pagged, and we shall so arrange it that whatever you select from our republications will bind into an integral and handsome volume.

\* The "Letters from Under a Bridge" were written in a secluded glen of the Valley of the Susquehanna. The author, after several years residence and travel abroad, made there, as he hoped, an altar of life-time tranquillity for his household gods. Most of the letters were written in the full belief that he should pass there the remainder of his days. Inevitable necessity drove him again into active metropolitan life, and the remembrance of that enchanting interval of repose and rural pleasure, seems to him now like little but a dream. As picturing truly the colour of his own mind and the natural flow of his thoughts during a brief enjoyment of the kind of life alone best suited to his disposition as well as to his better nature, the book is interesting to himself and to those who love him. As picturing faithfully the charm of nature and seclusion after years of intoxicated life in the gayest circles of the gayest cities of the world, it may be curious to the reader.

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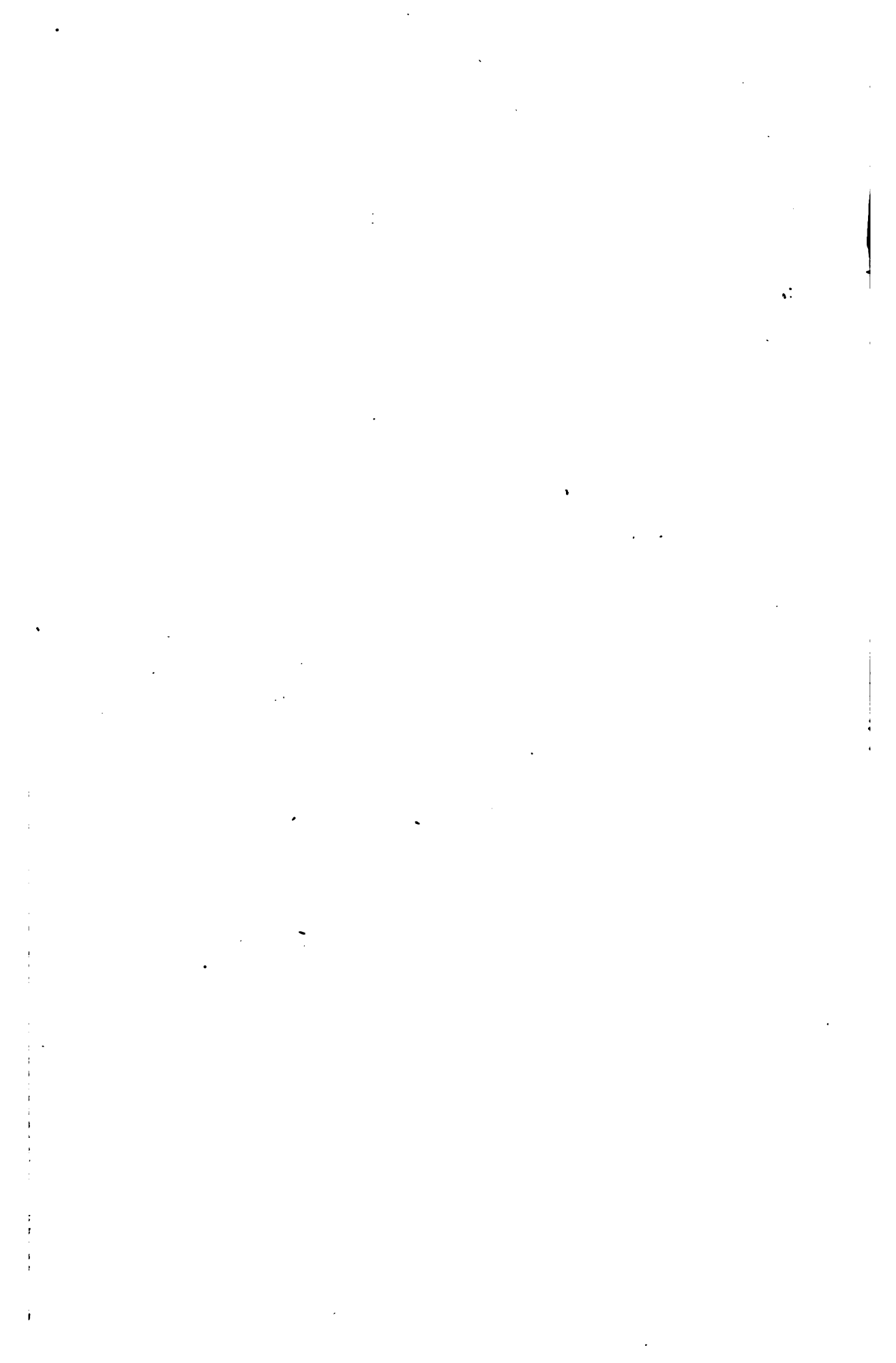
In addition to the above, 'THE POEMS' of the Hon. Mr. Norton, and several other charming works are in the press, and will form part of the *MIRROR LIBRARY*.

We have four or five gems to follow these, which we are sure will equally delight and surprise our readers and the public generally. We will not name them now. One or two of them are books we almost made a secret of possessing—they were so rare, so invaluable, and so impossible to replace. We can venture to promise, that, (leaving our own works aside) a series of uniform literature in the language will be chosen, a better worth possessing at any price—let alone a shilling!

To our subscribers we wish to say that we shall publish our Library series *nothing which will again appear in the Mirror*. The New *Mirror* itself, we are confident, will be a valuable portion of the Library—of the same size and shape, and containing, of course, the best fugitive literature that we can choose or procure. The New *Mirror* is our pride. We shall spare no labour upon it, and it shall be worthy of the constellation to which it is the leader—if we know how to make it so. And now, dear reader, let us commend to your purchase and preservation the *MIRROR LIBRARY*—for by its purchase thus expended without any feeling of sacrifice, you will gradually create a Paradise of delicious reading, into which you can retreat when you would be rid of care and weariness.

The above works have just been issued as *Extras of the New Mirror*, and can be bound either with or without it. They are beautifully printed, of a uniform size, and may be had on application to the publishers. They are sent by mail to all quarters of the country, at the usual newspaper postage. Single copies, 12s. cents; ten copies for \$1. For sale, wholesale or retail, by

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VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1844.

NUMBER 26.

## THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

WE know, by long observation, that subjects of the simple character of our engraving for this week, find warmer welcome in the kindly hearts and unsophisticated feelings of the many than the more gaudy and artificial subjects of most engravings. The picture now before the reader will be but the foreground of a broad and sad landscape of the heart, and in that suggestive quality, it compensates for what may be wanting in brilliant effect and effort of design. We commend it to those whose feelings will supply this background.

## THE PRINCESS PAULINE.

THE death of the Princess Borghese is one of those scenes in the world which presents the strongest motives for reflection, and, above all, serves to impress on our minds the importance of charity in the judgment we form of any individual, whoever that individual may be. For myself, I have felt keen remorse in casting on the past a look upon what I have said and thought of this extraordinary woman, who inspired me with warm friendship and painful sentiments at the same time; for I have reproached her for the blushes she caused her friends, when her name was coupled with circumstances which the most devoted friend could not excuse, and in which her frivolity banished all feelings of devotedness. She was loved; but that childishness in her life, that reckless carelessness of opinion, the result (one would suppose) of her weakness of soul, gave rise to hostile opinions among the society that judged her, until her extraordinary beauty exercised its empire and caused every knee to bend before her; but, as soon as she was gone, the spell was broken, and opinions resumed their severe accents. All at once, a voice is heard, saying:

"You have badly judged her whom you have not well known."

The world ought not to have in its code of laws the stupidity of a tribunal which will not reverse its judgment, even on learning the innocence of the accused; the world should be equitable, and make a just distribution of its reproaches and praises. To offer the Princess Pauline here, exempt from all blame, would be as untrue as it would be unworthy of interest; but it is become the duty of her who loved her and wept over her to give to her memory the lustre it merits from the new position in which she has shown herself to us. The voice that reveals what she really was, and not what her frivolous and unemployed life would lead one to believe, this voice comes from a place that returns no echo to love or flattery—this voice comes from the grave. There all is truth; the mask falls, and the tapers which burn around the bier give no false light.

When, after the disorders of the hundred days, the Princess Borghese saw herself separated from her brother, she was very ill for a long time; and, notwithstanding her sufferings, ardently solicited permission to go and join the unfortunate victim on his desolate rock. Much as the emperor desired to have her with him, knowing the deplorable state of her health, he wrote to her several times to dissuade her from the project; but the fraternal contest was terminated by his jailers, who really thought of everything else rather than that of giving a few hours of calm happiness to

their prisoner, by permitting a feeble woman to go two thousand leagues to console her brother.

When I learned this wish of the Princess Borghese, I confess she grew many cubits in worth in my eyes; I understood all the greatness of this act, and saw nothing worldly in it, for indeed there was nothing of the world in it. To judge differently would be to deny all magnanimity in human hearts.

This determination of the Princess Pauline was a grand, was a beautiful trait, and doubly meritorious on account of the fearful state of her health. For several years the physicians had given up all hopes of effecting her cure, and Corvisart had given her to understand she would not live to be old. The birth of her son, of *Dermid*, the only child she ever had, and who was the son of General Leclerc, her first husband, condemned her to an early death. It was not, then, to assume an interesting attitude, nor for the sake of singularity, that she always went out in a palanquin. She mingled with the care she took of her health that childish frivolousness which rendered her the subject of a thousand malicious remarks; but we all know she was obliged to take every care, and pay the greatest attention to herself. Corvisart told the emperor that his sister's life depended upon following the strictest regimen.

Napoleon loved Pauline dearly, loved her as a brother loves a devoted sister, and exacted from her the promise to follow the directions of Corvisart in every particular. Sometimes the princess was obedient, and at others she was not; it was thus she reached the epoch of her family's misfortunes. Then the terrible malady, of which she was the victim, and against which unceasing care had struggled for so many years, developed itself furiously, and made frightful ravages. All her friends at Rome entreated her to have mercy on herself, and implored her to remember what the emperor had exacted from her. Whilst he lived the physicians never invoked his name in vain; but, after his death, Pauline gave up, and awaited suffering without seeking to avoid it. Madame, her mother, whose remonstrances alone would have had some weight, overwhelmed herself by the blow which resounded throughout the world. Madame Mère became, in some sort, a stranger to all that was passing in her family. Lucien would have spoken, but his voice, formerly so dear, had no longer any charm for the Princess Pauline; and, whether the fraternal advice was badly given, or whether the remembrance of the dissensions between Lucien and Napoleon had any influence over her, she began to decline his authority as mentor, and ended at last by speaking with so much bitterness that she and Lucien lived more than coolly together. The Count de Survilliers was the only one who would have had any power over her, but he was far away, and all the other members of her family, although living together in Rome, had no influence over her.

I have described the Princess Borghese as she was when in her role of woman, of a woman of superiour beauty. She appeared upon the stage of the world, on which we are all of us playing, and hissed or applauded according to our want or wealth of talent. I have not exaggerated when speaking of her; every member of her household is still living, and can confirm or affirm what I have said; but, in recounting her levity, that silly importance with which

she did and said *nothing*, I have never attacked either the qualities of her heart or soul. Indeed I never left them in doubt; but, with the exception of her devotion to her brother, I little knew her, perhaps because I did not try to discover her better qualities; then, too, she helped to fling them into the shade by that apathy into which she seemed plunged. Suddenly a vivid light irradiates the tomb, sealed in the oblivion of death; the stone rises, and, by the light of this luminary, the woman who was so long a time for us, a type of moral nullity, or rather of weak frivolity, appears to us grand, strong, clad in a robe of immortality, whose lustre in grief and agony can neither be contested, altered or effaced.

The death of the emperor gave a terrible blow to the already failing health of the Princess Pauline. We know all the devotion she showed him in 1814, in his first exile on the iron rocks of the isle of Elba, when that woman, whom the hatred and contempt of the whole French nation should forever pursue, disgraced everything of the wife, of the mother, by abandoning her husband, the father of her child, to a solitary fate, to drag out without dignity an existence which she herself doomed to present and future shame! At this same time the Princess Borghese, after having shown in Provence a firmness and a nobleness of character, of which the emperor should be proud, for she abandoned smiling Italy, her marble palaces, her voluptuous villas, and went to speak to her unfortunate brother the only heartfelt words he heard since he had no more kingdoms, endowments, epaulettes, and *high liveries* to bestow. At the same time another of Napoleon's sisters was at Naples, where she not only forgot her benefactor, but where she endeavoured, by her intrigues, to hinder for ever his entrance to France, in case he attempted to do so by passing through Italy. What folly! As if the power of everything that bore the name of Napoleon came not from himself! As if *she* was something! She had but one part to take—that was to let Murat promote the independence of Italy, declare it free, and allow the banners of the people to float joyously on the ramparts of twenty cities, subject to the tomahawks of twenty tyrants. True, Murat wished it also, but he had been master, yet not what she wished him to be, *the husband of the queen*! And then the *liege homage* paid to Austria totally changed everything. Thus it was that the queen of Naples, in 1814, took the role of an enemy to her unfortunate brother in the tragedy played there to destroy the greatest of destinies.

Pauline awaited at Elba the result of her brother's attempt. Her joy was extreme on learning the astonishing success he met with on his descent from the vessel; but all these agitations hastened her death; joy, like grief, wastes the soul which struggles under its palpitations. She felt the effects of this; her sufferings grew more frequent, more intense; sometimes they made her paler; and when, in 1818, I had the honour of seeing her at Rome, her alteration struck me to the heart.

She was no more to me than a beautiful woman. She was ill. She was a sister of Napoleon, and presented with all these titles a right to admiration and interest. Everything I could experience of heart-treasured souvenirs was felt when I saw her, heard one of her expressions, and received one of her caresses. Thus my eye perceived much sooner than another's the ravages which disease had made on this ravishing creature. She read my thoughts.

"You find me much changed, do you not?" she asked, while her looks seemed to penetrate my soul.

She had then a very strong resemblance to the emperor.

I answered her as one always answers a sick person when they ask with anxiety. I told her she had not changed in

the least since her departure from Paris. In saying so, I did not speak truly, but I said it with so much apparent sincerity that she gently shook her head, and smiled sweetly yet sadly. My compliment flattered her, however, and she drew me towards her and embraced me. She was on a couch, and almost in the attitude of her statue by Canova, still in the Borghese palace at Rome. It was warm. She had on a robe of India muslin, trimmed with Brussels lace, and lined with pale rose taffeta. She wore an enormous cord of fine pearls of admirable water, about the size of a small gooseberry. This cord, or rather this mass of pearls, had at least ten rows, and fell as low as her girdle, having at the end an enormous pear of pearl, equally fine. This profusion of pearls concealed, in a measure, the thinness of her neck. Her arms were also loaded with pearls; a large comb, of the same material, confined her hair. In this costume she was still charming.

Her statue, one of the most beautiful works, without doubt, that ever came from the hand of Canova,\* was in the same Borghese palace, where at last she lived as the wife of one of the first Roman princes, but into which her husband had, for a long time, disputed her entrance. The Prince Borghese was not bad; but he was something else, which amounted to the same; and the princess, little accustomed to use a supplicating tone, had augmented the misunderstanding that had existed between them. At last the Pope interfered. Lucien, who felt the dignity of his family compromised by all these dissensions, with which the public amused themselves without feeling any interest or attachment, spoke likewise to Cardinal Gonsalvi, who, in his turn, spoke to the Prince Borghese, whose habitual residence was then at Florence. Cardinal Spada, Cardinal La Samoglia, and Gonsalvi, as I have said, formed a kind of conclave, and the result was that the Princess Pauline took up her abode in her husband's palace, as it was right she should.

Her fortune was not large, but it sufficed for her to maintain an honourable state at Rome.† Prince Borghese, compelled to be her guest at the palace Borghese, in order to have it understood that he had been forced to it, made a great separation in the palace, and when the curious went to visit it, the concierge said, as a phrase added to his repertory: "*Ecco la parte del principe; ecco la parte della principessa.*"

It is an admirable creation of genius, this statue of Canova. After examining it a long time, I could not help returning again and again to admire it, and every time discovered new beauties. The attitude of the statue is grace itself. She is reclining on a sofa covered with cushions, in which the weight of the body makes an impression like that of a woman reposing on a bed of down. As to the flesh, the skin, it is nature. The *morbidezza*, so much recommended to sculptors, is here in all its voluptuous perfection. The princess is represented as Venus just receiving the apple from the hands of Paris. She is half reclining, and bending forward a little; the left arm falls naturally at her side, and the right, half-raised, holds the apple; behind the figure is a pillow, as wonderfully elastic as the cushions of the sofa; the elbow of the right arm particularly presses down the pillow while leaning on it, and would seem like

\* It can be said with certainty that the statue of the Princess Pauline and that of Madam Mere are the most admirable works that ever came from the chisel of Canova. Some one reproached him for having represented her as Agrippina. "Why choose the mother of Nero?" said they. "It was the daughter of Germanicus and not the mother of Nero that I wished to make," he replied.

† She had then nearly one hundred and eighty thousand pounds income.

life if the skin was coloured. There is the Prometheus in this work.

I was with her one morning, when leaving the hall in which this real treasure is kept :

"I wish it to be seen no longer," said she to me. "I am going to write to Prince Camille, and ask him to give no more permissions to strangers to visit it until I have left them. And then," she added, with a more serious and melancholy expression than I had ever before seen in her, "they will come afterwards and judge of the ravages illness has made on me. It is not enough to add poison to the sufferings of my poor brother at St. Helena, but I must show here likewise the effects of it."

I had never heard her speak with so much energy. What I had learned in a short time explained what, until then, had appeared extraordinary to me, and I ought to say, to my shame, that I was culpable for not having divined that her soul had been purified and ennobled by grief and injustice.

Lessons of misfortune and necessity produce two effects entirely different from each other—they either make man better or render him cruel. The suffering dog is more submissive, the wounded tiger is furious. For myself, I think that the soul, which endures the deep, the terrible trial of misfortune, is grand and beautiful; it is then that the disciple becomes the master, and in his turn triumphs over fate.

At this time she gave a proof of generosity; another virtue not much developed in her before the disasters of her house. I was at Rome when the famous expedition of brigands took place at Tusculum, the residence of Lucien. This mysterious and terrible adventure, on which a great personage could, perhaps, fling much light, had for its principal hero a friend of Lucien, who had followed him into exile, and lived in his house with him. M. le Comte de Châtillon was taken by Decésaris, chief of the brigands, famous in the Abruzzi and the mountains of Tusculum, and kept for ransom. The Princess Borghese immediately offered to pay this ransom, were it even five thousand piastres. Lucien did not leave her time to do it; but she proposed it, and her intention should be recognized as good and generous.

The terror this awful adventure threw among Lucien's family affected her more than any. Her feeble health received a dangerous shock, keeping her in perpetual agitation and continual fear in regard to those she loved. Then came the news of the emperor's death. This blow was really mortal. From the day this fatal intelligence reached her she languished, and at last acute suffering hastened to finish her days, which ought not to have been cut off so soon.

It was in the month of September, 1833, when the physician of the princess, el Signor Bomba, and the Corsican surgeon, Sisco, declared to Madame mere and Cardinal Fesch that the state of the princess was most alarming, and that she must think of leaving Rome, where the *chânoce* would be fatal to her. She was then at the villa Paulina, a charming villa of hers, situated near the *porta Pia*; but this was not leaving Rome. The physicians insisted upon it. The Pope, Leo the twelfth, wrote to the Prince Borghese, who was at Florence, indicating his intention of removing the Princess Pauline, and requesting him, as a proof of his friendship, to forget all the causes of disagreement that might exist between them; adding, that in case the Princess should recover, he entreated him to consider her as his companion, and to live with her like a good husband. The princess made immediate preparations for her departure. A bark, comfortably fitted up, received her at *Ripetta*, where

she embarked, for she was too feeble and was suffering too much to go to Florence by land. She descended the Tiber as far as *Nettuno*, and there embarked on board a vessel which took her to Livourne.

The voyage was painful to the princess; the sufferings of the unhappy woman assumed a character more severe, and which it seemed impossible for her to support from hour to hour. She had a charming and amiable person with her, whose care and attachment softened her terrible moments. Madame d'Hautmenil, who was attached to her as a lady of honour, filled at the same time the place of mother, sister, brother and friends, and all who should have surrounded her in her last hours, but who were far from her. Gifted in intellect, and with charming talents, Madame d'Hautmenil paid the princess all those attentions and cares which art renders so agreeable; and the poor invalid, smiling sometimes in the midst of her sufferings, said to her:

"Silvie, I thank you. You are good to the dying. God will bless you for it."

The sad convoy arrived at Livourne. It was necessary to reach Florence. The passage, although very short, came very near proving fatal to the unhappy traveller, who attained, at the same time, the end of both her pilgrimages. At last she arrived at Florence, where the Prince Camille received her as he ought; that is to say, with kindness, for he was in no wise bad, and in the last hours there is no balance in which to weigh wrongs. The next day after her arrival she was so much worse that it was thought necessary to hold a consultation; the result was, the princess must leave Florence, to breathe a purer air; and, two days after, she was established in a delightful country-seat, belonging to her husband, and situated at a little distance from the city.

The Princess Pauline did not yet know that there was no hope for her. A singular expression animated her looks when she saw her bed surrounded by her friends; she appeared seeking, in their moistened eyes and altered features, what she had to fear or hope. One day she took the hand of Madame d'Hautmenil, and, pressing it with friendship, said:

"Tell me the truth, Silvie, what they have decided about me?"

Madame d'Hautmenil assured her she did not know.

"Well, I wish to know myself; I wish to know my fate. I wish to leave this world with the consoling thought of having fulfilled all my duties. I do not want death to surprise me. Let my physicians be told this."

When her physicians came in she asked them, in a firm voice, how much longer she might have to suffer? They at first hesitated; it seemed cruel to them to condemn the soul of a body so beautiful; for, in spite of pain and anguish, she was still a beautiful work of the Creator. But their silence enlightened the princess more than any words could have done.

"So, then," said she, with a slight tremour in her voice, "it is all over with me! Ah, well! after all, life has seemed heavy to me this long time."

She turned away, saying something in a low tone, among which they could only distinguish the name of Napoleon.

"But have you not a time more precise than that which you leave me to conjecture myself?" said she, turning again to the physicians. "I have told you I have many things to do."

One of the physicians approached her, and said, with much address, that now the danger was permanent, and every hour might prove fatal.

"You now see that I was right to urge you," she replied,



with a smile, in which there was an expression altogether *Napoleonienn*.

Letters were immediately despatched by her orders, addressed to those of her relatives who were then in Italy, requesting them to come and bid her a last adieu. The Duke de Montfort was the only one who came in time to see her.

In the meantime, every day, every hour increased her sufferings, and rendered the danger more imminent. One morning, after having passed one of those nights which give to the tortured body an idea of infernal torments, she fell fainting on her cushions, and comprehended then that between her and God a short distance only remained for her to travel. She made them lift her into a small white bed, similar to that in which her brother at last found repose, which the tigers, whom he had taken for men, had for eight years denied him; and there, near a window, she exposed her icy forehead to the warm and perfumed breeze of the Florentine campagne. There was then in the air those treasures of life with which Italy is so rich at all seasons of the year, and especially just at that time. Flowers were growing everywhere, an abundant and luxurious vegetation inundated the country; and the tufts of flowers, daughters of that other spring, intoxicated the senses. There was an air *de fete* about this nature, illuminated by a beautiful sun, whose warm mild rays had nothing of that devouring heat which sometimes withers everything during an Italian summer. It gave an attractive force, which held life together by all the powers of the soul, and all the more material links of the body. The dying person felt its effects; but this effect was only one agony more for her, swelling the number of those which were hurrying her to the last hour. Her eye glided slowly over the variegated carpet, the beautiful waters, the thick shades, ravishing picture whose perspective unfolded itself still more or less, as her looks were raised or cast down.

All at once she veils her eyes. An expression less dignified and less mistress envelopes her beautiful countenance. It was because in this vague and sorrowful adieu she had just perceived the blue chain of the Appenines, and beyond them was *the holy city*, the hospitable city, the noble refuge always open to the exile, whether he wears a crown or is girded with a haircloth. It was there Pauline knew grief, the grief that is given to man that he may groan and weep, and not those pains which a bouquet of roses can efface. It was there Pauline buried her child, aged eight years—her only son—beautiful, loved, loving. Oh! how she wept over the tomb of this young flower, whose stem seemed so full of hopes! Poor Dermid! his mother is going to repose near him; and his grandmother, whose dry and burning eyes can weep no longer, is going to find tears for her well-beloved daughter.

There is a terrible magic in the grief of the aged, a fascination which constrains every knee to bend before the whitened locks which, one by one, have lost their colour from successive troubles. Youth, doubtless, feels grief, but it is like joy, unforeseen and fleeting. That which wounds to death is the sufferings of one day followed by those of the next.

This thought presented itself to the dying princess in all its sad truth. Whatever consolation she might feel in the certainty of being lamented, she recoiled before the image of her aged mother, overwhelmed by the tempest in the evening of her life, and struck, in her last refuge of consolation, by the death of her *dearly-loved Paulette*. However, she did not weep. She was going to die! Her eyes rested on the portrait of the emperor, placed opposite to her, seeming to say to her that she would do nothing un-

worthy of his name. The Prince Camille approached her bed, but dared not advance; yet his sobs betrayed him. The princess pushed back the curtains, and saw him kneeling, his face bathed in tears. She held out her hand to him, and said to him, in an encouraging tone:

"Camille, I pray you not to weep. This is the most important hour of my life. I have need of all my strength. Do not afflict me. I wish to die worthy of my name. Napoleon is looking at me!"

And her eyes appeared to follow in the distance some object that was calling to her, and to which she seemed to reply. She appeared in a kind of ecstasy.

Of all her relations the Duke de Montfort was the only one that saw her. The Duke de Saint-Leu arrived too late. The interview between her and her brother was touching; the king of Westphalia had always loved her tenderly, and she returned his affection. When she saw him approaching her bed, his eyes filled with large tears, she said to him in a supplicating tone:

"Jerome, I pray you spare me. Do not let me see your tears. My heart is breaking, and I have need of all my reason."

Still the malady made rapid progress, and attacks of pain followed each other with a violence sufficient to cut off its life which for a long time had hung only by a slender thread. She conversed with her physicians a few moments, took a potion, and a cordial to sustain her, and then told Madame d'Hautmenil to send for all her women to come to her, and place themselves round her bed.

"I want some one yet," said the princess, looking round to see if her attendants were all there; and she asked for her valet-de-chambre—coiffeur.

Prepare everything for my toilette," said she, then, to her first waiting-woman, and let everything be done as if I were going to the Tuilleries on reception-day. You," she continued, addressing the astonished valet, "you must dress my hair."

And, flinging off her cap, she was in a moment covered with dark hair, soft, fine and lustrous, whose curls had been so often admired when, on those same reception-days at the Tuilleries, she had appeared there resplendent in the *à laet* of incomparable beauty, still more than in the sparkling diamonds with which that same hair was ornamented.

At the time of her death she was, doubtless, emaciated, but little changed. Her countenance showed little of the ravages of disease. She was always ravishing. Lines so perfect could not be altered even by death. To have seen her you would have said:

"It is an angel suffering."

The type of perfection hardly felt the touch of the icy hand of death, yet it was already suspended over her charming head, and a few hours only were between her and eternity.

It was a long and painful operation that of clothing sumptuously and elegantly a woman whose next habiliments would be the winding-sheet. While discharging their duties the women of the princess wept and sobbed; but she was calm, and often repeated to them:

"Mes enfans, have more courage. Do not weep. And why should you? Think that I am only going to meet him."

And with her thin hand, but whose form was still perfect, she pointed to the emperor's portrait. Then only her eyes grew dim with tears, and she appeared affected; but she soon turned away from it.

When she was entirely dressed a cry of admiration was heard around her. The beautiful Pauline was going to rise again. It was she yet, when women as well as men pro-

claimed her the most beautiful. She had put on rouge, and, by its aid, she seemed indeed as if she were going to a fete.

Madame d'Hautmenil sought in vain to know what could be the design of the princess.

"You will know, Silvie, when it is time," said she, and continued to give orders, and to have them executed with such precision and regularity that Silvie gently remarked it.

"I ought not to lose any time," replied the princess, smiling sadly.

When she was completely arrayed, that is to say, when her diamonds, her pearls, her admirable jewels were put on, she made them carry her to a couch, in a large saloon adjoining her chamber.

"Now," said she, "place a table before me; pens, ink, paper. What!" said she, impatiently, "will you not obey me? What means this astonishment? Is it, then, so surprising that a dying person should wish to make a will?"

When all was arranged as she had ordered it, she told M. d'Hautmenil, her chamberlain, to send for all who lived at the villa.

"Except the clergy," she added. "Not that I avoid them, but it is not the time for them. I will send for them when I am ready."

The astonishment of every one was great at the sight of a person who had but a few hours to live, yet who, nevertheless, from the borders of the grave, spoke with a freedom of mind as lucid and complete as any of those whose firmness we so much admire in ancient history.

It is in this we should admire this truly astonishing woman, this woman certainly misapprehended in regard to her character; for she was judged incapable, and that is not true; incapacity is sister to moral weakness.

After requesting silence, the Princess Pauline, having taken another dose of cordial to strengthen her, announced that she was going to make her will, and that she wished to write it with her own hand. This testament, which contained more than forty articles, and a number of legacies written out in full-length, is the work of her own hand. The Duke of Hamilton was at Rome at the time in which I was there myself, and bore then the name of Marquis of Douglas. I did not know him personally, but I often met him in my promenades, and still oftener at an agreeable lady's house, whom I saw a great deal of during my abode at Rome, the Duchess of Devonshire. I knew from her and from my friends how much *he was devoted to the Princess Pauline*; so I was not surprised to see his name in the long list of persons who were to receive a souvenir from the princess; this souvenir was a tea-set of Sevres porcelaine, with the portraits of the principal personages of the court of Louis the fourteenth, painted by the most skilful artists. This gift was so much the more precious because that at that time (I know not whether this custom has changed) these inestimable objects, on account of their finished workmanship, were given by the emperor only to crowned heads, or as a mark of the highest distinction. Lord Gower,\* son of the Marquis of Strafford, had a clock; Lord Holland, brother of the celebrated Fox, precious bronzes; one M. Fortescue, a very accomplished Englishman, and one of those poor slaves who went away to *strascinando la catena*, also received some bronzes which made a part of her furniture.† As to

\* He who now bears the title of Marquis of Strafford.

† The death of this extraordinary woman presents very singular facts. Here is an anecdote, for the truth of which I can vouch. The friend who called forth the reply is now living in Paris.

The Marquis of D— was, as one knows, desperately in love with the Princess Pauline, and his abode at Rome confirmed this fact even among those who felt inclined to doubt it. Besides, he never denied it himself. One day the friend,

her relations, all, *with one exception*, had a legacy more or less rich. Her two country-seats of Lucques and Porta Pia were left to her two nieces, daughters of the Count de Surville; the Princess Zenside had the villa of Lucques; and the Princess Charlotte, wife of the eldest son of the Duke de Saint-Leu, received for her legacy the *villa Paulina a Porta-Pia*. They have since made an exchange. All her wardrobe, that is to say, furs, laces, cachemires, and jewels of the *Princess Pauline, Duchess of Guastalla*, and not the diamonds of the Princess Borghese, all these objects were divided among her nieces and sisters-in-law. I will stop with these details, because these same details were minutely observed by herself. She was there, raised up on a sofa, supported by cushions, but strong in the strength which the soul gives. One felt a sentiment of religious admiration on seeing this woman, so young to die, surrounded by everything that could make life not only loved but idolized, and yet leave it with a courage, a firmness, and a clearness of mind which the greatest stoc of antiquity might have envied. Her eyes were continually fixed on the emperor's portrait, and she seemed to repeat to him:

"Be tranquil, I will be worthy of thee."

The Cardinal Rivarola was named her executor; she left him to choose his legacy. Then having, with some difficulty, read over what she had written, she appeared trying to think whether she had forgotten anything.

"I would not that any friend should think I could forget him," said she, with a smile whose expression was fearful, for death, with its anguish, already contracted her features. All at once she sat up; her eyes sparkled brilliantly. She resumed her pen, but she let it fall again. Nature began to refuse its aid to this astonishing soul. However, she soon recovered herself, and traced the last line; it was the legacy of her brother Lucien, of whom she had not spoken. Since his arrival at Rome, the Princess Pauline had always been at variance with the Prince de Canino.\* His fraternal remonstrances, often repeated, had never been well received

\* Lucien did no wrong in all this. He wished his sister to live like a Roman lady, like a sister of Napoleon, and especially to be less surrounded by strangers. The details of this fact are all to Lucien's advantage. The princess did not see it thus, for the malicious reports which always happen when strangers meddle with the intimate concerns of families, caused her judgment to err in this respect. She wept a long time over the friendship of her brother, which she believed lost, while all the time he tenderly loved her. The words of the princess, with the conviction she felt, is as beautiful as any of those we admire in history.

of whom I have just spoken, the Count de Ch—n, said to the princess, by whom he was much loved and respected—"How can you receive so many Englishmen, even flatter them, and show them so much consideration! Have you forgotten St. Helena?"

In an instant the countenance of the princess changed, and became beautiful with the most terrible expression. Her teeth set, and it was some time before her pale, trembling lips allowed her to reply.

"Forget St. Helena!" at length she exclaimed; "forget St. Helena! No, no. Have you not seen how much the Marquis of D— suffers when he is *there* in the morning, standing up more than an hour assisting at my toilette, *handing pins to my women*, acting the part of a court buffoon, and all the while suffering the most acute rheumatism; and in the evening, when he *serves as my footstool*, do you believe that I do not think, with a kind of joy, that I have there under my feet one of the greatest lords of Great Britain, one of the first peers of England? And yet it is the sister of the unhappy prisoner whom they are killing who treats them in this manner!"

The Count de Ch—n did, indeed, observe that she exercised a sort of tyranny, which always inflicted some physical torture on every Englishman who lost his reason and fell passionately in love with such a ravishing creature. But, alas! could all the sighs and sufferings of their ridiculous love pay for one tear of anguish shed by the unfortunate victim at St. Helena?"

\* This happened in 1818 and 1819.

by her; bitterness had succeeded humour, and then anger, till at last a kind of tacit rupture put an end to all intimate and fraternal intercourse between them, although they constantly saw each other. She suffered greatly on account of it, because she loved her brother. If they had only spoken once, all the ice with which they had surrounded themselves would have melted away before one fraternal caress, or one word even; but, instead of this, a painful reserve made her suffer a long time. In her last hours this suffering received a new sting, when, casting her dying looks round, her eyes did not meet those of her brother's. She resumed her pen and wrote:

"For Lucien, I leave—*forgetfulness of the past!*"

After this last effort she sank down on her cushions, faint and dying. Her limbs shuddered with that cold which nothing dissipates, under the gold embroideries, the lace, and the diamonds whose fires multiplied under the light of the wax tapers of the chapel, which had been lighted to place around the bed of the dying, who had still a great and solemn duty to perform. During this time she continued to give orders to her secretary and to occupy herself with details which really confounds the thoughts, when one thinks of themselves at the moment of departure on a journey whether they have had presence of mind so perfect. Meantime her strength diminished; she felt it.

"I believe," said she to Madame d'Hautmenil, "that I have presumed too much in expecting to be able to die standing like the Roman emperor. Sylvie gave orders for the ceremony to be performed. I wish that it may be public. Send for the clergy; and I conjure you, Sylvie, do not weep so. You pain me."

Madame d'Hautmenil sobbed and could not speak. She loved the princess; and the woman who could act as she did in the last moments of her life deserved to be loved by all those who approached her, and had an opportunity of knowing her. What a change fifteen years and misfortune had brought about in this frivolous being, this woman, beautiful and fragile as a flower, all-absorbed with grace and love of pleasure, and governed by a single desire, that of being adored! However, the tempest *does not make the soul*, though it may strip it of its gross covering, and enable it to find again its native element; but *where* nature has not sown good seed, nothing good springs up, and misfortune develops only vice and infamy in those who would have continued equally perverse had they still been in the possession of the gifts of fortune, and surrounded by everything which could delight the senses.

After having given her last orders for the holy ceremony, the princess fainted; the physicians surrounded her, and he who was at their head ordered the princess to be removed to her bed, and freed from the enormous weight of her sumptuous garments and rich jewelry, under which her emaciated limbs were sinking. After a slight resistance, caused by her wish to die worthily clad, she permitted her ornaments to be taken off, and a large white *peignoir* put on, whose richness and elegant simplicity recalled to mind her morning toilettes in Paris, in the handsome hotel in the rue de Fauxbourg Saint Honoré. She did not wish to resume the whole of her sick-costume.

"What matters the harm it can do me now?" said she. "Is it because I may live a few hours more or less?" And she shook her head. "No, no; just now to discharge my duties to the world I did it suitably, and like a sister worthy of Napoleon. Now shall I do less for the Lord my God, before whom I am so soon to appear—I—I—unworthy sinner! Come, *mes enfans*, let the priests enter, and all of you pray for me."

The family and the clergy, who had been at the villa since the princess was pronounced in danger, at her request then entered the apartment. The scene in this room was more solemn than it could have been at the death-bed of any other person. Not because the last sigh of a prince is more acceptable to God. No, religion puts more equal weights in the balance to judge men than ours; but there was such a profound mystery in the miraculous change of this woman, that an interest, a powerful interest, was raised in all who saw and heard her in this solemn hour.

The confessor of the princess walked at the head of the religious *cortège*. He was an excellent man; and, in those moments when the timid soul, however firm it may be at other times, trembles at approaching the feet of its Judge, a consoling guide to conduct through this terrible passage is a merciful gift of God. The princess saw the ecclesiastic approach her bed with that calm resignation she had manifested since the morning. Nevertheless, a slight motion, but not of fear, animated her eyes, half-veiled by a cloud that was never to be removed.

"My father," said she to the confessor, "I have in my life given much cause for scandal. To-day I am called to render a full account to God. But I have a confidence in his goodness, which makes me less fearful of the world in which I am about to enter. However, my life has been altogether worldly; and a Christian should fear death when she has not lived like a Christian."

The discourse of the confessor was short, clear, and simple—rare qualities in an Italian preacher; but the moment animated him, and he felt the immense importance of his subject. He said, in few words, that he who refused to yield to God that which belonged to him was highly culpable; and that this world, for whom God was abandoned, was not worthy of an immortal soul, *and had nothing wherewith to pay those who served it. Its treasures, its pleasures, its honours, might dazzle the soul, but could not fill it. Of what value in the hour of death was this beauty of which she was so proud? The glory of Napoleon himself, with whose incense she had been intoxicated, what had become of that too? The immense wealth, the silver, the gold, whose heaps had encumbered her steps; the honours paid to her power! The breath of God had destroyed all, and his servant, stripped of all these things with which the enemy of the Lord had enveloped her, cut off from all the pomps of the world, could now despise them, and judge of what little value they all were! For they appear very small by the light of the wax-tapers that burn around our death-bed.*

As the priest was speaking, the princess came out of the lethargy into which this unheard-of *sténce* she was giving had plunged her, if we may speak so; and indeed she was sitting for her last portrait to leave to posterity. Her heavy eyelids were lifted again, and sparkled anew in their burning orbits; her enfeebled body rose slowly, and, leaning her arm on one of the pillows, she listened attentively to the word of God. In this attitude, exactly similar to her statue by Canova, she was still very beautiful, in her deathly paleness, under her white draperies, whose graceful folds were in a few hours after to be replaced by the cold covering of the winding-sheet. Beautiful, still beautiful even in death!

The confessor approached the bed of the princess, and there, before the assembled household, he received her confession. This solemn act was accomplished with all the dignity, the unction which it claims. Afterwards she received the communion. She then prayed with fervour, with confidence.

"Pray for me," said she to her women, weeping around

her, "and do not weep so. Do not affect me about myself."

When the holy ceremony was ended she appeared collecting all her strength.

"Now," said she to her family, "adieu—adieu—it is the last. Do not weep, Camille, do not weep, and pardon me the chagrin I have caused you."

The Duke de Montfort was not in the chamber. She looked round for him. He was in the next room; for it was impossible for him to restrain his despair. He loved his sister passionately, and his sobs, coming from a broken heart, expressed grief that would have a terrible effect on the poor sufferer; but, although he was away, she heard it, or rather she comprehended it.

"Poor Jerome!" said she; "poor brother! he will be very unhappy at my death. He—"

And, in a feeble voice, she called him. He came and stifled his sobs; but his eyes, red with weeping, his hoarse and broken voice, which repressed sorrow always produces, made more impression on the dying than an explosion of cries and tears. Her own eyes grew moist, but the emotion was transient. Her eyelids fell, and remained closed some minutes; then she opened them again, and her eye sought the portrait of the emperor.

"Stop," said she to Jerome, "look at him, and then dare weep again. To weep for me! For me, too happy to die! I suffer as much as he; and I—I have not my glory to help me suffer."

She embraced her brother and husband again, received a last benediction from her confessor, and then manifested a firm and decided wish to remain alone with Madame d'Hautmenil.

Madame d'Hautmenil was in a state worthy of pity;\* she truly loved the princess, and this moment was trying to her. On her knees, she bathed with tears the cold hands of her who was to her and hers an excellent and perfect friend; she heard not what was said, and continued sobbing. The princess drew her gently to her, and, striking her lightly on the neck, she passed her small hands through the fair curls of Madame d'Hautmenil.

"Kind Sylvie! Oh! you love me well! You love me truly. Do you not? Answer me."

Madame d'Hautmenil could only reply with heart-rending sobs.

"Well, then," continued the princess, "you must give me a proof of this attachment, my Sylvie—will you?"

And she held out her dry, burning, feverish hand. Madame d'Hautmenil took it in both of hers, kissed it, placed it on

\* The Princess Pauline had the same manners as the emperor had with those whom he loved. She loaded them with presents, caresses, anticipated their wishes and loved them sincerely. But, then, it sometimes happened that she gave way to anger, in which she indulged in common with the emperor and the grand-duchess of Tuscany. She was then terrible. Madame d'Hautmenil wept, and sometimes determined to leave her; it was what her husband often solicited her to do. But before she had time to put her resolution into execution, the princess would call her to her, seat her on a footstool near her couch, or on the side of her bed; and, taking her by the ears, hair, nose, commence her petty punishment, and her playful questions a *l'imperiale*, give her three or four taps on her shoulder and cheeks, embrace her as many times, and then, with her siren voice, ask:

"My good Sylvie, you are no longer angry with me; are you?"

It should be remarked that in these small private scenes, which show the character so plainly, after one of these storms, the princess never offered Madame d'Hautmenil any present, or anything that could wound the delicacy of her friend, the lady of honour. It was friendship alone that bound them together. This shade it appears necessary to preserve in the arrangement of the colours used in painting this woman, whose name is so connected with that of her brother.

her heart, her forehead, her eyes, with an eloquence of soul that said everything.

"But," said the dying, with a solemn accent, "it is not a simple promise that I wish, Sylvie—it is an oath!"

Madame d'Hautmenil appeared surprised, but, after an instant's silence, she replied:

"I will obey your imperial highness. What does she command me?"

"The custom in Rome among the nobles is to lie in state three days, with their faces uncovered, before being carried to the family vault. This custom, Sylvie, I do not wish to submit to. No; I do not wish that these same Romans, who have seen me in my beauty, should be unable to recognize me. I do not wish that, after having admired in me the model of the imperfect copy of *Canova's Venus*, they should say—'It is not she!'"

"Again I repeat, I do not wish it! My glory was to be beautiful. I do not wish the coffin even to give it a blow."

Madame d'Hautmenil was confounded; the princess continued:

"What I exact from you, Sylvie, is to execute religiously my wish in this respect. There is in my will some things which I omitted to read aloud; among the number is that which concerns my body. I do not wish the surgeons to touch it after my death. I make a formal opposition to it. I wish to be laid in my coffin as soon as I have drawn my last breath."

She stopped for some time and appeared reflecting. It is to be remarked, that every time this happened she would look attentively at the emperor's portrait, as if she were asking counsel.

"Yes," she resumed, "I wish it to be so!"

And smiling with an indescribable expression, which indicated all which the soul of a woman could feel in such a moment, she added, in a stronger and cheerful voice:

"It is, after all, the least they can let me do, to establish myself in my own way in my last abode."

Then, turning to Madame d'Hautmenil, she repeated in a more solemn accent:

"Do you swear to what I ask you, Sylvie?"

Madame d'Hautmenil assented again.

"A simple promise is not enough, I tell you."

She held out her hand, and with difficulty raised a crucifix, that was near her on a table, and put it into the hands of Madame d'Hautmenil, and received her oath.

"It is well!" said the dying, in a feeble voice. "Death may come now. It will come to me unseen by the eyes of the world. They will not come to notice the ravages made in my features. Now, Sylvie, adieu! Courage—do not weep so! You weaken me. Adieu—adieu—I am to be with him!" pointing to the portrait of the emperor, "with him and God! May he deign to pardon me!"

She died a short time afterwards, calm and mistress of herself to the last. Only, in her last hour of agony, she often spoke so low she could not be understood distinctly. But her dying looks were constantly fixed on the emperor, indicating it was with him her soul was conversing, and sometimes a smile of infinite sweetness lighted up her countenance, still beautiful; beautiful even in the horrors of death!

At length her sufferings ceased. As soon as she had sighed her last, Madame d'Hautmenil hastened to fulfil her wishes. Her beautiful body was deposited in her coffin, which received magnificent funeral honours, and followed by all her household in the deepest mourning; and after the strictest etiquette, the Princess Borghese took the road to the family vault.

Monsieur and Madame d'Hautmenil led the mournful procession. The profound grief of Madame d'Hautmenil was rendered doubly bitter by the deep solitude. Her imagination, already lively excited, made her tremble when, towards evening, she saw slowly defiling before her, on the solitary route, the long suite of carriages and homes, draped and caparisoned in black; all that luxury of mourning exacted by the vanity of riches and of rank. But, in the midst of it all, not a heart except her own to weep over her who was going to her last asylum.

There was here something far more terrible than in the fiction of an imaginary tale. To see a woman, whose life was all love and pleasure, day after day, only a chain of flowery garlands, reach her last hour by a road bristling with the thorns of those same flowers already faded, scattered by the storms of fate. Of so many souvenirs of love, of glory, and of grandeur, what remained for her? *Nothing!* One man, *only one man*, wept at her dying pillow, and this man was he whom she had always repulsed. One woman closed her eyes with the hand of a tender and devoted friend; but she had no part in those gifts which the hand of the princess strewed round her in the days of her magnificence. Her dying voice called for her family to give and receive the last adieu, and *one only* of all that family, formerly so numerous, was able to reply to her appeal! Ah, unhappy woman! unhappy woman! where are those men whom thy beauty charmed, who raved with love at thy feet? Those women who deified thee, and often served thee as thy *footstools*? What are become of those kings, those queens, whom thou calledst thy brothers and sisters? Forgetfulness, ingratitude arrests the step, stops the mouth of the first proscription. Exile, assassination, death, causes thee to die alone, abandoned, poor devoted one! Thou, so beautiful! so cherished! idol nourished with the perfumes of adoration! How torturing must have been the thought of dying isolated! But then how grand, how strong must have been the soul, that did not bend under so many misfortunes! Honour to thy courage, woman! honour! for thine eye was not troubled in sounding the depths of the nothingness of this world, which seemed to brave thee by cowardly abandonment. Thou hast judged and appreciated its real worth; and, when thou didst find it so poor in happiness, and so rich in suffering, in thy turn thou hast smiled with disdain; and death has proved to thee, what it always proves to a strong and powerful soul—a passage.

Between Arezzo and Viterbo, a travelling-carriage was stopped on its way by the funeral train. It was the Duke de Saint-Leu, Louis Bonaparte, who was going to bid a last adieu to his sister—but he arrived too late. E. P.

#### THE BRIEFLARY.

THE play from which we give the following glowing and splendid passage, was one of the choicest treasures of our early reading. We should, if we followed our inclinations, copy the entire play, as a specimen of the finest dramatic poetry, almost wholly unknown. Probably, not two readers of the Mirror ever saw it, and all will be delighted to add it to their poetic store. The play is CATALINE, by Croy. The scene represents an apartment in a cottage in the Roman suburb. Aspasia (a Greek priestess, loved by Hamilcar, a Moorish prince) is waiting for his visit.

ASPASIA.

The hour's gone by. But, hark!—He comes at last.  
No! 'twas the whisper of the cheating wind.  
When he returns, he shall not have a word;  
And I'll sit thus, half turn'd away, and hide  
My face; till he has woo'd my hand from it,  
And called me Dian, lingering for her love;

Or Ariadne, weeping by the wave,  
That show'd the Athenian's galley like a speck;  
Or Sappho, all enamour'd, full of dreams,  
Gazing upon her sea-grave, ere she died.  
For such fond punishments are food to love.  
I cannot sit, nor rest in mind, nor think.— [She rises  
He left me,—but he loves me,—he'll return;  
Yet there was strangeness in his eye—a flash  
That died in sudden gloom; his parting kiss  
Was given as wildly as 'twere given by lips  
That parted for the scaffold. [Listening.

Hark! 'tis he!

I'd know his step among a thousand. Hush!

[To the attendants.

Give me that lyre, Campaspe, and begone.

[ASPASIA plays, turning from the door.  
HAMILCAR enters. She ceases.

HAMILCAR (joyously.)

Play on, fair Greek; but let it be some song  
That has a triumph in't,—a kinginess,—  
Let it discourse of crowns.

ASPASIA.

Why did you stay?

HAMILCAR.

You are a Circe. Last night's prophecy,  
Has turn'd the brains of the Allobroges;  
I come, to thank you for't.—Their spell is sure!—  
You shall be rich.

ASPASIA.

Ay, in my early grave.

HAMILCAR.

No; ere those lips are riper by a week.

[He points to the casement.

Look! where the Ethiop beauty, night, comes forth,  
Veiling her forehead in thick woven clouds;  
But soon shall all her glory be disclosed,  
From her pale sandal, silver'd by the moon,  
To her starr'd turban! She's your emblem, girl!  
Look on these gems! [He throws jewels into her lap.

ASPASIA.

All presents are but pain  
To slighted fondness.—Take your jewels back.

[She repels them.

HAMILCAR (exultingly.)

You shall have all that ever sparkled yet,  
And of the rarest. Not an Afric king  
Shall wear one that you love. The Persian's brow,  
And the swart Emperor's by the Indian stream,  
Shall wave beside you: you shall be a blaze  
Of rubies, your lips rivals; topazes,  
Like solid sunbeams; moving opals; pearls,  
Fit to be ocean's lamps; brown hyacinths,  
Lost only in your tresses; chrysolites,  
Transparent gold; diamonds, like new-shot stars,  
Or brighter—like those eyes; you shall have all,  
That ever lurk'd in Eastern mine, or paved  
With lights the treasure-chambers of the sea.

ASPASIA (gazing on him.)

You startle me; you have grown thin of late;  
There's an unnatural rapture in your speech—  
Fire on your lips, but death in your sunk eye.

HAMILCAR.

Death!—at this moment I could face a lion!  
I have the giant strength of hope.

ASPASIA.

Of hope?

The icicle, that melts, even in the ray  
In which it glitters.

HAMILCAR.

Things are now afoot,  
That shall shake hearts like fearful prodigies;  
Strip the patrician's robe from many a back,  
And give it to his slave; make beggars rich,  
And rich men beggars; drag authority  
Down on its knees; they'll wake your commonwealth  
With a last thunder-peal.

ASPASIA (in astonishment.)

Some treasure's here! [Aside.  
Hamilcar, where's this wonder to be done?  
In Africa?

HAMILCAR.

No!

ASPASIA.

Is't in yonder clouds?

HAMILCAR.

In Rome!—The word's let loose! *(Aside. He draws his poniard.)*

Young traitress, swear,  
Upon this dagger, that my idle word  
Dies on your lips;—'tis your own cause, fair spy,—  
Wait but a week—you shall have palaces!

ASPASIA.

This cottage is but homely—

HAMILCAR.

"Tis a den!

Your halls shall be a pile of gorgeousness;  
Tapestry of India; Syrian canopies;  
Heroic bronzes; pictures, half divine,  
Apelles' pencil; statues, that the Greek  
Has wrought to living beauty; amethyst urns,  
And onyx, essenced with the Persian rose;  
Couches of mother-pearls, and tortoise-shell;  
Crystalline mirrors; tables, in which gems  
Make the mosaic; cups of argentry,  
Thick with immortal sculptures;—all that wealth  
Has dazzling, rare, delicious,—or the sword,  
Of conquerors can master, shall be yours.

ASPASIA.

These are wild words, my prince!

HAMILCAR.

Words, true as Jove!

You shall be glorious! Ay, this little hand  
Shall, in its slender white, a sceptre bear.—  
On this smooth brow, fair as young Cupid's wing,  
Shall glitter the rich circle of a crown;  
Catching your beauty's splendours, like a cloud,  
Above the bright pavilion of the morn.

ASPASIA *(doubtfully.)*

'Tis fancy's revel!

HAMILCAR.

No, my nymph of Greece!  
I feel the sudden and delighted blood  
Swelling my heart—dear, as to sickness health—  
Home to the exile—freedom to the slave—  
Sight to the blind! Am I not by my queen?

ASPASIA.

When will the dream be up?

HAMILCAR *(loftily.)*

When I am king!

ASPASIA *(she weeps.)*

Oh! Semele!

HAMILCAR.

In tears! What melts you now?  
Such tears are folly.

ASPASIA.

'Twas a wandering thought.

HAMILCAR *(sternly.)*

Let it have speech, and die.

ASPASIA.

It was of one,—  
Your brow looks gentler now,—who loved—a king!

HAMILCAR.

Then comes the worn-out moral—she was scorn'd!

ASPASIA.

Too much he loved her! 'Tis an ancient tale,  
One of the duties that our girls of Greece  
Hear from their careful mothers, round the lamps,  
On winter nights; and by the vintage urns,  
When grapes are crushing. I have seen the spot,  
Still ashy pale with lightning, where she died.  
She was a Grecian maiden; and, by some,  
Was thought a daughter of the sky; for earth  
Had never shaped such beauty; and her thoughts  
Were, like her beauty, sky-born. She would stray,  
And gaze, when morn was budding on the hills,  
As if she saw the stooping pomp of gods—  
Then tell her lyre the vision; nor had eve  
A sound, or rosy colour of the clouds,  
Or infant star, but in her solemn songs  
It lived again. Oh, happy—till she loved!

HAMILCAR.

By Cupid, no—not happy until then!  
Say on.

ASPASIA.

But may not love be misery?

HAMILCAR.

So would the shower, but that the sun will come.

ASPASIA.

And must we have no sun without the shower?

HAMILCAR.

The spring is sweeter for the winter's wind.

ASPASIA.

But does the winter never blight the spring?  
Oh! I would give you fact and argument,  
Brought from all earth—all life—all history;—  
O'erwhelm you with sad tales, convictions strong,  
Till you could hate it;—tell of gentle lives,  
Light as the lark's upon the morning cloud,  
Struck down at once, by the keen shaft of love;  
Of hearts, that flow'd like founts of happiness,  
Dried into dust by the wild flame of love;  
Of maiden beauty, wasting all away,  
Like a departing vision into air,  
Love filling her sweet eyes with midnight tears,  
Till death upon its bosom pillow'd her;  
Of noble natures sour'd; rich minds obscured;  
High hopes turn'd blank; nay, of the kingly crown  
Mouldering amid the embers of the throne;—  
And all by love. We paint him as a child,—  
When he should sit, a giant on his clouds,  
The great disturbing spirit of the world!

HAMILCAR.

Thou cunning Greek, the ruby on thy lips  
Is deeper with the tale. 'Tis the true red,  
He tips his arrows with. Yes; turn away!—  
There is a death to wisdom in those eyes.

ASPASIA *(bending before him.)*

Speak to me thus, and I will be love's slave;  
I'll build him altars,—he shall have all flowers  
Of vale, or hill, or fountain,—and all fruits,  
That melts in autumn's baskets; nay, the gold  
Of Hesperus' garden were too slight a gift  
To honour him. We'll never part again.—  
I have forgot of what I talk'd just now.

HAMILCAR.

Of Semele, fair Greek.

ASPASIA.

The tale is done—

She met a stately hunter on the hills,—  
Loved him, and wedded him; and passion's flame,  
That had bewitch'd her loveliness, now burn'd  
Richer in Hymen's lamp. But, one night came,  
And with it came no husband,—and she wept;—  
Another, and she knelt to the cold moon,  
Praying, in pain, the mother's deity,  
That she might show him but her babe, and die.  
The thunder peal'd at midnight, and he came—  
And then she fell upon his neck, and kiss'd,  
And ask'd him, why he left her desolate?  
His brow grew cloudy,—but at last she wrung  
The lofty secret—

HAMILCAR.

Woman's ancient arts!

The tale sounds true.

ASPASIA.

Of his inconstancy?

HAMILCAR.

No; of her sex's teasing. Girl, say on;  
Your voice has music in't. She conquer'd him?

ASPASIA.

He was a god; and to his throne in the stars  
He must at times ascend. She dared not doubt:  
But love will have wild thoughts; and so, she pined,  
And her rich cheek grew pale.

HAMILCAR.

With jealousy?

ASPASIA.

To prove his truth, at length, she bade him come  
In his full glory.

HAMILCAR.

And the lover came?

ASPASIA.

He long denied her,—offer'd her all wealth,  
Of mine or mountain, kiss'd away her tears,—  
All to subdue her thought.

HAMILCAR.

And all in vain!

Was she not woman!



ASTASIA.

Pity her! 'twas love  
That wrought this evil to his worshipper!  
The deadly oath was sworn.—Then nature shook,  
As in strange trouble,—solemn cries were heard,  
Echoing from hill to hill,—the forests bowed,  
Ruddy with lightnings,—in the heights of heaven  
The moon grew sanguine, and the waning stars  
Fell loosely through the sky. Before her rose,  
On golden clouds, a throne; and, at its foot,  
An eagle grasp'd the thunderbolt. The face  
Of the bright sitter on the throne was bent  
Over his sceptre,—but she knew her lord!  
And call'd upon him but to give one look,  
Before she perish'd in th' Olympian blaze.  
He raised his eye,—and in its flash—she died!

HAMILCAR.

Those are old fables. You shall be a queen!  
Numidia's queen! Throned by my side—your steps  
Shall be on gold dust;—pards and lions chain'd  
Shall draw your chariot;—you shall have a host  
Of vassal monarchs flashing round your march,  
Like living towers of gems. *[He points to the casement.]*  
Look there! the hour is written in the sky.  
Jove rushes down on Saturn:—'tis the sign  
Of war throughout the nations. In the east  
The Crescent sickens;—and the purple star,  
Perseus, the Ionian's love, lifts up his crest,  
And o'er her stands exulting!

ASTASIA.

The pole is set to midnight.

HAMILCAR.

Would 'twere come!  
I think that time has stopt. Sweep on, ye orbs!—  
There was no deeper torture in all hell  
Than his, when turn'd upon the fiery wheel,  
Rolling, yet fix'd for ever! *[He stands up.]*  
Loose my hands!  
This night has heavy business. Fate's at work!

ASTASIA *(weeping and clinging to him.)*

Where would you go?—You have not told me yet.  
I'll never part with you.—You go to die!

HAMILCAR.

Thy death's not made for Rome!

ASTASIA *(suddenly.)*

Let's fly at once:—  
Cast off the desperate business of the dark,  
And see to-morrow's sun rise on the sea,  
The happiest of all exiles!

HAMILCAR *(trying to disengage himself.)*

Sweet—farewell!

ASTASIA.

To Greece—to Greece! We shall be light of heart,  
As birds in summer skies: fond as two doves,  
That have escaped the poacher's cruel snare;  
Our vine and myrtle fence shall be a bound,  
That earth's pale vanities, its hatreds, fears,  
Fiery ambitions, pining discontents,  
Dare not o'erleap: and we'll have dance and song,  
And hymn the sun with touches of the lyre.  
As morning sows with pearl the Athenian hills.  
And we will wander by the evening shore,  
And hear the mellow music of the waves,  
And read strange fortunes in the speckled sands,  
And make sweet pictures in the crimson clouds;  
Telling the story of our travel past,  
Till the day sinks, forgotten in our talk,  
And Hesper's twinkling lamp must light us home.

HAMILCAR.

I shall return.—By all the golden dreams  
Of royalty!

ASTASIA *(hanging on him.)*

But swear—that you will come.

HAMILCAR *(taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips.)*

By this white hand, thus shook with such sweet fear;  
By the deliciousness of this droop'd eye;  
By the red witchery of this trembling lip;  
By all the charm of woman's weeping love.

ASTASIA.

Here will I stand, until my lord comes back,  
Like memory's statue on the grave of love!

HAMILCAR.

You shall be memory, living memory,  
Gazing upon the spot i' the clouds, where love,  
Fresh crown'd, shall on his swiftest wing descend.

ASTASIA *(despondingly.)*

You will be slain.

HAMILCAR.

I will return—this night!

*[He draws a paper from his bosom]*  
Still unbelieving!—Woman read my heart,  
Writ in this scroll. Earth has no deeper pledge:  
But keep it like the apple of your eye.  
If it is seen, the death of one—or both, *[He]*  
Is sure as destiny.—*(He embraces her.)*—Once more—fare-

ASTASIA *(opening the scroll.)*

What have we here?—Oh, Juno! 'tis in blood!  
A list of names—a plot against the state.  
This was the pageant in the cave last night! *(—memory.)*  
The helmet on that Roman's brow.—*(Reads.)*—Phœbe  
Troops from Apulia—Spain!—If it should fail!—  
'Tis madness, and must fail. He shall be saved!  
For all his wildness and proud fantasies,  
I love him!—Now to Cicero!

## STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

WEAK and uninitiated are they who talk of things modern as opposed to the idea of antiquity; who fancy that an Assyrian monarchy must have preceded tea-drinking; or that no Sims or Gregson walked in a round hat and breeches before the times of Inachus. Plato has informed us (or therefore everybody ought to know) that at stated periods of time, everything which has taken place on earth is renewed over again. There have been a thousand or a million years, for instance, of Charles the Second, and there will be an infinite number more; the tooth-ache we had in the year 1811 is making ready for some thousands of years hence; and we shall people be wise and in love as surely as the Maytoms re-appear; and again will Alexander make a fool of himself at Babylon, and Bonaparte in Russia.

Among the heaps of modern stories, which are so common, ancient, and which have been deprived of their true appearance, by the alternation of colouring and costume, there is none more decidedly belonging to modern times than that of Vertumnus and Pomona. Vertumnus was, and will be, a young fellow, remarkable for his accomplishments, and, like several successive reigns of Charles the Second; and, like him, practised his story over in the autumn of the year 1811. He was the younger brother of a respectable family in Herefordshire; and from his genius at turning himself to a variety of shapes, came to be called, in after-ages, by his correct name. In like manner, Pomona, the heroine of the story, being the goddess of those parts, and singularly fond of scenery and productions, the Latin poets, in after-ages, transformed her adventures according to their fashion, making her a goddess of mythology, and giving her a name after beloved fruits. Her real name was Miss Appleton. I shall therefore waive that matter once for all; and retaining the appellation which poetry has rendered so pleasant, proceed with the true story.

Pomona was a beauty like her name, all fruit and blossom. She was a ruddy brunette, luxuriant without pomposity; and had a spring in her step, like apples danc'd on a bough. (I'd put all this into verse, to which it has a natural tendency; but I hav'n't time.) It was no poetical habit to say of her, that her lips were cherries, and her cheeks peach. Her locks, in clusters about her face, trembled heavily as she walked. The colour called Pomona-red was named after her favourite dress. Sometimes in her clothes she imitated one kind of fruit and sometimes another, philosophising in a pretty poetical manner on the crooked nature of things, and saying there was more in the arc of her lovers than they suspected. Her dress now presented a burst of white blossoms, and now of red; her favourite one was green, both coat and bodice, from which her beautiful face looked forth like a bud. To see her entering her trees in her orchard, (for she would work here, and sing all the while like a milk-maid)—to see her best tending the fruit-trees, never caring for letting her bodice slip a little off her shoulders, and turning away now and then to look up at a bird, when her lips would glaucy in sunshine like cherries bedewed,—such a sight, you may imagine, was not to be had everywhere. The young country would get up in the trees for a glimpse of her, over the garden-wall; and swear she was like an angel in Paradise. Everybody was in love with her. The squire was in

with her; the attorney was in love; the parson was particularly in love. The peasant in their smock-frocks, old and young, were all in love. You never saw such a loving place in your life; yet somehow or other the women were not jealous, nor fared the worse. The people only seemed to have grown the kinder. Their hearts overflowed to all about them. Such toasts at the great house! The Squire's name was Payne, which afterwards came to be called Pan. Pan, Payne (Paynim,) Pagan, a villager. The race was so numerous, that country-gentlemen obtained the name of Paynim in general, as distinguished from the nobility; a circumstance which has not escaped the learning of Milton:

"Both Paynim and the Peers."

Silenus was Cy or Cymon Lenox, the host of the Tun, a fat merry old fellow, renowned in the song as Old Sir Cymon the king. He was in love too. All the Satyrs, or rude wits of the neighbourhood, and all the Fauns, or softer-spoken fellows,—none of them escaped. There was also a Quaker gentleman, I forgot his name, who made himself conspicuous. Pomona confessed to herself that he had merit; but it was so unaccompanied with anything of the ornamental or intellectual, that she could not put up with him. Indeed, though she was of a loving nature, and had every other reason to wish herself settled (for she was an heiress and an orphan,) she could not find it in her heart to respond to any of the rude multitude around her; which at last occasioned such impatience in them, and uneasiness to herself, that she was fain to keep close at home, and avoid the lanes and country assemblies, for fear of being carried off. It was then that the clowns used to mount the trees outside her garden-wall to get a sight of her.

Pomona wrote to a cousin she had in town, of the name of Cerintha—"Oh, my dear Cerintha, what am I to do! I could laugh while I say it, though the tears positively come into my eyes; but it is a sad thing to be an heiress with ten thousand a-year, and one's guardian just dead. Nobody will let me alone. And the worst of it is, that while the rich animals that pester me, disgust one with talking about their rent-tolls, the younger brothers force me to be suspicious of their views upon mine. I could throw all my money into the Wyre for vexation. God knows I do not care twopence for it. Oh Cerintha! I wish you were unmarried, and could change yourself into a man, and come and deliver me; for you are disinterested and sincere, and that is all I require. At all events, I will run for it, and be with you before winter; for here I cannot stay. Your friend the Quaker has just rode by. He says, 'verily,' that I am cold! I say verily he is no wiser than his horse; and that I could ditch him after my money."

Cerintha sympathised heartily with her cousin, but she was perplexed to know what to do. There were plenty of wits and young fellows of her acquaintance, both rich and poor; but only one whom she thought fit for her charming cousin, and he was a younger brother as poor as a rat. Besides, he was not only liable to suspicion on that account, but full of delicacies of his own, and the last man in the world to hazard a generous woman's dislike. This was no other than our friend Vertumnus. His real name was Verion. He lived about five miles from Pomona, and was almost the only young fellow of any vivacity who had not been curious enough to get a sight of her. He had got a notion that she was proud. "She may be handsome," thought he; "but a handsome proud face is but a handsome ugly one to my thinking, and I'll not venture my poverty to her l-humour." Cerintha had half made up her mind to un-see him through the medium of his sister, who was an acquaintance of hers; but an accident did it for her. Vertumnus was riding one day with some friends, who had been ejected, when passing by Pomona's orchard, he saw one of her clownish admirers up in the trees, peeping at her over her wall. The gaping unsophisticated admiration of the lad made them stop. "Devil take me," said one of our hero's companions, "if they are not at it still. Why, you booby, did you never see a proud woman before, that you stand gaping there, as if your soul had gone out of ye?" "Proud," said the lad, looking down—"a wouldn't say nay to a fly, if gentlefolks wouldn't tease 'un so." "Come," said our hero, "I'll take this opportunity, and see for myself." He was up in the tree in an instant, and almost as speedily exclaimed, "God! what a face!"

"He has it, by the Lord!" cried the others laughing:—

"fairly struck through the ribs, by Job. Look, if looby and he arn't sworn friends on the thought of it."

It looked very like it certainly. Our hero had scarcely gazed at her, when without turning away his eyes, he clapped his hand upon that of the peasant with a hearty shake, and said, "You're right, my friend. If there is pride in that face, truth itself is a lie. What a face! What eyes! What a figure!"

Pomona was observing her old gardener fill a basket. From time to time he looked up at her, smiling and talking. She was eating a plum; and as she said something that made them laugh, her rosy mouth sparkled with all its pearls in the sun.

"Pride!" thought Vertumnus:—"there's no more pride in that charming mouth, than there is folly enough to relish my fine companions here."

Our hero returned home more thoughtful than he came, replying but at intervals to the raillery of those with him, and then giving them pretty savage cuts. He was more out of humour with his poverty than he had ever felt, and not at all satisfied with the accomplishments which might have emboldened him to forget it. However, in spite of his delicacies, he felt it would be impossible not to hazard rejection like the rest. He only made up his mind to set about paying his addresses in a different manner;—though how it was to be done he could not very well see. His first impulse was to go to her and state the plain case at once; to say how charming she was, and how poor her lover, and that nevertheless he did not care twopence for her riches, if she would but believe him. The only delight of riches would be to share them with her. "But then," said he, "how is she to take my word for that?"

On arriving at home he found his sister prepared to tell him what he had found out for himself,—that Pomona was not proud. Unfortunately she added, that the beautiful heiress had acquired a horror of younger brothers. "Ay," thought he, "there it is. I shall not get her, precisely because I have at once the greatest need of her money and the greatest contempt for it. Alas, yet not so! I have not contempt for anything that belongs to her, even her money. How heartily could I accept it from her, if she knew me, and if she is as generous as I take her to be! How delightful would it be to plant, to build, to indulge a thousand expenses in her company! O those rascals of rich men, without sense or taste, that are now going about, spending their money as they please, and buying my jewels and my cabinets, that I ought to be making her presents of. I could tear my hair to think of it."

It happened, luckily or unluckily for our hero, that he was the best amateur actor that had ever appeared. Betterton could not perform Hamlet better, nor Lacy a friar.

He disguised himself, and contrived to get hired to his lady's household as a footman. It was a difficult matter, all the other servants having been there since she was a child, and just grown old enough to escape the passion common to all who saw her. They loved her like a daughter of their own, and were indignant at the trouble her lovers gave her. Vertumnus, however, made out his case so well, that they admitted him. For a time all went on smoothly. Yes: for three or four weeks he performed admirably, confining himself to the real footman. Nothing could exceed the air of indifferent zeal with which he waited at table. He was respectful, he was attentive, even officious; but still as to a footman's mistress, not as to a lover's. He looked in her face, as if he did not wish to kiss her; said "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," like any other servant; and consented, not without many pangs to his vanity, to wear proper footman's clothes; namely, such as did not fit him. He even contrived, by a violent effort, to suppress all appearance of emotion, when he doubled up the steps of her charriot, after seeing the finest foot and ancle in the world. In his haste to subdue this emotion, he was one day night betraying himself. He forgot his part so far, as to clap the door to with more vehemence than usual. His mistress started, and gave a cry. He thought he had shut her hand in, and opening the door again with more vehemence, and as pale as death, exclaimed, "God of Heaven! What have I done to her!"

"Nothing, James,"—said his mistress, smiling; "only another time you need not be in quite such a hurry." She was surprised at the turn of his words, and at a certain air which she observed for the first time; but the same experience which might have enabled her to detect him, led her,

by a reasonable vanity, to think that love had exalted her footman's manners. This made her observe him with some interest afterwards, and notice how good-looking he was, and that his shape was better than his clothes; but he continued to act his part so well, that she suspected nothing further. She only resolved, if he gave any more evidences of being in love, to despatch him after his betters.

By degrees, our hero's nature became too much for his art. He behaved so well among his fellow-servants, that they all took a liking to him. Now, when we please others, and they show it, we wish to please them more: and it turned out that James could play on the *viol di gamba*. He played so well, that his mistress must needs inquire "what musician they had in the house." "James, madam."—A week or two after, somebody was reading a play, and making them all die with laughter.—"Who is that reading so well there, and making you all a parcel of madcaps?"—"It's only James, madam."—"I have a prodigious footman!" thought Pomona. Another day, my lady's maid came up all in tears to do something for her mistress, and could scarcely speak. "What's the matter, Lucy?" "Oh James, madam!" Her lady blushed a little, and was going to be angry.

"I hope he has not been uncivil."

"Oh no, ma'am: only I could not bear his being turned out o' doors!"

"Turned out of doors!"

"Yes, ma'am; and their being so cruel as to singe his white head."

"Singe his white head! Surely the girl's head is turned. What is it, poor soul!"

"Oh, nothing, ma'am. Only the old king in the play, as your ladyship knows. They turn him out o' doors, and singe his white head; and Mr. James did it so 'natural like, that he has made us all of a drown of tears. T'other day he called me his Ophelia, and was so angry with me I could have died."—"This man is no footman," said the lady. She sent for him up stairs, and the butler with him. "Pray, sir, may I beg the favour of knowing who you are?" The abruptness of this question totally confounded our hero.

"For God's sake, madam, do not think it worth your while to be angry with me and I will tell you all."

"Worth my while, sir! I know not what you mean by its being worth my while," cried our heroine, who really felt more angry than she wished to be; "but when an imposter comes into the house, it is natural to wish to be on one's guard against him."

"Imposter, madam!" said he, reddening in his turn, and rising with an air of dignity. "It is true," he added, in a humbler tone, "I am not exactly what I seem to be; but I am a younger brother of a good family, and—"

"A younger brother!" exclaimed Pomona, turning away with a look of despair.

"Oh, those d—d words!" thought Vertumnus; "they have undone me. I must go; and yet it is hard."

"I go, madam," said he in a hurry—"believe me in only this, that I shall give you no unbecoming disturbance; and I must vindicate myself so far as to say, that I did not come into this house for what you suppose." Then giving her a look of inexpressible tenderness and respect, and retiring as he said it, with a low bow, he added, "May neither imposture nor unhappiness ever come near you."

Pomona could not help thinking of the strange footman she had had. "He did not come into the house for what I supposed." She did not know whether to be pleased or not at this phrase. What did he mean by it? What did he think she supposed? Upon the whole, she found her mind occupied with the man a little too much, and proceeded to busy herself with her orchard.

There was now more caution observed in admitting new servants into the house; yet a new gardener's assistant came, who behaved like a reasonable man for two months. He then passionately exclaimed one morning, as Pomona was rewarding him for some roses, "I cannot bear it!"—and turned out to be our hero, who was obliged to decamp. My lady became more cautious than ever, and would speak to all the new servants herself. One day a very remarkable thing occurred. A whole side of the green-house was smashed to pieces. The glazier was sent for, not without suspicion of being the perpetrator; and the man's way of behaving strengthened it, for he stood looking about him, and handling the glass to no purpose. His assistant did all

the work, and yet somehow did not seem to get on with it. The truth was the fellow was innocent and yet not so, for he had brought our hero with him as his journeyman. Pomona, watching narrowly, discovered the secret, but for reasons best known to herself, pretended otherwise, and the next day were to come again the next day.

That same evening my lady's maid's cousin's husband's aunt came to see her,—a free, jolly, maternal old dame, who took the liberty of kissing the mistress of the house, and thanking her for all favours. Pomona had never received such a long kiss. "Excuse," cried the housewife, "an old body who has had daughters and granddaughters, and three husbands to boot, God rest their souls!—dinner always makes me bold—old, and bold, as we say in Gloucestershire—old and bold; and her ladyship's sweet face is like an angel's in heaven." All this was said in a voice at once loud and trembling, as if the natural jollity of the old lady was counteracted by her years.

Pomona felt a little confused at this liberty of speech, but her good-nature was always uppermost, and she received the privileges of age. So, with a blushing face, and well knowing what to say, she mentioned something of the old lady's three husbands, and said she hardly knew whether to pity her most for losing so many friends, or congratulate the gentlemen on so cheerful a company. The old lady's breath seemed to be taken away by the glance of this compliment, for she stood looking and saying not a word. At last she made signs of being a little better, and Betty repeated as well as she could what her mistress had said. "She is an angel, for certain," cried the guest, and kissed her again. Then perceiving that Pomona was prepared to avoid a repetition of this freedom, she said: "But, Lord! why doesn't her sweet ladyship marry twice, and make somebody's life a heaven upon earth? They say she's frightened at the cavaliers and the money-bags, and all that; but God-a-mercy, must there be no poor man that's poor; and mayn't the dear sweet soul be the wif of some one's eye, because she has money in her pocket?"

Pomona, who had entertained some such reflections on these herself, hardly knew what to answer; but she laughed and made some pretty speech.

"Ay, ay," resumed the old woman. "Well, there's no knowing." (Here she heaved a great sigh.) "And your lady is mighty curious in plants and apples, they tell me, and quite a gardener, Lord love her! and rears me cart-loads of peaches. Why, her face is a peach, or I should like to know what is. But it didn't come of itself, neither. No; for that matter, there were peaches before it; and I didn't live alone, I warrant me, or we should have had peaches now, for all her gardening. Well, well, my sweet young lady, don't blush and be angry, for I am but a poor oldish, old body, you know, old enough to be your grandmother; but I can't help thinking it a pity, that's the truth on't, dear! Well, gentlefolks will have their fegaries, but it's very different in my time, you know, and Lord! now I speak the plain scripter truth; what would the world come to, and where would her sweet ladyship be herself, I should like to know, if her own mother, that's now an angel in heaven, had refused to keep company with her ladyship's father, because she brought him a good estate, and made him the happiest man on God's yearth!"

The real love that existed between Pomona's father and mother being thus brought to her recollection, touched her heroine's feelings; and looking at the old dame, with tears in her eyes, she begged her to stay and take some tea, as she would see her again before she went away. "Ay, ay, that I will, and a thousand thanks into the bargain from me who has been a mother herself, and can't help crying to see my lady in tears. I could kiss 'em off, if I wasn't afraid of being troublesome; and so God bless her, and I'll make bold to make her my curtsy again before I go."

The old body seemed really affected, and left the room with more quietness than Pomona had looked for, Betty meanwhile showing an eagerness to get her away, who was a little remarkable. In less than half an hour, there was a knock at the parlour-door, and Pomona saying "come in," the door was held again by somebody for a few seconds, during which there was a loud and apparently angry whisper of voices. Our heroine, not without agitation, heard the words, "No, no!" and "Yes," repeated with vehemence, and then, "I tell you I must and will; she will forgive you, be assured, and me too, for she'll never see me

gain." And at these words the door was opened by a allant-looking young man, who closed it behind him, and advancing with a low bow, spoke as follows:—

"If you are alarmed, madam, which I confess you reasonably may be at this intrusion, I beseech you to be perfectly certain that you will never be so alarmed again, nor indeed ever again set eyes on me, if it so please you. You see before you, madam, that unfortunate younger brother, for I will not omit even that title to your suspicion,) who, sized with an invincible passion as he one day beheld you from your garden-wall, has since run the chance of your displeasure, by coming into the house under a variety of pretences, and inasmuch as he has violated the truth has deserved it. But one truth he has not violated, which is, that never man entertained a passion sincerer; and God is my witness, madam, how foreign to my heart is that accursed love of money, (I beg your pardon, but I confess it agitates me in my turn to speak of it,) which other people's advances and your modesty have naturally induced you to suspect in every person situated as I am. Forgive me, madam, for every alarm I have caused you, this last one above all. I could not deny to my love and my repentance the mingled bliss and torture of this moment: but as I am really and passionately a lover of truth as well as of yourself, this is the last trouble I shall give you, unless you are pleased to admit what I confess I have very little hopes of, which is, a respectful pressure of my suit in future. Pardon me even these words, if they displease you. You have nothing to do but to bid me—leave you; and when he quits this apartment, Harry Vernon troubles you no more."

A silence ensued for the space of a few seconds. The gentleman was very pale; so was the lady. At length she said, in a very under tone, "This surprise, sir—I was not sensible—I mean, I perceived—sure, sir, it is not Mr. Vernon, the brother of my cousin's friend, to whom I am speaking?"

"The same, madam."

"And why not at once, sir—I mean—that is to say—forgive me, sir, if circumstances conspire to agitate me a little, and to throw me in doubt what I ought to say. I wish to say what is becoming, and to retain your respect;" and the lady trembled as she said it.

"My respect, madam, was never profounder than it is at this moment, even though I dare begin to hope that you will not think it disrespectful on my part to adore you. If might but hope, that months or years of service—"

"Be seated, sir, I beg; I am very forgetful. I am an orphan, Mr. Vernon, and you must make allowances as a gentleman" (here her voice became a little louder) "for anything in which I may seem to forget, either what is due to you or to myself."

The gentleman had not taken a chair, but at the end of his speech he approached the lady, and led her to her own seat with an air full of reverence.

"Ah, madam," said he, "if you could but fancy you had known me these five years, you would at least give me credit for enough truth, and I hope enough tenderness and respectfulness of heart (for they all go together) to be certain of the feelings I entertain towards your sex in general; much more towards one whose nature strikes me with such a gravity of admiration at this moment, that praise even falters on my tongue. Could I dare hope that you meant to say anything more kind to me than a common expression of good wishes, I would dare to say, that the sweet truth of your nature not only warrants your doing so, but makes it a part of its humanity."

"Will you tell me, Mr. Vernon, what induced you to say so decidedly to my servant (for I heard it at the door) that you were sure I should never see you again?"

"Yes, madam, I will; and nevertheless I feel all the force of your inquiry. It was the last little instinctive stratagem that love induced me to play, even when I was going to put in the whole force of my character and my love of truth! or I did indeed believe that you would discard me, though I was not so sure of it as I pretended."

"There, sir," said Pomona, colouring in all the beauty of joy and love, "there is my hand. I give it to the lover of truth; but truth no less forces me to acknowledge, that my heart had not been unshaken by some former occurrences."

"Charming and adorable creature!" cried our hero, after he had recovered from the kiss which he gave her. But here we leave them to themselves. Our heroine confessed that

from what she now knew of her feelings, she must have been inclined to look with compassion on him before; but added, that she never could have been sure she loved him, much less had the courage to tell him so, till she had known him in his own candid shape.

And this, and no other, is the true story of Vertumnus and Pomona.

#### A WORD ON EARLY RISING.

As we are writing this article before breakfast, at an earlier hour than usual, we are inclined to become grand and intolerant on the strength of our virtue, and to look around us and say, "Why is not everybody up? How can people lie in bed at an hour like this,—the cool, the fragrant?"

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake!"

Thus exclaimed good-natured, enjoying Thomson, and lay in bed till twelve; after which he strolled into his garden at Richmond, and ate peaches off a tree, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets! Browsing! A perfect specimen of a poetical elephant or rhinoceros! Thomson, however, left an immortal book behind him, which excused his trespasses. What excuse shall mortality bring for hastening its end by lying in bed, and anticipating the grave? for of all apparently innocent habits lying in bed is perhaps the worst; while, on the other hand, amidst all the different habits through which people have attained to a long life, it is said that in this one respect, and this only, they have all agreed! No very long-lived man has been a late riser. Judge Holt is said to have been curious respecting longevity, and to have questioned every very old man that came before him, as to his modes of living; and in the matter of early rising there was no variation; every one of them got up betimes. One lived chiefly upon meat, another upon vegetables; one drank no fermented liquors, another did drink them; a fifth took care not to expose himself to the weather, another took no such care; but every one of them was an early riser. All made their appearance at Nature's earliest levee, and she was pleased that they hailed her as soon as she waked, and that they valued her fresh air, and valued her skies, and her birds, and her balmy quiet; or if they thought little of this, she was pleased that they took the first step in life, every day, calculated to make them happiest and most healthy; and so she laid her hands upon their heads, and pronounced them good old boys, and enabled them to run about at wonderful ages, while their poor senior juniors were tumbling in down and gout.

A most pleasant hour it is, certainly—when you are once up. The birds are singing in the trees; everything else is noiseless, except the air, which comes sweeping every now and then through the sunshine, hindering the coming day from being hot. We feel it on our face, as we write. At a distance, far off, a dog occasionally barks; and some huge fly is loud upon the window pane. It is sweet to drink in at one's ears these innocent sounds, and this very sense of silence, and to say to one's self, "We are up;—we are up, and are doing well; the beautiful creation is not unseen and unheard for want of us." Oh, it's a prodigious moment when the vanity and the virtue can go together. We shall not say how early we write this article, lest we should appear immodest, and excite envy and despair. Neither shall we mention how often we thus get up, or the hour at which we generally rise,—leaving our readers to hope the best of us; in return for which we will try to be as little exalted this morning as the sense of advantage over our neighbours will permit, and not despise them—a great stretch for an uncommon sense of merit. There, for instance, is C.;—hard at it, we would swear; as fast asleep as a church;—of what value are his books now, and his subtleties, and his speculations? as dead, poor man! as if they never existed. What proof is there of an immortal soul in that face with its eyes shut, and its mouth open, and not a word to say for itself, any more than the dog's?—And W. there;—what signifies his love for his children and his garden, neither of which he is now alive to, though the child-like birds are calling him, hopping amidst their songs; and his breakfast would have twice the relish?—And the L.'s with *their* garden and their music?—the orchard has all the music to itself; they will not arise to join it, though Nature manifestly intends concerts to be of a morning as well as evening, and the animal Spirits are the first that are up in the universe.

Then the streets and squares. Very much do we fear, that, for want of a proper education in these thoughts, the milkman, instead of dozing all these shut-up windows, and the sleeping incapables inside, envies them for the fitches that keep injuring their diaphragms and digestions, and that will render their breakfast not half so good as his. "Call you these gentlefolks?" said a new maid-servant, in a family of our acquaintance, "why, they get up early in the morning!—Only make me a lady, and see if I wouldn't lie a-bed."

Seriously speaking, we believe that there is not a wholesomer thing than early rising, or one which, if persevered in for a very little while, would make a greater difference in the sensations of those who suffer from most causes of ill-health, particularly the besetting disease of these sedentary times, indigestion. We believe it would supersede the supposed necessity of a great deal of nauseous and pernicious medicine, that pretended friend, and ultimately certain foe, of all impatient stomachs. Its utility in other respects everybody acknowledges, though few profit by it as they might. Nothing renders a man so completely master of the day before him; so gets rid of arrears, anticipates the necessity of haste, and insures leisure. Sir Walter Scott is said to have written all his greatest works before breakfast; he thus also procured time for being one of the most social of friends, and kind and attentive of correspondents. One sometimes regrets that experience passes into the shape of proverbs, since those who make use of them are apt to have no other knowledge, and thus procure for them a worldly character of the lowest order. Franklin did them no good, in this respect, by crowding them together in "Poor Richard's Almanack;" and Cervantes intimated the common-place abuse into which they were turning, by putting them into the mouth of Sancho Panza. Swift completed the ruin of some of them, in this country, by mingling them with the slip-slop of his "Polite Conversation;"—a Tory libel on the talk of the upper ranks, to which nothing comparable is to be found in the Whig or Radical objections of modern times. Yet, for the most part, proverbs are equally true and generous; and there is as much profit for others as for a man's self in believing that "Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise;" for the voluntary early riser is seldom one who is insensible to the beauty as well as the uses of the spring of day; and in becoming healthy and wise, as well as rich, he becomes good-humoured and considerate, and is disposed to make a handsome use of the wealth he acquires. Mere saving and sparing (which is the ugliest way to wealth) permits a man to lie in bed as long as most other people, especially in winter, when he saves fire by it; but a gallant acquisition should be as stirring in this respect, as it is in others, and thus render its riches a comfort to it, instead of a means of unhealthy care, and a preparation for disappointment. How many rich men do we not see jaundiced and worn, not with necessary care but superfluous, and secretly cursing their riches, as if it were the fault of the money itself, and not of the bad management of their health? These poor, unhappy, rich people, come at length to hug their money out of a sort of spleen and envy at the luckier and less miserable poverty that wants it, and thus lead the lives of dogs in the manger, and are almost tempted to hang themselves; whereas, if they could purify the current of their blood a little, which, perhaps, they might do by early rising alone, without a penny for physic, they might find themselves growing more patient, more cheerful, more liberal, and be astonished and delighted at receiving the praises of the community for their public spirit, and their patronage of noble institutions. Oh, if we could but get half London up at an earlier hour, how they, and our colleges and universities, and royal academies, &c., would all take a start together; and how the quack advertisements in the newspapers would diminish!

But we must not pretend, meanwhile, to be more virtuous ourselves than frail teachers are apt to be. The truth is, that lying in bed is so injurious to our particular state of health, that we are early risers in self-defence; and we were not always such; so that we are qualified to speak to both sides of the question. And as to our present article, it is owing to a relapse! and we fear is a very dull one in consequence; for we are obliged to begin it earlier than usual, in consequence of being late. We shall conclude it with the sprightliest testimony we can call to mind in favour of

early rising, which is that of James the First, the royal poet of Scotland, a worthy disciple of Chaucer, who, when he was kept in unjust captivity during his youth by Henry the Fourth, fell in love with his future excellent queen, in consequence of seeing her through his prison windows walking in a garden at break of day, as Palamond and Arcite in *Emilia*; which caused him to exclaim, in words that may be often quoted by others out of gratitude to the same poet, though on a different occasion,

"My custom was to rise  
Early as day. Oh happy exercise,  
By thee I came to joy out of torment!"

See the "King's Quair," the poem he wrote about it. We quote from memory, but we believe with correctness.

## THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did so, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the utmost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy a good lofty hill in the summer-time. It was at any rate high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, though impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it; for this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and saw his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and aloof, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would test his inferior's lesson. The young man (the son of a small land-proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. He died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formal ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, despairing, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, not only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen, in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes, now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence,—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fear, the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not was to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mockery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he has an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him

in the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See! he is almost at the top; he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and ringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward.—Yes—every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him:—see at last! he is on the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won: he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron puts spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou has practised his feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed!"

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said the venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:—"Sir, they are dead!"

### BROADWAY.

SPRING is here, and, with its earliest sunshine, Broadway puts out its first flowers in bright colours and gay drapery. It is a lounge we should love were we idle. We do not write for Autolycus, nor for Timon. (Thieves and misanthropes do not commonly take the papers.) And as all other classes of mankind yield to the gregarious instincts of our race, we feel free to discourse of Broadway as a place beloved. Beloved it is—by the philanthropist, interested in the peccant varieties of his fellow-creatures; by the old, who love to look upon the young; and by the young, who love to look upon each other; (ah! the celestial quality of youth!)—by the serious, for whom there would seem to be resorts less thronged with sinners (if need were,) and by sinners, who are at least spared the sin of hypocrisy, for, with little disguise, they "love one another." Now, if beautiful women are not laudable objects of contemplation and curiosity, as St. Anthony avers (and he is welcome to let them alone,) we are not warned against beautiful children, nor beautiful horses, nor the bright sunshine, nor the gay product of the silkworm, nor the "stuffs from Colchis and Trebizond."

Very handsome—*isn't she?* And apparently in a very great hurry, and apparently very much disgusted at being seen in the street at all! You would think, now, that that lady's coachman was ill and that she was, for this once in her life, walking alone to her mother's. But she is more amused at this moment than she will be again to-day—and to-morrow she will take the same walk to be happy again. She has a husband, however, and a beautiful house, and not a wish (that money can gratify) ungratified. And her drawing-rooms are full of exquisite objects of art. She might stay contentedly at home, you think? No! She was a belle, pampered with admiration when she married, and she married a cynical and cold-blooded parsnip, who sits like a snarling ogre

among his statues and pictures—a spot on his own ottoman—a blemish in the elegance of his own house. She married him for an establishment, but forgot he was a part of it—dazzled with the frame, she overlooked the hideousness of the picture. And he knows this—and likes her, with his statues, as his property—and is pleased to have her seen as his wife—though she is the wife to but one part of him, his vanity! She finds it hard to *feel* beautiful at breakfast, with her husband on the other side of the table, and he finds it hard to be very bland with a wife who looks at his acrid physiognomy with a shudder.

A superb house with him in it, is like a fine tulip with an adder in it. But she is a woman, and whether she has a heart or no, she has a well-cultivated vanity, and unluckily, the parents who taught her to secure luxury in wedlock, taught her no foresight as to her more needful supply of admiration. Love, she would like very well—but admired she *must be*! And too cold and worldly to be imprudent, and too proud to be willing to seem pleased with the gaze of Broadway idlers, she still thirsts after this very stare which is given to her beauty by the passers-by, and has very little happiness beyond her daily hurried walk on the crowded *pave*. She'll make a match of sentiment if she gets another chance, or, at any rate, will marry for *some* love and *less* money.

Heaven help her through with her present chrysalis!

"How are you?"

"How are you?"

What would a new-dropped angel think of these two unanswered questions? Indeed, what would an angel think of that smiling fellow who exchanged this nonsense with me. He is one of a thousand in the city who, "like the prodigal, squeez'd through a horn," are happy from having got *through* the tightest place of this mortal life. Though his dimensions are immeasurably smaller than they were not long ago, they are so much easier than they grew to be after, that he feels as if, like uncle Toby's fly, there was room enough in the world for him now. He is easy with the rebound after being broke with overstraining. He was a merchant, reputed to have made money enough. Sensitive and punctilious in all the relations of life, he was particularly *soigné* of his commercial honour. Never a breath sullied that clear eecutcheon! For this he was supposed to be over-careful—for this he was inflexible where his heart would have prompted him to be indulgent—for this, it was was soberly believed, he would sacrifice his life. His wife was (and has since proved herself by trial) an admirable woman, and with fine children and good looks of his own, he was one of those fallacious contradictions of the equal distribution of mortal happiness. Well—his star began to descend from its apogee, and he courageously lugged out his philosophy and retrenched his expenditure. And then began an agony of mind which could only be increased, even hereafter, by the increased capacity of the mind—for, short of reason overturned, he could suffer no more. A thousand years of a common tenour of life would seem shorter than those six terrible months of sinking into bankruptcy. But now comes the curious part of it! He suddenly took the benefit of the bankrupt law. And instead of lying still prostrate upon the ground, crushed and humiliated—instead of hiding his head, as he longed to do while he still promised to pay, degraded, spiritless, lost, to the enjoyment of life—instead of still seeming an object of pity to the most ruthless sufferer by his fall—up, like a snapped spring, he bounds to the empyrean! He could not be gayer with his debts paid and his fortune in his hands again! He walks the street, smiling, and with a light step. He is a little smarter than he used to be in this dress. He eats well, and the wrinkles have retreated, and his eyes have thrown open their windows, and (as you saw when he passed) there is not a merrier or more fortunate-looking idler in this merry Broadway! Now, *querre*?—Is there a provision in nature for honour to cast its skin? Becomes it new, scarless and white, after a certain wear, tear and suffering? Does a man remember, till, with the anguish of remembering, he forgets? Has God, in our construction, provided a recuperative, to guard us against over self-infliction? Can we use up our sense of shame with over-working it, and do we come then to a stratum of self-approval and self-glorification? *Enfin*—is this inward whitewashing confined only to money-spots, and is nature hereby provided with a corrective check to our implacabilities of pocket?



## TO OUR ONE WITHDRAWING SUBSCRIBER.

SIR—A French writer wittily turns the paradox:—"Il faut de l'argent, même pour se passer d'argent"—(it is necessary to have money to be able to do without it)—and we please ourselves with suspecting that it is only amid the forgetful ease of possession that you can have made up your mind to forego us. If so, and your first se'nnight of un-Mirrored solitude prove heavier to bear than the aching three-dollar void balanced against it—so! The pathos of this parting will have been superfluous.

Our connection, sir, though born of a "promise to pay," has been a manner of friendship; and in dissolving a friendship, it is desirable, on both sides, to have back again the secrets safe only in a friend's keeping. It is common and easy, as you well know, for one man to "give" another "a piece of his mind," and we ask that piece of yours upon which we have stitched the lining of ours. For the goods and chattels we have sent you, they are yours, of course. Such third-person matters as stories and poesies, pictures, drolleries, gossipries and novelties—the visible contents of our primrose cover—are—like the three dollars paid for them—like the ear of rye up a schoolboy's sleeve,—irreversible! They are yours. The money is (was) ours. We would not willingly change back! But other values have passed to your keeping, that are not strictly commodities of barter. We have vent-peggs, that are, as it may chance to turn out, largesses or weaknesses. We are known, favourably or unfavourably, for an incontinence of ourself—a certain need to expand upon our neighbour. If we are happy it runs over the brim—if we are sad, prodigal, too, with our tears. Withal, we have a natural incredulity of breakings-off—walking upright upon all manner of eternities till we have tumbled over the end. Do you see how subject we were to improvident confidences?

To fix upon the wares we would have back, you have only to ask what a stranger *could* buy of us, and subtract it from what you *know* of us. Could you stop us in the street, for example, and buy the fulness of our heart from us—such as has overflowed upon our last page often and unaware—for sixpence? Could you send to us for a thought that has sailed out of our bosom upon our private tear, and enclose a shilling for two copies through the village postmaster? Could you point us out to a dirty newsboy, and tell him "that gentleman had last week some pangs and some pleasures, and I will give you sixpence to see them in a Mirror, with their expressed gall or honey?" Could you touch us upon the shoulder in Broadway and say, "Sir, I should like to have sent to me, weekly, the thoughts which are stirred by all you enjoy or suffer, expressed in choice rhetoric and printed on fine paper; and you may throw me in a fine steel plate, a new story or two, all the gossip of the week, some criticisms and any fine poetry that has come to your hand—for which I will pay you sixpence per weekly copy?" Oh, there is much that you have bought of us with which you have no business, ceasing to be our friend! And when you have sent that part back, your money's-worth will still stretch its long legs comfortably under the covering blanket of the remainder!

Well, sir, adieu! There is some machinery, of one kind and another, that will now cease to labour, at sixpence per week, for your gratification—sundry male printers and engravers, sundry female folders and stitchers, our post-office boy and wheelbarrow, such trifling rail-roads and steamers as have been built to convey the Mirror to you—these and we, with our best brains and contributors, we are sorry to say, will now cease to minister to you—but you will have,

instead, weekly, an *unspent* sixpence! Of this sixpence much foregone for, we wish you joy in the overbalance value of possession! And so, sir, drawing back our complicated machinery that you may lift this small silver beam from between us, we bid you once more, *over the change* removed equivalent, a respectful adieu!

EDM. M.

To PHOENIX DISCONTINUED, Esq.

## TO OUR "PUNCTUAL FIRMAMENT OF FIXED STARS"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—In the eleven thousand sixpences which duly rise and dispense their silver light in our way, we see of course the "Heaven of eternal charity" towards whose "patines of bright gold" we have been stretching with tiptoe expectation. We trust that, like an unpocketable troop whose indefatigable punctuality to emulate, there are still comers to your number nearest and that the "Lost Pleiad," (the single heavenly body whose discontinuance to rise we indited the foregoing epistle,) will come round again in his erratic orbit, and take its place in the constellation he has deserted. We give notice here, however, that, at *eleven thousand*, we shall, like the nuns of St. Ursula, stop numbering. There have been virgins since the shelving of the bones of the "eleven thousand virgins of Cologne," yet the oft-told number is not told, without increase, in the holy tradition. We begin with the sainted sisterhood that human credence can go farther—that twist millions and billions of virgins the people's mind would not be likely to discriminate. You still permit us, therefore, to cast our horoscope upon a nominal number. As other starry sixpences fall into the chinks of boundless space, the perceptible increase of brightness will alone tell the tale—but they will be met and welcomed in the careful astronomy of our ledger (Ann-street, No. 4!)

You are *ours*, oh pleasant eleven thousand! The astronomer casts over the sky his net of parallels and meridians and calls the caught Heavens his own, but the starry numbers are not, like ours, convertible to things to eat. We will envy Herschell when he can change sixteen of his trapped stars for a dollar—when he can dabble with the shining faces as we with our constellated "fips." You are *ours*, and therefore we will care for you. And now as to the method of this care.

With the next number will commence a series of sketches to be called "DASHES AT LIFE WITH A FREE PENCIL," in which will be given tales by N. P. Willis, *illustrative of social and social distinctions*, such as have been the most popular of the author's writings. His pen being now exclusively devoted to the New Mirror, he hopes by industry, and by the *freedom of range and style* which he will enjoy in addressing only his own picked audience, to please the subscribers to the Mirror as much as his best effort is capable of doing. Both he and his editorial ally come to their task, now, with great experience as well as a zeal never before so concentrated, and truth to say, they have a fair public smile for welcome and encouragement. The New Mirror will have no excuse now, for not being the best that effort and earnestness can make it, and greater patronage will give us greater ability to improve it.

And so, dear readers, let us wind off the last page of our first year with warm thanks for the past, linked to a promise for better deserving in the year next to come. Adieu, to meet again.

EDM. M.

To the "11,000."

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We would suggest to our patrons that from this additional facility, we shall be able to supply them at an early date with all the novelties of the London and Paris markets, and sustain the reputation of the establishment for the moderate prices which have elicited so liberal a patronage, since the adoption of the ready-money system, by which we are enabled to furnish garments at from 25 to 33 per cent less than formerly.

A feature in the Establishment, which must commend it to those requiring articles for immediate use, is the addition to our stock of an assortment of first quality ready made garments, including Surtouts, Cloaks, Dress and French Coats, Pantaloon, Vests, &c. N15

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At Mr. LORIN BROOKS' store, No. 133 Fulton-street, we examined Dick's Patent Elastic Metallic Shanks for Boots and Shoes, and found it an article superior to anything ever before manufactured in this country, for durability, beauty and utility. Mr. Brooks called our attention to the superior advantages of adopting his improved boots and shoes, in which he has introduced the Patent Elastic Metallic Shanks. This discovery is founded on the most philosophical principles, and is entirely in accordance with the mechanism and anatomy of the foot.

To the wearer it presents the following among other advantages over the old method of stiffening the soles of boots and shoes by several layers of leather; by the elasticity of the shank which is placed in the inner sole, it gives a graceful turn to the foot, and is very important to ladies and gentlemen fond of dancing; to the pedestrian it gives ease, preventing the foot from pressing forward in the boot; whilst to flat-footed persons it is equally advantageous, as the arch or hollow of the boot is still preserved; and by this process a walking boot or shoe may be made with a low heel, and the hollow of the foot not be exposed to the mud, as in the old method. It gives support to all the muscles of the foot at the same time, and is remarkably easy to those who are troubled with corns. Persons required to stand at the desk will find them a great desideratum. Military and naval officers will find these boots and shoes to be indispensable, after the first trial of their superiority. They will be found to be more durable, on account of the elasticity of the sole, the foot maintaining one position in the boot. To the retail dealer they present the advantage of being more easily fitted to the customer, and therefore require less stock to be kept on hand.

We advise everybody to call at 133 Fulton-street, and examine this new, beautiful, and valuable invention. F.3.

### A PRESENT FOR ALL SEASONS.

D. APPLETON & Co. No. 300 Broadway, have for sale a few copies of the rich and beautiful edition of "THE DESERTED BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS," by G. F. Morris, Esq. Superbly illustrated by TWENTY-SIX exquisite STEEL ENGRAVINGS, FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS, by ROBERT W. WEIR and J. G. CHAPMAN. This is the cheapest and most highly ornamented book ever published in America, the price being only two dollars a copy, handsomely bound in vellum-paper, in the style of the best and most costly English works. The Subscribers to the NEW MIRROR, by remitting \$3 to the Office, No. 4 Ann-street, will have the work forwarded to their address. The attention of Agents is called to this advertisement.

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#### THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES.

A knowledge of languages is not only useful as an ornamental accomplishment, but it serves as an introduction to all the sciences. By it, all times and countries lay open to us; by it, we become, in some measure, contemporary to all ages and inhabitants of all kingdoms; it enables us to converse with the most learned men of all antiquity, who seem to have lived and laboured for us. We find in them masters whom we are allowed to consult at leisure; friends who are always at hand, and whose useful conversation improves the mind. Such being the important benefits to be derived from a knowledge of languages, the selection of competent teachers becomes a matter of serious consideration, and where there are so many empirics abroad, too much care cannot be used in the prosecution of that object.

The vast and daily increasing importance of this subject has filled all the avenues of tuition with pretenders, who are too frequently ignorant of the simplest rudiments of the language they presumptuously attempt to teach. Hence it is that we so frequently meet with persons who, notwithstanding the closest assiduity and application in the study of language, and even after years have been wasted, and large sums of money expended in the pursuit, can so seldom utter a word with correct emphasis, or indeed without being laughed at. The system adopted by the undersigned, not only obviates those difficulties which are often the result of too much diffidence, but enables the pupil to contract a habit of conversing in the language he is learning, at the very earliest stages of tuition, and thus not only is a knowledge of the language gained, but the taste is cultivated, and ideas as well as words are acquired. This system, although based on the famous Hamiltonian plan of interlinear translation, is far more comprehensive in everything that has a tendency to render the pupil correct in his enunciation, versatile in his diction and at ease while engaged in conversation. It has the rare merit of directing the pupil's attention from the onset to the different anomalies that result from what is called the *genius* of each language, and is well calculated to accustom the youthful mind to habits of careful analysis, the most useful results that can be derived from instruction.

The course of instruction proposed by the undersigned is divided into six sections, of ten lessons each. Terms for each pupil taught in class, \$5.00 per section.

Ladies and gentlemen desirous to receive private lessons in either of the above languages, will be waited upon on reasonable terms.

For further particulars apply to D. APPLETON & Co., 300 Broadway, where the name and address of the advertiser may be obtained. m23

### STEEL PENS.

THE subscribers now manufacture over a dozen different kinds of Steel Pens, among which will be found those adapted to every kind of writing, from the most delicate Italian hand to the broad, round text of ledger heading.

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CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL,  
NEAR WEST-POINT, NEW-YORK.

GRADUATE OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, AND FOR MANY YEARS INSTRUCTOR OF

will receive into his family and instruct a limited number of pupils in the usual branches of a thorough English education; and, if desired, in so much of the classics as to prepare him to enter college.

The academic year will consist of two terms of five months each. The winter term will commence on the first of November, and close on the 31st of March; the summer term on the 1st of May, and close on the 30th of September.

No pupil will be received for a less period than one term.  
Pupils remote from home can remain during vacation at the same rate as for the term.

|                                                                                                        |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| For board, tuition, lodging, lights, washing and fuel,<br>per term, for pupils under ten years of age, | \$100 |
| Over 10 years and under 16,                                                                            | 135   |
| Over 16 years,                                                                                         | 150   |
| Pupils entering under 10, and remaining four years<br>in the school, for the whole period, per term,   | 100   |

Payments to be made for the term in advance, in all cases. Books, stationery, and clothing, can be furnished on reasonable terms, at the expense of the pupil.

The course of instruction will embrace the usual branches of an English education, viz: reading, writing, grammar, composition, declamation, geography, history, and rhetoric; arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, mensuration and surveying; and for those who may desire it, a popular course of civil engineering, natural philosophy, navigation, and as

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The undersigned, have been personally acquainted with Mr. Kinsley for many years, and having had a fair opportunity of ascertaining his qualifications as an instructor, do with confidence recommend him to parents and other guardians of youth fully equal to the task he has undertaken.

D. H. Mahan, Prof. of Engineering; A. E. Church, Prof. of Mathematics; M. F. Parks, Chaplain and Pres. of Board  
Wm. H. C. Bartlett, Prof. Nat. & Exp. Philosophy; J. W. Bailey, Prof. Chem'y, Min. and Geology.  
Faculty of the Michigan Academy.

N. B. Particular pains will be taken to prepare pupils for the MILITARY ACADEMY.

## ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Webster's Spelling-Book, Worcester's Comprehensive Dictionary, Robbins' Popular Lessons, Porter's Rhetorical Reader, Layell's U. S. Speaker, Parker's Composition, Kirkham's Grammar, Whately's Rhetoric, Mitchell's Geography, Willard's History U. S. Rollin's Ancient History, and Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

## FRENCH DEPARTMENT.

Manesca's Oral System, Bolmar's Levimar's Grammar, Le Brun's Telemague, Meadow's French and English Dictionary.

## SPANISH DEPARTMENT.

[According to *Manresa's System*.]  
*Jose's Spanish Grammar, La Granja's Rasgos Historicos, Neuman's Spanish and English Dictionary.*

L A T I N   D E P A R T M E N T .

Andrews' Latin Lessons, Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar

## REMARKS.

Although it is not the design of the School to provide a Military Education, the pupils will be regularly organized as a Company and they will be required to perform such Military duties and exercises as contribute to discipline, to health, and to an easy and graceful carriage.

## UNIFORM.

*For Summer.*—4 prs. white drilling pantaloons, fastened under the shoe with leather straps; 1 blue cloth roundabout, standing collar to hook in front, single row of ten gilt figured buttons, and four to button the cuffs; 3 prs. pants and 3 roundabouts, made in the same style, of brown linen, for ordinary wear; 4 white vests; 2 prs. white flannel shirts; 2 cloth caps; 2 prs. of Cadet shoes or boots.

*For Winter*.—1 pr. blue cloth pantaloons with a stripe of blue velvet, 1 1/4 inch wide, from the hip to the leather strap; one blue cloth roundabout made in the same style as for summer, but of the cloth; 2 blue cloth or velvet vests; 2 pr. pants, without velvet stripe, and 1 roundabout of stout blue cloth for ordinary wear; 2 pr. stout boots; 1 blue or dark colored cloth overcoat. The usual quantity of underwear, including neck collars to fold half over the collar of the undershirt. One leather trunk; 6 towels; 2 bath-towels; 4 table napkins. Bedding furniture, silver for the table, &c. furnished by the establishment.

irony; also moral philosophy, and the constitution of the United States, and that of the state of New York. French according in the Oral System of Mnemonics. Latin and Greek sufficient to enter the Sophomore class, taught by distinguished graduates of Yale and Geneva.

On the Sabbath, besides attending Divine Services, a Bible lesson will be required from each pupil. The object of the whole system of instruction will be to "train up a child in the way he should go," which can be effected only by a Christian education.

Instruction will be given by distinguished Professors, if desired, in the following subjects at the extra charges specified:

|                                                                              |             |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|------|
| Spanish language,                                                            | per hr.     | \$10 |
| Drawing in human figure and landscape,                                       | "           | 15   |
| Music on the flute, guitar, violin and piano,                                | "           | 15   |
| Vocal music,                                                                 | per lesson, | 5    |
| Military exercises, including use of muskets, accoutrements, and ammunition, | "           | 5    |

The regulation for the internal discipline and police of the school will be strict, and, at the same time, parental. No pupil of vicious habits will be permitted to remain in the school a single day; and when dismissed, for such cause, he will forfeit all the money paid at his entrance. As a condition of admission, every pupil will be required to pledge himself to abstain from the use of tobacco, and all intoxicating drinks, and from visiting places where intoxicating drinks are sold.

## WORKS.

Andrews' Latin Reader, Andrews' Latin Exercises, Allen  
Caesar, Bowen's Virgil, Andrews' Sallust, Anthony's Cæsar, H  
son's Livy, Anthony's Horace, Leverett's Latin Lessons.

CHIEF DEPARTMENT

GREEK DEPARTMENT.

Sophocles' Greek Lessons, Do. Greek Grammar, Do. Greek Reader.  
 Colton's Greek Reader, Xenophon's Anabasis, Xenophon's Memorabilia, Greek Testament, Homer's Odyssey, Demosthen's Letters.

## DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS.  
Davies' Arithmetic, Do. 1st Lessons Algebra, Do. Euclid's Axioms  
Do. Elements Geometry, Do. Le Genèrre's Geometry, Do. Simson's  
ing, Do. Analytical Geometry, Harris' Book Keeping

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Mahan's Civil Engineering, Hitchcock's Geology, Gray's Descriptive Astronomy, Olmsted's Astronomy, Story's Constitutional Case Book, and  
Philosophy, Alexander's Evidence of Christianity, and  
Bible.

**Monthly Reports**, exhibiting the scholarship and behavior of each pupil, will be sent to his parent or guardian, in which he will be required to write at least one page, to show his improvement in scholarship, spelling and composition. He may also bring before his parent or guardian any grievance or opportunity to bring before his parent or guardian any delinquency which may have, or to make any explanations respecting his delinquency. All complaints from whatever source they may come, not made known through the regular channel, will receive no attention from the Principal of the School.

Pocket money for the pupils must be deposited with the school on or before the 4th July, Christmas, and New Year's day, when, with the parent or guardian, the amount may be from 25 cents to \$1.00.

No pupil shall be permitted to have in the school any books of romance; nor shall he be permitted to read any such books without special authority from his parent or guardian. All pupils shall be required to read the books assigned in study hours, except of the regular text books, in school hours.

There will be an examination of the pupils of the School in the last three days (not including the Sabbath) of every month, and the last four days of the term there will be a general examination of the whole School. No pupil will be permitted to evade these examinations.

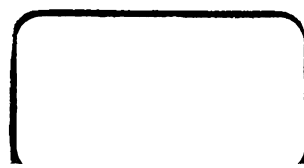












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